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THE RED REPUBLICAN

THE RED REPUBLICAN

&

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

in two volumes

VOLUME ONE

THE RED REPUBLICAN

INTRODUCTION by JOHN SAVILLE

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NOTE

This edition (1966) is a facsimile of the original, complete and with no alterations. Thus the last page of issue no 23 dated 23rd November 1850 is incorrectly numbered 194 instead of 184.

George Julian Harney was born at Deptford in London on the south bank of the Thames on 17 February 1817¹. His parents were working people. His father had served as an ordinary seaman during the Napoleonic Wars and the young Harney, at the age of eleven, entered the Boys' School at Greenwich. Three years later he went to sea as a cabin boy, visiting Brazil and Lisbon; but he was a weakly child and he was to suffer from ill-health all his life. A career as a merchant seaman was physically unsuitable for him and after six months at sea he returned to shore jobs in London. This was in 1831 when the Reform Bill agitation was in full spate, and Harney very soon became involved. His active political career began in the following year when he took employment as a shop-boy with Henry Hetherington² the publisher of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, a newspaper circulating in defiance of the heavy taxes on all journals containing news³. Throughout the 1820s and 1830s

the struggle for the freedom of the press was part of the more general struggle of the radical movement against Old Corruption and what Cobbett called 'The Thing'. It was, overwhelmingly, a struggle of ordinary working people. Many hundreds went to jail to demonstrate their right to sell and read their own publications: and in the first half of the 1830s Hetherington was among those who continued the magnificent tradition of Richard Carlile in the years after 1815⁴. Hetherington's new shop-boy threw himself into the fight with the enthusiasm and dedication which characterised all his political career to the final days of Chartism over twenty years later. Harney served his first term of imprisonment in 1834, his second less than a year later and his third, in Derby for a period of six months, in 1836. It was a tough and bitter apprenticeship for a young man, not yet twenty, who was so soon to become one of the great radical leaders of the British people.

The editor of the *Poor Man's Guardian* was James 'Bronterre' O'Brien, a young middle-class Irishman from Dublin, who, after a brilliant undergraduate career at Trinity College, Dublin, had come to study law in London. This was in 1830 when O'Brien was twenty-five⁵. He soon abandoned his legal studies and took, as he later wrote, 'to radical reform on my own account'⁶. Harney must have known O'Brien from his first days with the *Poor Man's Guardian* and when Harney returned from Derby jail, they

* My text in draft was read and commented on by Mr. Chimen Abramsky. Like many others who work in the field of the history of socialism, I am greatly indebted to him for the generous way he has placed his immense bibliographical knowledge at my disposal. In the notes to the text, numbers 12, 40, 55, 56, 61 and 71 are either his suggestions or references supplied by him. I can but record my thanks.

1. The fullest account of Harney is in the biography by A. R. Schoyen, *The Chartist Challenge: A Portrait of George Julian Harney* (1958), with an excellent bibliography. The literature on Chartism is voluminous, and among the material not published when Schoyen compiled his bibliography may be noted: F. C. Mather, *Public Order in the Age of the Chartists* (1959); *Chartist Studies* (ed. Asa Briggs, 1959); Asa Briggs, 'Chartism Reconsidered' *Historical Studies* (ed. M. Roberts, 1959); D. Read and E. Glasgow, *Feargus O'Connor: Irishman and Chartist* (1961); Rachel O'Higgins, 'The Irish Influence in the Chartist Movement', *Past and Present*, No. 20 (November 1961); Peter Cadogan, 'Harney and Engels', *International Review of Social History*, X, Pt. I (1965).
2. Henry Hetherington (1792-1849) Printer's apprentice: active in radical and co-operative circles in the 1820s. Began publishing in 1830 and was responsible for a number of unstamped journals, including the *Poor Man's Guardian*, in the first half of the 1830s. Treasurer of the London Working Men's Association from its foundation in 1836 and in this organisation closely associated with William Lovett. Delegate to Chartist Convention in 1839. Died of cholera in 1849, leaving an Owenite and atheist will. C. D. Collett, *History of the Taxes on Knowledge* (1933 edn.); A. G. Barker, *Henry Hetherington* (n.d. ? 1938); G. D. H. Cole, *Chartist Portraits* (1941; new ed. with introduction by Asa Briggs, 1965) *passim*.
3. The Tory administration of Lord Liverpool introduced the notorious Six Acts in 1819. Among them, directed at the cheap weekly newspapers, was the Publications Act (60 Geo. III c.9) which extended the Stamp Act to all papers and certain periodical literature of a given size, imposing on them a stamp duty of sixpence. Hence the 'unstamped' and the agitation against the 'taxes on knowledge'. W. H. Wickwar, *The Struggle for the Freedom of the Press, 1819-1832* (1928);

E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963) Ch. 16. The *Poor Man's Guardian* was found to be legal in 1834, and the stamp duty on newspapers was lowered to one penny in 1836.

4. Richard Carlile (1790-1843) Indomitable radical journalist who led the struggle in the 1820s for the right to publish what were regarded by Government and judiciary as seditious or blasphemous works. In Carlile's case, it was especially the writings of Tom Paine that he insisted on re-printing. G. D. H. Cole, *Richard Carlile* (Fabian Society pamphlet, 1943) with bibliography of Carlile's writings, and list of periodicals he edited. See also: Guy A. Aldred, *Richard Carlile, Agitator. His Life and Times* (3rd ed. revised, Glasgow 1941); and references in notes 2 and 3 above.
5. There is no full-scale biography of Bronterre O'Brien (1805-1864). Alfred Plummer wrote an unpublished biography which G. D. H. Cole used in his essay in *Chartist Portraits*; and see Alfred Plummer, 'The Place of Bronterre O'Brien in the Working-Class Movement', *Economic History Review*, II, No. I (January 1929). Theodore Rothstein, *From Chartism to Labourism* (1929) has an excellent discussion of O'Brien's ideas in the 1830s, although he perhaps exaggerates the closeness of O'Brien to a Marxist position.
6. *Bronterre's National Reformer*, 7 January 1837.

became close friends, Harney later referring to O'Brien as his 'guide, philosopher and friend'⁷. O'Brien's subsequent reputation has overshadowed his earlier brilliance as a theoretician, for after his first decade in radical politics he became more moderate in his political views and somewhat cranky, although he was always a more interesting thinker than has usually been allowed. In the 1830s, in the columns of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, the *Destructive*, and the other papers which he edited or in which he wrote, he showed an insight into the workings of bourgeois society that in certain respects has a marked affinity with the broader historical understanding that Marx and Engels were to develop in such magisterial fashion in the *Communist Manifesto*. O'Brien entered the radical movement in England when it already had a highly developed sense of its own class position; and when there had been several decades of vigorous political activity and intellectual discussion, reaching back to the revolutionary decade of the 1790s. In the first half of the 19th century Britain was the only advanced industrial society; and the economic and social structure appropriate to such a society in its first main period of growth was firmly and clearly established. The labour theory of value, developed as part of the orthodoxy of the classical economists, had been extended by a number of writers into a vigorous critique of industrial capitalism. In particular, Thomas Hodgskin, in his *Labour Defended Against the Claims of Capital* (1825) had argued in vivid and compelling language that Labour was the sole producer of value, and that the workers were being denied the full produce of their labour by the capitalists and landlords⁸. There were other writers who had developed in their own ways a critique of the foundations of capitalist society: among them

Charles Hall, William Thompson and John Gray⁹; but none was more widely read and commented on than Hodgskin. He was lecturing to the London Mechanics' Institute in the mid-twenties¹⁰, and most of *Labour Defended* was published serially in the weekly *Trades Newspaper* which John Gast and the London trades established in 1825¹¹. This belief in the right to the whole produce of their labour penetrated deeply into the consciousness of the advanced radicals among working men, and it was only after the decline of Chartism in the late 1840s that it died a slow and ragged death.

The Reform movement of 1830-2 was of major importance in influencing the direction of O'Brien's thinking; and its lessons were joined to those he was absorbing from a reading of French revolutionary events. He was one of the few popular leaders who read French fluently, and he is already promising at the end of 1832 to provide a translation of Buonarroti's history of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality, which he offered 'for a true picture of those times'¹². The promise was fulfilled four years later in 1836, and O'Brien provided an introduction to his translation in which he commented in vigorous terms upon the treachery of the French middle

7. *Operative*, 11 November 1838; quoted in Schoyen, p.12.

8. The most substantial account of Thomas Hodgskin (1787-1869) is the biography by Elie Halévy, published in 1903 and now translated by A. J. Taylor, who also contributes an introduction to the English edition (1956). See also: H. S. Foxwell's Introduction to A. Menger, *The Right to the Whole Produce of Labour* (1899); E. Lowenthal, *The Ricardian Socialists* (New York, 1911); M. Beer, *History of British Socialism*, 2 vols (1919 and 1920); C. H. Driver, 'Thomas Hodgskin and the Individualists', *Social and Political Ideas of the Age of Reaction and Reconstruction* (ed. F. J. Hearnshaw, 1931); H. L. Beales, *The Early English Socialists* (1932). The most convenient modern summary of Hodgskin, with bibliography, is G. D. H. Cole, *A History of Socialist Thought*, Vol. I. *The Forerunners, 1789-1850* (1953) Ch. 10; and see also Thomas Kelly, *George Birkbeck* (Liverpool, 1957) for an excellent account of Hodgskin and the London Mechanics Institute.

9. Charles Hall (c. 1740-c. 1820) *The Effects of Civilisation on the People in European States* (1805) a remarkable book which was little known until a second edition was published by J. Minter Morgan in 1850: M. Beer, Vol. I, p.126 ff and G. D. H. Cole, *Socialist Thought*, Vol. I, pp.35-6; William Thompson (1783-1833) wrote *Labour Rewarded* (1827) in part in answer to Hodgskin's *Labour Defended*, and stating the argument for Owenite producer's co-operation. See references in note 8 above, and also for John Gray (1799-1850) whose *Lecture on Human Happiness* (1825) accepted that only the labourer was productive, and denied the right of private property to any income from its ownership.

10. Founded 1823, the first President of the Institute being Dr. George Birkbeck (1776-1841) whose definitive biography has been written by Thomas Kelly, *op. cit.*

11. E. P. Thompson, p.774 ff. The first editor of the *Trades Newspaper* was C. J. Robertson, a colleague of Thomas Hodgskin at the London Mechanics Institute.

12. *Poor Man's Guardian*, 22 December 1832. F. M. Buonarroti (1761-1837) published in Brussels in 1828 his *Conspiration pour L'Egalité, dite de Babeuf*. There is much discussion among scholars as to whether Buonarroti gave a faithful account of 'Babouvisme' in the years 1796-7; but what is indisputable is the extraordinary influence of Buonarroti's book in the years which followed its publication. The most useful introduction is A. G. Garrone, *Buonarroti e Babeuf* (Turin, 1948); and see also: S. Bernstein, *Buonarroti* (Paris, 1948); A. Müller Lehning, 'Buonarroti and his International Secret Societies' *International Review of Social History*, I, Part I (1956); E. L. Eisenstein, *The First Professional Revolutionist: Filippo Michele Buonarroti 1761-1837* (Cambridge, Mass. 1959); *Dictionnaire Biographique du Mouvement Ouvrier Français: Première Partie, Tome I*, (Paris, 1964). Among others, the first Polish socialist group, Lud Polski (The Polish People) considered themselves the disciples of Buonarroti. See references in note 32 below.

and upper classes: recommending Buonarroti's book as 'one of the best expositions of those great and social principles' which he himself had been writing about and advocating for the previous half dozen years. Two years later, after visiting Paris to collect materials, he published the first volume of his *Life of Robespierre*. This close attention to the revolutionary and Jacobin groups of the French Revolution deepened O'Brien's sense of class in history, and he grafted onto English radical thinking—in which the conquest of political power was seen as the centre of radical politics—a theory of history as class struggle which imparted to his writings in his first decade of radicalism a remarkable bite and emphasis. While O'Brien was never a comprehensive thinker, and while there was still a primitive flavour in certain of his writings of these years—a tendency to generalise too broadly about social situations and to speak of a 'conspiracy' of the rich against the poor—there are moments when his grasp of historical forces was astonishingly mature. In some of his comments he moved close to what later would be described as a Marxist position, as when he wrote:

'The error which appears to us to be one of the most formidable barriers to human improvement, is that of imputing to individuals the glory and the guilt of those political acts and systems of government, which are in reality, the work of whole classes, and in the execution of which the individuals are but the chosen tools or instruments of these classes.'¹³

This was the man whom Harney took as his mentor. Like O'Brien, Harney's detestation of the middle classes was intense, and to the end of his days, if he had to choose, he would prefer a Tory to a Whig¹⁴. From O'Brien, too, Harney accepted a commitment to French revolutionary ideas: O'Brien taking Robespierre as his ideal type while Harney looked to Marat, signing him-

self for much of his Chartist career with Marat's own adopted *L'Ami du Peuple*¹⁵.

* * *

Harney was a Jacobin in an English setting. Born a proletarian, his earliest political associates were London artisans whose own political activities went back to the days of the London Corresponding Society¹⁶; but Harney's appeal went beyond the skilled artisans to the unprivileged masses. The London Democratic Association, which Harney formed together with Allen Davenport and Charles Neesom in 1837¹⁷, endeavoured to build a mass basis among the proletarians of East London. Nearly a year earlier the East London Democratic Association had been preceeded by the establishment of the London Working Men's Association, led mainly by the men who had been active in the National Union of Working Classes: in particular by Hetherington and William Lovett¹⁸. The appeal of the LWMA was to the 'intelligent and influential portion' of the working men. Its leaders were tough, middle of the road radicals, gradualists, who laid great stress upon education and they made no attempt to develop a mass basis for their organisation. Bitter conflict soon arose between the LWMA and the East London Democratic Association and while the latter never achieved the extensive mass following of the

13. *Poor Man's Guardian*, 21 November 1835.

14. 'The old Chartists hated the Whigs more than they hated the Tories. Much in the same way, Harney disliked the Liberals more than he disliked the Conservatives. It was not quite easy to account for his intense rancour against Mr. Gladstone, whom he called, not the Grand Old Man, but the Grand Old Mountebank.' W. E. Adams, *Memoirs of a Social Atom*, Vol. I (1903) p.226. Adams was the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, for which Harney was writing a regular column in the last decade of his life. Cf. the opening sentence of a review of Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* (*Red Republican*, 17 August, 1850, p.70): 'In spite of its truculent Toryism, there is a raciness about this magazine, which renders it, in our estimation, worth any dozen of the milk-and-water mock liberal periodicals.'

15. J. P. Marat (1743-1793) changed the name of his paper, *Le Publiciste Parisien* to *L'Ami du Peuple* on 16 September 1789, and it continued, with interruptions, until 21 September 1792.

16. H. Collins, 'The London Corresponding Society', *Democracy and the Labour Movement* (ed. John Saville, 1954); E. P. Thompson, Part I, *passim*.

17. Charles Neesom (1785-1861) Tailor. London radical and freethinker: follower of Tom Paine and Thomas Spence. Nearly implicated in the Cato St. conspiracy. Active in the National Union of Working Classes and in the unstamped agitation of the 1830s. Became a supporter of William Lovett in the 1840s and also supported the Anti-Corn Law League. In the 1850s concentrated on secular propaganda. Allen Davenport, Shoemaker, London radical, Spencean propagandist and poet. *The National Co-operative Leader*, 8 and 22 March, 1861 carried extracts from what apparently was his autobiography, but this has so far not been traced: Royden Harrison, 'Allen Davenport' *Bulletin of the Society for the Study of Labour History*, No. 2 (Spring, 1961).

18. William Lovett (1800-1877) '... a very worthy man, courageous, patient, industrious, rational, and devoted but entirely without the gifts of leadership.' G. D. H. Cole, *Chartist Portraits* (1965 ed.) p.62. The main source for Lovett is his autobiography: *The Life and Struggles of William Lovett* (1876), republished in 2 vols. in 1920 with an introduction by R. H. Tawney; and see standard histories of Chartism.

Factory movement or the anti-Poor Law agitation of the Northern industrial districts¹⁹, it became the nearest approach to a popular organisation that the London workers had; and as such, it exercised an important influence upon the Chartist National Convention when it opened in London on 4 February 1839.

In the development of his opinions as one of the left wing leaders of the radical movement, Harney's visit to Newcastle and the Tyneside area, around Christmas 1838, was of major significance. In the North the support for the radicalism of the Charter was both broader in its social base and more vigorous in its practical demonstration than among those who breathed 'the soft air' of London²⁰. At the famous meeting on Christmas Day when many thousands stood for hours listening to speeches, Harney was intoxicated by the response to his advocacy of physical force. These colliers, ironworkers and labourers of Tyneside were in very different mood from the Cockneys he knew so well, and they were far from content with the propositions of those who argued for moral force. The response to his own fiery eloquence was full-blooded. For a young man of 21, it was an overpowering experience; and his extreme position in the Chartist Convention in the following year can only be fully comprehended in terms of the inspiration and conviction he received from this tour of Tyneside and the industrial districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire²¹.

When the Chartist Convention began its discussions on 4 February 1839, Harney was already well known as the leader of the extreme left wing. Throughout the months of February to May there was mounting evidence of the growth in political militancy in many areas outside London; and the contrasts between the sober majority inside the Convention as well as the moderateness of the movement in London itself, and the physical force masses in the provinces, were becoming increasingly obvious. From the early days of the Convention Harney's speeches were full of physical force exhortations, often wild, but understandable in one who had

stood before the Winlaton iron workers and the Yorkshire weavers, at torchlight meetings attended by men armed with sticks, knives, muskets and pikes. The situation in the country, he and many others estimated, was rapidly moving towards crisis; and Harney was among those who argued that the Convention move to a more sympathetic centre of population. The Convention adjourned on 8 May and reconvened in Birmingham on the 13. In the interval the police raided the headquarters of the Democratic Association. The leading members of the Association, including Harney, escaped arrest²² but a warrant was issued for his arrest on the 17 May, soon after he had reached Birmingham; but he had left again for Tyneside, where political excitement was rapidly mounting. Meetings were being attended by thousands and the huge audiences responded with enthusiasm to Harney's reiteration of physical force as the only way out: the warrant for his arrest not having subdued him in any way.

During the turbulent months that followed, when in certain parts of the country there existed the possibilities of general strikes and armed uprisings, or of industrial action that could quickly have developed into large scale political action, Harney offered a leadership that was violent in tone and largely unrealistic in practice. For the defeats that were occurring in different parts of the country as the end of 1839 approached, the uncertainties and divisions within the Chartist leadership were in part responsible; and for the general decline in morale they were certainly responsible. But these are not the main reasons, nor can the mass arrests of these closing months be held to be other than factors which encouraged, rather than initiated, demoralisation. The most important single reason for defeat, in this year as later, was the strength and stability of the bourgeois state. The men of property, whatever their other differences, always rallied and came together when the insurgent masses threatened from below. As the *Times* wrote two days after the famous meeting on Kennington Common on 10 April, 1848: 'all classes are as one' when

19. Cecil Driver, *Tory Radical: The Life of Richard Oastler* (1946) for a superb account of the factory movement 1830-1850; and see also J. T. Ward, *The Factory Movement, 1830-1855* (1962).

20. W. H. Maehl, 'Chartist Disturbances in North-eastern England, 1839,' *International Review of Social History*, VIII (1963).

21. Schoyen, pp.41-50.

22. This incident was the start of the rumours that Harney was a police agent. Schoyen discusses the matter at some length, pp.59-61, 67-69, 87-89, and comes to the conclusion, everywhere accepted, that the rumours were baseless. The only puzzling reference is a letter from a Birmingham magistrate to the Home Secretary: Schoyen, p.87. The same source is briefly referred to in F. C. Mather, *Public Order in the Age of the Chartists* (1959) p.204.

it comes to 'crushing treason'²³. What the *Times* meant was that despite the conflicts in the previous years between the landed proprietors and the men of business, when it came to a serious challenge to the basic assumptions of a propertied society, there would always be a closing of the ranks against the enemy. And it was always so, throughout the Chartist period. It is too often forgotten how many rank and file Chartists, as well as their leaders, were imprisoned or transported: how widespread was the use of police spies and *agents-provocateurs*²⁴; how skilfully the ruling groups combined force with the threat of force, and how powerful the influence of intimidation by example could be upon ordinary people. The history of these years is the history of power exercised by ruling groups who always feel certain of their position and sure of their ability to control any situation. There was often anxiety and unease: of that there is much evidence²⁵; but there was never any serious dent in the massive confidence of Government or the propertied classes. It was upon this rock of confident power that the Chartist movement, which came near or to the point of armed uprising in certain areas, broke and was defeated. Their failures, in 1839 as in later years, were naturally much assisted by the divisions within their own ranks and by the differences as well as distinctions between different social groups in different parts of the country; but it cannot be insisted upon too strongly that for a revolutionary situation to prevail there must be a breakdown or the beginnings of a breakdown, in the confidence of the ruling classes²⁶; and of this, throughout the whole of the Chartist period, there was no sign. It is indisputable, of course, that had the Chart-

ist leadership been more clear-sighted, more revolutionary-minded and less prone to demoralisation after initial defeats, contemporary Governments would not have been able to control as effectively as they did what must be recognised to have been potentially explosive situations; but in posing such questions we are already moving away from the ground of historical fact.

→ The young Harney was too inexperienced in the ways of crisis to be able to impose his ideas upon his more cautious comrades in the leadership of the Chartist movement, and it is doubtful in any case whether he had the understanding that the situation demanded. Not for the first or the last time in British working class politics the enthusiasm and determination of ordinary people was allowed to dribble away; a process of demoralisation much helped, of course, by mass arrests and the mobilisation of the coercive power of the State against the movement. 1839 was a year of missed opportunities and it was to exercise a profound influence upon subsequent events. It is doubtful if ever again in the Chartist movement, not even in 1842, was there such a strong feeling for change among ordinary working people: the necessary basis for any physical force movement. The failures of 1839, *inter alia*, were the failures of a movement that was not yet effectively nation-wide in scope, but even had there been a national framework to the movement, the deeper economic and social divisions within the proletarian class as a whole would have militated to some extent against the cohesion that was required. The variety of social composition of those who gathered beneath the banner of the Six Points of the Charter is a much

23. *Times*, 12 April 1848.

24. The most detailed evidence is in F. C. Mather, *op. cit. passim*.

25. The main sources are the reports, letters and statements to Government Departments, especially to the Home Office, for which see F. C. Mather, *passim* and standard histories of Chartism; and memoirs, biographies and autobiographies of contemporaries. See, for example, Sir W. Napier, *The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier*, Vol. 2 (1857) pp.1-150, for the years 1839 to 1841.

26. The quotation from Lenin which follows is not intended to suggest that there is an exact comparison to be made between Britain of the 1830s and 1840s and twentieth century Europe about which Lenin was writing; but only to amplify the statement in the text concerning the general nature of revolutionary crisis: 'A Marxist cannot have any doubt that a revolution is impossible without a revolutionary situation; furthermore, not every revolutionary situation leads to revolution. What, generally speaking, are the symptoms of a revolutionary situation? We shall certainly not be mistaken if we point to the following three main symptoms: (1) when

it is impossible for the ruling classes to maintain their rule in an unchanged form; when there is a crisis, in one form or another, among the 'upper classes', a crisis in the policy of the ruling class which causes fissures, through which the discontent and indignation of the oppressed classes burst forth. Usually, for a revolution to break out it is not enough for the 'lower classes to refuse' to live in the old way; it is necessary also that the 'upper classes should be unable' to live in the old way; (2) when the want and suffering of the oppressed classes have become more acute than usual; (3) when, as consequence of the above causes, there is a considerable increase in the activity of the masses, who in 'peace time' quietly allow themselves to be robbed, but who in turbulent times are drawn both by the circumstances of the crisis and by the 'upper classes' themselves into independent historical action'. 'The Collapse of the Second International' *Selected Works*, Vol. V (1936) p.174. Lenin adds in the paragraph which follows the further need for a revolutionary party to take advantage of the objective factors he had already listed.

elaborated theme by modern historians of the movement. It was not until late in the 19th century that the workers 'begin to assume the homogeneous character of a factory proletariat'²⁷ and it was this heterogeneity in the Chartist movement which accounts for many of its divisions, both economic and geographical. The Charter, and what it stood for, meant different things to the factory operative of the industrial North, the traditional woollen workers of the West Country, the handloom weavers everywhere or the ironworkers of Tyneside. But most political organisations and parties are federations of different economic and social groupings, and the divisions within Chartism were not insuperable barriers to a co-ordinated national movement; and Harney was among those who drew the conclusion that an important factor in their defeat was the absence of a co-ordinated organisation on a national plane. He emphasised the point constantly in all his later Chartist career.

* * *

By the spring of 1840 almost all the prominent Chartists, with the exception of Harney and the Scottish leaders, were in jail; and after his own trial in early April²⁸ he left for Scotland and remained on tour there for nearly a year. His Scottish tour was a great success, personal as well as political, for during this time he married Mary Cameron, the daughter of an Ayrshire weaver, with whom he was to have a happy and sympathetic relationship. His political tone, however, had changed. As he said to a Glasgow audience in January 1840: 'He was much wiser in the year 1840 than he had been at the commencement of 1839'; and never again was he to use the inflammatory language of 1839. Now he was stressing the need for a national organisa-

tion before any further advance could be registered, and there was throughout his speeches a line of caution and moderation. He was still Julian Harney, the Jacobin, but his references to force and the forcible overthrow of Government were distinctly more blunted than they had been a year earlier. In the grim days of the Plug strike of the summer of 1842, because he was not convinced of the mass support for a general turnout, he was to counsel moderation; an attitude which caused amazement and dismay among his many supporters²⁹.

His political perambulations in Scotland, mostly reported by himself at great length in the *Northern Star*, did much to restore his position in the movement; and when he came south of the Border again in the early months of 1841, he was appointed full-time organiser in the West Riding, and settled in the city of Sheffield: at the same time becoming the local correspondent of the *Northern Star*. His fundamental ideas had not, of course, altered and he opposed root and branch the attempted union with middle class radicals in the Complete Suffrage movement³⁰, thereby ranging himself against Bronterre O'Brien as well as the more ambivalent O'Connor. In the late summer of 1843 he became sub-editor of the *Northern Star*, and he moved to Leeds where the *Star* was published. From this time until near his final break with O'Connor in 1850 he was in effective control of the *Northern Star*, becoming editor in name from October 1845. At his best, Harney was a superb journalist, and he wrote prodigiously in these years on literary as well as political matters. He was to some extent out of sympathy with the course of the movement in these middle years of the

27. M. H. Dobb, *Studies in the Development of Capitalism* (1946) p.265. Cf. Asa Briggs: 'The British economy in the 1830s was still far from completely industrialised, and even within industrial Britain itself conditions of employment, size of plant, dependence on machinery, and the levels of wages, prices and employment varied considerably from place to place. . . . The industrial labour force often included a large number of new recruits: it was always segmented and heterogeneous', 'Chartism Reconsidered', *loc. cit.* p.43.

28. Schoyen, pp.96-7. The Crown withdrew its case, and the manner of his acquittal brought once again suggestions that Harney was in Government pay. It was not an accusation which the main body of Chartists took seriously.

29. See the account in Thomas Cooper, *The Life of Thomas Cooper, Written by Himself* (1876), p.210. For the Plug strike, A. G. Rose, 'The Plug Riots of 1842 in Lancashire and Cheshire,' *Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society*, Vol. 67 (1957).

30. Joseph Sturge (1793-1859) a Birmingham Quaker and corn-merchant, was working for a reconciliation of middle class radicals and Chartists in the early 1840s. He launched the Complete Suffrage Union in 1841, and William Lovett and other Chartists attended a Birmingham Conference of the Union in April 1842 at which the Six Points of the Charter were accepted, but not the Charter itself. At a later Conference in December 1842, Lovett found himself allied with Feargus O'Connor in pressing for the acceptance of the Charter by name; and when this was carried, Sturge and his supporters withdrew. G. D. H. Cole, *Chartist Portraits, passim*; T. R. Tholfsen, 'The Chartist Crisis in Birmingham' *International Review of Social History*, III (1958); *idem*, 'The Origins of the Birmingham Caucus' *Historical Journal*, II (1959).

decade, and in particular with the Land Plan³¹; and the most interesting development is the new emphasis he was able to give to international reports in *Northern Star*.

Harney had made contact early in his political career with the Polish refugees who entered England after the failure of the Polish uprising of 1831, and he had become a member of the Polish Democratic Association in the middle 1830s³². His deep attachment to revolutionary France naturally encouraged him towards a firm and unswerving internationalism. Throughout his Chartist years, and especially in the 1840s and early 1850s, Harney had a passionate attachment to the cause of the European revolution; and until Ernest Jones entered the movement there was no one else of similar stature who understood in quite the same way the integral relationship between British politics and revolutionary events on the Continent. After Harney began working on the *Northern Star*, the reporting of international events took a different colour: no longer were they the conventional summaries of the London press with a radical twist, but there was now a real sense of involvement with the struggles of other countries. In these years Harney was making a vigorous attempt to broaden the horizons of the Chartist movement. He had, of course, already a firm base on which to build, for the tradition of internationalism within British radicalism was a powerful one which dated back to the exciting days of the 1790s³³. Harney's acquaintance with Frederic Engels naturally worked in

the same direction³⁴. They first met in the autumn of 1843 and their contact soon ripened into warm friendship which was of mutual benefit to both. When he first came to Britain in 1842 Engels' first English contacts seem to have been with the Owenite socialists, and his association with such a vigorous and experienced working class leader as Harney must have been enormously stimulating. On Harney's side it was equally helpful³⁵. It was to be of great importance in his international affiliations and contacts and it must have had some influence upon his general thinking, but this is more difficult to estimate, since his intellectual position in the second half of the 1840s is foreshadowed in almost all that he had done and written in the previous decade. Engels began writing for the *Northern Star* in the spring of 1844. His famous account of the Silesian weaver's strike emphasised how the development of capitalism was bringing the same 'oppression and toil for the many, and riches for the few' as in Britain³⁶; and it was his friendship and contact with militants like Harney, as well as his own acute personal observation, which provided Engels with the material for his classic account of the contemporary Britain of 1844³⁷.

lutionary events abroad were regarded by advanced working class radicals as their own cause, and popular sentiment did not lag far behind. The Haynau incident, reported with such zest in the *Red Republican* from 7 September, 1850 is a good case in point.

31. Feargus O'Connor launched the Land Plan in 1845. He had been discussing the possibilities of smallholdings, and their virtues, in the *Northern Star* from 1841, and he evoked an extraordinary response. Joy MacAskill, 'The Chartist Land Plan', *Chartist Studies* (ed. Asa Briggs, 1959). Most standard histories dismiss the Land Plan as a rather absurd scheme: for a plea for a more historical approach, see John Saville, 'The Chartist Land Plan' *Bulletin of the Society for the Study of Labour History*, No. 3 (Autumn, 1961).

32. Our knowledge of the Polish émigrés in Britain after 1831 has been greatly enriched by the work of Mr. Peter Brock. The following are among his more important articles: 'Polish Democrats and English Radicals, 1832-1862; A Chapter in the History of Anglo-Polish Relations,' *Journal of Modern History*, XXV, No. 2 (June 1953); 'The Birth of Polish Socialism', *Journal of Central European Affairs*, XIII, No. 3 (1953); 'The Socialists of the Polish "Great Emigration"', *Essays in Labour History* (ed. Asa Briggs and John Saville, 1960). See also, A. Müller Lehning, 'The International Association, 1855-1859' *International Review for Social History*, III (1938).

33. See, for example, E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* on John Thelwell in the 1790s, p.157 ff, and also Charles Cestre, *John Thelwell* (1906) p.170 ff. By the time Harney entered the movement, revo-

34. For interesting reminiscences of Engels, see Harney's obituary notice, *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 17 August 1895; and Edward Aveling, 'George Julian Harney: A Straggler of 1848', *Social Democrat* (January, 1897).

35. In one of his early articles in the *New Moral World* (4 November 1843) Engels commented on the lack of knowledge of foreign socialist movements among the English he had met: 'It has always been in some degree surprising to me, ever since I met with English Socialists, to find that most of them are very little acquainted with the social movement going on in different parts of the Continent. And yet there are more than half a million communists in France, not taking into account the Fourierists, and other less radical social reformers; there are Communist associations in every part of Switzerland, sending forth missionaries to Italy, Germany, and even Hungary; and German philosophy, after a long and troublesome circuit, has at last settled upon Communism'. Engels was here referring to English Socialists, i.e. Owenites, and his strictures did not apply to Harney and the advanced guard of the Chartists; but the precise and detailed knowledge that Engels had of foreign revolutionary groups must have been important for Harney's own political development. Engels also met, soon after he arrived in England, the three leading members of the German Workers Education Society in London: Karl Schapper, Heinrich Bauer and Josef Moll, to whom Engels paid a notable tribute many years later in his outline history of the Communist League: reprinted in D. Ryazanoff, *The Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels* (1930) pp.1-14; and see note 40 below.

36. *Northern Star*, 29 June 1844.

37. *The Condition of the Working Class in Britain* (First German ed. Leipzig, 1845; First American ed. New York,

On the 22 September 1845, at a banquet held to celebrate the French Republic's constitution of 1792, the Society of Fraternal Democrats was founded³⁸. The *Northern Star* had moved from Leeds to London towards the end of 1844, and Harney with it; and for nearly a year he had been in close touch with the revolutionary émigrés who were living in London. The considerable foreign colony was made up of mainly French, German and Italian political refugees with a largish group of Poles, and together they made a revolutionary grouping matched only by a similar assembly in Paris. Each national group in London was for the most part independent of each other save on certain anniversary occasions, although other nationalities began joining the German Workers Society in the year or so before the establishment of the Fraternal Democrats. The French already had many contacts with the English Chartists³⁹; and the Germans were organised in the *Deutsche Arbeiterbildungsverein* (German Workers Education Society) which Karl Schapper, Heinrich Bauer and Josef Moll had founded in 1840⁴⁰. The Poles in Britain had been organised in the Polish Democratic Committee following the

Polish emigration of 1831 and there was a little known grouping around Lud Polski⁴¹. In the same month as the Fraternal Democrats was established there was also formed the Democratic Committee for Poland's Regeneration which in effect was a sub-committee of the Fraternal Democrats. The Italians were mostly influenced by Mazzini, who was opposed to socialism and stood for a liberal bourgeois republic uniting all Italy⁴².

It was the left wing groups—revolutionary democrats and socialists—whom Harney brought together in the Fraternal Democrats, an organisation that preceded the First International by some twenty years; and it has good claim to be reckoned as the first open international association of the world socialist movement. At the outset, the idea of a separate party was explicitly excluded. As Ernest Jones later disclosed, there was some suspicion among the Chartists of any attempt to create a party within a party⁴³ and only a loose kind of organisation was first used, although a rather tighter structure was accepted a year or so later⁴⁴.

These years in London, until the crisis of 1848, were probably the most satisfying, as well

1887; First English ed. 1892). The prefaces by Engels to all three editions are published in *Karl Marx and Frederick Engels on Britain* (Moscow, 1953). See also Gustav Mayer, *Friedrich Engels: A Biography* (1936) *passim*; and a little known pamphlet by M. Jenkins, *Friedrich Engels in Manchester* (Manchester, 1951).

38. For the history of the Fraternal Democrats: Theodore Rothstein, *From Chartism to Labourism* (1929) p.124 ff; A. Müller Lehning, *loc cit.*; Schoyen, Ch. VI. The first international meeting in London seems to have been organised by the German Workers Education Society on 22 September 1844 in honour of Wilhelm Weitling who had come to London in the previous month; and about the same time William Lovett, together with Karl Schapper and Louis Oborski, brought into existence The Democratic Friends of All Nations whose first Address was written by Lovett. *Life and Struggles of William Lovett*, II (1920) p.314. The organisation soon broke up, mainly because Lovett's moral force attitudes proved too moderate for the Continental revolutionaries. A year later the Fraternal Democrats were established.

39. From 1840 with the French journal *L'Atelier*: A. Müller Lehning, *loc. cit.* p.188 ff.

40. Karl Schapper and Heinrich Bauer were members of the Bund der Gerechten which had been formed in Paris in 1836, as a breakaway from a more moderate German émigré organisation. After the failure of the Paris uprising of May 1839, in which many members of the Bund fought alongside the followers of Blanqui and Barbès, Schapper and Bauer came to London and founded, in 1840, the *Deutsche Arbeiterbildungsverein* (often incorrectly referred to in Chartist and later literature as the *Deutsche Bildungsverein für Arbeiter*). Within this German Workers Education Society the Bund continued to operate as a secret group. Georg Eccarius (1818-1889) later claimed, in an unsigned article in the *London Times*, 27 October 1871, that the Bund (League of the Just) was the first international organisation of workers in Europe. The membership of the

Communist League (into which the majority of the League of the Just had gone) according to B. Nicolaevsky ('Towards a History of "The Communist League", 1847-1852' *International Review of Social History*, I, Part 2 (1956) was 84 in the summer of 1848, while the broader Worker's Education Society was around 179. The same article by Nicolaevsky has important material on the relations between the Fraternal Democrats and the Communist League. The motto of the German Workers Education Society—All Men are Brethren—was also used by the Fraternal Democrats. There is a description of the meeting place of the Society in 1847 in Saville, *Ernest Jones*, p.92. For the history of the Bund der Gerechten (League or Federation of the Just); Engels' History, reprinted in Ryazanoff, *op. cit.* pp.1-14 and subsequent commentary; A. Müller Lehning, *loc cit.* For Blanqui, the secret societies of the 1830s, and the uprising of 1839: Arthur Lehning, 'Buonarroti and his international secret societies', *International Review of Social History*, I, Part I (1956); Neil Stewart, *Blanqui* (1939); M. Dommanget, *Les idées politiques and sociales d'Auguste Blanqui*, (Paris, 1957).

41. For Lud Polski (The Polish People) see the writings of Peter Brock, *cit.* in note 32 above.

42. It was Mazzini who inspired the formation of the Peoples International League in 1847 which brought together a number of English Chartists and foreign revolutionaries to whose political taste the Fraternal Democrats were too proletarian. Schoyen, pp.152-3. The statements, meetings etc., of the League are in the *Northern Star*, 1847-8.

43. Theodore Rothstein, *From Chartism to Labourism*, p.129-130. A party in which foreign revolutionaries were prominent might also come under too close surveillance from the metropolitan police, and this was an additional factor in their decision.

44. *Northern Star*, 18 December 1847.

as the most crowded, of Harney's life. His energy, despite ill-health, was prodigious. This ardent young man, still not yet thirty, appealing 'to the oppressed classes of every land to unite for the triumph of the common cause'⁴⁵ is one of the most attractive figures in the history of the British labour movement. The high point of Harney's internationalism, in domestic politics, came when he challenged Palmerston himself in the General Election of the summer of 1847. On the hustings at Tiverton Harney reviewed Palmerston's foreign policy in a closely argued two hour speech; and Palmerston replied with an answer that took five columns of the *Times*⁴⁶. This dramatic attack on Palmerston received national publicity, and Harney's standing in the Chartist body had never been higher.

In these last months of 1847, the tide of internationalism was running strong. Harney first met Marx when the latter came to London in November 1847 to speak at a meeting organised by the Fraternal Democrats and the Polish Committee, and to take part also in the second Congress of the Communist League⁴⁷. It was at the secret Conference of the latter that the decision was taken to prepare the statement of aims of revolutionary socialists that appeared in February 1848 as the *Communist Manifesto*. By the end of 1847 and in the early weeks of 1848 the activity of the revolutionary movements in different countries was noticeably quickening; and the links between them were becoming closer⁴⁸. Engels, for example, had become the English correspondent of the French socialist paper *La Réforme* in October 1847, and he was already contributing to *L'Atelier* which had long had Chartist connections. He was also French correspondent of the *Northern Star* and was sending French and English news to the *Deutsche Brüsseler Zeitung* which was now under Marx's control. When the February revolution broke out in France, its influence reverberated round Europe. Chartist reaction was enthusiastic, and when Harney, along with Ernest Jones and

Philip McGrath, went to Paris on 4 March to deliver a congratulatory address to the Provisional Government, it must have seemed the fulfilment of all he had worked for⁴⁹.

The events of 1848 in Britain ended once again in defeat for the Chartist movement, and this time the back of the movement was broken. Once more indecisiveness among the leadership and inadequate organisation played their part in the collapse, but as before it was both the strength and confidence of the propertied classes as well as their shrewd handling of the situation that defeated the Chartists⁵⁰. In what was to be

49. *Northern Star*, II, 18 and 25 March 1848; Schoyen, pp. 157-9.

50. A detailed chronological analysis of the tactics of the British Government in 1848 towards the Chartist movement has still not yet been attempted. F. C. Mather, *Public Order in the Age of the Chartists* (1959) is invaluable for its account of the disposition and use of civil and military force throughout the Chartist years, but the author deals with his subjects under headings which obscure chronological trends. In the early months of 1848, including April and the early part of May, the Home Office was refusing local authorities the right to make arrests except in extreme cases of provocation or riot; and in most cases the Home Office insisted that no arrests should be made without their prior permission. Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey in particular acted with that good sense and cautiousness which Engels noted in the Duke of Wellington (Letter to Marx, 11 April 1851). As Russell explained to the Prince Consort on the eve of the famous demonstration on Kennington Common on 10 April, the military were to be used only in the last resort: 'I have no doubt of their easy triumph over a London mob. But any loss of life will cause a deep and rankling resentment. I trust, for this and every reason, that all may pass off quietly' (*Letters of Queen Victoria*, First Series, Vol. 2, 1844-1853, p.198). The Government's attitude began to change in May, partly because of the much publicised dissension among the Chartist leadership, partly because of the more menacing situation, but also because the Government was now feeling increasingly confident of its own position. Spies and agents-provocateurs were now infiltrating into the Chartist movement in considerable numbers; and middle of the road opinion in the country was hardening against the Chartists. In this latter development, the press played an important role. This, again, has not yet been given the attention it deserves by historians. As an example, the treatment of the February revolution in France by the *Illustrated London News* is highly instructive. In the weeks before the Kennington Common meeting, the *Illustrated London News*, which was a moderate radical paper, widely circulated, first welcomed the overthrow of Louis Philippe and argued for a policy of strict non-intervention; and then, very soon, began to fill its pages with drawings of Paris scenes of debauchery, riot and general disorder. In the issue of 4 March, 1848, its readers looked upon pictures of 'Scenes in the courtyard of the Tuilleries', in which villainous creatures clutched their expropriated bottles; 'Orgies in the Palace wine cellar'; 'Burning the Royal carriages at the Chateau d'Eu'; 'Scene of the Destruction of the Palais Royal'. The Chartists were supporting the French revolutionaries: the French revolutionaries were rabble; and the identification between Chartist, leveller, rioter, already made in earlier years, was for many now confirmed. And so the hysteria which preceded 10 April was built up. For the story of 1848, which for many historians has stopped at 10 April, see: R. Groves, *But We Shall Rise Again* (1938); Schoyen, Chs. 7 and 8; *Chartist Studies* (ed. Asa Briggs, 1959) *passim*; John Saville, 'Chartism in the Year of Revolution, 1848' *Modern Quarterly* (Winter 1952-3).

45. *Northern Star*, 14 February 1846.

46. Schoyen, pp.150-2.

47. The account of the public meeting is in the *Northern Star*, 4 December 1847; and there is an extract in M. Morris, *From Cobbett to the Chartists*, (1948) pp.251-2. See also F. Mehring, *Karl Marx* (1936) p.143, and for the Communist League, the references in note 40 above.

48. See the interesting article by Engels, 'The Revolutionary Movements of 1847', published in the *Deutsche Brüsseler Zeitung*, 23 January 1848; and reprinted in an English version in Ryazanoff, *The Communist Manifesto*, pp.272-285.

the last massive challenge to the bourgeois state for the rest of the century, Harney played an important but not central role. He stood with Ernest Jones in the leadership of the left wing, and constantly emphasised what had haunted him since the early months of 1840: the need for organisation. Throughout he remained editor of the *Northern Star* and from the editorial chair he saw the movement go down under the weight of police action, mass arrests and the terrifying permeation of Chartist organisations by police spies and *agents-provocateurs*. As Samuel Kydd wrote in the *Northern Star* on 5 August:

'The reign of terror progresses, and grows more searching and dreadful. . . . So close has our political atmosphere become, that we are almost suffocated. So crowded are rumours followed in quick uncertainty: so fearful the thrilling doubts and stifled fears of every man we meet, that it requires courage even to think steadily and boldness and nerve to direct order from this motley chaos. . . .'

By the end of September 1848 the Chartist left had been beaten. Their leaders, except Harney, were in prison, transported or awaiting trial, and the movement in the country was disorganised and dispirited. Among the majority who remained politically active there tended to be a sharp turn to the Right. The *Northern Star* of 11 November reported the same Philip McGrath who had gone so hopefully to Paris with Harney and Jones:

'Since then [i.e. April] all had been one vast blank, one huge monument of misfortune. . . . Violent measures were not suited to the general constitution of the British mind. . . . Their object should be by lectures, public meetings, and a proper direction of their moral power, and by falling back on a legal system of organisation, to recover that position which they had lost by want of prudence and common sense.'

These were not the conclusions that Harney drew from 1848. France had shown that universal suffrage was not sufficient by itself to effect the end of plutocracy: what was needed was a movement that developed social aims as well as democratic objectives—that would become, to use the later term, social-democratic in its basic postulates. In this last phase of the Chartist movement, from the end of 1848 to 1852, after which date Ernest Jones is almost alone, the

Chartist left moved from its traditional position of advanced radicalism to one of socialism. Their ideas in this period were expressed by the new slogan—The Charter and Something More—and their practical programme received its fullest elaboration in the Chartist Convention of March 1851, in a statement of socialist policy that was not bettered until the 20th century⁵¹. With Ernest Jones in prison from mid-1848 to mid-1850 it fell to Harney to develop the new policy: one with which O'Connor was wholly out of sympathy, just as Harney was totally opposed to the attempts which O'Connor was making throughout 1849 to accommodate the Chartist movement to an alliance with the middle class radicals. On the *Northern Star* Harney found himself more and more circumscribed in his editorial freedom, but he was far from without support. The Fraternal Democrats—although now no longer with foreign members⁵²—was still the focus for the left wing, and the struggle centred on the control of the National Charter Association. When Ernest Jones came out of prison after his two year sentence he joined Harney in accepting the red flag in place of the green; and together they led the left wing opposition to O'Connor.

Harney's editorial hold on the *Northern Star* was rapidly weakening by the middle of 1849, and the final break with O'Connor was plainly coming. To establish his own platform he began publishing in June 1849 the *Democratic Review of British Politics, History and Literature*. It was a monthly, price 3d. and apparently it paid its way for the sixteen months of its life. Like all Harney's publication at this time, *The Democratic Review* was a forum for different schools of socialist and advanced liberal thought rather than for any precise commitment to one particular point of view. The pages of the *Review* were open to a wide range of foreign revolutionaries and radicals, and it was this easy

51. The March 1851 Programme is reprinted in the *Friend of the People* for 12 April 1851. There are slight verbal differences between this version and the one reprinted in John Saville, *Ernest Jones: Chartist* (1952) Appendix III, which is taken from the *Northern Star*, 12 June, 1851. The one important difference is the omission in the *Friend of the People* of two sections of the Programme relating to currency and the press; and these are given in the following issue of 19 April, p.166.

52. An Alien Act had been passed in the middle of 1848 which gave the Home Secretary greatly increased powers of deportation, and the greater part of the foreign membership quietly withdrew their official affiliations from the Fraternal Democrats.

and tolerant attitude that made Marx and Engels, and especially the former, so irritated with Harney in the early 1850s. In the meantime, however, the relations between Harney and Marx and Engels were warm and friendly. Marx came to live permanently in London in August 1849 and Engels also returned to England in November of the same year.

With the defeat of the revolution in France in the June days, the suppression of the Roman republic, the crushing of the Hungarians by the Austrians and the Russians, reaction in Europe was stronger than ever by the second half of 1849; and for revolutionaries all over western Europe Harney's *Democratic Review*, and the *Red Republican* which followed it, offered a channel of communication that was of the greatest importance. There were few others; and during these black days of defeated hopes and dispirited movements, Harney provided a centre for international discussion and contact that was of inestimable value, both at the time and for the movements of the future.

* * *

The *Red Republican*, first published on Saturday 22 June, 1850, continued the approach of the *Democratic Review* in that its columns remained open to foreign democrats and revolutionaries of many different shades of opinion. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin and Mazzini were among those who wrote frequently in its pages, and the journal is an important source for the story of the Continental refugees after the defeats of 1848-9⁵³. It was this catholicity of Harney's editorial policy that more and more irritated Marx and Engels although they did not

break off relations with him until the summer months of 1851⁵⁴. Engels, who 'probably occupied more space in the *Democratic Review* in 1850 than any other foreign contributor'⁵⁵ appears to have written nothing for the *Red Republican*, but this was evidently because of other commitments. The correspondence of Marx and Engels shows that they continued to be friendly towards Harney till the early months of 1851, and in the last four numbers of the *Red Republican*, beginning with the issue of 9 November 1850, there is published the first English translation of the *Communist Manifesto*: introduced as the statement of 'the plans and principles of the most advanced party of the German Revolutionists'⁵⁶.

The translator of this version of the *Communist Manifesto* was Miss Helen Macfarlane, and it was she who transmogrified the famous opening line, 'A spectre is haunting Europe' into 'A frightful hobgoblin stalks throughout Europe', although the rest of her translation is in more sober vein. Helen Macfarlane, who at

53. Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Arnold Ruge (German) and Albert Darasz (Polish) formed the European Central Democratic Committee (sometimes titled Central European Democratic Committee) in the summer of 1850, and its official statements are usually reprinted in the *Red Republican* or the *Friend of the People*. The French organ of the Committee was *Le Proscrit* (later *La Voix du Proscrit*) and Harney often reprinted its articles, e.g. Mazzini's article from the first number of *Le Proscrit*, 5 July 1850, was reprinted in the *Red Republican* for 20 July 1850. A number of national sub-committees were established and these occasionally also had their manifestos printed by Harney. The European Central Democratic Committee were anti-socialist democratic republicans: hence the hostility which Marx and Engels showed to Harney's collaboration with the Committee.

54. The occasion for the worsening of Marx's relations with Harney and the intensification of Marx's opposition to Harney's collaboration with foreign republicans was the mass meeting at Highbury Barn on 24 February 1850 at which Louis Blanc, Karl Schapper and other foreign émigrés spoke. Two of Marx's friends, Conrad Schramm and Wilhelm Pieper were badly manhandled, and the accusation of 'Spy' thrown at them. Marx was incensed and he pursues the subject with Engels at some length (see letters beginning 23 February 1850, and especially 26 February). What has often been overlooked in this controversy is the letter which Schramm wrote in the *Friend of the People* 15 March 1850 and Harney's additional comments, in which he speaks of Schramm as having been 'Introduced to me by Messrs. Marx and Engels—friends of long standing—I had the best guarantee for the honour of Mr. Schramm'.

55. Schoyen, p.202. There are in fact only two articles that can be definitely attributed to Engels in the *Democratic Review*; but there are others he could well have written.

56. The brief introduction to the *Manifesto* is interesting. It mentions the names of Marx and Engels as the authors, and this is the first time that the authorship has been mentioned in print. Second, the introduction, short though it is, provides a useful summary of the background to the *Communist Manifesto*. Presumably it was not written by Helen Macfarlane herself, since it refers to the 'excellent translation', and it could have been written by Engels. He had both the knowledge and an ability to write clear and straightforward English.

This translation by Helen Macfarlane was reprinted, first in extracts, in *The World* (New York) 21 September 1871; and then complete in *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* (New York) 30 December 1871 (for which see: Bert Andreas, *Le Manifeste Communiste de Marx et Engels: Histoire et Bibliographie, 1848-1918* (Feltrinelli, Milan, 1963) pp.57-9. It would seem also that the anarchist editions of the *Communist Manifesto* in book form—the first in English—New York, 1883 and the London edition of 1886 are also reprints from the *Red Republican*: *ibid.*, pp.98-100 and 127-8.

this time lived at Burnley in Lancashire⁵⁷, was an acquaintance of Marx and Engels and the English Chartists, but our knowledge about her is tantalisingly meagre. A. R. Schoyen, the biographer of Harney, has suggested that she wrote in the *Democratic Review*, the *Red Republican* and the *Friend of the People* under the pseudonym of Howard Morton⁵⁸; and while the evidence is by no means conclusive, the hypothesis is not unreasonable. Whoever Howard Morton was, he or she was close to the intellectual position of Marx and Engels, and the articles above the signature provide the most lively and interesting reading in the whole of the *Red Republican*. Howard Morton had a splendid polemical style, was obviously well read and widely travelled⁵⁹. If it was Helen Macfarlane, she also has the distinction of being the first Christian social revolutionary of modern Britain, an early predecessor to Conrad Noel and the Christian revolutionaries of the twentieth century⁶⁰. Almost every article signed by Howard Morton has some reference to the proletarian origins of Jesus, or to the 'meek and lowly Jesus' or to the 'sansculotte Jesus', and it is abundantly clear that this revolutionary approach to Christian doctrine and ideas provided her with the mainspring of her social criticism⁶¹.

It is in the pages of the *Democratic Review* and the *Red Republican* that the ideas of 'The Charter and Something More' were first developed and elaborated. Harney used the slogan as the heading of an article with which L'Ami du Peuple opened the first number of the *Red Republican*. 'Chartism in 1850' wrote Howard Morton in the same first number:

'Is a different thing from Chartism in 1840. The leaders of the English Proletarians have proved that they are true Democrats, and no shams, by going ahead so rapidly within the last few years. They have progressed from the idea of a simple *political reform* to the idea of a *Social Revolution*. . . . A social revolution? Truly, these words are the death-knell of the present state of society. If society it may be called, where every man's hand is armed against his brother's life by a murderous competitive system, and by political institutions, which base the wealth and prosperity on one monopolist class of landlords and moneylenders, upon the misery and degradation of the souls and bodies of the producing millions. What is the present position of the Chartist party? We are agreed with the Red Republicans, or Socialist-democrats of other countries, as to the *end*. But what means are at our disposal for the accomplishment of this end? Who are our enemies, and how can we fight them to the best advantage? Our enemies—the enemies of the British Proletarians, whether of the manufacturing or agricultural districts—are all the other classes of society put together. . . .'

The programme of the social revolution, of which Howard Morton was speaking, was set out in detail in the policy agreed by the Chartist

57. Harney to Engels, 16 December 1850: ' . . . The address of Miss Macfarlane is: Helen Macfarlane, Bridgend, Burnley. Don't forget the "Helen" . . . ' quoted by Peter Cadogan, 'Harney and Engels', *International Review of Social History*, X, Part I (1965).

58. Schoyen, pp.203-4.

59. *ibid*; cf. the comment in the first article written by Howard Morton in the first number of the *Red Republican*, 22 June 1850, 'Chartism in 1850 . . . ' an extract of which is quoted in the text: 'Returning lately to this country, after an absence of several years, I was agreeably surprised by this fact' [i.e. the idea of a social revolution].

60. Conrad Noel (1869-1942) wrote a socialist *Life of Jesus* (1937), took an active part in the Guild Socialist movement, and is perhaps best known as the revolutionary Vicar of Thaxted: for which see his *Autobiography* (ed. Sidney Dark, 1945) and an earlier book, *The Battle of the Flags* (1922).

61. Howard Morton's writing is suffused with a burning sense of the injustice and immorality of capitalist society, and the holiness which will come about when exploitation is no more. Mr. Chimen Abramsky has suggested that there is a close affinity with the writings of Lamennais. Certainly there is much that is comparable with *De l'esclavage moderne* and *Politique à l'usage du peuple*; and like Lamennais towards the end of his life, Howard Morton seems to have accepted a pantheistic approach to the world. Cf. this extract, for example: ' . . . what is the meaning of Protestantism? It is a state of transition. It is the necessary stepping-stone for the human mind in its progress from deism to pantheism, that is, from a belief in the holiness of some things, in the divinity of one being or of one man to a belief in the divinity of All beings, of All men—in the holiness of All things . . . ' (*Friend of the People*, 28 December 1850); and the same article ends: 'But the new religion,

that of unlimited spiritual freedom—whose dawn is now visible, whose banner bears the sacred inscription, Equality, Liberty, Fraternity, will also find a befitting secular mode of expression. It will bring in its train corresponding institutions and social forms. It will assume the outward form of a republic such as the world has never yet seen. "A republic without helots;" without *poor*; without *classes*; without hereditary hewers of wood and drawers of water; without *slaves*, whether chattel or wage slaves. "For if I treat all men as divine, how can there be for me such a thing as a slave?" A society, such indeed as the world has never seen, not only of free *men*, but of free *women*; a society of equally holy, equally blessed gods."'. There is a favourable review of Lamennais in the *Democratic Review*, pp.313-4, which Howard Morton no doubt saw, for she wrote for the *Review*. For further brief comments on Helen Macfarlane, Bert Andreas, *Le Manifeste Communiste . . . op. cit.* p.24; and *idem*. 'Helen Macfarlane', *Feltrinelli Annali*, Anno V (Milan, 1962).

Convention of March-April 1851: the reports of the Convention being in the *Northern Star* for April 5 and April 12, 1851 and the programme being reprinted in full in *The Friend of the People* for 12 April 1851⁶². The preamble to the detailed statement of social aims emphasised that the Chartist organisation should see itself as 'the protector of the oppressed': should recognise 'that a political change would be inefficacious, unless accompanied by a social change'; and insisted that Chartism must be kept 'distinct as an organised political body' and not allied to any 'other political movement or alloy'. All these ideas Harney, Howard Morton and other contributors to the *Red Republican* and *The Friend of the People* were discussing and expounding; but with the partial exception of Howard Morton, the analysis remained somewhat abstract and rather general. For the detailed appraisal of the social meaning of The Charter and Something More, we have to turn to the writings of Ernest Jones in the *Notes to the People*: a periodical which contains much of the best of Jones' writing⁶³. Harney, by contrast, appeared somewhat aloof from social problems, not that he remained unmoved by suffering, but in respect of a down-to-earth investigation of social evils. Eloquent declamation and denunciation were more suited to his cast of thinking than enquiry and analysis of economic and social problems. There were some interesting exceptions among his writings, as when he analysed the cycle of work and unemployment, and its social consequences for the average wage-earner, in the *Red Republican* for 5 October 1850; but he was clearly at his most spirited when he was denouncing the hypocrisy of his own Government, attacking some injustice, or appealing to his fellow countrymen to come to the aid of foreign revolutionaries⁶⁴. While he accepted the socialism of the red flag as the way forward for the British movement, it is not certain how fully he understood its implications, and he seems to have remained at heart an internationally-minded Jacobin⁶⁵. That is his place in history.

The remoteness of the *Red Republican* from the day to day struggles of ordinary working people was modified to some extent after the first few months of its existence. On 2 November 1850 Harney printed an appeal to trade unions and co-operative associations to send in accounts of strikes, examples of employer's oppression, or the results of co-operative experiments; and in the following issue, he began a column headed 'Labour Record'. This became the 'Labour Record and Co-operative Chronicle' in *The Friend of the People* from 21 December 1850, and while its items were always interesting, its coverage was rather narrow. It is worth emphasising here that Harney took a more tolerant attitude towards co-operative associations than did Ernest Jones; and the same was true of their respective attitudes towards trade unionism. In an interesting and thoroughly sensible article published in *The Friend of the People* 25 January 1851, Harney recognised that the considerable spate of co-operative associations being established all over the country was a common enough reaction among working people to political defeat; and that at this time there was the additional impetus being given to

after he had settled again in England, he vigorously opposed Irish Home Rule. Schoyen discusses the matter in his final chapter, especially p.277 ff., noting that: 'Instead of getting rid of colonies as costly encumbrances, Harney wished to see them held to England by "links of justice" in a co-operative, mutually beneficial system with common English freedoms' (p.277). Harney gave voice to these sentiments at Tiverton in 1847, and he wrote in 1894 to F. J. Snell, author of *Palmerston's Borough* (1894) that he still held to these basic ideas. There is a clear statement of Harney's attitude in the *Red Republican*, 31 August 1850 in an article headed: 'Our Indian and Colonial Empire', in which, after acknowledging 'the history of fraud and force, by which the brigands of the Sword and Commerce succeeded in reducing one hundred millions of the people of Hindustan to their sway' Harney concludes: 'And what have the *veritable* PEOPLE gained for their unexampled outlay of labour, wealth and blood? What, up to this time, has been their share of the commercial, political, naval, and military successes of the nation? What? What but stripes and hunger, bonds and degradation? . . .

'But because such has been the reward of the Proletarians thus far, is that a reason why the empire should be dismembered, and the colonies and possessions I have enumerated be cut adrift to sink into isolated insignificance, or become the prey of new conquerors? Not so . . . The integrity of the British empire must be maintained; but the advantages of that empire must be no longer monopolised by privileged usurpers, and Moloch-like mammonites. It is high time the proletarians of Great Britain and Ireland came into possession of their rightful heritage . . . ' These are words which Ernest Jones could never have written, at least not after he came out of jail in 1850, and accepted socialism and the red flag. For Jones on Ireland and India, see the extracts in Saville, *Ernest Jones: Chartist*, pp.211-222. There are a number of references to Harney's views on the Irish question in the letters he wrote to Engels: Cadogan, 'Harney and Engels' *loc. cit.* p.86 ff.

62. See note 51 above.

63. The first number of the *Notes to the People* appeared on 3 May, 1851: see John Saville, *Ernest Jones* (1952) p.45 ff.

64. See, for example, the splendid denunciation of Viscount Torrington, ex-Governor of Ceylon, under the heading, 'A British Haynau', *Friend of the People*, 1 February 1850, and continued in the following issue of 8 February.

65. There is, however, a curious blank in his thinking on some aspects of imperial questions. In the last years of his life,

the movement by the Christian Socialists⁶⁶. While he continued to insist on the primacy of the political struggle, 'we must take men as they are, and make the best of existing circumstances'⁶⁷. And in the same vein he wrote of trades unions:

'I am aware of the value of Trades' Unions. But for those unions, notwithstanding the failure of very many "strikes", the state of the operatives would be much worse than it is. Trades' combinations have at least checked the march, and retarded the ascendancy, of all-devouring capital. Nevertheless, in any great struggle, the workmen have invariably been vanquished; partly through their own want of means to continue the contest with their wealthy opponents, and partly in consequence of the combination of all classes, above the ranks of labour, against them. . . . Trades' Unions may continue to afford some degree of protection in any ordinary contest between labourers and capitalists, but from their very nature they must be impotent to effect any general social change from the advantage of the wealth producers. . . .'⁶⁸

This is a very different tone from that adopted by Ernest Jones, whose sectarianism towards both trade unions and co-operative associations was extreme. Harney summed up, in the same article, in words which had Jones been able to accept, the disastrous divisions of this last phase of Chartism might perhaps have been avoided:

'One beneficial result likely to flow from the Co-operative movement is the impetus it will give to the general question of Social Regeneration. The next great political movement will be *democratique—et sociale*. . . . The co-operative and industrial movement will advance the discussion of social principles, and thereby prepare the way for those Social Revolutionists who seek, through Universal Suffrage, THE ABOLITION OF CLASSES AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF LABOUR'⁶⁹.

The full story of the conflict between Harney and Jones, growing steadily during the second half of 1851, has not yet been told, and it is likely that we shall never know its complete details. There was certainly some incompatibility of temperament, always magnified in a political movement that is declining; and there were increasing differences in the matter of tactics. Harney was the more pragmatic of the two, and his political experience was considerably greater than that of Ernest Jones; while Jones, by this time following Marx, tended to be more theoretical in his general attitudes, and was certainly more rigid when it came to practical matters⁷⁰. The *Red Republican* and the *Friend of the People*, together with the *Northern Star* and the *Notes to the People* are the main sources for the internal history of the Chartist movement in this fascinating but unhappy period of Chartist socialism. The problem of Chartist decline is a complex one. Contemporaries provided a crude materialist interpretation of events to explain the falling off in the appeal of Chartism, and many historians have followed the same approach⁷¹; but between the early 1850s and the decade of the 1840s there was no significant change in the living standards of the *majority* of the working people. There was, it is true, considerable economic expansion in the early 1850s which provided higher levels of employment, and the cumulative effect of the high rate of growth of the economy in general since the 1830s was certainly exercising some influence upon wages and earnings. But explanations of political defeat and decline which omit the role of human agency, or ignore the many factors which shape and mould social consciousness, are never likely to offer satisfactory conclusions; and the Chartist movement in its years of declension still lacks a convincing analysis and explanation.

70. Schoyen, Ch IX; Saville, *Ernest Jones*, p.43 ff; Cadogan, 'Harney and Jones' *loc. cit.*

71. Cf. Schoyen—whose book is an invaluable source for the history of Chartism: 'The élite workers who were benefiting from the increase in industrialisation—e.g. the skilled mechanics—already had an interest in preserving the existent economic system'. p.181. The argument which follows in the present text is, of course, a highly controversial one. For the 'optimistic' view, see the introduction by W. O. Henderson and W. H. Chaloner to their edition of *The Condition of the Working Class in England* (Oxford, 1958); and for a criticism, more in sympathy with the brief comment in this present introduction: E. J. Hobsbawm, *Labouring Men* (1964) Chs. 5-7 and especially Ch. 6.

66. For the co-operative experiments that were being encouraged by the Christian socialists of 1848-1854, and for the history of the movement: C. E. Raven, *Christian Socialism, 1848-1854* (1920); T. Christensen, *Origin and History of Christian Socialism, 1848-1854* (Universitetsforlaget 1 Aarhus, 1962); and for a critical review, John Saville, 'The Christian Socialists of 1848', *Democracy and the Labour Movement* (ed. John Saville, 1954).

67. *Friend of the People*, 25 January 1851.

68. *ibid.*

69. *ibid.*

The *Red Republican* lasted for 24 numbers, the final issue being dated 30 November 1850. Then, partly because of the fear of prosecution, because it was unstamped, but much more because it was being 'burked' by booksellers throughout the country on account of its title as well as its opinions⁷² Harney changed the name to the *Friend of the People*. Because Harney was ill, what was called the preliminary number of 7 December 1850 was edited by G. J. Holyoake, Ernest Jones and others with Holyoake providing an interesting editorial on the change of name. Issue No. 1 was dated 14 December 1850 and the journal ran to 26 July 1851, Harney explaining the financial reasons for closure to his readers in an editorial in the issue of 12 July 1851. He was already, because of further illness, in Scotland, and he remained there for several months. When he returned to London early in the new year he brought out a further edition of the *Friend of the People* which ran for twelve numbers and ended on 24 April 1852, after which date it merged with the *Northern Star*, now Harney's property⁷³ to become *The Star of Freedom*.

This second series of *The Friend of the People* is not included in the present reprint for it belongs to a different phase of Harney's career⁷⁴. He had now lost hope in the possibilities of any revival of the Chartist movement and he was saddened and bitter at the quarrels with Ernest Jones. In the second half of 1852 there was an interesting attempt to form a new organisation with William Newton of the Engineers and certain middle of the road radicals; but Harney was still a red republican and could never come to terms with the moderates who wanted a much narrower platform of political change⁷⁵. The truth is that he was tired and dispirited, and with Ernest Jones at the head of a much smaller movement, but the only one with

any signs of vitality, there was now no political future for Harney. His last Chartist publishing venture was the *Vanguard*, a weekly which ran for seven numbers from January to early March 1853. He was still writing as vigorously as ever against the Manchester School of pseudo-democrats, 'But what of the "Chartists"?'—

'the legitimate descendants of the "Radical Reformers", and the advocates of the "Six Points"?' Fallen from their once lofty position, destroyed by egotism, their very remains the prey of factious mendacious charlatans! It is a very painful subject, and we quit it, at least for the present. In truth, there is not on the soil of the country any party, or popular organisation, willing and competent to continue the struggle for the triumph of pure unsullied democracy'⁷⁶.

Before the *Vanguard* wound up, his wife died, and this was the final blow, for he had loved her passionately. He was still only 36, and he was to live until nearly the end of the century, but his involvement in British politics was nearing its end. He moved to Newcastle in December 1853 to begin editing a new monthly, the *Northern Tribune*, which Joseph Cowen was subsidising. In 1855 he settled in Jersey, in the Channel Islands, and remained there until he sailed for America in May 1863. He had continued as a crusading journalist during his Channel Island period⁷⁷ but during his long years in America he took little part in politics, his letters to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* being the only contact he seems to have maintained with the political world. He worked for most of his time as a clerk in the Massachusetts State House and returned to live permanently in England, at Richmond in Surrey, in 1888. There, increasingly crippled with arthritis, he became a regular columnist for the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, now one of the great provincial newspapers of England under the editorship of W. E. Adams⁷⁸. Most of his writing was literary but he still commented freely on social and political questions, and occasionally included some all too few excursions into the memories of the past. He died, well into his 81st year, on 9 December 1897.

72. Marx to Engels, 23 November 1850; and Engels to Marx, 25 November, 1850.

73. Schoyen, p.223; Saville, *Ernest Jones*, p.49.

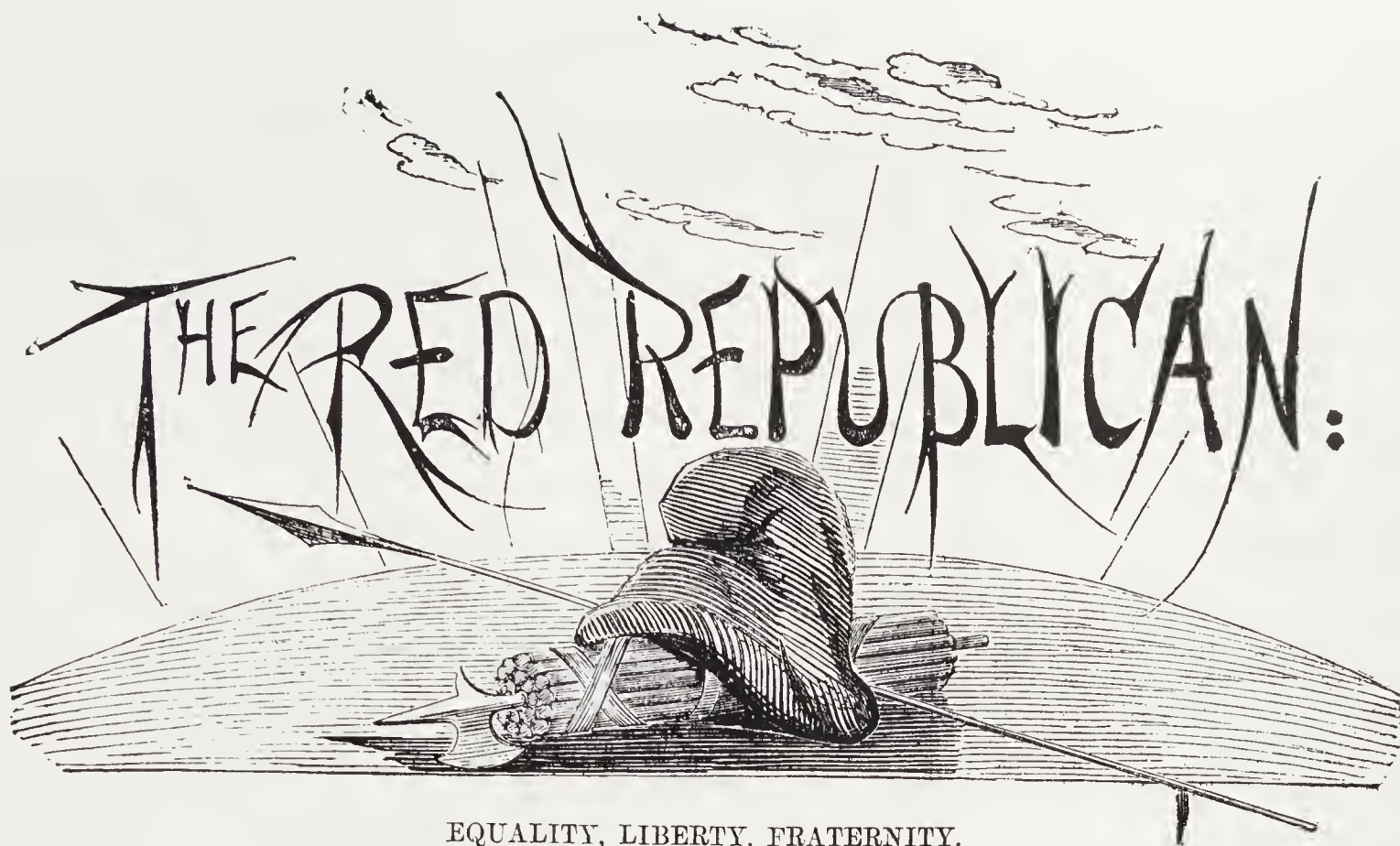
74. The second series of the *Friend of the People* was published on 7 February 1852 and there were twelve numbers, the last being dated 24 April 1852. The heading at the top of the new paper was altered from the 'Equality, Liberty, Fraternity' that was printed on the *Red Republican* and the first *Friend of the People* to 'Justice—Immutable, Universal, Eternal'. See Marx to Engels, 4 February 1852 for a withering comment on Harney's 'cabbage leaf'; and Ernest Jones' letter to Engels, 6 January 1852 in Cadogan, 'Harney and Engels', *loc. cit.*

75. Schoyen, p.223 ff.

76. *Vanguard*, No. 3, p.27.

77. Schoyen, Ch. 10.

78. W. E. Adams, born 1832: published an interesting two volume *Memoirs of a Social Atom* in 1903.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

1850.

LONDON:

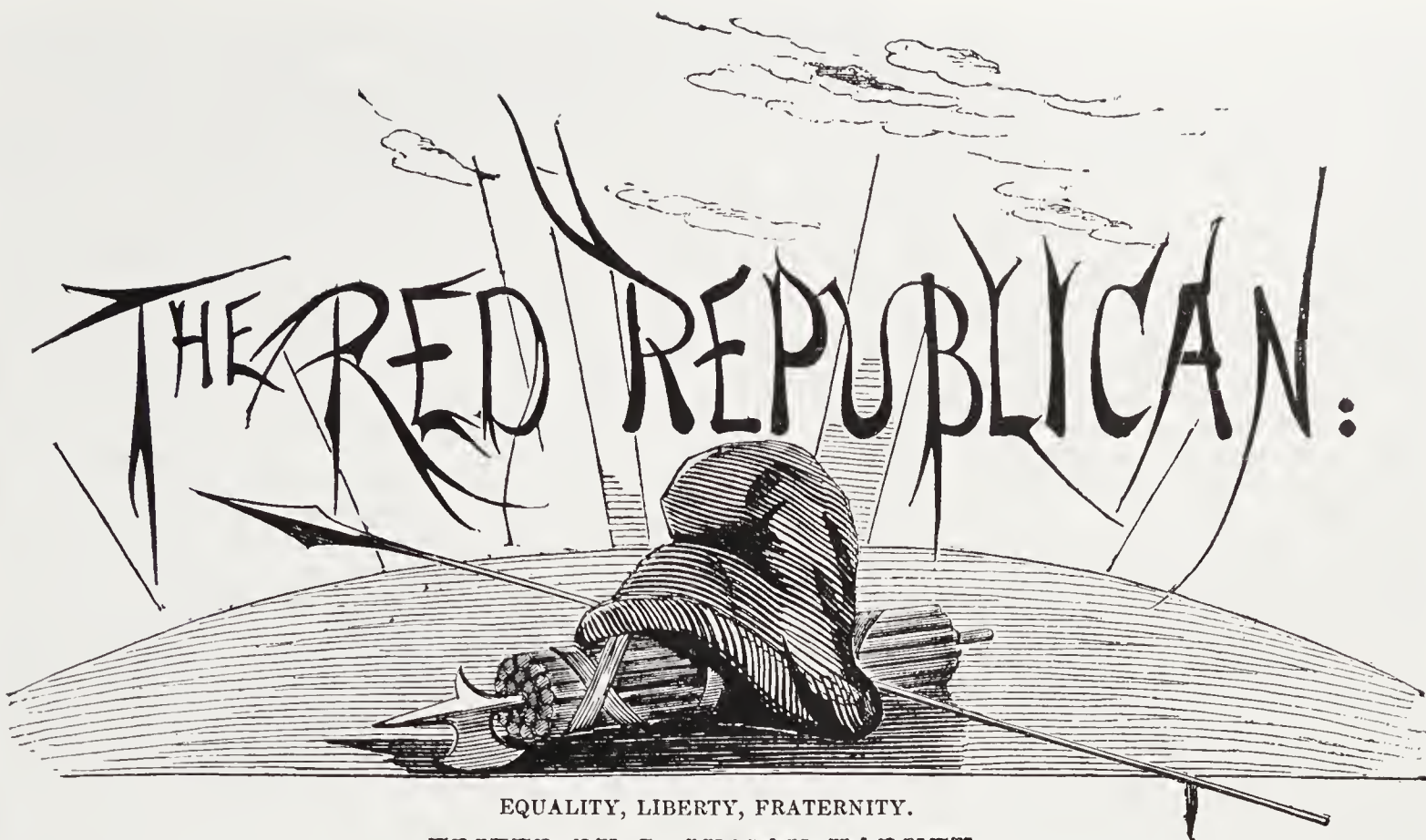
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Song of the Red Republican.

Ay, tyrants, build your bulwarks! forge your fetters! link your chains!	The herald of our coming Christ leaps in the womb of Time;	I see the toiler hath become a glorious, Christ-like preacher, And as he wins a crust shines proudly forth the great world teacher;
As brims your guilt-cup fuller, our's of grief runs to the drains:	The poor's grand army treads the Age's march with step sublime!	Still he toils on; but, tyrant, 'tis a mighty thing when slaves, Who delve their lives into their work, know that they dig your graves!
Still, as on Christ's brow, crowns of thorn for Freedom's martyrs twine,—	Our's is the mighty Future, and what marvel, brother men, If the devoured of ages should turn devourers, then?	Anarchs, your doom comes swiftly, brave and eagle spirits climb To ring Oppression's thunder knell from the watch-towers of time!
Still batten on live hearts, and maddeu o'er the hot blood-wine!	Our hopes ran mountains high,—we sing at heart,—wept tears of gladness.—	A spirit of Cromwellian might is stirring at this hour; And thought burns eloquent in men's eyes with more than speechful power!
Murder men sleeping; or awake—torture them dumb with pain, And tear with hands all bloody-red Mind's jewels from the brain!	When France, the bravely beautiful, dash'd down her sceptred madness; And Hungary her one-hearted race of mighty heroes hurried	Old England, cease the mummer's part! wake starveling, serf and slave! Rouse, in the majesty of wrong, great kindred of the brave! Speak, and the world shall answer with her voices myriad-fold;
Your feet are on us, tyrants: strike, and hush Earth's wail of sorrow!	In the death-gap of the nations, as a bulwark for the world!	And men, like gods, shall grapple with the giant wrongs of old!
Your sword of power, so red to-day, shall kiss the dust to-morrow!	Oh, Hungary—gallant Hungary—proud and glorious thou wert, Feeding the world's soul like a river gushing from God's heart!	Now, mothers of the people, give your babes heroic milk! Sires, soul your sons to daring deeds: no more soft words of silk!
Oh, but 'twill be a merry day, the world shall set apart, When Strife's last sword is broken in the last crown'd pauper's heart!	And Rome—where Freedom's heroes bled, to make her breast beat higher. How her eyes reddened with the flash of her ancestral fire! Mothers of children, who shall live the gods of future story—	Great spirits of the heaven-homed Dead—take shape, and I walk our mind! Their glory smites our upward look: we seem no longer blind!
And it shall come—despite of rifle, rope, and rack, and scaffold:	Your blood shall blossom from the dust, and crown the world with glory!	They tell us how they broke their bonds, and whisper "so may ye!"
Once more we lift the earnest brow, and battle on unabated!	We'll tread them down yet—curse and crown, Czar, Kaiser, King, and Slave; And Mind shall lord it in the court of high-throned fool and knave!	One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free!
Alas! the hopes that have gone down, the young life vainly spilt, Th' Eternal Murder still sits crown'd and thron'd in damning guilt!	Oh, brothers of the bounding heart! I look thro' tears and smile; Our land is rife with sound of fetters snapping 'neath the file;	The people's heart, with pulse like cannon, panteth for the fray!
Still in God's golden sun the tyrants' bloody banner burns; And priests—Hell's midnight bravo—desecrate Rome's patriot urns!	I lay my hand on England's heart, and in each life-throb mark The pealing thought of freedom ring its tocsin in the dark!	And brothers, gallant brothers, we'll be with you in that day!
See how th' oppressors of the poor with serpents hunt our blood!		
Hear from the dark the groan and curse go madd'ning up to God!		
They kill and trample us poor worms till Earth is dead men's dust;		
Death's red tooth daily drains our hearts; but end—ay, end it must!		



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 1.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

I.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a jungle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress;—I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

THE CHARTER AND SOMETHING MORE!

"THOSE who make half revolutions, dig a grave for themselves!" The truth of these sad and solemn words, uttered by the immortal St. Just, was only too faithfully exemplified in the tragic end of that martyr, and the party of whom he was so glorious a leader. Since the victims of Thermidor mounted the scaffold, martyrs by myriads—martyrs who have perished by every conceivable mode of destruction, have served, by their fall, to further illustrate the appalling truth of the above-quoted axiom. Particularly within the last two years have examples of the folly of half-revolutions been manifested. We have seen the people shaking off the apathy engendered by long years of slavery and misery, and—like Sampson bursting his bonds—breaking, by one sharp effort, one revolutionary wrench, the manacles forged by the demon-like powers of Oppression. But to what end? Alas! from the Seine to the Tiber the nations are again groaning under the weight of fetters, which, only two years ago, they thought they had for ever cast from them. Their social miseries have been aggravated, and are now more terrible than ever; while the political yoke of their tyrants has been fully re-established; notwithstanding that torrents of blood have flowed—and, so far, flowed in vain—to establish the glorious principles of EQUALITY, LIBERTY, and FRATERNITY.

How has this come to pass? Whence has come this melancholy conclusion, this disheartening consummation of the heroic efforts and sacrifices made by the revolutionists of 1848?

The answer may be unhesitatingly rendered. They made half-revolutions, and so dug graves for themselves.

Whose the fault? What the cause? Something of blame, ay! censure of the severest, condemnation eternal, attaches to weak and traitorous leaders. The grand cause of failure, however, must be attributed to popular folly, or rather to popular ignorance. Alas! the people knew not what they did, when they permitted themselves to be bamboozled by such mountebanks as Lamartine, such hypocrites as Frederick William, such infamous adventurers as Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, and such traitors and word-mongers as composed the Frankfort Parliament, and similar precious assemblies. Alas! they comprehended not the act of suicide they committed, when they turned the mighty instrument of Universal Suffrage against their own bosoms, by arming with representative power the sworn enemies of Democracy, the eternal foes to Political Right and Social Justice. What wonder that the half-revolutions of 1848 have already resulted in the triumph of the counter-revolution throughout Europe? This is said advisedly; for even in France, Universal Suffrage no longer exists; and despotism more grinding than Charles the Tenth ever dreamed of, or Louis Philippe imagined, now crushes to the earth the generous and chivalrous people, who have made so many sacrifices for their own freedom and the world's progress. That despotism is only the more odious because veiled under forms and names associated with Republicanism.

In demanding representative institutions,

universal suffrage, freedom of the press, trial by jury, and the usual order of "Reforms," advocated by mere political agitators, the people of Continental Europe were ignorant of the all-important fact that such "reforms" are utterly valueless, unless associated with such social changes as will enable the great body of the community to command the actual sovereignty of society. Political freedom is incompatible with social slavery. If for a moment Universal Suffrage existed in France, it was only while the people could be made the dupes of the aristocrats and money-mongers. The instant the masses gave evidence of coming to their senses, and shewed the will to exercise the voting power for their own protection,—that instant the vampires of France declared open war against the very power, principle, and right, which had armed them with legislative supremacy. Some day it will be the same in America. Wherever Universal Suffrage, or a system of Suffrage approximating to Universal, exists in the States, the power thereby exercised by the working classes has, up to this time, been employed to subserve mere political and party objects. When the day arrives, as arrive it will, that shall witness the minority and the majority, the mischievous and the suffering classes, arrayed against each other, as is the case at this very time in Europe; in that day it will be seen that the American men of property will make war upon the political rights of the men of poverty. Whenever the working men of the United States shall exhibit the good sense to record their votes in support of honest Social Reformers, instead of greedy political adventurers and charlatans—whether belonging to the "upper ten thousand" Whigs, or the "silk-stockings Democrats," that moment they will have to stand on the defensive to guard against the aggressions of

the propertied classes; that moment they will have to take up a position to defend their ballot-boxes with their muskets; or, otherwise, submit to suffer the deprivation of their political franchises. The usurpers of the land, the usurers, the devourers of rents, profits, and taxes, are everywhere the same;—the irreconcilable foes of justice, the eternal conspirators against the freedom and the happiness of their fellow-creatures. The aristocrats and usurers of France, who have destroyed Universal Suffrage, are no worse than the same classes in England, who oppose brute force to every demand made by the working classes of this country for the Charter; and no better are the same classes in America, who will conspire to subvert popular Suffrage, the moment an attempt may be made to make the ballot-box an instrument for the protection of the poor, against the exterminating extortions of the rich. A social revolution in America is a necessary and indispensable complement to the political revolution of '76. Should no such revolution, or reformation, come to pass, the future of America cannot fail to be a copy of Europe at the present time—the community divided into two great classes: a horde of brigands monopolizing all the advantages of society, and a multitude of landless profit-ridden slaves, deprived of even the name of citizens, and subjected to the uncontrolled oppression of omnipotent Wealth and rampant Privilege. With the experience of other nations to guide them, it would be culpable in the highest degree for the Democrats of this country to neglect the duty of enlightening the masses as to their social rights, while agitating for the enactment of the political franchises embodied in the People's Charter.

Unhappily it has been the fashion to decry all attempts at instructing the people in a knowledge of their social rights. Chartist leaders and lecturers have been required to stick to the "Shibboleth" of "the whole hog," or, by way of variation, "the entire animal," neither more nor less, on pain of denunciation. The most important questions have been ignored as "utopian," or "dangerous;" and to be "a man of first principles" was to be guilty of an unpardonable offence in the estimation of some Chartists.

That time is past.

On the one hand a large and daily increasing number of the British Democrats have gone beyond the "Shibboleth" aforesaid; and on the other, some of the most vociferous partisans of the "animal" before mentioned, have for some time past been negotiating with the enemies of Democracy—the bourgeois liberals, for the sale of the "whole hog," or, failing that, the sale of themselves. Between those who have advanced and those who have retrograded, "the Chartists, and something more," and "the Chartists, or something less," the Chartists "pure and simple" (as the French say,) have dwindled down to a very insignificant number. In this life inertness is destruction. We must advance or retreat; the earth moves and so must earth's children.

Entertaining these views, it is almost superfluous to express extreme satisfaction at the course pursued by our Scottish friends in recommending their English brethren, and particularly the Chartist leaders, "to advocate along with the political rights of the people the establishment of their social rights." This is an indication of the spirit of the times not to be mistaken. It is evident that

henceforth agitation will have no chance of success with the masses, unless directed for the obtainment of "the Charter and something more!"

I wish I could express the same satisfaction with all the doings of our Scottish friends; unhappily that is impossible. Passing over some other objectionable matters, I must protest against the suicidal attempt to "reconcile" persons described as "leaders" between whom there exists the most decided enmity; such enmity being far preferable to the "reconciliation" so unwisely wished for by our Scottish friends; who appear to have been regularly mystified by the cant about "antagonism of leaders." It is pretended that the "antagonism" alluded to is a mere "difference of opinion"—a "personal quarrel." The Scottish Democrats should know that in England the difference is well understood to be one of principle, and the quarrel to be between those who remain faithful to the Charter, and those who have gone over to the camp of the enemy—that most dangerous enemy whose avowed design is to "garrison the institutions of the country" against the Proletarians; that foe whose aim is to perfect and consolidate bourgeois supremacy.

It is asked—"Is the cause of Chartism to suffer at the hands of any of its friends?" It has suffered at the hands of its false "friends," and would suffer again if the advice tendered from across the Tweed should be acted upon. At present there is "no dissension within" our ranks, but there very soon would be, were those ranks opened anew to the political pedlars who have made merchandise of the people's confidence.

By all means let there be union amongst the sincere friends of the Charter, even though not agreeing in opinion on other questions. Let every man respect the honest convictions of his brother man, and accord the same latitude of opinion to others he demands for himself. But let the true friends of Democratic and Social Reform beware of a latitudinarianism which would confound the principles of good and evil, discourage honesty, offer a premium to treachery, and condemn the people to the last, worst evil that can befall them—that of serving as the raw material for the profit of political traders, traffickers in "patriotism," and speculators in the slavery, the misery, and the credulity of the poor.

The above expressed views and sentiments will serve to indicate the spirit in which the intended series of letters under the signature of "L'Ami du Peuple," (the Friend of the People) will be written. War against all unjust institutions—war against all who profit by those institutions will be the principle of these letters. In future numbers of the RED REPUBLICAN I shall proceed to an examination of the institutions of this country, with the view of deducing therefrom the absolute necessity for a grand national movement to obtain the establishment of THE CHARTER, AND SOMETHING MORE!

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

Hunger has wrenched many a noble deed from men, and the tears of misery have watered the most beautiful flowers of humanity.

All are born equal, the infant slumbering in a cradle of gold is in no wise superior to that which, wrapped in a few rags, lieth on a handful of dirty straw,

CHARTISM IN 1850.

Is a different thing from Chartism in 1840. The leaders of the English Proletarians have proved that they are true Democrats, and no shams, by going a-head so rapidly within the last few years. They have progressed from the idea of a simple political reform to the idea of a Social Revolution. Returning lately to this country, after an absence of some years, I was agreeably surprised by this fact. "What, old Mole! workest thou in the earth so fast?" The spirit of the age is abroad here too, in practically anti-speculative England, and is teaching the masses more than is contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, and quite another confession of faith than that of Westminster. New views of man's nature, his duties, or rights,—for the terms are synonymous, or nearly so, my duties being the rights of others, and vice versa—have been opened up to us of late. The Holy Spirit of truth, which the Nazarene promised to his followers, as a guide on their weary pilgrimage towards the promised land—towards a pure Democracy, where freedom and equality will be the acknowledged birth-right of every human being; the golden age, sung by the poets and prophets of all times and nations, from Hesiod and Isaiah, to Cervantes and Shelley; the *Paradisé*, which was never lost, for it lives—not backwards, in the infancy and youth of humanity,—but in the future, as the bright prize destined for the ripe manhood of the human race; this spirit, I say, has descended now upon the multitudes, and has consecrated them to the service of the new—and yet old—religion of Socialist-democracy. A social revolution? Truly, these words are the death-knell of the present state of society. If society it may be called, where every man's hand is armed against his brother's life by a murderous competitive system, and by political institutions, which base the wealth and prosperity of one monopolist class of landlords and moneylords, upon the misery and degradation of the souls and bodies of the producing millions. What is the present position of the Chartist party? We are agreed with the Red Republicans, or Socialist-democrats of other countries, as to the end. But what means are at our disposal for the accomplishment of this end? Who are our enemies, and how can we fight them to the best advantage? Our enemies,—the enemies of the British Proletarians, whether of the manufacturing or agricultural districts—are all the other classes of society put together. Society, in the exercise of political rights and possessing a monopoly of social advantages,—is defined by the gigantic fiction of a "glorious British constitution," and time honoured humbug of our ancestors, to be "Kings, Lords, and Commons." That is, a ministry and two Houses of Parliament. "The sovereign of these realms," being notoriously a mere puppet in the hands of a profligate aristocratic clique; which, under the names of a Conservative or a Whig administration—thimble-rigg majorities in Parliament, and uses up the Proletarians for its own profit and that of the middle-classes, who support the system because they share the plunder. I say, one aristocratic clique, under various denominations, governs this country. With regard to the Proletarians, the policy of Whigs and Conservative, has always been identical. If we are refused the franchise, and are made the *Parias* of the civilization we produce, the outcasts of the very society whose existence we render possible, the slaves of the classes we uphold in comfort and luxury in which we are forbidden to share; though, as our creation, we certainly have the best right to it;—if we are to continue subject to the dominion of laws regarding our labour, food, education, and in fact, our whole existence—in the making of which we are allowed no voice—and for protest against which we are to be imprisoned, and outlawed, and sent like felons to penal colonies,—then, I say, it is little matter whether the Government which acts towards the producers after this fashion, call itself Whig or Tory, or whether "the red

tape talking machine" at the head thereof be called Russell or Wellington, Grey or Graham. An hereditary aristocratic clique, supported by the financial aristocracy of the middle classes, and by the priests of a bloated and corrupt church, self-styled a Christian one; an hereditary House of Peers, with a Bench of Bishops, and a House of Commons—God save the mark! appointed by an electoral body of some eight hundred thousand, out of a population of some twenty-eight millions—such is the governing power of Great Britain—such is society, *within* the pale of the Constitution. And *without* the pale, stands the producing section of society, in an attitude very hostile to those of the other camp. We have outlived the two great Middle Class bubbles, the Reform Bill and the League, and we see that there is no help to be expected from the Bourgeoisie. The "Reformers" who try to burk the Ten Hours' Bill; who refuse to listen to any proposal for investigating the condition of the journey-men working 18 hours a day at unhealthy trades; who pay a Chartist renegade to stir up dissension in the Chartist camp, and traduce the motives of the most efficient among the Proletarian leaders, for the purpose of bringing them into discredit with the people; such Parliamentary and Financial Reformers can only be reckoned among the deadliest of the people's enemies. No thanks to these men and their base tools, that the admirable good sense, the instinctive rectitude, of the people, saved them from the snare; that those working men whom "Sir Joshua Walsley would not buy at any price," had discrimination enough to see through him and his lured apostate, by whose means he thought to hinder the re-organization of Chartism, and to divide the Proletarians into contending sections, to be driven hither and thither like so many sheep, at the will and pleasure of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Co. For what do these men take us? For fools, I suppose, who are willing to thrust our hands a *third* time into the fire, having twice got nothing for our pains but burnt fingers. Had they the power this *Bright* collection of sleek financial hypocrites—they would treat us precisely as the middle-class order-mongers do our Proletarian brothers in France. What tub for the whale will these Free Trade and big loaf gentry throw out at the next commercial crisis? Without the support of the Proletarians, the Financial Reformers will find it impossible to carry any of their pet measures, or to satisfy their ancient grudge against the hereditary aristocracy; and the Proletarians will be mad indeed if they do not make the Six Points the condition of that support. Our reforming middle-class friends—wolves in sheep's clothing—would then be obliged to bolt "the entire animal," and should they choke on the bristles, why,—the Chartists would not die of grief for the sad event. But in order to be in a position to profit by coming events, it is necessary above all things to be united. In my opinion, we English Proletarians never will do anything unless we apply the principle of *Centralization* to the management of our affairs. How comes it that our French brothers have done so much compared with us? *Because they are organized into one compact mass*, which, under the guidance of competent leaders, moves, like an army of well-disciplined soldiers, steadily onward to a given point. *That* is the reason of it. Frenchmen have the instinct of military discipline. We, on the other hand, carry the Saxon principle of the local management of affairs, and the infinitesimal division of interests, too far. Absolutely this will not do in fighting a battle. I should like to see London become for Britain what Paris is for France; viz: the centre of a Social Propaganda, the focus of Democratic agitation, the crater of the revolutionary volcano. But, at present, the Democratic interest in London is split up into too many sections. We have the Executive Council of the National Charter Association, then the Society of Fraternal Democrats, the Social Reform League, the followers of Owen, and perhaps half a dozen other sections or sectaries, differing upon minor points perhaps—but all agreeing as to the fundamental principles

of Democracy and the necessity which exists for a radical change in the condition of the people. Now, why not coalesce? I should desire above all things to see the Fraternalists, and also the Social Reformers, merged into the National Charter Association. For I am firmly persuaded that this splitting up of the Democratic power into so many centres of action, is highly injurious to the Democratic interest. The working-men are at a loss to choose between so many Democratic Societies, and the activity of the Proletarian leaders is too severely taxed by having so great a multiplicity of details to attend to. In a word, *there is a waste of power*. A man, by concentrating his whole energy upon one thing at a time, will do a greater amount of work, and do it better,—than he would by doing half a dozen different things at the same time. The Charter Association ought to be made the centre of the Democratic movement for two reasons. 1st. Chartism is already a familiar idea to the masses in this country, it has a firm hold upon their affections, and very justly so, for the Six Points are their Gospel of Freedom, to them the good tidings of great joy. 2nd. The enactment of the Charter—nay, of the one point, Universal Suffrage—would be the *political* emancipation of the producers; and I believe all sections of *real* Reformers are now agreed, that political reform must *precede* all attempts to improve the condition of the people, whether physically or intellectually. The other classes of society are not going to do anything to benefit the Proletarians. Are we to expect salvation at the hands of two such humbugs as my lords Ashley and Russell, with their hypocritical pretences about "improving the condition of the poor?" "Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?" asked of old the Galilean carpenter; a man who could strike the nail on the head, better than most. I would especially, and most earnestly, intreat our friends, the followers of Owen—to consider this matter. Why is it, that with all their expenditure of time and money, they have never yet been able to put any of their Social Theories into practice? For the same reason that all the attempts of the Saint-Simonians in France, to improve the *social condition* of the people, failed most signally under the monarchy there. The battle between the classes composing society must be fought out first, before the Democratic and Social Republic can be organized. The first step to be taken for the benefit of a slave, is to set him free. Strike off his fetters, then you may feed him, clothe him, educate him, and otherwise "improve his condition." "Give me a fulcrum for my lever," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." A skilful engineer will fix upon *one* centre of motion, and from that single point, bring all his available power to bear upon the obstacle to be overcome. So, in my opinion, ought the English Democrats to do. The Social Reformers and the Fraternal Democrats cannot act until their hands be united; they can do nothing towards the *practical realization* of their social theories, until the Charter be Law. By uniting their funds with the Tract Fund of the Charter Association, they might have the advantage of the existing Chartist machinery of lecturers, places of meeting, &c., &c., for carrying on a Propaganda of Social ideas, much more extensive and efficient than they could do by their own unaided, isolated efforts. Such a Democratic Propaganda by means of lectures and the distribution of tracts, to be carried out on a large scale by the united energy of the whole Democratic interest, is highly necessary at present, especially in the *agricultural districts*. And thus, from one individual centre of Democratic action, a double movement might be carried on; viz: a crusade for the Charter as a merely political reform, and a veritable revolutionary and social Propaganda; and that too without distracting the attention of the people by the claims of so many Democratic Societies. I invite the attention of my Democratic brothers towards this subject.

HOWARD MORTON.

To the EDITOR of the RED REPUBLICAN.

SIR,—I congratulate you on the position which you are now about to assume, believing that such a vehicle of proletarian opinion has been much required by the labouring and thinking masses. Party politics are very well in their way, and although it is highly necessary that the people should be taught their political rights, yet the time has arrived when the leading minds should exert themselves in disseminating sound views on social reform. The present position of the noble-minded French people points out the necessity of a thorough Social and Democratic Propagandism, as, without it, the possession of the franchise may be rendered a nullity for the time being, whereas, with a full knowledge of their social rights, the people might advance on the road of happiness immediately after the enactment of the People's Charter. Knowing from your long and arduous exertions in our cause, that you will do your utmost to forward the views which are here indicated, I wish you success, and I trust the democrats of Great Britain and Ireland will do their duty towards the "Red Republican."

I am yours faithfully,

GEORGE WHITE.

Bradford, June 12, 1850.

THE "SPECIAL" PRESIDENT.—THE FORTHCOMING EUROPEAN REVOLUTION.—This despicable character (Louis Napoleon) has nearly finished his career. He has had a short race, and he has run it very quick. All Europe is looking at him, and the friends of liberty on the continent everywhere are waiting for his downfall; and the very moment he does fall, the flames of war will be lighted over Europe. The year of revolutions—1848—witnessed the victory of the people; the year of reaction—1849—witnessed the victory of tyrants; but it was at best only a drawn game. Not a title of the poor people of Europe was brought into the conflict, while despotism all but exhausted itself. But for the intervention of France, the Roman republic would have been consolidated. But for the intervention of Russia, Hungary would have been a republic to-day; and but for the overthrow of democracy in these two countries, all Germany would have achieved its liberty, Austria would have been thoroughly revolutionised, and Prussia would have become the most liberal government in Europe. In making up an estimate of the probable issue in the next conflict between the people and their masters, one fact should not be overlooked—the power of despots has come to consist only in money, and every government in Europe is bankrupt. Even Nicholas, with all his boasted treasure, is bidding for a loan of 25 millions in London. Hardly a sovereign or a state on the continent, but is staggering under the Atlean weight of a debt that never will be paid. They cannot repudiate these national debts. It would precipitate a revolution. The people care nothing about them. They have themselves contributed the money which has created these obligations. It has been wrung unrelentingly from very unwilling sinews; and the first act of a wide-spread revolution would be to blot out in a day every public debt in Europe. Another thing of far greater importance, namely, while the last struggle has nearly exhausted tyrants, it has only invigorated the people. In it they learned discipline, fortitude, endurance. They are better prepared now, than ever before, for war to the hilt; and the great mass of the people of Europe are resolute to bring it on, sooner or later. The other nations will probably wait now, as they always have done, for France, and the first indication of a revolution in that country will be the signal for one that is universal.—*New York Weekly Herald*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.
 Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 113, Fleet-street, London."
 Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."
 Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor as above.

J. PEACOCK, Cork.—The charge of a penny farthing each for postage stamps is illegal. Write to the Postmaster-General.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS received by the Committee constituted to aid in establishing the RED REPUBLICAN. On the 23rd of May, a number of the friends of the Proprietor and Editor of this publication formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose above stated. At a subsequent meeting, a circular was adopted, printed, and in due course addressed to friends in different parts of the country, soliciting subscriptions to enable the Committee to give the needful publicity to the first number of the RED REPUBLICAN. The responses thus far received are of a most gratifying character. The list of subscriptions will be found in our eighth page. At the request of the Committee, we give a few extracts from the letters which have accompanied the subscriptions; to insert the letters in full would occupy the entire of our present number. H. R. KAY, Edinburgh, writes—"I beg to forward to you 2s. 6d. in postage stamps for the RED REPUBLICAN of our noble brother, G. Julian Harney. I wish I could send pounds. I sincerely hope the RED may attain a circulation worthy of the man of honesty, honour, and principle, all of which our *L'Ami du Peuple* has shown himself to be. I will push the RED as much as I can." J. GLOVER, Cheltenham—"I most sincerely trust all Fraternal Democrats and Democratic and Social Reformers will assist Mr. Harney, not only by their subscriptions, but by obtaining as great a circulation as possible for his paper, so that his valuable services may not be lost to Democracy." R. G. GAMMAGE, Buckingham—"I am in the very hot-bed of corruption, and the support rendered here to anything of the Democratic school is small indeed. I shall order a dozen weekly of the RED REPUBLICAN, whether I dispose of them or not: that will be by far the largest circulation of any political paper in this town." W. MELLOP, Manchester, thanks the Committee "who have so nobly come forward to save the working classes from the loss of Mr. Harney's good, sound, and honest services in the people's cause." In allusion to his subscription, he says—"I send you all I can; I regret it is not more, but it is freely given. I have not the slightest doubt of the success of the RED REPUBLICAN." G. FORBY—"I am glad to find that *L'Ami du Peuple* will now be at liberty to write as he likes. * * * A Social Democratic party is springing into existence, and will, ere long, absorb all other parties. Foremost amongst the men of this party stands our friend Julian Harney. Need I add, I wish him the greatest success." JOHN PEACOCK, Cork—"I hail with pleasure the announcement of the RED REPUBLICAN. For many long years I have admired our friend, G. J. Harney, and I wish him every success in his new undertaking." C. CLARK, news-agent, Bristol, forwarding 5s., says, "If gold was at my command, it should be at my brother Harney's service." A. YATES, Coventry—"I hope our friend Harney will receive a convincing proof that the people have at last learnt how to discriminate between renegade impostors and those who adhere faithfully to the principles of veritable Democracy, and further, that they have virtue enough to appreciate the latter wherever found." H. COOK, news-agent, Bristol, adds to his subscription that he will "push the RED REPUBLICAN through all possible channels." JAMES GRAHAM, Dundee—"The Democrats of this town rejoice at the step Julian Harney has taken, and as a proof of their appreciation of his services, and their desire to retain them in our cause, I have sent 13s. 3d. for the RED REPUBLICAN fund. You may expect a considerable sum more from Dundee." A MANCHESTER OPERATIVE—"I am poor, very poor; yet I hold it a sacred duty, after having read the concluding article in the *Democratic Review*, to assist in this matter. I send you, therefore, 1s., which I will make into 5s. within the month. I wish I could do more, but I assure you I sacrifice my dinner to my admiration of Mr. Harney's conduct, and my love for Democracy. I have no doubt of the success of his periodical." A LANCASHIRE PROLETARIAN (whose name we suppress, lest its publication should cause him to be punished by those who are termed *Guardians* (!), but who almost invariably are the grinding oppressors, of the poor), sends with his "widow's mite" the following observations:—"You have undertaken a good and a generous work, but nothing more than our friend Harney is entitled to. God knows he has worked long and hard in the people's cause. He is now what he always was since I can recollect anything of him, an honest, enthusiastic, and uncompromising friend of the Proletarians; and nothing that can be done in his behalf will sufficiently reward him for his services. Enclosed you will find a fourpenny piece; it is all I can spare out of my income, which is half-a-crown a week from the parish, besides what little my wife and me can make with little jobs. I expect to obtain some subscriptions from friends, but I am sorry to say that a great number of *L'Ami du Peuple*'s admirers are without work at present, and have been for two months past."

We have also to acknowledge highly encouraging letters from J. Barrie, J. McCrae (Dundee), R. Cranston (Edinburgh), T. Winters, J. Collings, the Leicester Democrats, C. Herbert, J. Casimer O'Meagher (Dublin), J. Richards, E. Farrell, G. Robinson, Charles Ernest; and a number of friends who request the non-publication of their names.

NOTICE.

IN No. 2 of the RED REPUBLICAN will be commenced a translation of "*République et Royauté en Italie*;"—the new work of JOSEPH MAZZINI, Triumvir of the Roman Republic.

We had intended to have offered some observations on the "Chartist Victims," and "Democratic Refugees." Press of matter, and the "hurry" inseparable from the getting out of a "first number," have prevented us fulfilling our intentions. Next week both parties shall have our attention. In the meantime, we congratulate Dr. McDouall on his release from Kirkdale; and tender to him the sincere expression of our sympathy for the unhappy bereavement recently reported in the public papers.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

OUR NAME AND PRINCIPLES.

"The Red Republican! A most imprudent name!"

How so,—good friend?

"Because, living under a Monarchy, it may be dangerous for you to avow Republicanism, even in the ordinary sense of the term. But worse still, this new-fangled 'Red' will add to the hostility of paid and professional loyalists, the hatred and indignation of all respectable people, who regard a 'Red Republican' as an 'anarchist,' a 'foe to society,' an 'enemy to order and property,' a 'savage' 'to be extinguished if he remains in his lair—to be cut to pieces if he comes out of it.' Depend upon it, if brought before a court of law upon any charge, or no charge at all, it would be quite superfluous for the prosecutor to make a speech against you, or for the judge to charge the jury to convict you; the 'twelve men in a box,' on being informed of the title of your publication, would at once convict you; all accusation or defence would be a mere waste of time. Moreover, you would meet with no sympathy. Even the Liberals would say 'hanging is too good for such a fellow.' Respectable Chartists would join chorus with their respectable friends, and repudiate any connexion with the representative of a 'bloody Democracy.' They would go still further. Once you were in a dungeon, or otherwise disposed of, they would attempt the destruction of your reputation, either by secretly circulated calumny, or open denunciation. And where would be found your friends? Where? Unless amongst those whom Thiers denominates the 'vile multitude'—the powerless and despised portion of the community."

At least, one portion of the title of this publication is not new to the British democracy. "*The Republican*" was the designation of a periodical published during a number of years by the late Richard Carlile. The same name, varied by that of the "*Bonnet Rouge*," re-

appeared during the famous struggle of the "Unstamped Press." Still more recently a monthly publication, conducted with considerable ability, but which had a circulation much more select than extensive, rejoiced in the same anti-royalist title.

It would be easy to show by citations from authors who have written on the institutions of this country, that there is nothing politically heterodox in connexion with the title of "Republican." Dr. Johnson defines a Republic to be "a state in which the power is lodged in more than one;" whereas the term "Monarchy" is incorrectly applied to a government, unless the chief of the state, whether called king or emperor, &c., possesses the entire sovereign power. In this sense, Persia under Xerxes, and France under Louis XIV. were really Monarchies, according to the legitimate meaning of the term; so also is Russia, in the present day, under the rule of Nicholas. On the other hand, Rome,—even under her emperors,—was still denominated a Republic; thus Augustus is said to have "governed the *res publica*;" and after a long intervening period we find the last of the great men of ancient Rome in all his acts and words regarding himself merely as the chief of the Republic. In the same sense, England never has been a monarchy; for even under her most despotic Kings the sovereign power has been more or less shared by others—in the olden time by bishops and barons—arrogant impostors and mail-clad thieves—and in these days there is superadded the supremacy of the bourgeoisie—the "kings of gold." According, therefore, to Dr. Johnson's definition, England has always been a Republic. It would be superfluous to show that in the present day the so-called "*sovereign lady* of these realms" does not even share the sovereign authority, which is absolutely monopolised by the lords of land and capital. To expend an enormous income in "barbaric" pomps and trappings, "while millions starve," seems to be the only occupation left for the possessor of an effete sceptre. England, then is a Republic—of a sort, and every Englishman may, if he will, term himself a Republican.

But our readers need not be told that there is all the difference in the world between a real, and a sham Republic. For an example of the latter, our friends have only to look across the channel. From any such Republic may we be saved! Let us add another prayer—from the *res publica* of England—"a state in which the power is lodged in more than one," but not in all, good Lord deliver us!

We protest against all sham Republics, whether with a "Sovereign lady," or a "special" president for a head. Still more emphatically we protest against the rule of land-lords, and usurers; no matter how they may attempt to disguise their sway, whether under republican or monarchical forms. To prevent, therefore, any mistake as to our principles, we adopt what our cautious friend terms the "new-fangled" name of Red Republican.

We are fully aware of the odium attached to this name in the estimation of all "respectable people." What of that? In the days of Nero it was "infamous" to be a Christian, and as bad to be a Reformer in the "good old times," "when George the Third was king." Chartists, Socialists, Red Republicans, and Communists, are the powerless,

the despised, the "infamous," the "vile multitude" of the present time. *To-day* the crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross are theirs. But *to-morrow!* Courage Brothers! "The Golden Age, placed by blind tradition in the Past, is before us."

When Henry Hetherington brought out his first unstamped publication he entitled it "*The Poor Man's Guardian*." Finding that the enemies of the poor man denounced those whose simple demand was for "justice to each and to all" as "destructives," the man who never scrupled to perform an act which he conceived to be necessary to "try the power of right against might," boldly determined to beard the prejudice excited by his enemies. Accordingly a second unstamped publication he entitled "*The Destructive*." We pursue the same course. We adopt a name "infamous" in the eyes of the aristocratic, the wealthy, the respectable, the well-to-do sections of society. Be ours the glorious task to show that the proscribed "Reds" are the reverse of that which they are represented as being by their calumniators. Be ours the glorious mission to pioneer the way for the victorious march of their holy and beneficent principles.

We warn the enemies of justice that we shall not limit ourselves to the taking up of a defensive position; on the contrary, we shall carry the war into their own camp. Will they charge us with being "enemies to order?" We shall prove that their "order" is an "organized hypocrisy." Will they charge us with contemplating spoliation? We shall prove that they themselves are spoliators and robbers. Will they accuse us of being "blood-thirsty democrats?" We shall prove our accusers to be remorseless traffickers in the lives of their fellow-creatures, pitiless assassins of those who dare to resist their tyranny. Nothing could be easier than to prove that the crimes which the people's friends are said to contemplate, are really the crimes which the privileged and the propertied classes have been in the habit of committing from the days of Nimrod to the present hour.

"Ah! but your very name, the colour of your flag, is significant of blood and slaughter."

Yes! of the blood of our martyrs—of the slaughter of the countless myriads who have fallen on the battle-field,—who have died upon the cross and the rack,—who have perished under the axe of the headsman, and the dagger of the assassin,—who have consumed their own hearts in dungeons, or withered away under the pangs of hunger and wretchedness. Numberless as the stars in the heavens, incalculable as the grains of sand on the shores of the ocean, are those who have poured out their heart's blood for the salvation of Humanity. And

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil,
On the field of slaughter; blood like this—
For liberty shed—so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill

That sparkles in the bowers of bliss.
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A sight, an offering, heaven holds dear;
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

Our first number appears on the eve of the anniversary of the Insurrection of June. For ever venerated be the proletarian martyrs of that terrible struggle. The reader who will turn to Louis Menard's revelations of the

wholesale murder of our poor brothers, not merely in the combat, but when the combat had terminated, will be at no loss for an answer to any renegade ruffian who may dare to hurl against our party the calumny of "Bloody Democracy." It will be seen that the "friends of property, order, and family," were the miscreants who, robbing the poor of their bread, goaded them by the madness of hunger to revolt, then mowed them down with grape-shot, and murdered in cold blood disarmed, defenceless, and wounded prisoners; to say nothing of crimes even more revolting.

The tri-color—once the banner of hope to the nations—thrice polluted: by the bloody despotism of Napoleon, the corruption of Louis Philippe, and the treason of Lamartine and Co., is no more the flag of the people. The red flag, dyed in the life-stream of the martyrs of June, is henceforth the flag of Europe's Democracy.

Is it demanded of us to still further explain our principles and aims? We answer, read the future numbers of the RED REPUBLICAN, and you shall fully learn both. In the meantime, we adopt the following summary from Robespierre's Report of the 18th Pluviose, year 2, of the first Republic.*

"We desire an order of things, in which all the mean and cruel passions shall be chained down, all the beneficent and generous passions awakened by the laws; in which ambition shall consist in the desire of meriting glory, and serving our country; in which distinctions shall spring but from equality itself; in which the citizen shall be subject to the magistrate, the magistrate to the people, and the people to justice; in which the country shall ensure the prosperity of every individual, and in which each individual shall enjoy with pride the prosperity and glory of his country; in which every soul shall be elevated by the continual intercommunication of Republican sentiments, and by the wish to merit the esteem of a great people; in which the arts shall flourish as the decorations of the liberty that ennobles them; and in which commerce will be a source of public riches, and not the monstrous opulence of a few great houses only.

"We desire to substitute in our country morality for egotism, probity for honour, principles for usages, duties for courtesies, the empire of reason for the tyranny of fashion, contempt of vice for contempt of misfortune, manly pride for insolence, greatness of soul for vanity, love of glory for the love of money, honesty for respectability, good people for good company, merit for intrigue, truth for display, the charms of happiness for the *ennui* of pleasure, the greatness of man for the littleness of the great. * * * We desire, in short, to fulfil the vows of Nature, to accomplish the destinies of Humanity; * * * that our country may, by eclipsing all the (so-called) free States that ever existed, become a model for nations, the terror of oppressors, the consolation of the oppressed, the ornament of the world!"

With this profession of faith, we commit ourselves to the stormy waters of political strife. It is impossible for us to foresee the

* See Buonarroti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality. Translated by J. B. O'Brien. London: Watson.

issue of our enterprise. Should the favouring gale of popular approbation fill our sails, we cannot but progress towards the desired haven of "Paradise Regained." We are not, however, unmindful of, nor unprepared for, the dangers we must risk and may encounter. The shoal of popular apathy may destroy, the quicksand of class-made law may engulf us. There are pirates abroad, and our good ship may go down under the broadsides of the enemy; but if so, she shall sink with colours flying, while from the submerging waves shall ascend

"The cry that crashes in the tyrant's ear"—
**VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!—DEMO-
CRATIQUE ET SOCIALE!**

COSSACK OR REPUBLICAN?

"In fifty years," said Napoleon, "Europe will be either Cossack or Republican." That prophecy is hastening to a swift fulfilment; day by day, and hour by hour, are the Peoples of Europe forming into two grand armies, Cossack and Republican. Day by day are they gathering strength for the combat which must be fought on the battle ground of the Future. Between these antagonistic powers there is war, "war to the knife!" There can be no compromise; it is the fat and the lean kine; it is Aaron's rod swallowing all the others. Cossack or Republican? There is a gulf between, which will be filled with blood and bridged with corpses. The question for us is whose blood? whose corpses? Hitherto it has been the blood of the best and the bravest of men. Hitherto it has been such workers for holy Liberty as Christ and Robespierre, the brothers Bandiera and Robert Blum. Hitherto it has been my order, the poor, the "Canaille," who have always suffered, bled, and died. But the sea saw of power ascends at our end now. We begin to obtain a fairer vantage-ground for the combat. The Cossacks of Statecraft, the Cossacks of Priest-craft, and of the Bourgeoisie, comprehend their position well since 1848, and accordingly, have leagued together in a mutual bond of Ruffianhood, to crush and exterminate Republicanism and Socialism. Oh, that we understood our position as well, and were but as united. The correspondent of the *Times* is not merely fulminating, blustering, bullying, bravado, when he utters his cold-blooded and infernal provocations to massacre the masses; it is the language of the Cossack, of the Court, the Quirinal, and the Bourse. M. Montalembert advocates a crusade of murder against our republican brothers; he urges that they should be shot down like mad beasts—he raves for a political St. Bartholomew. Well, the language is quite natural to them, it is the language of the Cossack, and I do not bewail that they should speak openly. I say let us respond to it. Let us take up the gauntlet, they fling at our feet. Let us accept their challenge, with the battle-burst of defiance. Surely we should not shrink from the contest, we, who are the exponents of a million burning wrongs and injuries, the remembrance of which should nerve us to dare death, if need be, while our enemies are but as cowards who already quake at the shadow of coming retribution. Brothers, let us not blench at the howl which will be raised against us of "bloody Democrats," "vengeful and sanguinary mob," &c. Who are they that shall apply these epithets to us? Who are they that shall accuse us of blood-thirstiness? Shall the hell-hounds of the red monarchy taunt us with cruelty? Or they who for centuries have murdered in old religion's name, making God their accomplice? Is it the traffickers in blood who shot down the brave Ouvriers in the streets of Paris because they demanded the "*droit du travail*?" Is it the authors of the massacres in Posen, Galicia, and Hungary? Are these the wretches who shall taunt us with being "bloody?" Why, in all history the crimes

against humanity, perpetrated by the most outraged slaves, ground down to the dust of degradation, and tortured to madness, can never equal the premeditated butcheries and merciless atrocities that are chronicled in the record of tyranny's dark and bloody deeds. We are not to be daunted by any such canting cry. We stand face to face with the mighty future. We hear its earnest and solemn questioning, "Cossack or Republican?" And we answer Republican, with war to the Cossack aristocracy. War to the Cossacks who have fastened their fangs in our hearts with the grip of blood-hounds. War to the Cossack of competition—this spirit of trade, of mammonism, of profit-mongering,—which in the shape of an exchange-ocracy is killing us—man, woman, and child—with a tyranny more atrocious than the deadly, blind, and opaque oppression of feudalism. Cossack or Republican? All minor questions for us working-men must be merged in this grand one which awaits our solution. It is not whether free-trade is good, or protection better—we, have no power of ensuring to ourselves the fruits of either. "Parliamentary" and "financial" reforms are all very well to be discussed by the philosophers of plenty, but they are too expensive of time for poor hungry devils like us. A seven years' agitation for free trade! ten more to effect a reduction of ten millions in the expenditure!! Did you ever hear of the Chinese discovery of roast pork? Some of the celestials found in the ruins of a house which had been burnt down, the remains of a roasted pig, and it was so delicious to their taste that they resolved to have some more roast pig, and in order to effect this these sublime philosophers of Cathay were wont to shut a pig up in a house, and burn the house down to roast the pig. In like manner the free-traders having spent seven years to win free-trade, are resolved to have some more roast pig. Well, let the timid and the time-serving haggle on for pennyworths of that reform which must cost more than a crown—a grander and a sterner work is missioned for us to perform; it is the abolition of the proletariat, or speculation in man by man;—the extinction of servitude, and of the terms "employer" and employed." This is the grand idea labouring into birth, and which causes all the commotion of the age; it is the motive impulse of all the mighty workings of the present.

"Democracy," says Carlyle, "is the demand of the age we live in." Yes, but not the Democracy of ancient Athens, with its hereditary helotage for the masses; nor of old Rome with her slaves and gladiators; but the Democracy of Socialism, which shall make as a law unto all men, the words of the Old Book, "he that will not work neither shall he eat;" which shall eternalize the doctrine of Christ's equality, and recognize one common landlord—God; the earth one common inheritance for the family of men. This is the Democracy which is coming, which shall come, in spite of all Cossacks, for it is tyrant-proof. It was but dimly comprehended in the first revolution of France; its manifestations were but as the blind gropings of the Cyclops, mad with agony in the cave. There was but one man who wielded the destinies of that revolution who saw clearly its manifold, mighty, and terrible meaning—it was Maximilian Robespierre, the truest champion of the Working Classes and the most self-sacrificing man of policy and action the world ever saw. Alas! we fell all too soon, for the abolition of property in man, and the inauguration of Socialism. Again it burst forth in June, 1848, that was the real revolution, not the revolution of February; and if you will but read and heed the signs of the times, you shall see that this industrial revolution is even now at hand, and that wild work will soon be made with the present "order" or disorder of things. The trumpet of the time gives no uncertain sound. It calls us to the conflict for progress, freedom, and the rights of men. And let the hypocrite, the coward, and the mammonite, slink to their graves, the true of heart will leap up at the sound of the

coming battle, don the armour that is stronger than steel, and join the Peoples in their holy warfare against universal tyranny. The old powers of Wrong and Evil will wrestle with the tide of destruction for a time, but it will be but as the faint efforts of the bubble striving on the edge of the cataract to resist the tremendous torrent—their fall is inevitable. Take heart my brothers, still hope on, trust on, work on, and fail not; let it be our every day incentive and our life-long thought to do something to hasten the coming of the glorious time of which we dream, to crown long years of blood, and wrongs, and tears, and dark degradation, when the poor man's heart shall leap for gladness, and the desert of his life shall blossom as the rose. Many a hard battle has to be fought; many a wrong must be crumbled into the dust. Let us then fling ourselves into the glorious work; let Chartists, Communists, and Republicans unite in one common bond—forget all our idle feuds; and come what may—let us be found ever in the front rank, ever at the outposts, in fighting the battles of Freedom, and in our mutuality of faith, and the solidarity of an united will, may we cry in the words of the "Jacobin of Paris," to the powers that oppose us:—

"Come then with every hireling Slave, Croat, and Cossack,
We dare your war, beware of ours, we fling your freedom
back!"

GERALD MASSEY.

"FEBRUARY AND JUNE, 1848.—THE PROLOGUE OF A REVOLUTION."

BY CITIZEN LOUIS MENARD, LATE EDITOR OF THE "PEUPLE." We have now reached the second anniversary of the French insurrection of June,—of that memorable struggle between the friends and the enemies of the Republic,—the Proletarians and the Bourgeoisie;—between the principles of justice and class legislation. For the moment, the ordermongering faction are triumphant, not in France only, but throughout Europe; and if our faith in that immortal idea of Fraternity and Equality—which has survived eighteen centuries of neglect and persecution—were one whit less strong, we might almost be tempted to doubt the ultimate issue of the events at present in progress. Yet it were blasphemy and Atheism to do so. For the kingdom of Thought is governed by laws, quite as regular and beautiful as those which obtain in the kingdom of Matter; and universal history is the rehearsal of those intellectual or spiritual laws—it is the development of the divine idea of the universe. Historical facts are the manifestations of the Divine reason, proceeding step by step towards a certain end. This end is the unfolding of the spiritual nature of Man, 'the Son of God'—the gradual fulfilment of his destiny as a rational and accountable being. A dim anticipation of this truth led the old Romans to say,—*vox populi, vox Dei*—the people's voice is the voice of God. The spirit of the age is the word of life, the only true Gospel, for that particular time. The thing which Humanity is tending to do at a given epoch, is a necessary and inevitable step in its march towards the promised land; a link, as it were, in the chain of progress, which binds together the most distant nations, making them partakers in the same destiny, instruments for the working of the same plan. From this point of view,—and we are ready to demonstrate—by what mathematicians call a *reductio ad absurdum*—that it is the only correct one,—universal history no longer presents a chaos of contradictory events. It is a progressive series of civilizations and cultures, of which the earliest types are the most imperfect; and collective humanity appears as an individual passing through the various stages of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. When governments, therefore, or certain classes of society, arrogate to themselves the right of directly contradicting the tendency of any given epoch, they ought to be regarded as so many insane persons, and treated accordingly. They attempt to stop the onward movement of the human race, by physical force! Why not try, with cannon

balls and bayonets, to hinder the peaceful operation of any other natural law, e.g. that of planetary motion? The conduct of the ordermongers, and the frantic ravings of the "leading journals of England," who support them, always remind us of the war-dances and hideous noises perpetrated by certain savage tribes, during an eclipse, to drive off the evil spirit who is threatening to devour the sun or moon, as the case may be. The progress of humanity, from the old to the new, may be hindered for a time, but cannot be prevented. The history of France, from the 9th Thermidor, 1794, till February, 1848, is a striking proof of this. How the adherents of the past, the despots and aristocrats of Europe, hugged themselves, for fifty years,—in the comfortable delusion of safety! "It is all over now; that temporary fit of madness which made the hereditary slaves imagine they too were men, and refuse to be any longer used up for our convenience. The revolutionary volcano is choked with the blood and ashes we have thrown into it;—we are safe, and may continue to rule the generations of the nineteenth century with the same old dogmas and threadbare creeds, the Church and State bugbears, which terrified the infancy of Europe." But their expectations were doomed to be woefully disappointed. In February, 1848, the Genius of Universal History re-commenced the revolution, at the precise point where it had been stepped by the re-action of Thermidor, 1794. This point was the *Organization of Labour*; the arranging society anew, so that all its members should share the benefits hitherto enjoyed by a few privileged castes: an arrangement necessarily based upon the abolition of castes or classes; which must always be antagonistic to the masses and to each other. Wherever society is divided into distinct classes, the principle of Fraternity and Equality, taught by the Nazarene Proletarian—"the Sans-culotte Jesus"—can find no place. For it is evident enough that conflicting interests and commercial competition are the very reverse of solidarity, which is a community of material interests, between the individuals composing a nation, and between different nations, taken collectively as individuals. Maximilian Robespierre's declaration of the rights of Man was the starting point for the new upheaving of the Democratic element; and the social theories which appeared as bright, but far distant Utopian, visions to the most advanced thinkers of the old Mountain, became familiar topics to the men of the new era. The revolution of February, therefore, was not a political, but a social revolution. Hence the intense hatred displayed towards it by the privileged castes in France, and the atrocities they committed, in order to stifle it: hence too, the support these wretched ordermongers receive from the "higher and middle classes"—and their "respectable" stamped organs in this country. It is now generally allowed by all persons out of Bedlam,—even by the adherents of a worn-out, lifeless past, who certainly ought to be in it,—that Democracy is the fact of the present. Also, that this Democracy is no partial development of the idea,—Freedom; such as we find in the antique world, where certain persons only were free, and possessed of civic rights; but that freedom—including all the consequences logically to be deduced from it,—is the unalienable birthright of every human being, an essential element in the metaphysical conception of man. The ordermongers would shoot an idea, whip a right, imprison the religion of the future, which has already found martyrs, apostles, prophets, and thousands of devoted hearts in every country of Europe. A new proof—were such wanting—that falsehood, folly, and crime always go together. Their system of physical force repression, applied to an historical fact, is absurd to a degree, which may be termed sublime. Napoleon said—"there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous"—"the nephew of his uncle" annihilated this step at one fell swoop, and exhibits to an admiring world the closest union of the sublime and the ridiculous, in his own farcical person.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.*

THE fact that this work has been, and is being, assailed by the anti-democratic press-gang, who are directing against its author the unmeasured outpourings of their unscrupulous vituperation, will be its sufficient passport to the British people. Ledru Rollin's view of England as she is, may be, in many respects, erroneous; but when sham-liberal and sham-socialist journals follow in the trail of the trueulent *Times*, there needs no argument to show that a work decried by them contains matter which must render it valuable in the estimation of the Proletarians and Red Republicans of England.

In a prefatory note, Ledru Rollin anticipates and answers the objection of being ungrateful to the country in whose bosom he has found a temporary refuge from the persecution directed against himself by a traitorous faction of his own countrymen:—

"And the rights of hospitality! exclaims the world.

"Hospitality, no doubt, has its duties, but for those who give, as well as those who receive it.

"Thrown as strangers upon the English soil by the chance of revolutions, we owed obedience to her laws. Did we fail in it?

"As men proscribed, we carried with us the sacred right of misfortune, which even amongst barbarous nations has always been recognized for a holy obligation. How has it been respected?"

"We had every day to submit to insult, and the English aristocracy has dragged us under all the harrows of its journalism, denouncing us to its people as felons escaped from the galleys, as miserable handits, as the filth of the sewers of Paris.

"Great Britain was much more humble, it is true, when her Ambassador came to flatter the members of the Provisional Government, or of the Executive Commission.

"Strong in such recollections, we have disdained to rake up so many cynical outrages, seasoned with the most odious slanders. Nevertheless, as they have insulted the founders of the Republic only the better to strike at the Republic itself—just as in Pitt's time they accused the revolution and its defenders with having ruined France by disgracing it—I ask if that aristocracy which has governed England for eight hundred years, has rendered its subjects so happy, and given such durable destinies to the country, as to have acquired a right of employing every kind of insolence towards citizens invested, by a free people, with a more extensive suffrage than was ever possessed by any English Parliament—towards citizens, who had overthrown the supreme power, without leaving behind them a trace of blood or of violence.

"I have studied, I have seen, I have compared; facts have answered.

"I am going to submit this evidence to public opinion, and challenge its sovereign decision.

"The decline of England moreover—the decline of that joint-stock company of kings—is it not the liberation of the world—is it not the liberation of the English people themselves?"

Under the head of "Exposition," the author precedes his detailed examination of the past and present of England, by a rapid and general survey of the existing state of things; and in which he does full justice to the "imposing spectacle of English greatness." He draws a vivid picture of the docks, the shipping, the

forges, the warehouses, the shops, the two millions of inhabitants, and the other wonders of "this hell of ardour and labour,"—the "great metropolis." He expresses his mingled astonishment and admiration, contemplating the agricultural and mineral wealth, the manufactures, the commerce, the maritime supremacy, and amazing extent and population of the British Empire:—

"Such is England at first sight; what were Carthage, and Tyre, and Venice herself, by the side of this giant of the sea, whose huge arms embrace the two Poles?"

"Yet the power of Carthage, the maritime preponderance of Venice, of Spain, of Holland, have quickly passed away. And why?—Montesquieu has explained it:—The fortune of maritime empires cannot be long, for they only reign by the oppression of the nations, and while they extend themselves abroad, they are undermining themselves within."

"On another side, it has been written by Adam Smith:—

"Under the influence of the principles of non-interference and competition, and under the domination of capital, which have given under our own eyes so vigorous an impulse to the creation of wealth, a day must come when progress will be brought to a fatal stand, and afterwards go back. From the moment of this epoch we shall see a gradual diminution in the wages of labour, increasing difficulty, and then decline."

"The problem is not to discover whether England is great, but whether her greatness can endure.

"Beyond doubt, that greatness has no bounds; but let us remember it was in the apogee of her external power and wealth that Rome was struck with death.

"Did not Tertullian paint that magnificent picture of Rome, which offers a striking resemblance to the state of England?"

"Certainly," says he, 'the world becomes more and more our tributary; none of its secret recesses have remained inaccessible; all are known, frequented, and all have become the theatre or the object of traffic. Who now dreads an unknown island? who trembles at a reef? our ships are sure to be met with everywhere—everywhere is a people, a state—everywhere is life. We crush the world beneath our weight—*onerosi sumus mundo*.'

"And Tertullian had scarcely uttered the word, when that material grandeur, hollow at the heart, sank down upon itself. At a distance was heard the step of the barbarians.

"All empires do not end in the same way. The barbarians for England are those hordes of men who raise their withered hands towards heaven, demanding bread; it is a whole people whose existence depends upon a market that will close to-morrow, either by peace or by war; for war destroys commerce, and peace raises up rival manufactures; it is, as Adam Smith said, wages that decrease, and go on decreasing without cessation till there only rests on one side heaps of gold and on the other heaps of carcasses. These are the gaping, inveterate, incurable wounds of England—wounds of which no nation in the present day offers a more lamentable picture."

Alluding to the inquiry into the condition of the poor conducted by the *Morning Chronicle* commissioners, Ledru Rollin observes—

"This conscientious and terrible Inquiry may be summed up henceforth in few words: taxation cannot be carried higher, nor wages sink lower, without finding death at the two extremes—death, not as now, slow, partial, and imperceptible, but death reaping an ample harvest amongst the people.

"What then avails the skilful culture, which makes the earth yield all of which she is capable? what avail fruitful harvests, fat pastures, prize-flocks, with their long and fine wool, if the people of the country, the hirelings of the glebe, die of hunger?"

"What again avails it that England has mines in the deepest bowels of the earth, ~~forges~~ that are panting night and day, and manufactures sufficient to inundate the whole world, if the people of the towns are not less wretched than those of the fields.

"How is this strange and cruel phenomenon occasioned? where are all these riches swallowed up, the fruit of labour without relaxation?—In the bottomless coffers of the capitalists, employing science and the arm of man to the utmost; in the chests of bankers and stock-companies, a commercial feudalism organized as one family, and making themselves masters of wages, of circulation, and of sale, by the power of credit, and the accumulation of forces.

"Thus the monopoly of capital plays here the same game as feudal privilege does in agricultural production; it aims at all the riches of industry, of commerce, and of manufactures, just as feudalism would exhaust all the juices of the landed domain, and all the labours of its proletarians; on either side, everywhere and at all times, it is Shylock, either as landlord or citizen, who sucks the blood of those that toil."

Commenting on the policy of the "Manchester School"—clamorous for absolute free trade and the severance of tax-devouring colonies and pauper-kingdoms from the mother-country, Ledru Rollin remarks—

"To abandon the colonies is to dismember the English power; it is to abase England in the dignity of her external might; it is to sink her into the second, perhaps into the last, rank of nations."

"Free exports and new openings—there you have all the science of the future, all the real policy for England," cry the leaders of this mercantile crusade. * * * "Preach and cause to be practised, the sacred law of free trade amongst all people of the earth, and you will soon not only be the first producer, the first industrial of the globe, but the indispensable middleman, the wealthy pedlar of the universe." * * * * Such is the mature idea of Mr. Cobden, the leader of the free-trade school. * * * * The experiment has begun; but to what will it lead, and what will be its fruits?"

* * * * *
"Give England the entire game, realize the chimera of her citizens, and what then would happen? there would be a few more nabobs in the British oligarchy, but not one pauper the less amongst the proletary class. Is it not, indeed, the law of capital, the logic of privilege, to absorb all the profits, and to leave to labour only the wages of starvation? Above all, is not this result inevitable in the condition of free-trade, and in the economy of mad competition, when it is necessary to produce at a cheaper rate than the rest of the universe?"

* * * * *
"They talk of fraternity; but what people could or would condemn itself to perpetual inactivity, in order to allow English commerce to enrich itself, while undergoing its slow, obese death-pangs? Where is the government, monarchical or republican, that would ever consent for a stranger's benefit to destroy, not only her maritime power and financial resources, but her industries, her commerce, her cultures, and all the internal wealth of production or exchange?"

"Now since labour is the indispensable condition of prosperity as of power, is it not evident, that unless they are suicides or fools, every nation will keep its frontiers closed or protected by high tariffs, so long as the forces are not equal on both sides for the game of free competition?"

[In reviewing works that may come under our notice, we shall, as far as possible, act upon the rule of letting the author speak for himself; and thereby afford to our readers the means of judging for themselves as to the merits of the work reviewed. In our next number we shall resume this examination of Ledru Rollin's *Decline of England*.]

* *The Decline of England*. By Ledru Rollin. (In two volumes. Vol 1.) London: E. Churton, 26, Holles-street.

Poetry for the People.

THE RED BANNER.

Fling out the Red Banner! o'er mountain and valley,
Let earth feel the tread of the Free, once again;
Now, Soldiers of Freedom, for love of God, rally—
Old Earth yearns to know that her children are men;
We are nerved by a million wrongs burning and bleeding,
Bold thoughts leap to birth, but, the bold deeds must
come,
And, wherever humanity's yearning and pleading,
One battle for liberty strike ye heart-home!

Fling out the Red Banner! its fiery front under,
Come, gather ye, gather ye! Champions of Right!
And roll round the world with the voice of God's thunder
The wrongs we've to reckon—oppressors to smite;
They deem that we strike no more like the old hero-
band—
Martyrdom's own battle-hearted and brave;
Blood of Christ! brothers mine, it were sweet, but to see
ye stand
Triumph or tomb! welcome! glory or grave!

Fling out the Red Banner! achievements immortal
Have yet to be won by the hands labour-brown,
And few, few may enter the proud promise-portal,
Yet, wear it in thought, boys! the glorious crown!
And, oh! joy of the conflict! sound trumpet! array us!
True hearts would leap up, were all hell in our path,
Up! up! from the slave land! who stirreth to stay us
Shall fall as of old in the Red Sea of wrath!

Fling out the Red Banner! and range ye around,
Young spirits, abiding to burst into wings,
We stand, by the coming events, shadow-crowned,
There's a grim hush in heaven! and the Bird of Storm
sings:
"All's well!" saith the Sentry on Tyranny's tower,
"Even Hope by their watch-fire is grey and tear-
blind."
Aye, all's well! Freedom's altar burns hour by hour—
Live brands for the fire-damps with which ye are
mined.

Fling out the Red Banner! the patriots perish!
But where their bones moulder the seed taketh root—
Their heart's-life ran red the great harvest to cherish,
Then gather ye Reapers, and garner the fruit.
Victory! victory! Tyrants are quaking,
The Titan of foil from the bloody thrall starts,
The Slaves are awaking! the dawnlight is breaking!
The footfall of Freedom beats quick at our hearts!
GERALD MASSEY.

LIFE IN LONDON.

THE STREET CLOWN.

THE one whom I saw was a melancholy-looking man, with the sunken eyes and other characteristics of semi-starvation. His mouth was wide, and over his face were lines and wrinkles, telling of paint and premature age.

The tale he told was more pathetic than comic, and proved that the life of a street clown is perhaps the most wretched of all existences. Jest as he may in the street, his life is literally no joke at home:—

"I have been a clown for sixteen years," he said, "having lived totally by it for that time. I was left motherless at two years of age, and my father died when I was nine. He was a carman, and his master took me as a stable-boy, and I stayed with him until he failed in business. I was then left destitute again, and got employed as a supernumerary at Astley's, at 1s. a night; now the pay's less at some theatres. I was a "super" some time, and got an insight into theatrical life. I got acquainted, too, with singing people, and could sing a good song, and came out at last on my own account in the streets in the Jem Crow line. My necessities forced me into a public line, which I'm far from liking. I'd pull trucks at 1s. a day rather than get 12s. a week at my business. Many times I have to play the clown, and all kinds of buffoonery, with a very heavy heart. I have travelled very much, too, but I never did over well in the profession. At races I may have made 10s. for two or three days, but that was only occasional; and what is 10s. to keep a wife and family on, for a month may be? I have three children, one now only eight weeks old. You can't imagine, sir, what a curse the street business often becomes, with its insults and starvations. The

day before my wife was confined, I jumped and laboured all day—a wet day too—and I earned 1s. 3d. and returned, after jumping Jim Crow—I'm known as Sambo—to a home without a bit of coal, and with only half-a-quarter loaf in it. I dare say, that no persons think more of their dignity than persons in my way of life. I would rather starve than ask for parochial relief. Many a time I've gone to my labour without breaking my fast, and played clown until I could raise a dinner. I have to make jokes as clown, and could fill a volume with all I know. The dress that I wear in the streets consists of red striped cotton stockings, with full trunks, which are stripped red and dotted red and black. The body, which is dotted like the trunks, fits tight, like a woman's gown, and has full sleeves and frills. The wig or scalp is made of horsehair, which is sown on to a white cap, and is in the shape of a cock's comb. My face is painted with dried white lead. I grease my skin first and then dab the white paint on (flake white is too dear for us street clowns). After that I colour my cheeks and mouth with vermilion. I never dress at home. We all dress at public-houses. In the street where I lodge only a very few know what I do for my living. I and my wife both strive to keep the business a secret from our neighbours. My wife does a little washing when able, and often works eight hours for sixpence. I go out at eight in the morning, and return at dark. My children hardly know what I do. They see my dresses lying about, but that is all. My eldest is a girl of thirteen. She has seen me dressed at Stepney Fair, where she brought me my tea (I live near there). She laughs when she sees me in my clown's dress, and wants to stay with me; but I would rather see her lay dead before me (and I had two dead in my place at one time, last Whitsun Monday was a twelvemonth) than she should ever belong to my profession." (I could see the tears start to the man's eyes as he said this.) "Frequently when I am playing the fool in the street, I feel very sad at heart. I can't help thinking of the bare cupboard at home; but what's that to the world? I've often and often been at home all day, when it's been wet, with no food at all, either to give my children or take myself, and have gone out at night to the public-houses, to sing a comic song and play the fool for a meal—you can imagine with what feeling for the part, sir—and when I've come home I've called my children up from their beds, to share the loaf I had brought back with me. I know three or four more clowns, as miserable and bad off as myself.

The most that I have known have been shoemakers before taking to the business. When I go out as a street clown, the first thing I do is a comic medley dance, and then after that I crack a few jokes, and that is the whole of my entertainment. The first part of the medley dance is called the Good St. Anthony (I was the first that ever danced the Polka in the street) then I do a waltz, and wind up with a hornpipe. After that I go through a little burlesque business. I fan myself, and one of the school asks me whether I am out of breath. I answer, 'No, the breath's out of me.' The leading questions for the jokes are all regularly prepared and understood beforehand. The old jokes always go down the best with our audiences. I must own that the street clowns like a little drop of spirits, and occasionally a good deal. They are in a measure obligated to it. I can't fancy a clown being funny on table beer, and I never in all my life knew one who was a teetotaler. I think such a person would be a curious character indeed. Most of the street clowns die in the workhouses. In their old age they are generally very wretched and poverty-stricken. I can't say what I expect will be the end of me. I don't think of it, sir." A few minutes afterwards I saw this man dressed as Jim Crow, with his face blacked, dancing and singing in the street as if he was the lightest-hearted fellow in all London.—*Morning Chronicle*.

TO THE READERS AND FRIENDS OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

BROTHER DEMOCRATS,—The first fruit of our exertions is now before you; and but that our cause is a common one, we would thank you for the aid so generously yielded to our efforts. Let it suffice for us to state, that the generous sentiments which accompanied the larger subscriptions, and the touching expressions of sympathy received with the mites of our suffering brethren, have proved to us the spread of pure democratic principles, and the existence of a self-denying heroism, worthy of a better age—worthy of the cause in which we are united.

Our work is but commenced, and foreseeing that further assistance will be required, we have resolved to continue our exertions as a committee for sustaining and promoting the success of the "RED REPUBLICAN."

We have received from provincial towns many applications for bills and posters, with offers to placard the same at the personal cost of the parties applying. No better method could be adopted to give publicity to the "RED REPUBLICAN;" and as soon as we are financially in a position to respond to these applications we will do so—with pleasure. For that and other purposes necessary to the success of the publication, we call for further aid. For the greater part we are "men of toil," and we make this appeal with the more confidence inasmuch as we have given, and shall continue to give pecuniary and other aid to the extent of our ability.

Trusting that each man who feels the wrongs and indignities to which the Proletarians are subjected, will make the success of this publication a personal matter.

We are, brother Democrats, yours, &c.,

JAMES GRASSBY, Treasurer.

T. GERALD MASSEY, Secretary.

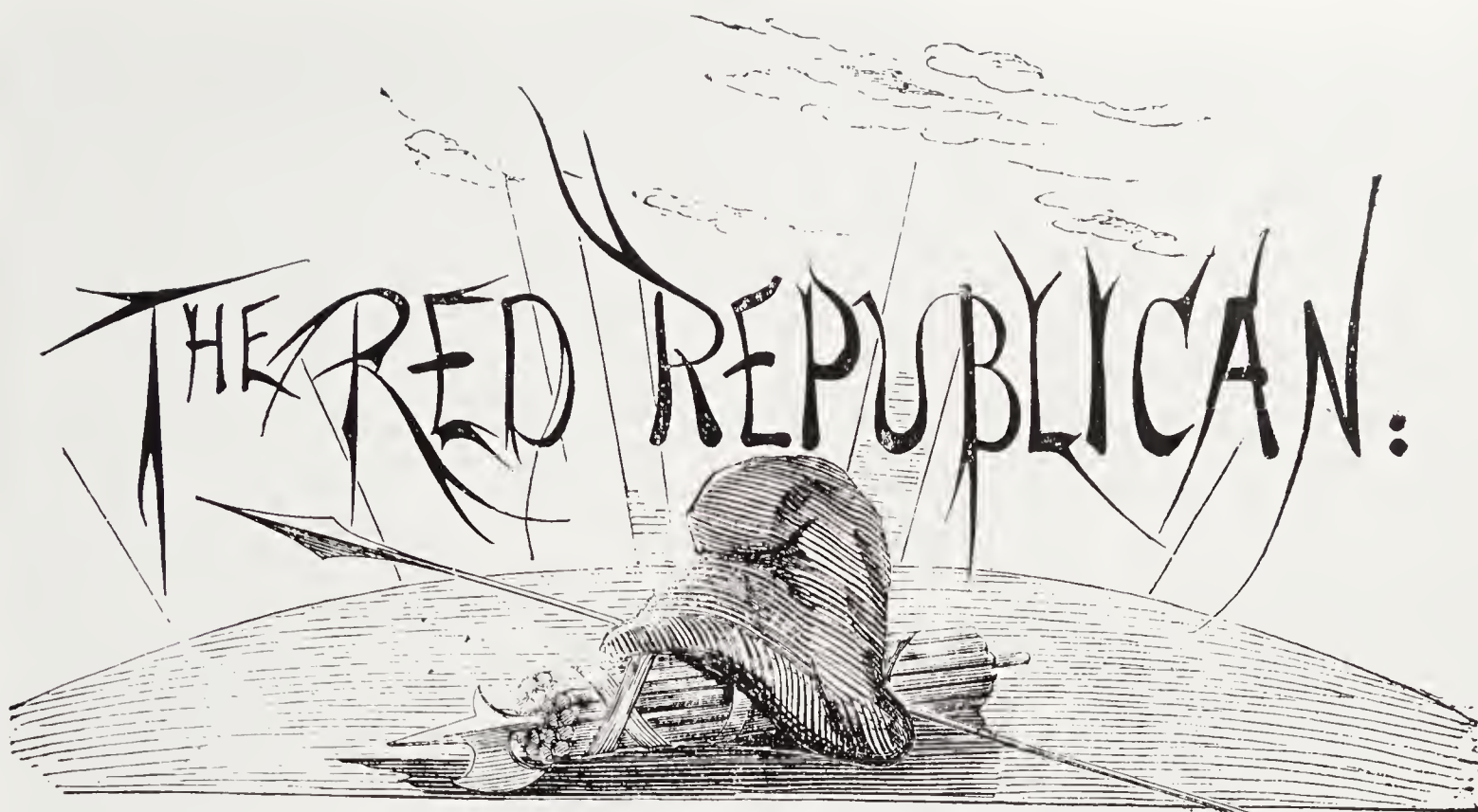
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May 23, Messrs. Grassby 1s., Shute 1s., Miles 1s., Arnott 1s., Stallwood 1s., Godwin 1s., Piercy 1s., Vernon 1s., Massey 2s., Leno 1s., Ireland 1s., Ridley 1s., Wilkes 1s., Whitecombe 1s., Hitchings 1s., Milne 1s.; May 31, "Whittington and Cat," per Mr. Bloomfield 6s., Miss A. Langton 1s., Miss C. Langton 1s., Messrs. Pettie 1s., J. B. O'Brien 5s., Leno (Second Subscription) 2s. 6d.; June 7, Messrs. Gerald Massey (Second Subscription) 10s., Walter Cooper 5s., John Rymill 2s. 6d., George Rymill 2s. 6d., Mark Thompson 2s. 6d., Cook (of Bristol) 1s., Convivial Meeting (Dundee) 10s. 3d., J. G. (Dundee) 3s., James Barrie 2s. 6d., A Proletarian 4d., T. Field 2s. 6d., Quirk 2s., per Mr. Quirk 1s., Cameron 1s., Mrs. Wilkinson 1s., John Galpin 6d., Stephens 6d., Woodcock 2s., H. Markall 1s., Roe 1s., Mrs. Blake 3d., R. Levy 1s., J. Coles 1s., Wilkes 1s., Name Forgotten 1s.; June 14, W. H. Lanner 6d., W. T. Reeves 6d., A Friend 6d., Samuel Guinaman 2s., Charles Hiscox 1s., William Knight 1s., W. E. Adams 3d., A Friend 1s., E. Sharland 1s., John Hemmin 1s., J. P. Glenister 1s., Thomas Ryder 1s., Ernest Charles Ryder 6d., Julian Harney Kossuth Ryder 6d., Thomas Willey 6d., Robert Buckingham 1s., Thomas Haslape 1s., George Corby 1s., Joseph Casimir O'Meara 3s., Friends at Smith's Coffee House, Nottingham £1 10s., May 1s., James Glover 1s., Charles Clark 5s., Charles Herbert 3s., Morgan 1s., Floyd 1s., Davis 1s., G. Barber 1s., W. Enticot 6d., J. Cooper 6d., S. Sweetlove 6d., G. Lever 6d., J. Robinson 6d., W. Self 1s., E. Knight 6d., J. Reed 1s., W. Mann 6d., A Friend 6d., John McCreagh 1s., J. Richards 6d., A Friend at Preston's Funeral 1s., Charles Ward £1., Ellen Bond £1., Sarah McDougall £1., John Rigrose £1., William Martin £1., W. Wilson 6d., W. B. Roberts 2s., J. Peacock 3s. 6d., H. R. Kay 2s. 6d., Leicester per Bradsworth 9s., R. G. Gammage 2s., J. Collins 1s., W. Mellor 6d., A Friend at St. Clear 10s. 6d., G. Munden 1s., G. J. Mantle 1s., T. Brown 6d., Slocom 6d., East London, per W. Davis 7s., Jones 1s., Blake 6d., J. W. 1s., W. Small 6d., A. Miles 6d., Cotterill 1s., Preston 6d., Egerton 6d., A. Black 2s. 6d., Hedden Bridge Democrats, per J. Mann 10s. 1d.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

No. 2.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

I I.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress;—I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

THE SUFFERERS FOR THE CHARTER.

POSTPONING for a moment the commencement of my promised examination of those "glorious institutions" which, according to their glorifiers—render this country "the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations," I ask the attention of my readers to a subject which should interest the holiest feelings of every friend to democratic and social progress, of every man who is not insensible to the sacrifices and sufferings of the martyr-spirits of our time—the men who have striven through toil and agony, to overthrow the reign of Injustice, inspired by the hope of "leaving the world better than they found it."

Slowly, but surely, the time is drawing nigh that shall witness the restoration to their families of all, save the chief victims of the "Powell-plot," who during the last two years have suffered the miseries of incarceration for their advocacy of the Charter, and their stern devotion to the cause of the oppressed and long-suffering millions.

It would be a mere waste of ink and paper to comment on the injustice which condemned our persecuted brothers—

"To share
The felon's chains, the felon's fare."

Their condemnation by middle-class juries, and aristocratic judges, was a matter of course. Our suffering friends had proclaimed war

against the system, by which their accusers and judges were enabled to use up the labourer for their own selfish aggrandisement; but they had no adequate means of prosecuting that war to a successful issue. They tried petitioning, and their prayer was answered by derisive taunts and mocking sneers. They essayed to exhibit the number of those who adhered to and supported the principles they enunciated; but lo! their "moral manifestation" was prevented by a display of brutal, organized, and overwhelming force. Next confining their meetings to local gatherings, for the most part in-door, the Chartist speakers were tracked by spies and informers—both police detectives in disguise, and "highly respectable" reporters, who, without making any attempt at concealment, openly set themselves to the congenial task of noting down every incautious phrase, every sentiment which gave expression to the fervid thoughts of men whose hearts yearned for the salvation of humanity. Arraigned for trial, the friends of the people had the help of "legal assistance," and all the benefit that was to be derived from the eloquence of gentlemen "learned in the law." That the benefit was equal to the cost of that mode of defence is by no means clear. The juries were pre-determined to convict. It was enough that the accused was proven to be a Chartist. The farce of asking "How find you the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?" was immediately answered: "Guilty!"—In spirit and in fact, if not in words, a repetition of the old persecuting cry—"Away with him! away with him! crucify him! crucify him!" Unlike Pilate who was the unwilling instrument of bloody and pitiless persecutors, the judges who presided over the mock-trials of our poor brothers exulted in the work assigned them, that of

dooming the victims to "the utmost rigour of the law."

Indeed, in the year 1848, the champions of Chartism, the defenders of democracy, occupied in the presence of their judges, a position similar to that occupied by the chivalrous Barbes nine years previously, and might have most fitly repeated his words, addressed to Pasquier, the President of the Court of Peers. In reply to the question—what had he to say in his defence? the noble Barbes answered—"Nothing! When the Indian, a native of the country in which I was born,* falls into his adversary's power, he disdains to defend himself, but simply offers his head to the scalping-knife of his enemy; I imitate the Indian's example, and offer you my head." "You are right," replied the brutal judge, "in comparing yourself to a savage." "The greater savage," answered Barbes, "is not the one who presents his head to the knife, but he who cuts it off." So might have said the proscribed Chartists. A speech in defence, whether delivered from beneath a horse-hair wig, or otherwise, must, under such circumstances, be useless; unless intended merely to elucidate and vindicate the principles of the accused. To whistle jigs to milestones could not be more absurd, than to hope to obtain justice by making speeches to judges and jurors, pre-determined to hunt down their political opponents.

The penalty has been paid. The sufferers have nobly endured, and are now leaving their dungeons, unchanged in principle, undaunted in spirit; with hearts beating as bravely as ever for freedom and right. And what have their persecutors gained? What, but the miserable satisfaction of having tortured men, the justice of whose demands they could not controvert,—whose arguments they

* Guadeloupe.

could not gainsay. If, indeed, they had made even a solitary convert, or manufactured a single traitor from among the Chartist victims, the persecutors might have congratulated themselves on the power of cruelty and corruption. These means have failed to produce the effect desired, by those whose mode of rule may be summed up in two words—force and fraud. On the contrary, the majority of those who have passed through so many hours, days, weeks, months, of bodily and mental agony, are leaving their cells under the inspiration of feelings more than ever hostile to our “glorious institutions,” and those who profit by them—feelings naturally embittered by long-protracted suffering. Mistaken rulers! blind leaders of the blind! behold the suicidal results of your policy. Behold how futile are your attempts to stay the march of democratic principles—how vain your efforts to stop the chariot wheels of progress—how contemptible your pigmy pretensions to turn back the “on-flowing torrent of mind”!

“In vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Thought's unwearied spring;
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep;
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No! the wild wave contemns your tyrant hand;
It rolled not back when Canute gave command!”

I have said that of the politically condemned of 1848, the hour is drawing nigh that shall witness the restoration to their families of all save the chief victims of the “Powell-plot”—I should have said—*all the living!* Williams and Sharp return no more! “After life's fitful fever they sleep well.” They are now beyond the reach of infamous spies, “respectable” informers, hate-breathing jurors, Jeffries-like judges, and those mean, pitiless instruments of tyrants, whose hearts are as closed to the ingress of humanity, as are the dungeons they rule over to the egress of the victims committed to their tender mercies. From the snares, the persecuting arts, the cruelties of these enemies to the human race, our martyred brothers are now freed. They are “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” For the people there remains but one duty, that of placing the widows and the fatherless in a position which shall enable them to defy the horrors of want, and the insolence of poor-law officials, who

“dressed in a little brief authority,
Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep.”

To those who have happily survived the worst that prison-torture could inflict, the people owe the indispensable duty of aiding them to re-establish their homes, broken up by the pitiless champions of “family and property.” It is for the sufferers themselves to indicate their views and wishes on this, to them, most important question. Dr. M'Douall has done so through the columns of the *Northern Star*; and it is to be hoped that he will meet with the response his long services, sacrifices, and sufferings, entitle him to look for. Of Ernest Jones it is unnecessary for me to speak, my sentiments towards him are too well known to need repetition here; I will but direct the attention of the reader to the eloquent tribute paid to our chivalrous champion by the enthusiastic and ardent writer of the succeeding article, (“Persecution and Martyrdom,”) who, sharing the poetical genius of Ernest Jones, delights to exalt the more matured powers of the subject of his eloquent praise. Yet a few more days, and Ernest Jones will be at liberty, to shape

his own course, declare his own intentions, and make manifest to his multitudinous admirers the mode in which they may best serve his interests—his interests being intertwined with the welfare of the people themselves. For the least-known of the sufferers in the cause of democracy, I desire to express the same good feeling, the same earnest hope, that those for whom they have sacrificed so much, will, in their turn, make some little sacrifice to help and aid the patriots, who, from the highest to the humblest, have worthily entitled themselves to the proud distinction of being enrolled amongst the sacred band, who have deserved well of their country and the human race. “The sufferers for the Charter,” and their friends, may count upon any assistance that can be rendered by “THE RED REPUBLICAN;” and, under all circumstances, upon the sincere co-operation and fraternal devotion of

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

PERSECUTION AND MARTYRDOM.

They always fall on evil days who come into the world as the vicegerents of freedom; and the high God-mission flaming on their noble foreheads is as fatal as the brand of Cain. It has ever been and still is martyrdom to those who devote themselves to the service of mankind. They must toil on through the dark nights of suffering and the dreary days of pain, ever labouring for the redemption of a world that repays them with the spurn and the sneer, the mouldy crust and the bitter misery; they must toil and battle on with danger and difficulty for the success of a cherished principle—the high reward and fruition of which may not be reaped for ages, in the day of fearfulest pain and the night of keenest trial—still keeping bright and burning the spirit that kindles within them, that it may be a beacon pillar of fire to those who are wandering in the wilderness of Slavery, holding on to prison, to exile, and to death. Their very heart's blood shall be shod into the red-hot crucible of martyrdom to be coined into the words of flame that stir the souls of men, and make the veins run living fire; their lives of heroic temper shall be wrought out on the forge of suffering by the blows of Persecution. And then, ah! me, how many a noble heart has given out its life of life—been severed from the dearest joy of its being, for the cause of the People—sending forth from the blind obscurity in which it lived the Thoughts that champion the men of this nineteenth century to daring deeds for holy liberty—holding fast on with the terrible tenacity of him of old, who clung to the side of the enemy's vessel till his hands were lopped off, and then held on with his teeth till he died. There is not a beam of the light of Knowledge which now illumines the world but is part made up of souls gone down in darkness! There is not a liberty we now enjoy, but for which thousands of noble hearts have let out their lives. Again and again have the World's proud Redeemers been crucified and slain at cross and stake and bloody scaffold; again and again have they been murdered in the dungeons of infernal inquisitions, and mounted the scaffold to strain their weary eyes, on the future and through the mists of ages, yearned to catch one grey glimpse of that morning which is now so gloriously bursting on the World! Far back in the ages arose the large-hearted Christ, to preach his divine doctrine to wear the crown of the Kings of Sorrow and Salvation, and to die on the cross; he the glorious, God-like, child-like Gallilean, whose dying smile has lamped the gloom of eighteen centuries, and whose life is coeval with the round of time. Six centuries ago, and that splendid spirit Rienzi burst on the astonished world to redeem Rome and Italy, from ages of shame and degradation. He expunged from her dark and bloody archives, much of her crime

and guilt, humbled the haughty and rapacious nobles, tamed the brigand barons, re-adjusted the bandage which had slipped the eyes of the olden Justice, and bade fair to reinstate her in all her ancient glory as the peerless mistress of the world, and he too, fell a victim to popular ignorance, sacrificed at the shrine of Tyranny. Fifty years ago Church and State mobs of English working-men could be hounded on by the money-lords and priests and State-savages to burn in effigy the celebrated Dr. Priestly and the immortal Thomas Paine; and in our own day, we see the glorious Mazzini, the Rienzi of our time, Louis Blage, Kosuth, Ledru Rollin, John Mitchell, and Meagher, in exile, suffering for the land of their love. While Barbés, Blauqui, Ernest Jones, and many another true patriot is being crushed out of existence in a prison cell. A world, working-men, about our brother Ernest Jones, who is one of the noblest champions of our Cause; no finer spirit stands in the advanced guard of Progress. He has known how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong, and the lines of a noble endurance are written in his face; and after all it is only they who have suffered “with single hearts and free,” who have won by battling with adversity—the wrestling thews and iron sinews which serve to throw the world, who have come forth from the fiery ordeal as conquerors going forth to conquer,—who can be the true and real teachers of the People in their upward struggle and mighty march to the fulfilment of their glorious destiny! They who have known what the poor endure, and they alone, can speak the unspoken language of the poor man's heart that bleeds and suffers dumbly.

From the hour that Ernest Jones became a hand-to-hand combatant in the ranks of the poor, a hand-and-heart helper in our every-day strife, he has fought our battle bravely, manfully. He saw how the poor were robbed and trampled mercilessly,—he saw how the soulless wretchedness were eating our souls—how the tearless were draining our tears—broke our hearts to yield them bread, and drank our blood for wine. His chivalrous soul was madly stung, and when France arose like a giant roused from strengthening slumber and dashed the monarchical incubus from her indignant bosom,—when Milan responded so gloriously to the trumpet-ery of Liberty—and Rome, even priest-ridden-besotted old Rome, asserted amid the mingling voices of the awakened nations that the flower of Freedom still grew amid all her ruins and desolation—that she the Capital of the Caesars, the proud City of the Seven Hills, and mother of Immortals, was still the nurse of children whose hearts were beating grand accompaniment to those of the Heroes and the Gods of old,—Ernest Jones, daring and self-sacrificing, thought that the time had come to appeal to the down-trodden, misery-cursed men of England, to bid them rise and win their claim to manhood. He spake to them in burning words, he thought that—crushed and degraded, coward slaves, though Englishmen were—they had not forgotten they wore the souls of the men who taught the world the glorious lesson, that the divine Right of Kings was a lie when they rolled the royal head of Charles from the scaffold. He thought that the spirit of liberty still smouldered on, not quite extinct in the hearts of Englishmen, and that the breath of a free man might kindle it flame-wise. That Spirit which burned in the heroic hearts of Leonidas and his Spartan three hundred in the red pass—the gory gap of Thermopylae; the spirit which nerved and fired the immortal old Patriot of Sempach, Arnold Von Winkelreid, who in fighting his last battle for his country, when his comrades could not break the fiery front of his enemies ranks, flung himself on their naked spears, and gathering a sheaf of their points in his arms, plunged them into his noble heart, that his countrymen might pass on to victory and to freedom through the gap he had made with his devoted corpse. Ernest Jones thought this Spirit was not dead; in its high and holy name he made loud and eloquent appeal—he bade

Englishmen to cringe no more that miscreants might lord it in Palaces—he bade them cease to die of slowest torture with decay, disease, and death, in filthy huts and plague-smitten hovels, but to come forth while the bow of hope was spanning the broad blue heaven of Humanity and stand erect in the glorious sunlight of God, in all the dignity of men, determined to dare death, so they might live free. But want and misery had done their damning work—(day by day, hour by hour, is the clay rotting out the souls of Englishmen)—they responded but faintly, and Ernest Jones has suffered two years of intense torture in a dungeon. Honour to thee, my Brother, all honour to thee, that in this age of shams thou wert an earnest man. With the weakness of my spirit I would fain uphold the strength of thine. Thou hast sacrificed and suffered in the proud cause in which I long to prove me a valiant soldier, and I love thee.

But courage, my Brothers, persecution and martyrdom are the natural inheritance of those who do battle for the deliverance of humanity. It has ever been so—it is so even now, and let them persecute:—

"Keep Galileo to thy thought
And nerve thy soul to bear,
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
But they cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began;
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
Thus round and round we run;
And ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

They were wont to gloat over the agony made manifest by the uplifted and quivering arms of the faithful martyrs, thrust upward from the fires of martyrdom at the *auto da fe*; but it was not alone those upraised arms that were thrust forth from the fires of their suffering, but *Thoughts*.—Thoughts mighty as the pangs of their torment, and many as the sparks of their torture-furnace, Thoughts that rushed through all the world as on the wings of mighty winds, ploughing as with a fiery plough-share the seed-furrows in the hearts of men. Let them persecute; where the plough drives the deepest the best fruits will spring; the field of Waterloo is one of the most fertile in Europe. Many more martyrs must fall. Our pathway is strewn with the bleached bones of those who in other days have striven to pass, yet we halt not—looking on them will wrench a tear from the brain, but it inspires a firmer grip of "the Banner with the strange device," and the mounting god leaps at the heart of us, as we shout the Battle anthem, "Excelsior."

BANDIERA.

SHALL THE MIND OF MAN STAND STILL?

THAT might be more easy, but it would be to fall below inanimate nature. I know not whether we have done anything; but I reckon it as nothing when, compared with what we have to do. Let us not waste our time recommencing the past; instead of rejoicing over our works in common, as over the amassed rewards of our industry, let us rather assume as our motto the saying of a great American philosopher, "the old is made for slaves!" All disputes, all the religious, political, philosophical and literary systems which now agitate the world, are necessarily reduced to two. In one of these systems, it is supposed, that calculating from a certain moment, everything, both in nature and in the soul, is finished; that the Bible is shut, and eternity will not add one page more to it; that the Spirit of God no longer hovers in infinite space; that certain ages have usurped all the wisdom and beauty of a people, of a race of men, and all we have left is to counterfeit them; in one word, that the earth, disinherited and destitute, is a divine sepulchre, where every generation comes in its turn to write, with its blood and tears, the epitaph of a world. Others think, on the contrary, that every day, nay every instant, teems with creation; that the sun which shone in Genesis rises above

your heads in all its immaculate splendour; and though some men be tired, God is not discouraged like them; that He did not shut the gates of His Church in the middle ages; that He is neither fatigued with turning over the pages of the book of life, nor is He perpetually seated motionless upon the throne of David; but walking through creation, calling forth by their names at every instant, things, actions, peoples, and new generations.

Without entering deeply into these systems of discouragement or hope, I shall only ask, if everything be finished, and the divine action has stopped, why does the generation of to-day come to knock at the gate of life? Why did it come forth from the void? Where was it less than twenty years ago? What has it to do here? What does it ask under the sun? Is it supposed that it arrives here without any mission or vocation? For my part, I think that whoever will examine it well, will find it bears upon its brow the furrow of a thought which rises with it, for the first time in the world. Let those new-comers tell us whether they are tired of the years they have not lived. What does it concern them that antiquity, the middle ages, feudalism, modern times, Napoleon, and the invasions of 1814 and 1815 preceded their birth?

Does the burden of bygone ages prevent them from entering upon their new life with their heads erect? Why should their blood run less swiftly in their veins than in the time of Chivalry, of Louis XIV, or of the Armies of the Republic? Every generation before them has done its work; they have also theirs, the sacred type of which they bear within themselves. On their arrival on earth, our old men say to them: "Do as we do, the world is old; Rome, Byzantium, Egypt, weigh upon our brows; the age of Louis XIV. has written everything. The Church of Gregory VII. has walled up its gates—everything is accomplished—you arrive a day too late for the days of life; we know no other than a dead God; sit down with us in the eternal tomb." But they, on the contrary, feel the still new impulse of Him who sends them—inwardly giving the lie to this pretended lassitude of the creating Spirit. The moment in which they awake to the life of the soul and intelligence, that moment is in itself as fruitful and sacred as it ever was; it contains the same infinite source which our forefathers have neither diminished nor exhausted. Listen within yourselves! The awakening of the soul under the tree of knowledge is, in these days, as full of the future as it could have been in the beginning of the world. The earth is not tired of revolving, nor the sap of circulating; why then should the mind of man be tired of seeking, loving, thinking, and adoring? It is in vain that generations pass away; the cup of life is not the less full to bathe them, one after the other. Every man who comes into this world is made to be the king and not the slave of the past. I can see how the individual may bear within himself the history of the human race, without being overwhelmed. . . .

. Your predecessors have, at least, some shadow of right in wishing to stand still, for they have seen great things—the Revolution and the Empire—and their expectation is satisfied. But for us, gentlemen, for the most part, what have we seen? The three days of July. Three days of truth in a human life? That is not sufficient.—*Lectures by Professor Quinet, of the College of France; delivered in 1844-45.*

The Democratic Review of British and Foreign Politics, History, and Literature. Edited by G. Julian Harney. June. London: Watson.

THIS number of the *Democratic Review* contains a full account of the circumstances connected with G. Julian Harney's withdrawal from the management of the *Northern Star*; including the "Review of a Renegade's Revelations," and other letters excluded from that journal by command of its proprietor. This number also contains elaborate and ably written articles on "Democracy," "The Popo in the Nineteenth Century," (by Joseph Mazzini), "Two Years of a Revolution," and an *exposé* of the conspiracy of the French order-mongers to destroy the Republic. This publication has only to be read to commend itself as the worthy and efficient monthly organ of Red Republicanism.

TO THE READERS AND FRIENDS OF "THE RED REPUBLICAN."

BROTHER DEMOCRATS,—Once more we greet you, and with renewed congratulations.

The spontaneous burst of sympathy with which our purpose has been hailed, the assistance so nobly rendered to, and the circulation already attained by the "Red Republican," are convincing proofs—

That the necessities of the age demand such an exponent of Labour's wrongs, and advocate of Labour's rights and interests; and

That an organ devoted to the honest and fearless advocacy of Democratic Principles is justly appreciated by those in whose service it has unfurled the banner of war to Oppression and Oppressors of every form and name.

Since we last addressed you, several additional subscriptions have been received, and applied, as intended by the subscribers, in bringing the name and principles of this periodical more prominently before the public.

We pledge ourselves to spare no exertions to make the "Red Republican" as extensively known as possible; and with that object in view, we again appeal to those who esteem this publication to be worthy of their support, to strengthen our hands, by furnishing us with the means to proclaim the existence of the "Red Republican," in every city, town, and village, within the circumference of the British Isles.

We are your devoted Fellow Labourers,
THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR "THE RED REPUBLICAN."

June 21st, William Norman (Wingate Grange) 1s., J. Bell 3d., Mr. Paris 1s., Hodges 1s., Bligh 1s., Jeffery 1s., Mr. Heath 1s., A. Fiddes 6d., W. Denovan 1s., J. Ironsides 2s. 6d., G. B. and R. O. 1s., Democratic Friends at Brighton, per G. Battram 5s., Two Toilers 1s., T. Dunning 1s., G. J. Ellis 2d., A. Chartist (Nautwich) 1s., Leigh Democrats, per M. P. Daly 5s., Two Fraternal Democrats, Liverpool 1s., Gees 1s., Herbert 2s. 6d., Nightingale 1s., E. Doherty 2s. 6d., J. Doherty 2s. 6d., J. Benn 6d., New Radford, per S. Saunders 4s., A Friend (Cheltenham), per J. Hemming 6d., C. Smuggs 2s. 6d., Johnson 6d., T. Blake 2d., C. Ernest 2s. 6d., Four Friends (York) 1s., J. Owen 1s., J. Aldam 2s., A Friend, Drake Street, Rochdale 1s., L. G. 4d., J. J. Bezer 1s., Alexandria, Vale of Leven, per J. McIntyre 10s.; Uxbridge Democrats 10s.; Henry A. Ivory 2s.; Mr. Beal 1s.

£27 In No. 1, "George Rymill, 2s. 6d.," should have been James Rymill;—the same amount.

* Subscriptions received since June the 21st, will be acknowledged in No. 3 of THE RED REPUBLICAN.

Subscriptions to be addressed to the Treasurer, "James Grassby, 96, Regent-street, Lambeth, London."

Fellow-countrymen! we have no time to quarrel about words, let us unite as brothers, or in a closer bond, as wronged men, as trampled slaves, to overthrow our common oppressors, and as men inflicting no suffering that may be justly avoided.

Verily I say unto you, when two or three are gathered together, the spirit of power will be in the midst of them.

As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night. Birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres uproar, the dead walk, the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, will cause the day to dawn.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION-HALL.—The construction of this dome, 200 feet in diameter, though of light sheet iron, will be no joke. We may remind the reader that it will be double the size of our St. Paul's dome, which is about 112 feet in diameter. The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome is 139 feet in diameter, and that of the Pantheon 142 feet. The central hall will be a polygon of 16 sides four of which will open into gardens reserved around it. Its main walls will be of brick, and about 60 feet high.—*Wilder.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☛ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 113, Fleet-street, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor as above.

"THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW."

In answer to several correspondents, we have to state that the *Democratic Review* will continue as usual; the number for July will be published on Monday next.

C. ERNEST, York, the price of Vol. 1. is 2s. 6d.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS received by the Committee constituted to aid in establishing the RED REPUBLICAN:—

M. P. DALY, Leigh, Lancashire, writes:—"I have enclosed the sum of five shillings from the Fraternal Democrats of Leigh in aid of the RED REPUBLICAN; and likewise to prove to our Brother Democrats that we detest humbug, and respect and admire honest and uncompromising men like our good friend Harney." A FRIEND at Cupar of Fife:—"I am not a prophet, neither the son of a prophet, but I can predict a very large amount of sale for our talented friend's new publication. Mr. Harney is quite a favourite with the Democracy; and the way to show that such is the case, is by lending a right hearty support to our honest straight forward and worthy friend." W. NORMAN, Wingate Grange:—"I feel highly delighted that such an organ has been established under the editorship of our friend Harney, who is every way competent to wield the pen in the sacred cause of Democracy. Long may he live to advocate Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." CHARLES ERNEST, York:—"Myself and a few friends in this city will do our best to obtain for the RED REPUBLICAN a circulation that no political publication ever before attained; at least we will do our duty. Let the good and true men in every other town do theirs: we shall then have the new birth of thousands of our proletarian brethren—they will be born again—have the clean heart—the clear mind—and stand upright with the stern command of independent freemen."

TO THE CHARTISTS OF YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

BROTHER DEMOCRATS, —Your Delegates (who recently assembled at Hebden-bridge,) having done me the honour to include my name in the list of persons to be invited to take part in the demonstration at Blackstone Edge, on Sunday, the 14th of July; and having received from the Committee, appointed by the said Delegates to make the necessary arrangements, an express invitation to be present at the intended gathering, I beg to announce that I accept the invitation, and (health &c., permitting,) will be with you on the glorious 14th of July—the sixty first anniversary of the destruction of the accursed Bastille!

Health and Fraternity,
G. JULIAN HARNEY.

JOHN SHAW.

WE congratulate our friend, John Shaw, on his liberation from Newgate, and restoration to his long-bereaved family. The pleasure experienced by Mr. Shaw's friends must be somewhat damped by the reflection that his late incarceration has been ruinous to his business, and most injurious as regards the comforts of his family. We trust that the Theatrical entertainment announced to come off at the City of London Theatre, on Thursday the 4th of July, for the "benefit" of Mr. Shaw and family, will draw a "bumper." Our friends must bear in mind that the 4th of July is the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence—"the better day, the better deed"—a most appropriate day on which to do honour to a true Democrat, and at the same time afford a helping hand to his long-suffering family.

NOTICE.

In No. 3 of the RED REPUBLICAN, will be commenced an account of *The Institutions and Laws of Republican America*, taken from the most trustworthy sources.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

THE DEMOCRATIC REFUGEES.

THE egotism of individuals is branded as "vanity," "self-conceit," &c., while that of an aggregation of individuals, constituting a nation, passes current under the high-sounding phrases of "patriotism," love of country," &c., &c. Englishmen formerly "thanked God that they were not as those Frenchmen;" that to them "frogs" were an unknown delicacy, and "wooden shoes" inconceivable wear. It was the prime article of Nelson's orthodox creed to "hate a Frenchman as you would the devil;" and in those "good old days" the term "foreigner" conveyed to the ears of "a beef-eating, beer-drinking Briton," the very quintessence of all that was abominable in his estimation.

But times have changed. Millions of the present generation of Britons—for the most part somewhat short of beef and beer—curse the stupidity of their fathers (by some glorified as "the wisdom of our ancestors,") as manifested by the shedding of their own blood and the mortgaging of the labour of their posterity. In this country men are no longer insulted because of the place of their birth. It is true that our aristocrats and usurers make no secret of their hatred of the Continental Red Republicans; and, on the other hand, small love have our Proletarians for the royal vagabonds and aristocratic *canaille*, who occasionally wing their way to this country to hide themselves from the over-boiling wrath of the long-abused nations. But these parties find enemies here, not on account of their birth-place, but on account of the principles of Democracy or Despotism with which they are identified. As regards the British Proletarians, the best passport to their affections and applause is, the announcement that the individual introduced to them is a Frenchman, who shouldered a musket in the glorious days of February, or fought on the barricades in the fatal days of June;—a German who stood by Robert Blum at Vienna, or charged against the assassin ranks of Prussia, on the battle-fields of Baden;—an Italian who, when Mazzini commanded, rallied to the side of Garibaldi, to contend hand to hand on the walls of the Eternal City with the fratricides of Franco, or fired his last shot in the last volley for Italian freedom, which has for ever secured the glory of immortal Venice;—a Magyar who went forth at the bidding of Kossuth to share the dangers of those gory battle-fields which retarded, though they could not prevent, the fall of

Hungary—doomed to fall by the treason of the traitor Georgey—or, lastly, a Pole, whether a veteran who (nearly) twenty years ago unsheathed his sword against Russia, or a more youthful warrior with newer scars, won on the battle-fields of Posen, or those other (almost innumerable) scenes of conflict between Right and Might, in which the chivalric Poles have ever acted as the "forlorn hope" of the European Democracy. To have been a soldier in Freedom's warfare against the brigand oppressors of the nations, is, we repeat, an all-powerful passport to the hearts of the British Proletarians, who cherish as a holy formula, the sacred sentiment enunciated by Pierre Dupont: "Tous les Peuples sont Freres." *All the Peoples [of the Earth] are Brethren!*

Unfortunately the People generally have had no opportunity of manifesting this sentiment of Fraternity. Between them and the expression of the holiest feeling that can move the hearts of men:—sympathy for the unfortunate, veneration for the conquered combatants in a holy cause—there stands looming, like a hell-begotten phantasm, the abominable *Alien Bill*. With this fratricidal barrier betwixt the people of these Islands and their brothers, refugees from the Continent, it has been impossible for the democracy of these countries to obey the inspiration of their hearts. A necessary discretion on both sides has kept brethren asunder; and while the truculent *Times* and other villainous journals have been permitted, nay, encouraged, to calumniate and denounce the proscribed champions of Democratic and Social Republicanism, the people have been precluded from testifying their sympathy with, and admiration of, the great and glorious defenders of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.

Notwithstanding the prudence of our "foreign" friends, and the self-denial of their British admirers, a vile attempt has been made, and we believe is yet being persevered in, to induce the government of this country to put the Alien Act in force against the democratic refugees; certain members of the German emigration being selected as the first of the intended victims. During some weeks past the refugees in question have been closely tracked both by Prussian spies and English informers. The doors of the houses where they live have been closely watched "by individuals of more than a doubtful look," who with sublime impudence have noted down the arrival and departure both of the refugees and all other persons seen to enter or leave the premises. Not a single step have the refugees taken without being followed by one or more of these bloodhounds, who have even had the audacity to follow their intended victims into coffee-houses, omnibuses, &c. It appears that attempts have been made to connect our German friends with regicide plots—real or pretended—against the life of the King of Prussia. The refugees were, however, too sensible to be deluded by any such piece of villany. That "dodge" failing, an attempt has been made to impress the British Government with the belief that the stay of the said refugees in England is inimical to "the preservation of the peace and tranquillity of these realms."

Learning the above facts from letters which have appeared in the *Sun*, *Spectator*, and other journals, we deem it a duty to state emphatically that between the British Demo-

crats and the "foreign" refugees, there is not, nor has there ever been, any connexion. The sympathies of our friends are sufficiently indicated by their broadly-avowed principles, but as regards any intervention in our politics, or any association with our political parties, there is none whatever; and consequently no grounds for the application of the Alien Act to them. To expel from this last refuge (in Europe) the men who in all other European states have been hunted like wild beasts, would be not merely a crime against humanity, but also an act of treason to England herself. The Prussian despot may be the lacquey of the Czar, if he will; and, yet more contemptible, French traitors and Swiss pedlars may submit themselves to the vile degradation of obeying the commands of the Autocrat's flunkey; but the British Government whatever it may be in other respects, cannot, must not, subject the nation whose character is committed to its safeguard, to the damning shame of becoming the humble servant of Prussia's perjured lord, or Russia's barbaric tyrant. It has been proudly vaunted that England is "the inviolable home of the brave and free;" that the chains of the slave drop from his limbs the moment he touches our shores; and that here no tyrant dare come to pursue with vengeance the enemies of oppression. We know that there is something—too much indeed—of vain-glorious egotism in these vauntings: nevertheless they contain much of truth, and it behoves the British people to see that that truth shall not be destroyed; but that England shall continue to be "the asylum for refugees of all parties and of all countries;" in spite of king and kaiser, pope and czar.

We are grieved to learn that the most shocking destitution prevails amongst a large number of the refugees, particularly the Poles; a number of whom are absolutely in want of food and shelter; at the same time that many amongst them are suffering severe illness, the consequence of wounds and fatigue, aggravated by more than semi-starvation. We understand that a committee is about to be formed to obtain assistance for these unfortunate men. In our next number we shall return to this subject; in the meantime intimating that any monies for the refugees, forwarded to the office of this publication, will be handed to the Committee, and be duly acknowledged in the columns of the RED REPUBLICAN.

THE STANDARD BEARER.—A FABLE.—A standard bearer was sent out to raise the inhabitants of a certain town. As he ran through the streets, he dragged the standard behind him, so that it trailed in the mud; and a rabble of boys and dirty vagabonds ran after him trampling upon it. After a while he turned round to see who followed him. Looking on the rabble and upon the torn and dirtied standard, he was about to revile the town's people, when one of them advised him after this fashion:—"The next time you are appointed to carry a banner, bear it heavenward, that the sun may shine upon it, and the pure winds float it over our heads, that we may read the motto upon it. When you trail it through the mud, you disgrace the cause whose servant you would call yourself, and no upright man can read your message.—Æ M.

If you are not resolved steadfastly to combat, to bear everything without bending, never to weary, never to yield, keep your chains, and renounce a liberty of which you are unworthy.

REPUBLIC AND ROYALTY IN ITALY.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Preface to the French Edition.

THE recently published pamphlet entitled *The Pope in the Nineteenth Century*, and the rapid review of which we here give a translation, furnish the basis of one of the most striking, the most scandalous, the most mournful proceedings of which an example can be offered by the history of mankind. In the first work, the religious and philosophical question is sketched in broad lines, but with the certainty and power, which only the hand of a master possesses. In the second, the political question, the history of the fact, is drawn with the same mastery, the same grandeur, the same truth. Mazzini is not only a great character and a great mind, he is into the bargain—so to speak—a great writer. Under his eloquent pen the driest points glow, warmed and illumined by the inward fire of a holy and enthusiastic soul. One of the men the most misunderstood, the most calumniated, the most vilely insulted by the reactionary spirit, is one of the greatest men of this time: it is in the order of things. Revolutionary Italy and France know him. Reactionary Italy and France know him also. Thence this hate, this calumny, this persecution.

Let no one complain of this. Let the friends of Mazzini, that is to say, the friends of the true Italy, suffer these outrages with the same august serenity of which Mazzini himself and the other principal martyrs of the cause have given proof. The law of all times, the providential fatality which has ruled the history of the world since the first breath of liberty and truth passed over it,—the divine will which promises great victories to Humanity for the price of atrocious sufferings, has thus ordained. It is not the sword and the death, it is not the prison or exile, against which the believers in the future need to arm themselves with more of courage and of stoicism; it is the injustice of their contemporaries, the falsehood of adversaries, the mistaking of the crowd, which are the real torments of devoted souls. Who does not know it entering on the career? To-day, as in the earliest times of the Christian mission, there is need for the buckler of faith.

But, alas! the hand which traces these lines is yet trembling with grief and indignation. It could sign these verses of Racine—

"I offer you advice which myself can hardly bear—
For you far less than I will die of your despair."

Yes! the pale translator of the burning words of Mazzini has often wanted courage, not before one's own chagrins (there is nothing in them deserving a personal complaint) but before the trials one has seen endured, first by the peoples, and afterwards by the apostles of the peoples' cause, the best men of the time. All in servitude, in chains, or in exile,—that is nothing; it is the fortune of war, and they knew well in the moment when they rose for the war, that they were as one against ten; but all calumniated, all misunderstood! Alas, my God! forgive me this reproach: it is frightful, it is infamous! If I did not fear to blaspheme, I would say—it is too much.

If for two years I have never raised my voice, I who yet had leisure and liberty, to defend one by one all these victims of falsehood, it has been no sentiment of false modesty which has restrained me. I know very well that a sincere voice, however little harmonious and however little resounding it may be, has its value as its right in the crowd; but, I confess it, disgust closed my mouth. It is not the number of one's adversaries which imposes, but the moral weight of their opposition; and I felt my words choked, not by

fear, but by disgust at this Jesuitical and systematic opposition to the most simple truths, to the most elementary notions of justice. How can one reply to those who knowingly lie, and who make it an honour and a duty to lie both to God and man? If one throws in the face of a Jesuit this word so insupportable to the dignity of a man—you lie, the Jesuit is not put out, nor does he turn you the other cheek after the example of Christ. He smiles, a smile of pride and inward satisfaction, applauding himself for having known how to lie, and if he could blush, it would be only for having unfortunately told an awkward and useless lie.

If I write these lines to-day, at the head of the work of an esteemed brother and an illustrious friend, it is not with the hope of overthrowing the calumnies beneath which, in hatred of his faith, they have endeavoured to whelm his intentions. To God, to the future, to the reason of the undeceived and enlightened peoples, alone belongs the supreme judgment which shall make plain both crime and virtue. I do it only because it is a duty to take note, in time and place, of an important protest, which will be again stifled by falsehood to-day, but which, perhaps, to-morrow will be enregistered at the tribunal of Europe. It is necessary this piece should be published,—with or without due echoing matters little; it is well that the French press should possess it at the same time as that of other nations. I add nothing to it in adding my name; but on a given day, the pen of the first secretary ought to be at the service of the cause, even as the musket of the first combatant in a battle.

And this duty accomplished, let us endeavour to take courage, notwithstanding the harrowing spectacle of Italy delivered to the vultures and of other peoples trembling in their chains. The writing of Mazzini demonstrates even to proof two great truths which the nations in travail of liberty have not sufficiently comprehended: the first, special for Italy, is that she can never conquer her emancipation by means of her princes, and that she ought to rally herself to the republican principle, which is her anchor of safety; because, independently of the prodigies of courage and enthusiasm to which only a new faith can give birth, that nation cannot be left behind by the European movement which fatefully leads its democracy towards the republic. It is acknowledging this logical form of every democratic organization, that she will reach the height of the lofty tendencies of the future.

The second truth demonstrated by Mazzini, and which is universal, is that the nations can do nothing in a state of isolation; and that the narrow and impossible policy of *each for himself* leads direct to the tomb. The league of kings is not dissolved; it will be always powerful against the disunion of the peoples. May the French people, which seems marked out by the destinies to be the initiator of all the others, open its heart and mind to new ideas concerning what is called foreign policy. It is time, for the coalition of princes is always at work; it reassembles itself and draws more closely together. France believes that it is impossible for her ever to present the world with the deplorable spectacle which is furnished by Italy. We also believe it, but if we so believe, it is because the idea which we speak is spreading in France; since only this idea can save us from the intrigues and villainies which threaten us, here as elsewhere, for the day, perhaps at hand, of a formidable and decisive struggle between the principle of monarchy and that of the republic. We believe it, because it is not probable that the example of unhappy Italy should be lost to us, nor her experience for herself. We believe it, because the affair of Rome has borne its fruits, fruits bitter at present,—disaster for Italy, shame, feebleness, and danger for us; but fruits of experience profitable for the future, like those poisons from which science draws her potent remedies.

We believe it, in fine, because France possesses the condition of unity which Italy has yet to con-

quer. But this is no reason for blinding herself to her immense danger. This danger is not on high; or rather it is yet higher than the bosom of political camarillas and perfidious diplomacies,—it is in the bosom of the true sovereign, the people. If the abused people yet again remit its destinies into the hands of the reaction, who knows to what depth of misery and debasement France may descend?

GEORGE SAND.

NOTE, BY THE ENGLISH TRANSLATOR.

For us, too the lesson is needed, for us, as well as for France. Here also this question of Republic or Royalty has to be solved; here also it must be answered whether the isolation of a people from humanity can comport with the dignity or the happiness of that people. If France assassinated Rome, yet did England stand by, consenting to the murder—the cowardly accomplice. If France, cursed for her crime against Italy, must perish, enslaved by those who know so well how to “divide and govern,” shall the dishonour of England save English liberties? Or if Italy shall only redeem herself by searing the hydra-heads of her sovereigns, how shall England be rescued unless she also trample upon the masters of her “sovereign.” It is the same question, the world through,—Republic or Royalty; and this would be (even if the name of Mazzini were not) sufficient apology for retranslating his “Republic and Royalty in Italy.” W. J. L.

(To be continued.)

“FEBRUARY AND JUNE, 1848.—THE PROLOGUE OF A REVOLUTION.”

(Continued from our last.)

We were led into the somewhat lengthy reflections contained in No. 1 of the RED REPUBLICAN, by the perusal of the above-named work by our esteemed friend, Louis Ménard. Its title is significant of many things, for a prologue demands an epilogue,—and a merely political revolution is but the prelude to radical social changes. Clearing away the old rubbish is not building a new house. The motto prefixed to this book expresses the whole tendency of Red Republicanism in a single sentence: “Every revolution which is not made with a view of profoundly ameliorating the condition of the people is merely a crime succeeding another crime.”—*Maximilian Robespierre*.

We presume our readers are tolerably well acquainted with the events of the February Revolution; we shall therefore extract portions from Ménard's book chiefly relating to the massacres of the Parisian Proletarians perpetrated in June, 48, by the French government, “the friends of property, family, and order.” In spite of the feelings of disgust and indignation, excited in us by this sad recital of human crime and human folly, we deem it necessary to draw the attention of our readers towards it,—seeing that members of the British Parliament have not scrupled to justify the atrocities of these wretches, and to propagate the most abominable calumnies concerning the French Democrats at present residing in England. The reactionary movement, carried on by the Provisional Government from the first hour of its existence, reached a considerable height in the provinces about two months before it broke out in Paris. The massacres of Rouen took place in April. “They were the last event which signalized the career of the Provisional Government, and the inevitable consequence of the retrograde course pursued by it. After three months dictatorship, this government left France divided and discontented, the Republic compromised, bankruptcy impending, pauperism on the increase, the monarchical faction full of vigour, federalism, and civil war inevitable. That was the state of things at home. Abroad it was no better. After the month of February, all the nations of Europe had been set in motion. Germany had aspired to unity and liberty; Poland, Italy, Ireland, had struggled

for independence; the Hungarians, Bohemians, and Slavonians had attempted to reorganize their national existence, amidst the decomposition of the Austrian empire. But now, this magnificent movement was arrested; the Republican bands which had marched towards Belgium, the Rhine, and the Alps, were dispersed, imprisoned, decimated; Lombardy threw herself despairingly into the arms of a king guilty of infamous perjury; Austria found a factitious, galvanic, reactionary life; the king of Prussia, once obliged to salute the Polish flag and the corpses of the martyrs of liberty, depended upon a reactionary army; and Russia threatened to absorb the entire Slavonic population. Such were the fruits of M. de Lamarine's pacific propaganda. The hopes of the nations and the terrors of their oppressors, had vanished before the progress of reaction in France; we had believed in a revolution, but there was only a change of ministry.” Of all the ridiculous lies promulgated by the ordermongers and their friends, perhaps the most ridiculous is, that the French Proletarians and their leaders, Barbès, Blanqui, Raspail, Albert, Louis Blanc, &c., were actuated, by blood-thirstiness and hope of plunder, in their revolt against the established system of middle-class supremacy. One of the first acts of the sovereign people was the abolition of the political scaffold, which the ordermongers at present intend re-establishing; and the rich bourgeoisie who afterwards calumniated and murdered the Proletarians of Paris, were indebted to these men in ragged blouses for the preservation of their property during the disturbances of February. The facts speak for themselves. If the people had wished to rob and murder, why did they not do so when Paris was in their hands for days together? Why did they not pillage the Tuileries, when the king had fled like a miserable dog with a pan tied to his tail, and his “noble” and “chivalrous” son abandoned his young wife, to what he believed to be the tender mercies of an enraged mob? “The men in blouses” respected the property thus left at their disposal; the jewellery, the gold and silver plate, were put under the charge of armed Proletarians, and whoever attempted to steal anything, was immediately shot. The people delivered the Tuileries into the hands of the Provisional Government exactly as the royal family had left it; with the exception of the pictures and busts of Louis Philippe, which were destroyed, and the throne, which was solemnly burned before the column of July. “At the Palais Royal, a few works of art were destroyed, but not intentionally. In February and June 1848, as in 1830, the people showed that they understood the sacredness of their cause.” Their clemency and magnanimity were requited in June, by the cold-blooded massacre of more than three thousand prisoners. The crime committed by the Parisian people was demanding the organization of labour, “bread and work,” from their bourgeois masters. Why had they made a revolution, if they were to derive no benefit from it? They had had enough of that in 1830. The ordermongers gave the signal of insurrection, by abolishing the national workshops, and turning out some hundred thousand Proletarians to starve in the streets. They had previously concentrated about sixty thousand soldiers in Paris; re-organized the national guard after their own fashion; swept together the scum of the Parisian population, and embodied these heroes of the galleys and hulks, into a garde mobile fit guard for such a government;—and in fact, made every preparation for the coming struggle, for they knew that the abolition of the national workshops was tantamount to a denial of the first principle of the revolution, to a denial of all the fine promises made by the Provisional Government and the Assembly, to the people. They knew it was a declaration that the people had no more to expect from the so-called Republican government, than they had from that of Louis Philippe; it was a declaration of civil war. Accordingly, the insurrection began on the 22nd of June. The people showed the greatest

moderation. A deputation of working-men waited on M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, at the Luxembourg, to demand the fulfilment of the promises made to the people in February, and repeatedly confirmed since; also, the establishment of workshops for all kinds of trades, where men out of employment might get work. This deputation was dismissed with a flat refusal, couched, too, in the most impertinent and insulting terms. The men who asked bread for themselves and their starving families, in exchange for the honest labour of their own hands, received cannon-balls instead of food, from the “friends of family ties.” The men who resorted to insurrection, only after every peaceful and legal means had signally failed, and their patience had been worn out by months of suffering, and the insults of a government determined to stifle the revolution in the blood of its defenders,—the men who took their wives and children with them to the barricades, saying,—“*Let us die together, it is better to be shot at once, than to die by inches of hunger*”—these are the men who have been calumniated as “ruffians who wished to cut the throats of the bourgeoisie, and divide the plunder of Paris.” “A fair day's wage for a fair day's work”—that was the Communistic Utopia our poor brothers demanded,—the horrible crime against “society, property, family and order,” committed by the working men of Paris and Lyons! “What measures were taken by the National Assembly to stop the civil war? On the 23rd Falloux proposed to put the decree against the National workshops into immediate execution; that amounted to creating an army of one hundred thousand insurgents. Another member, Degoussé, proposed that the editors of the Democratic journals should be arrested on the spot. The assembly highly applauded this proposal; but when Considérant demanded that the Assembly, in its collective capacity, should make an attempt to restore peace, his voice was drowned in hisses and groans; and Caussidière had no better reception, when he proposed that a Proclamation should be addressed to the people, in order to prevent the Parisians from cutting each other's throats during the night. * * * * * Two members of the Executive Commission marched at the head of the troops. Aragó commanded the quarter Saint Jacques, and Lamartine attacked a barricade in the Temple. Doubtless, these men saw ‘work and bread’ on the banners of the People, but that did not prevent them.” A military dictatorship was established; Paris declared in a state of siege; the Executive Commission abolished; the principal Republican journals suppressed; and Emile Girardin condemned to solitary imprisonment, without trial, because the *Presse* had denounced the manoeuvres of the moderate Republicans, and foretold the reign of club law. “Thus the violation of individual liberty followed the violation of the most sacred kind of property, that which is the fruit of intelligence and labour. The suppression of fifteen journals ruined three thousand workmen in one day. * * * * * Although the proclamation of martial law has no other legal meaning than that the civil authorities are temporarily placed under military rule, without abolishing existing laws, yet a monstrous consequence was deduced from it—the suspension of all law. Government had commenced by the violation of individual liberty and of property, but this was not enough; the massacres already going on throughout Paris, had to be sanctioned, and reactionist agents were sent everywhere, to instruct the soldiery that martial law meant the murder of defenceless prisoners. The political character of the insurrection, undecided on the 23rd, became more apparent each day. Royalist agents fought, in the name of order, against the Republic. The war cry of the Proletarians was, “*Vive la République démocratique et sociale!*” These words inscribed on all their banners, were then pronounced by the people for the first time, and that Republic was baptised with the purest of the people's blood.

(To be continued.)

Review.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.*

(Continued from No. 1.)

ANXIOUS to bring under the view of our readers the most important features of this work, with as little delay as possible, we proceed with our extracts, postponing comment for the present.

Having examined the "Opinion of the Eighteenth Century in regard to England," and laid bare the fallacious reasonings of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and others, Ledru Rollin proceeds to expose the vicious organizations of our "Landed Aristocracy," and asks, "What is the result of all this?" He answers—

"On the one side, a few territorial revenues so exorbitant, so scandalous, that we have not upon the continent any idea of such fortunes; and, on the other hand, a rural population in indescribable distress.

"For example, an author will prove to you that about four hundred families divide amongst them an annual income of about one billion four hundred and two millions one hundred and sixty francs; and you may also read in the "Inquiry," that amongst the agricultural labourers the mortality increases with the more and more tyrannical lowering of wages, that they do not get food enough for comfortable support, but just what may prevent their sinking altogether; that they cannot obtain new clothes, except by public charity; that want of sufficient food is fatally made up by robbery; that wretchedness lights up the fires of the incendiaries; that they kill one another to get a premium upon death.

"In the fourteenth century the serfs, their ancestors, sang:—

"The landholders are clothed in velvet and in purple, lined with vair and miniver; they have meats, and apices, and good wines, and we—we eat the refuse of straw, and drink water. They have ease and fine manors; we have pain and toil, rain and wind, in the open air. Why do they keep us in slavery? we are all come from the same father and mother, Adam and Eve."

"This song, repeated for some time, made free-men of slaves.

"It is four hundred years since the first step was made, and yet their misery, under another form, is just as great as ever.

"When will come the rallying cry, the precursor of final emancipation?"

Reviewing our "Commercial Aristocracy," our author observes, in relation to the East India Company:—

"Immoral and revolting contrast!—a few shareholders ruling from the bottoms of their shops over 150 millions of men whom they will never know, and for whom they can feel no sympathy. Still worse than that—for what in the world can he more merciless?—is the monied man coming hastily at the end of each quarter to receive his dividends, and not inquiring whether his slave is alive or dead, but how much he has produced.

"It is under the empire of such selfish passions that a people come, at last, to see with indifference the frightful famine of India, that factitious scourge which, created by the atrocious greediness of the Company, has caused ten millions of inhabitants to perish in less than a month.

"I have said the internal system has helped to aristocratise the external; well, the spectacle of sudden and immense fortunes in the colonies, the spirit of adventure in distant lands, re-act in their turn, upon the commerce of the mother country.

"Hence those formidable enterprises in the various branches of industry, which are elsewhere

spread amongst many hands; for instance, certain London breweries, of which the assurance alone amounts to from twelve to thirteen millions, of francs; hence those joint-stock companies, so favoured by the legislature, and which are formed for speculation in trifles; hence, finally, that tendency of the English law to allow indirectly of a real monopoly in many branches of commerce, where she has not positively established it.

"The consequence of this is that every small capitalist is almost sure of being ruined; that society is divided into two camps, the capitalists being leagued on one side, extenuated and defenceless arms upon the other; that there are in London 29 bankers, doing business in a single year to the amount of 24 billions and 30 million francs; that the level of wages incessantly sinking, a fifth part of the population annually dies of consumption, and the number of maniacs is three times greater than in other countries of Europe: that there are 300,000 famished men flying from their native soil; and another 100,000 who have inscribed themselves in the official book of misery.

"Thus the monied man becoming, if it be possible, more feudal, more tyrannical than the landholder, glittering abroad by his fleets, by his counting-houses, by his conquests that are always going on, while they coldly destroy within, hurries on a troop of human beings to death by consumption, or to madness—that is what, by a profanation of words, it is agreed to call the power of combination.

"Accursed power! make 'Rule Britannia' resound in distant seas from the heights of your victorious masts—the mother-country will reply by cries of misery and famine.

Coming to our "Political Aristocracy," Ledru Rollin happily remarks that "We do not comprehend England, if we see in its official sphere of action anything else than an oligarchy under three different faces: aristocracy of the crown, of the land, and of the counting-house; all three united by the same interest, subservient to each other, and intertwined to resist the flood which else might drown them. * * * The government is nothing else than an aristocratic triunity, indivisible, although consisting of three persons, each of whom has for the scene of life, his different part and attributes."

But the people, we are told, "may compel respect for their wishes by the press, by the elections, by juries, by the right of meeting; above all this, they have a guarantee for their persons in the famous act of *habeas corpus*!"

"Who will seriously dare to say that the press in England exists for the people? Beyond doubt, although ruled by the most draconic law, the press is virtually free during periods of calm. But it must also be acknowledged that the government has nothing to fear from it, for its fights are seldom anywhere except in the camps of the aristocracies, which contend much more for power than for principles. Assuredly a journal, which for each number has a price almost equal to a day's wages, cannot agitate the people. It is with this view the government has loaded the press with such heavy shackles, that it has been compelled to become a monopoly, a living source of revenue and patronage in the hands of a few rich families. Its lessons descend only by accident into the depths of the people. Generally speaking, it is remarkable that in France the press should be an apostleship, while in England it is a business. You may, indeed, find honourable men writing sometimes otherwise, but always in a manner much less advanced than their way of thinking. To be employed upon the existing staffs there is but one sort of truth possible. And this is what they call the opinion of the people!"

"But the institution of trial by jury, so sacred and so democratic? The jury! there is but one word to be said in reply! the very law of its organization renders it inaccessible to the multitude. The jury, by its conditions of eligibility—property or

land—is the patrimony of the lesser aristocracy. They once used it as a redoubtable weapon against the nobles and the crown, but have, happily employed the same instrument against the people, from the moment when, awaking out of their lethargy, they succeeded by repeated efforts, in conquering a portion of power for themselves."

As to the right of meeting—

"It should be known that this privilege, which the people used but yesterday, may be taken from them to-morrow, for it depends upon caprice; it is, in fact, an indulgence, not a right. If I am not believed, let the law speak for me.

"Every public assembly may be reputed seditious."

"Observe that Blackstone, and the most accredited lawyers, declare that sedition has not been defined by the law.

"The text adds, 'The uttering of speeches, or the reading of what is written, with a view to criticise in an immoderate and indecent way the measures of the sovereign or his ministers, by imputing to them corrupt or improper motives, is sedition.' To impress the people with a bad idea of the government, and blacken it in public estimation, is a grave offence, whether the means employed be abuse or ridicule."

"But here is what goes still farther, for the law thus continues:—

"The rule, as regards public meetings, is this: numbers constitute violence; violence, terror; terror, illegality."

In other words, the law not having determined the number, you are never sure of being within the pale of legality."

"Do they tell you that custom is stronger than law?—Yes, so long as the struggle exists only upon the surface and amongst the citizens; but let the people vindicate their rights, and the law is there to strike them."

"Nor is there anything up to the so much vaunted *habeas corpus*, that has not been thoroughly shaken in the last sessions. But what does this inroad concern the people? The *habeas corpus* is a political palladium, and the people are thrust out of the political sphere."

Is it, at least, true, as Delbôme pretends that "the people, by their elective franchise, are the eventual masters of the springs of state?"

"This, more than all the rest, is hypocrisy and derision. How can a people be said to vote in a country where but a million of electors are reckoned, out of a population of twenty-eight millions? Is there not, even for those who are privileged, the condition of first paying up the taxes, a condition which the people cannot fulfil? Of what avail besides is the right of suffrage, so long as by public voting, they remain subservient to the lords of land and capital, the lords of the church and of the state? And, even as regards the small number who possess the suffrage, of what use is their vote under a law that still gives to fifteen boroughs, consisting of 100,000 inhabitants, as many representatives as to several important towns, containing amongst them a population of six millions? Moreover, the elections are now, as they were before the Reform Bill, the prey of influence and wealth."

Examining "the part of England in the Order of Ideas, Ledru Rollin concludes his examination as follows:—

"When a country is thus governed by actualities, and according to actualities; when its faith is only a habit, a calculation of interests, a blind tradition—it can have no part in the general life. It is condemned to grow old in the barrenness of servitude; and if the rigid discipline, which presses heavily upon it, should be removed; its spirit, wild as that of the freed slave, would at first only comprehend and follow the liberty of revenge—a just expiation, otherwise, of the long crimes and crafty corruption of the aristocracy."

(To be continued.)

* *The Decline of England*. By Ledru Rollin. (In two volumes. Vol. 1.) London: E. Churton, 28, Holles street.

Poetry for the People.

A CALL TO THE PEOPLE.

PEOPLE of England! rouse ye from this dreaming—
 'Sinev your souls for Freedom's glorious leap!
 Look to the Future! lo! our dayspring's gleaming,
 And a pulse stirs that never more shall sleep
 In the world's heart. Men's eyes like stars are throbbing!
 The traitor-kings turn pale in Pleasure's bower!
 And at the sound that comes like thunder sobbing,
 The leaves from Royalty's tree fall hour by hour,—
 Earthquakes leap in our temples, crumbling throne
 and power!

Vampires have lapped the human heart's best blood;
 Kings robbed, and Priests have cursed us in God's name!
 Out in the midnight of the Past we've stood,
 While fiends of darkness plied their hellish game;
 We have been worshipping a gilded crown,
 Which drew Heaven's lightning-laughter on our head!
 Chains fell on us as we were bending down:
 We deemed our gods divine, but lo! instead
 They are but painted clay!—with morn the charm hath
 fled!

Call ye this "Merrie England?" this the place—
 The cradle of great souls self-defined—
 Where smiles once revelled in the Peasant's face,
 Ere hearts were masked by gold, lips steeped in pride?
 Where Toil, with open brow, went on light-hearted?
 Where twain in love, last never thrust apart?
 Then is the glory of our life departed—
 From us who sit and nurse this bleeding smart,
 And slink afraid to break the laws that break the heart?

Hushed be ye herald on the walls of Fame,
 Trumpling this people as their country's pride!
 Weep rather with your souls on fire with shame:
 See ye not how the palled knaves deride—
 Us easily-flattered fools?—how priestcraft stealthy
 Stabs at our freedom thro' its veil of night,
 Plundering the poor to flush its coffers wealthy?
 Hear how the land groans in the grip of Might,
 Then quaff your cup of Wrongs, and laud a "Briton's
 Right!"

There's not a spot in all this flowery land
 Where Tyranny's scatheful footmark has not been:
 Oh! were it not for its all-blasting brand,
 Dear God! what a sweet heaven this might have been!
 Has it not hunted forth our spirits brave—
 Killed the red rose that crowned our vaunted daughter's,
 Wedded our living thoughts to the dark grave,
 Filled happy homes with strife, the world with slaughters?
 And turned our thoughts to blood,—to gall the heart's
 sweet waters!

Go forth when night is hushed, and Heaven is clothed
 With smiling stars that in God's presence roll:
 Feel the proud spirit leap to them betrothed,
 As angel-wings were fanning in the soul:
 Feel the hot tears flood in the eyes up-turning,
 The tide of goodness heave its brightest waves;—
 Then is it not hard to clash the godward yearning
 With the mad thought that ye are still earth's slaves?
 Oh! how long will ye make your hearts its living graves?

Is the love dead that nerved our ancient sires,
 Who, bleeding, wrung their rights from tyrants olden?
 God-spirits have been here for Freedom's fires,
 From out their ashes to earth's heart unfolden,
 The mighty dead lie slumbering around!
 Their names come as if God's soul shook the air;
 Life leaps from where their dust makes holy-ground:
 Their deeds spring forth in glory! live all where!
 And are we traitors to that eternal trust we bear?

O, but to give ye, slaves! this heart of mine,
 'Twere sweet to kiss the scaffold-block to-morrow!
 To proudly leap death's darkness, to let shine
 The Future's hope thro' your soul-binding sorrow!
 There is a chasm in the coming years
 A gap for Strife's Niagara of blood!
 Or to be filled with our slow ceaseless tears,
 Ere it be bridged by bond of Brotherhood!
 We've yet to stand in fight, true as the Spartan stood!

Immortal Liberty, I see thee stand
 Like morn just step from Heaven, fresh on a mountain;
 With rosy feet, and blessing-laden hand;
 Thy brow star-crowned! thy heart love's living fountain!
 O when wilt thou string on the People's lyre
 Joy's broken chord? and on the People's brow
 Place Empire's crown? light up thy beacon-fire
 Within their hearts with an undying glow,
 Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk with now?

Old poets tell us of a golden age
 When earth was sinless—gods the guests of men—
 Ere guilt had dimmed the heart's illumined page;
 And Sinai-voices say 'twill come again!
 Oh! happy age, when love reigns in each heart,
 And time to live shall be the poor man's dower;
 When martyrs bleed no more, nor poets smart;
 Mind be the only diadem of power!
 People! it ripens now! awake and strike the hour!

Hearts high and mighty gather in our cause;
 Bless! bless, O God! and crown their earnest labour!
 Who dauntless go to win us equal laws,
 With brain-wrought armour, and with spirit-sabre.
 Bless! bless, O God! the proud Intelligence
 That, like a sun, dawns on the People's forehead!
 Humanity springs from them like incense!
 The Future bursts upon them, boundless, starried!
 They weep repenting tears that they so long have tarried!
 BANDIERA.

LIFE IN LONDON.

THESWORD AND SNAKE SWALLOWER.

CONCERNING sword-swallowing, I had the subjoined narrative from a fat-faced man, with what may be called a first-rate clown's look, and of grave manners. He and Ramo Samee are, I understand, the only sword swallowers now living—and both are old men. Ramo Samee is the once famous Indian juggler:—

"I have been connected with the conjuring and tumbling professions, and every branch of them for 46 years. I lost my mother when a child, and my father was a carpenter, and allowed me to go with the tumblers. I continued tumbling until my feet were knocked up. Six and twenty years ago I began to practice sword-swallowing against the celebrated Ramo Samee, who was then getting £25 and £30 a week. I first practised with a cane, and found it difficult to get the cane down. When I first did it with a cane, I thought I was a dead man. There's an aperture in the chest which opens and shuts; and it keeps opening and shutting, as I understand it; but I know nothing about what they call anatomy, and never thought about such things. Well, if the cane or sword go down upon this aperture when its shut, it can go no further, and the pain is dreadful. If its open, the weapon can go through, the aperture closing on the weapon. The first time I put down the cane, I got it back easily, but put my head on the table, and was very sick vomiting dreadfully. I tried again the same afternoon, however, three or four times after, and did it without pain. I did it two or three times more, and next day boldly tried it with a sword and succeeded. The sword was blunt, and was 36 inches long, an inch wide, and perhaps the sixth of an inch thick. I felt frightened with the cane, but not with the sword. Before the sword was used, it was rubbed with a handkerchief and made warm by friction. I swallowed swords for 14 years. At one time I used to swallow three swords, a knife, and two forks, of course keeping the handles in my mouth, and having all the blades in my stomach together. I felt no pain. No doubt many of the audience felt far more pain at seeing it than I in doing it. I wore a Turkish dress both in the streets and in the theatres. I never saw ladies faint at my performance. Gentlemen often pulled the swords and knives by their handles out of my mouth, to convince themselves it was real, and they found it real, though people to this day generally believe its not. I've sometimes seen people shudder at my performance, but I generally had loud applause. I used to hold my head with the swords in my stomach for two or three minutes. I've had a guinea a day for sword swallowing. This guinea a day was only for a few days at fair times. I was with old 'salt-box' Brown too, and swallowed swords and conjured with him. I swallowed swords with him thirty times a day—more than one each time, sometimes three or four. I had a third of the profits; Brown had two-thirds. We divided after all expenses were paid. My third might have been 30s. a week, but it wouldn't be half as much now if I could swallow swords still. If I could swallow a tea kettle now the people would hardly look at me.

At last I injured my health so much that I was obliged to go to the doctor's. I used to eat well, and drink too. When I felt myself injured by the swallowing I had lost my appetite, and the doctor advised me to take honey. I was three months on his hands, living on honey and liquids, tea, beer, and sometimes a drop of grog. At three months' end he told me, if I swallowed swords, it would be

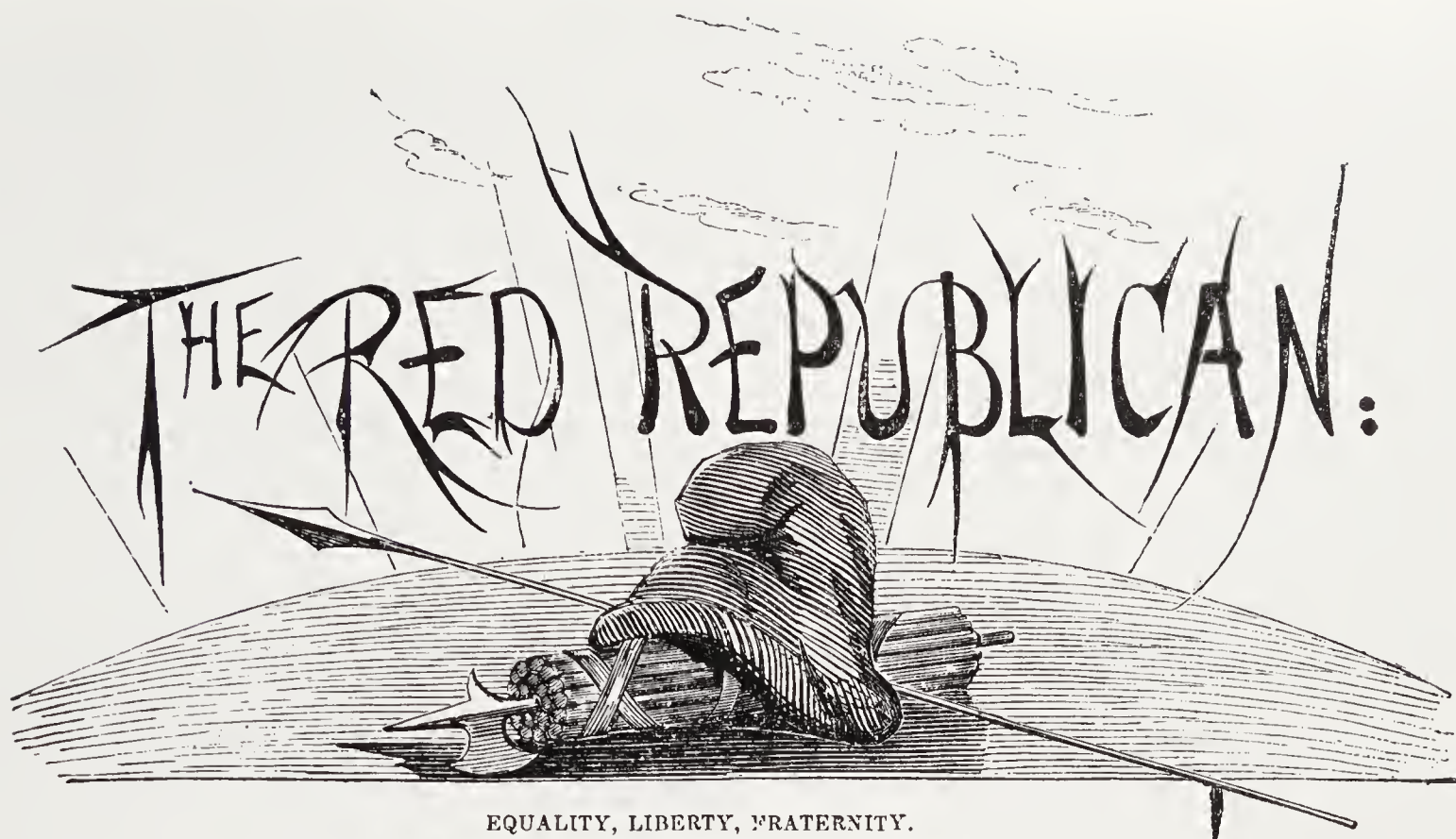
my death; but for all that I was forced to swallow the swords to get a meal to swallow. I kept swallowing swords three or four years after this not feeling any great suffering. I then thought I would swallow a live snake. I'd never heard of any one, Indian or anybody, swallowing a live snake. It came into my head once by catching a grass snake in the fields in Norfolk. I said to myself, as I held it by the neck, "there seems no harm in this fellow, I'll try if I can swallow him." I tried then and there, and I *did* swallow him. It felt cold and slimy as it went down. I didn't feel afraid, for I kept tight hold of him by the tail; and no one has any business to be afraid of a grass snake. When I brought the snake up again, in about three minutes, it seemed dead. After that I introduced snake swallowing into my public performances, and did so for about four years. I have taken 5s. and as low as 1s. when I swallowed snakes in the streets of London. I caught my own snakes a few miles from London, and killed very few through swallowing on 'em. Six snakes, properly fed on milk, lasted me a year. The snakes never injured me; and I shouldn't have given it up, but the performance grew stale, and people wouldn't give me anything for it. I have tried other things in the hopes of bettering myself. I have tried shoemaking, and for five or six years, but couldn't get a living at it. Very many like me remain in the street business, because they can't get out of it; that's the fact. Whilst I swallowed swords and snakes I played the fire-eater. I did it once or twice last week. I eat red-hot cinders from the grate, at least I put them in my mouth; really red-hot cinders. I have had melted lead in my mouth. I only use a bit of chalk. I chalk my palate, tongue, and fingers; it hardens the skin of the tongue and palate, but that's all. Fire-eating affects the taste for a time, or rather it prevents one tasting anything very particularly. I've eaten fire for 20 years in the streets and in public places. It hasn't brought any money of late years. I wasn't afraid when I first tried it, and I first tried it by eating a lighted link—a small flambeau. I felt no inconvenience. The chalk did everything that was right. You may stroke a red hot poker with chalked hands, and not be burnt. Perhaps I average 12s. a week, and have a wife and six children, the oldest under eleven, to maintain out of that. Sometimes we're obliged to live upon nothing. There's one good thing coming from sword swallowing that I ought to mention. I'm satisfied that Ramo Samee and I gave the doctors their notions about a stomach-pump."

THE POET.

THE POET.—When a true Poet is born, a spirit be comes incarnate, which embraces the whole rude earth as with the soft arms of a glorifying atmosphere. The inarticulate moan of the down-trodden he shall clothe in language, and so wing it with music divine, that the dullest heart shall look up and feel itself knocking at heaven's gates. And when such a spirit comes forth its heavenly palace, where it had been wrapped softly in the imperial purple of noble purposes and happy dreams, and tended by all the majestic spirits of the past, when it comes forth in obedience to the beckonings of these, its benignant guardians, saying, "Behold, my brethren are a hungered, and I will feed them; they are athirst, and I will give them drink—nay plenty is for them, else it is beggary and starving." And is jeered at and flouted because it can speak only in the tongue of the heaven whence it came—what bewildering bitterness—what trembling—what trustfulness mocked into despair, become its portion! And yet from its hurts flows a celestial ichor as from a wounded god. And who would change the sorrowful words of the poet for his glad ones?

T. R. LOWELL.

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SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

III.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress;—I plead me guilty."—SOURDIS.

THE TRUCULENT "TIMES" AND THE RUFFIANLY ROYALISTS.

"OH! for a tongue to curse"—the villanous Press of this country; the prime obstacle to popular progress, the most formidable of these hellish powers—which like the monstrous creations of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death"—menace with destruction the daring and dauntless Reformer who, like the hero of the inspired tinker's dream, sets forward in search of that better land, that Elysium of Freedom and Happiness, which prophets have predicted, poets announced, and martyrs died for,—that glorious Future guaranteed by the faith enunciated in the inspired words of St. Simon:—"The Golden Age (placed in the Past by blind Tradition), is *before* us."

To denounce the Press (a few, a *very* few, journals excepted) as the worst of the enemies arrayed against the political and social claims of the masses, is no abuse of words, no exaggeration of language. It is the truth, the naked truth, neither more nor less. It is true that "the Fourth Estate," is the most powerful of all "the estates of these realms;" and not less true it is—"and pity 'tis, 'tis true"—that this most influential institution is the most gigantic evil of this age. In the period of its youth the Press was the great instrument of progression. It laid bare the atrocities of aristocratical usurpation and unmasked

the frauds of sacerdotal craft. It did much towards dispelling the mists of superstition, and enthroning Reason as the supreme arbiter in the mental conflicts of the human race. It humbled the arrogance of Priests, brought low the haughtiness of Aristocrats, and overthrow the thrones of Kings. No wonder that this new and terrible power carried dismay into the recesses of royal cabinets, and caused fear and quaking in the breasts of the mighty of the earth. No wonder that one of those mighty impostors (they deemed themselves *almighty*!) observed:—"We must destroy this new thing, or it will destroy us." No wonder that in their hatred, inspired by fear, the kings and the princes and the great captains of the brigand classes, took counsel together, and resolved to extinguish, or at least fetter, cripple, and emasculate the press, by the persecution, torture, and assassination of writers, printers, and publishers. But vain the rack, the rope, the dungeon, confiscation, and all the other means of vengeance employed to choke the utterance of Free Thought. As long as the Press was under the ban of tyrants it flourished in spite of them. As long, indeed, as the middle-classes were under the heel of the "superior orders," the Press remained faithful to its first mission:—the advocacy of Truth and Freedom.

But new times and new men arrived. The middle-classes, aided by the Proletarians, conquered the power to share the supremacy of the State with those who were formerly their lords and masters. More crafty than the men of force, the men of fraud had recourse to corruption in lieu of persecution; and the Press, from being the pioneer of Progress and the champion of Right, became the lacquy of Oppression and the relentless enemy of Eternal Justice.

Reviewing the conduct of the Press during the last few years, who will dare to deny that the most "influential journals" have been arrayed against the Peoples, in support of the sanguinary tyrants of Europe? Patriots the most virtuous, devoted, and humane, have been calumniated as corrupt, cowardly, and blood-thirsty; while those incarnate devils,—kings and military brigands, have been lauded as angels of beneficence and saviours of society. Every act of heroism on the part of the people has been decried, every insurrection against tyranny has been denounced, every revolution, however glorious, has been calumniated by that Press

"Who's treason—like a deadly blight—
Comes o'er the triumphs of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might."

While, on the other hand, every act of perfidy, cruelty, and reactionary crime has been excused, and even vindicated and applauded, by the scoundrelly crew of anonymous assassins who, for the bread they eat, sell themselves body and soul to do the dirty work assigned them by the ruling classes—that of prostituting the Press to the service of triumphant crime, dominating Privilege, and omnipotent Wealth.

In this work of villany the truculent *Times* has been the foremost and the chief. In the baseness of its hate it has pursued the unfortunate and the proscribed; and the exiles who have been driven by tyrants from their own soil have been the chosen objects of the most unscrupulous calumny.

Some few months ago a pamphlet was published in Paris by one Chemu, a Russian who having had some slight connexion with the Republicans, and having turned traitor, pretended to make certain revelations of the leaders of that party. Caussidière, prefect of Police under the provisional government;

but who has been for some time past an exile in this country, was specially singled out for the most revolting calumnies. Chenu's pamphlet was a God-send to the villainous press-gang of this country, and the *Times*, *Post*, *Chronicle* &c., published copious extracts therefrom with the view of discrediting the French Republic, and of personally injuring Citizen Caussidière. The victim of Chenu's libels wrote to the *Times* a statement in answer to the extracts published in that paper, and to the Editor's comments thereon; which of course the *Times* refused to publish. An action for libel was then brought against the *Times* and *Post*, which is still pending. The following letter from one of Chenu's principal "witnesses," originally published in the *République*. (Paris paper,) reveals the utter falsehood of Chenu's libels, and the infamous means now being taken by the *Times* to buy up false witnesses, fellows who for the "blood-money" of Printing-house-square, will undertake to swear to the truth of Chenu's lies, and thereby enable the *Times* to baffle Caussidière in his pursuit of justice.

To the Editor of the "REPUBLIQUE."

CITIZEN,—In the interest of justice and truth I beg you will insert the following letter:—

Last Monday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in accordance with the invitation I had received, I went to the Rue de la Paix, to the house of an English barrister, to give him some information relative to the citizen Caussidière, respecting a trial for defamation, which the ex-Prefect of Police has entered against the *Times* journal at London, for the re-publication of several passages of the libel—*The Conspirators*.

It was also required that I should go to London as a paid witness.

I here insert the precise words that were said to me on the subject.

The law will pay the expenses of your journey and of your stay in London, but as we know that several witnesses care little to go to London for the simple pleasure of making the journey, and deposing against Caussidière, a confidential man will place in the hands of each witness a sum of 500 francs (£20), either on his entering the railway carriage in Paris, or stepping on board the steamer at Boulogne. The other 500 francs will be paid after the evidence is given. There is therefore a note for 1,000 francs to be earned; what do you decide?

The English barrister, the agent of the *Times* journal, having begged me, when I should next visit him with my reply, to bring him a note at the same time, as to all I had seen at the Prefecture of Police in March, April, and May, 1848, I took the determination to furnish him with this note through the medium of your journal. It is as follows:—

During the daily visits made to the citizen Caussidière, I never observed that any of the accusations brought against him had the slightest foundation, and I affirm that all the odious imputations contained in the libel, *The Conspirators*, are nothing but the most infamous calumnies, published for the purpose of injuring the reputation of the ex-prefect of police and other citizens.

I was never charged by the citizen Pornin, whom I did not know, and whom I have never seen, with sending three hundred *vesuviennes* to the pretended ball at the Tuileries, as Chenu falsely asserts.

In my quality of an outrageous Royalist, and misled by perfidious suggestions, I have calumniated the citizen Caussidière: when in giving an account of the trial of my Grecian fire, exhibited in one of the courts of the Prefecture of Police, I attributed to him the intention of burning Paris. I equally calumniated the citizen Ledru Rollin, and although these two men had shown towards me marks

of interest, the remembrance of which I ought never to have lost.

But henceforth, I will not be the blind instrument of a base and perfidious party, and I will not again perjure myself by declaring, to serve abominable projects, that Caussidière is a debauchée, dreaming of nothing but fire and pillage. No, I am not the witness you seek! I scorn the money you offer, as I scorn him who made me sign the libel against Caussidière and Ledru-Rollin. This libel, which has been food for the credulity of the provinces, I have thrown into the fire, swearing, to escape forever from your incessant provocations, to make, in the face of all, a confession of my faults and of my errors.

I therefore solemnly declare that I abjure the odious part that has been imposed upon me: to serve, as it said, the party of order. It was not thus I had hoped to serve the Royalist cause, for which I braved the bullets and risked my life at the Hotel de Ville, on the 15th of May. I can understand an open-handed struggle, but slander and calumny I despise, and once more exclaim: "No, I am not your witness!"

Already twenty-two witnesses are enrolled and have pledged their consciences, but I hope my conduct will find imitators, and that the example I now set will not be lost upon men whom want and penury have driven for a moment to the vilest speculation.

I also hope by the sincerity of my repentance to merit the pardon of those I have so cruelly offended.

Health and fraternity,

BORME, jun., chemist.

76 and 83, Faubourg du Temple.

The above translation I take from Mr. Reynolds's excellent NEWSPAPER of Saturday last. Following the above is a second and lengthier letter—too lengthy to re-produce entire in this publication. Its leading points I proceed to indicate.

Borme makes confession of having been an agent of the Royalists, for the purpose of getting up plots to discredit, undermine, and overthrow, first the Republican chiefs, and then the Republic itself. So early as the 8th of March, 1848, the Royalists, having recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown by the 24th of February, directed their agent to form a legion of women, to be called the *Legion of Vesuviennes*. "I will publish," said the employer of Borme, "that the *Vesuviennes* of '48 are the 'Tricocheuses' (or knitters) of '93. The country, alarmed at this remembrance, will believe they see in perspective the re-establishment of the guillotine, so unluckily abolished." Fortunately the Provisional Government refused permission to enrol this projected corps; so that plot failed. Borme was next employed to organize an *Italian Legion*, the persons enlisted, little dreaming that they were to be sent to Rome to support the sacred cause of the Pope. On this being discovered, the scheme exploded. Borme was next instructed to organize an attempt at counter-revolution, to be commenced by an attack upon the Hotel de Ville. Borme it appears is the inventor, or professes to have invented, some combustible concoction which he denominates "the Grecian Fire" and this "Grecian Fire" was to have been employed in the onslaught upon the Republic. At the moment of action, the Royalist conspirators grew faint-hearted, and, fearful of burning their own fingers, adjourned the execution of their treasonable designs. Borme next took an active part in the manifestation of the 15th of May, which ended in the arrest of Barbes, Blanqui, Raspail, and others. Borme and

his followers, paid for the job, took a leading part in the invasion of the Assembly, and were foremost in instigating the excited multitude to the acts of folly committed on that day. Borme says:—"I had come without arms, but the author of the note (his employer) gave me a sword at the very moment that Hubert pronounced the dissolution of the National Assembly. In face of the crowd stationed on the bridge, I immediately waved my sword, and cried, 'To the Hotel de Ville!'" He goes on to state that he observed Louis Blanc struggling against those who sought to force him to the Hotel de Ville, many of whom were Borme's own men, and he heard Louis Blanc say:—"I will not go to the Hotel de Ville with you: I have made the sacrifice of my life to democracy, but I will not expose yours. In what is now taking place, I see nothing; but a snare laid for the Mountain and the Republic." Arrived himself at the Hotel de Ville, Borme, who was masquerading in the character of an out-and-out patriot, was called upon to write the letters convoking the delegates of the people. "I commenced," says he, "my labour by striking from the impressions the headings,—*In the name of the French Republic*, and by replacing them with these words: *In the name of the Regency*. This step was imperatively prescribed by the author of the note, who was to have come with his friends; but, prudent as he was skilful, he came not." Borme was arrested; and while detained in the Conciergerie, received numerous letters intended to intimidate him from revealing the Royalist conspiracy. He was at the same time advised to "place all to the account of Caussidière." "He will be tried in a week," said Borme's employers, "and you can strike him without fear." In the event of the Royalist conspiracy succeeding, Borme was to be recompensed with the rank of colonel, and the post of governor of Versailles. In August (1848) while yet in the Conciergerie, he made the acquaintance of Chenu, who confessed to him all his (Chenu's) rascalities, and the number of democrats he had victimized. That miscreant advised Borme to forge an information to the effect that Caussidière, having designed to burn Paris, had ordered ten thousand bottles of his "Grecian fire"! After eleven months' detention, Borme was set at liberty, and found himself a ruined man, "notwithstanding," as he says, "that I had been in continual correspondence with ex-deputies, the ministers of Louis Philippe, whom I received daily at my house." The conclusion of the letter must be given in full:—

"From July 1849 to February, 1850, I kept myself aloof; I was completely discouraged and overwhelmed with disgust. One day I encountered Chenu in a hired cabriolet; he was going, he said to me, to the Ministry of War to search for a document he required in order to reply to Caussidière; he added that he laughed at his threats; that he was proscribed, and that in consequence he could defame him without fear of any results. He spoke to me of his pamphlet, saying that the club of the Electoral Union (conservatives, royalists, &c.) had advanced the sum necessary for its publication.

"Two days after this encounter, I received a visit from Chenu,—he said to me:—'I am in correspondence with the most influential persons in Paris, and I am in a position to put a good thing in your way. Sell me three hundred bottles of your Grecian fire, they shall be buried in the Park of Versailles, they shall be discovered by chance, you shall then declare that they were deposited in the Park of Versailles.'"

and that they were intended for the burning of Paris? I asked him who instigated him in all this? He replied to me: 'Be easy; it is the same person who made me write my pamphlet; he is more powerful than all the ministers; it is the President of the National Assembly, M. Dupin.' Seeing my hesitation, he added: 'For the rest, if you have no confidence in me, write a note against Caussidiere and Ledru-Rollin (this was his fixed idea), address it to the President of the Electoral Union, and finish the affair yourself.'

"I partly yielded to these insinuations; I consented to sign a pamphlet which had been compiled by an editor of a royalist journal, and I received a sum of money. But, devoured by remorse, I sent back the price of my shame, and I tore up the libel."

"At length we arrive at the affair of the suborning of the witnesses, directed by Chenu, who himself conducted me to the English barrister (Mr. Dickson, 10, Rue de la Paix). But in spite of all temptation, I persisted in my good resolutions, and I publish my present letter."

I have considered it an imperative duty to place the above revelations on record in the RED REPUBLICAN. They serve to show the inexhaustible scoundrelism of the truculent *Times*. They serve also to unveil the innate baseness and irreclaimable villany of the ruffianly Royalists—miscreants, with whom it is impossible to live on terms of amity; tyrants when in the ascendant, and conspirators when in the dust, they are the eternal enemies of humanity, and as such should be dealt with. In the hour of their next triumph, may the people remember the lesson bitter experience must have taught them, that those who will neither govern justly, nor submit to the rule of justice, are outlaws to the human race, and "should be pursued, not as ordinary criminals, but as assassins and brigand rebels."

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

POETRY TO BE LIVED.

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever," sang the sweet poet John Keats, and poetry is a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. The world is full of poetry—the poetry that never dies, written by the finger of the everlasting on the mountains and clouds, the woods and the ripe waving corn, the faces of brave men and beautiful women; and the world is as full of this poetry now as it was in the old time of love. The sun shines as gloriously in heaven to-day as it did a thousand years ago; the birds sing as sweetly on the blossomed boughs at this hour as they sang in fabled Eden, when the young world unfolded to life and loveliness in the budding Creation's morning birth; and the flowers, the dear innocent flowers that we love so much, bristful of God's own poetry for the human heart; the flowers that smile up in our faces as though they knew we ought to have happy hearts and cheerful countenances,—the glorious flowers that start up at the voice of Spring wherever we tread; many, and wonderful, as though the awakened earth had opened a million gamesome starry eyes, and, march, over the meadows and the hills, the green roadside, and the lone groves, waving to every wind of heaven their banner of conquering beauty, they bloom as beautiful on the earth's green bosom now, as when the world's grey fathers offered up sacrifice on the verdant sod! Poetry lives everywhere, in the budding, bright, melodious hour of the balmy morning; in the starry tenderness of midnight; in the glorious greenery of the grand old woods, musical with myriads of merry singers, that call us forth with the voice of ten thousand welcomes; in the sublime old mountain peak that lifts its hoary front up against the sky, and through the eternal ages worships in the religion of silence. It lives in the magnificent ocean, and the little laughing streamlet, the thunder of the tempest, and the song of the bird,—all of these are

full of poetry, the poetry that never dies, the thing of beauty and the joy for ever! And the highest poetry that we can embody in our works and lives is akin to this,—the poetry of the eternal; the highest poetry is above the schisms of sect and the pinnacle of party zeal; we ascend by its influence up the mount of Transfiguration, the splendour of God is upon us, and we feel it is good to be there! The commonest nature has some divine touch of poetry in it—crushed and degraded as we are, worn down by suffering and sorrow, blighted by the dry-rot of slavery, and the branding stamp of tyranny, there are times when we walk on the angel-side of life, and feel that our lives do not all turn in darkness—and the generous aspiration will be stirring at the heart, the sweet tears will be starting to the eyes, and we know we might have been something better, and lived a nobler life, if the world had done justice by us. Those tears are as a telescope to the soul, through which it catches big glimpses of the infinite: and those aspirations realize unto us the highest kind of poetry—the poetry to be lived. All honour to the noble hearts who have given out their lives in proud and glorious poetry, and with their trumpet-strains of freedom, championed the peoples till the walls of Tyranny have fallen flat like the walls of Jericho before the Israelites of old.—God's blessing, and the blessing of our humanity, on the brave spirits who have sought to trim the divine lamp of poetry in the poor man's heart and home—to add a blessed beauty to his daily life, who, with a seraphic purpose of good, have permeated the poor man's cottage with divine influences, stolen, like the waters of life into the desert nooks of the world, and made the arid waste fruitful! But it was in the absence of the reality that the poets have sought to win us with their ideal fancies; the actual world was cold and desolate, and they have kept Eden alive, fresh, and green, in their hearts, and from thence created a world of glorious imagination to live in. But the delight they give, is but as bringing a green sod of earth to the poor caged sky-lark, in its smoky city prison—outside still lies the boundless land of loveliness, the tender green fields, the summer-blue heaven, the waving woods with their tides of green-leaf seas rippling up the wind! the streams in the leafy dells prattling of their whereabouts with sweet and endless laughter, the songs of birds, and all the glad and glorious world—bright and beautiful, as though there were neither a grave or sorrow in it! And all this is meant for us, with its beauty and its plenty, its freedom and its happiness, else is the poet's song a lure of the syren, and the boundless good with which his heart gushes, mere beggary and utter starvation. There is more poetry to be lived than to be written! There is no poetry like to that of a noble life, wrought out amidst suffering and martyrdom; there is no poetry like to that of playing a proud part in the byeways and the nooks of the world—and, after all, the unknown heroism, the unchronicled greatness, and the unwritten poetry of the world, are its most glorious graces—there is no poetry like that of living a noble life, and there be many of God's own lion-hearted heroes who have lived, and others who are now living, in the foodless garret and the fireless cellar, with a moral glory gilding their martyr lives, which would eclipse any amount of written poetry. Take the life of Christ, which in itself is a perfect poem; it is written of him that "he went about doing good. And when he had preached his glorious equality and brotherhood, he bade defiance to all tyrants, and died in defence of his principles! He dared to live his poetry—it was welded in the iron of his life! And it is not written poetry that speaks to us from the thoru-crowned martyr of Calvary—it is the poetry of noble actions and deathless deeds! It is not written poetry that speaks to us from the gallant land of the Magyar, when immortal Kossuth, like one of the old Hebrew bards, filled with divinest inspiration, roused the hero-hearted Hungarians to battle for their fatherland, and roll back the tide of war from its shores with a crash that

shattered the Austrian empire to its rotten core; or when the brothers, Bandiera, Mazzini, and other patriot souls, threw themselves into the gap to stay their country's destruction—the one to fall by the bloody weapons of their enemies, and to be consecrated evermore in the hearts of all the sons of progress—the other to live on, and rise from the waters of sorrow and the tides of affliction, like the lands of Egypt from the overflowing of the Nile, more flourishing and fruitful—for Mazzini is like Massena on the field of combat, who was never so much himself as when the battle went sorest against him—when he arose in all the pride and strength of conquest, put on the robes of triumph, and went forth victorious! That was the poetry of noble actions and deathless deeds. Witness also the life of the poet Milton; grandly magnificent as is the poetry of "Paradise Lost,"—there was a nobler, a truer poetry, in the life of the stern old republican. Of all the poets upon record, the life of Milton was the proudest, the completest, the manfullest. The life of Shakspeare was a chequered youth, a green old age. Coleridge's was dreaming and weird-like. Byron's was the storm, the grandeur, and the gloom of the tempest, his poetry was like fruit on the side of Etna! Shelley's was like a drama, wherein Christ, Rousseau, and Ophelia should play their parts! and Keats—dear Keats!—his life was like the song of the nightingale, heard in the rich, still summer night, pouring her soul out on the balmy air, in passionate cadences, singing you into tears, as though the old fable were true that she sang with the thorn in her bleeding bosom. But Milton's life was a colossal epic, ponderous but complete in all its parts; in his youth he was a model of beauty and purity, in his manhood a stern and valiant warrior in the Republican camp—the compatriot and coadjutor of Cromwell and Hampden, and the other mighty men of the Commonwealth: and then, in his old age, when he had battled and wrestled for the cause of liberty—till he was blind—when the martyrs were sleeping in their bloody graves, when the second Charles had made the court of England once more a beastly brothel—when his compeers, Ireton and Bradshaw, were dragged from their tombs, and hung up to rot on the gibbet—still we find the immortal old man, battling on in the good old cause, "bating no jot of heart or hope," true as ever to his principles—firm as ever in the Republican cause, and bidding defiance to despot, death, and devil!

Brother Working-men, let us endeavour to live this poetry in our lives! I know how the untoward circumstances will hem round, and, like hounds of hell, bay at the aspiring soul; but still struggle on. It may be ye are born where light never comes, and where birth is the very sepulchre of the soul—still hold on, for the day is breaking, and a light is coming whereby the poor man may read the many beautiful meanings that are so rudely inscribed on the chamber-walls of his life! Never give up; there are lions in the way to the gate which is called "Beautiful," but, if you will but dare to go closer, you shall see they are chained; only dare to look a lie in the face, and you have already half conquered!

"Never give up! 'tis the secret of glory,
Nothing more wise can philosophy preach;
Think of the men who are famous in story,
Never give up! is the lesson they teach."

"How have they compassed immortal achievements?
How have they moulded the world to their will?
'Tis that thro' dangers, and woes, and bereavements,
Never give up! was their principle still."

They have borne the cross of suffering—they have endured and conquered, and even as they have done, so may we—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Let us live noble lives, and they shall be as footprints in the sands of time to those who follow after us. It is of little use that we proclaim our-

selves to be Democrats unless we live our principles in our lives, which should be living epistles of our truthfulness to all men. The man who is a slave to his own vices, his own passions, would be a slave still, even through all the Political and Social tyranny which we war with, were abolished tomorrow; and a man who is a tyrant in his own household would be a tyrant in a Cabinet or a Crown. Slaves are progenitors of Tyrants, and tyrants the poison-spawn of slaves. Slaves are tyrants in the grub, and tyrants are only slaves mounting on the wings of power. Believe, my brothers, these divine ideas of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, will need another birth-place than the barricade, another baptism than that of blood, they demand a birth and baptism in the souls of pure and earnest men. They who cherish our principles should keep them as unsullied as their heart's first love, and in all circumstances keep some corner of the heart as a temple of the beautiful for them to dwell in. The exponents of Democracy cannot render their lives too God-like. Think of the glorious aspiration bodied forth in Longfellow's noble poem "Excelsior." Excelsior, up higher—higher, evermore higher; that same Excelsior has been the very life-pulse beating in the hearts of all who have endeavoured to write their names in starry glory, side by side the suns of immortality. The old man warns him that the path is dangerous—he can see the light of happy homes welcoming him in; the lovely maiden bids him stay and rest his weary head on the soft pillow of her budding bosom; but stern in the work he has to perform, filled with the might of his proud mission, he answers warning, welcome, and lure, with the clarion-cry of "Excelsior." And "Excelsior" up higher, still higher, even though those we love should bid us stay; though friends should fail and the night gather darkly around; though the scaffold frown, the axe gleam, and the grave gape, still let us lift the shout "Excelsior." Let us bear the banner of our cause heavenward, and let the winds and the glorious sunshine of heaven play upon it so that all the world may read what is written thereon, and not trail it in the mire and dust at our feet. And even though we may never reach the political and social Canaan for which we are suffering and struggling; even though we may never reach the mount Pisgah of the Future and look on the land of promise; nevertheless, let us do something to render the journey easier to those who follow after; let us plant our footsteps firmly up the mountain ascent of our up-hill battle—so that others who follow in our track shall see where our foot-print have beaten out the rugged road, and with tears of joy, bless those who have gone before; and if, when we have toiled and struggled, we shall still fall by the wayside and perish—if when we come to the last dark hour of the soul's dumb agony that leap in the dark, Death—and there should be nothing beyond, if it be merely a long and welcome sleep which we have been rehearsing every night for years, and nothing more, why then, conscious of the integrity of our own being—that we have ever combatted for the Right and warred with Wrong—endeavouring to leave a better and happier world for our having lived in it—we shall lie down like a tired child to rest, and welcome annihilation as a very joy. On the other hand, if there be a conscious Future, if the Spirit should burst the cold clutch of death and the ceremonies of the grave—crack into glorious wings of splendour, and soar, and soar for evermore into the boundless realm of being—if we should meet with the mighty men of old, with whose spirits we have held sweet converse here, the prophets, apostles, and martyrs who once on earth struggled hard as we do now, with sufferings, tribulations, and tears—if we should meet with the gods among immortals, Socrates, "the sans-culotte Christ," Shakspeare, Shelley, Rienzi,

"See Milton's eyes no longer dim,
See seraphs walk with slander'd Pym,"

why then we may rest assured that even as we

have sown on earth, so shall we reap in the fields of destiny. I say it is of no use for the sham, the slave, the sensualist, and the coward, to proclaim themselves to be Democrats. Red Republicans, the hour is coming that will put them to the proof, and it will need a faith that will never tire—a courage that will blench not!

BANDIERA.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 113, Fleet-street, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor as above.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE RED REPUBLICAN.—June 28th: John Sidway, 2s. 6d.; Andrew Fagin Bain, 5s. 0d.; C. Stevenson, 6d.; James Taylor, Glasgow, 4s. 6d. "THE NONCONFORMIST."—This organ of the Cromwellians gives the following:—"Julian Harney, the Chartist writer, is bringing out a new weekly publication, bearing the questionable title, *The Red Republican*." How "questionable," good *Noncon*? The most unquestionable title ever adopted by party, or by paper, is unquestionably that of "RED REPUBLICAN. *Nonconformist* may mean this, or that, or 'tother thing, or nothing at all, save a barren negative. But about our title there can be no mistake. The red banner admits of no question."

"A RED."—You are right. BAKUNIN, the Russian patriot, is one of the most heroic and truly noble of the martyr-spirits of this age. Even his enemies testify to his disinterested heroism, when they charge him with having been "one of the most active of the revolutionary leaders in all the movements of 1848." He was in Paris soon after the days of February, where the Editor of this publication met him, at the office of the *Reforme*. Subsequently, BAKUNIN took part in the insurrection of Vienna. After many hair-breadth escapes he appeared at Dresden, in May, 1849, and in the insurrection which took place in that city, he by his superior energy obtained the chief post in the Committee of Public Safety. The perjured scoundrel, known by "the style and title" of King of Saxony, fled to a fortress, having first sent to his worthy Comroque—whose name is synonymous with falsehood and hypocrisy—Frederick William of Prussia, for the loan of some thousands of hired assassins to help his own myrmidons in slaughtering the Dresden democrats. The Prussian butchers arrived, and by their help the cowardly crowned murderer won a dear-bought victory over the glorious, though unfortunate insurgents. Bakunin was taken prisoner, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death—a sentence, however, which the Saxon government shrunk from carrying into effect. After keeping him in prison upwards of a year, the wretched tyrant of Saxony has handed the Russian patriot over to Austria. By the Austrian government he may be tried for his participation in the Austrian revolts, or he may be by that power again delivered up to Russia, for as a Russian subject he is liable to a severe punishment for evading the military conscription, to escape which he fled to Germany. He is proscribed by France and Prussia, is liable to sentence of death in Austria and Baden, is actually under that sentence in Saxony, and if given up to Russia will be sent to Siberia. There, it is to be feared, he will encounter the doom of the martyr, Konarski—*death by torture*. Accused by the political impotence which leaves for such men only unheeded prayers and unavailing tears!

"THE PROSCRIBED.—REVIEW OF THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC."—We are informed that a new periodical work is about to appear in Paris, under the above title; to be edited by Ledru Rollin, Joseph Mazzini, and other eminent French, Italian, German, and Polish patriots. Our readers may expect to be made acquainted with the contents of this work as soon as published.

"THE DEMOCRATIC REFUGEES."—Our promised article is unavoidably postponed. In the meantime, we may express the hope that the Committee, formed for the purpose of obtaining assistance for the most destitute of the refugees, will meet with public support. We expect to be in a position to say more on this subject in our next number.

W. B.—Rochester.—We have received your kind letter, the poetry, &c. The subscription will be acknowledged in our next week's list.

C. F. NICHOLLS.—We agree with you as to the misuse of the term "Red," in the article you allude to.

"A YOUNG PROLETARIAN" writes:—"If possible a Destitute Aid Fund should be established, for the purpose of placing the 'Red' in the hands of every forlorn, crushed and destitute brother, who may be placed lowest of the low in the sliding scale of the present Hell upon Earth System of Society. I regret to state it is not in my power to aid you financially, therefore it must, for the present, be all lip sympathy from me; but nevertheless, I of course am a subscriber to the 'Red,' which I hope will obtain efficient aid and support in its advocacy of the Rights of the oppressed Working Classes."

"—In answer to this correspondent, we have to state that we do not know of any English version of the "Italian Marseillaise."

NOTICE.

The continuation of the Review of Ledru Rollin's work on "The Decline of England," is in type and will appear in our next number. Press of matter compels the postponement of several other articles.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer, that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

THE "RED REPUBLICAN" AND THE "LEADER."

ALTHOUGH we have not taken any steps to court the notice of our contemporaries, we find that already the RED REPUBLICAN is beginning to attract their attention. Glancing over last Saturday's impression of "The Leader"—a journal in which we usually find much to interest us, though exceedingly little we can agree with—our eyes rested on the following paragraph. The writer (in the *Leader*), under the head of "Literature," is speaking of the state of the Press in other countries, and remarks that on the continent:—

"The reaction is all in favour of absolutism and suppression of free thought. In France they are insolently rehabilitating the Inquisition; in Germany as in France they are suppressing all the journals which criticise their acts. To read the prosecutions directed against the press, to see upon what grounds journals are seized, editors imprisoned and fined, while it rouses the deepest indignation in our minds, accompanied by the hope that such insolent tyranny will speedily meet its terrible retribution, rouses at the same time a feeling of hopeful pride that we in England are beyond such shameless exercise of power. England does not find that free discussion shakes her power. We have 'differences' enough, yet we do not dread them. Doubtless there are many who would willingly prevent the publication of all anti-Church and anti-State opinions, but we have gained practical liberty enough to see that the best cure for the evils of error is *refutation*, not *suppression*. A paper so violent and audacious as JULIAN HARNEY'S '*Red Republican*,' could only exist in England, and, threatening as its contents are, there is greater safety in allowing the free utterance of its WRATHFUL EARNESTNESS than there would be in suppressing it."

Let the enemies of the RED REPUBLICAN refute its "contents" if they can. We expect that the government will be sufficiently wise not to attempt to silence us by suppression. Any attempt of the kind would infallibly result in adding to our present influence. We do not say this boastfully or defyingly. We do not imitate the glorious, though unfortunate patriot, MITCHEL, in telling England's rulers that we will put them down, or they shall put us down; and, we do not do so because we feel the full force of the lesson read to MITCHEL, we feel that we have not at this moment a power at our back strong enough to enable us to act up to any such defiance. We shall bark when ready to bite, not before. Our mission is to popularize the principles of

Red Republicanism, to unfurl a banner, announce a faith, and clear the way for those more powerful who will follow. In taking this course we are not conscious of "violence" or "audacity;" unless, in the estimation of the *Leader*, violence and audacity consist in openly avowing our principles,—proclaiming that which we deem the truth, and calling things by their right names—a spade, a "spade;" and a brigand, a "brigand." We admit the charge of being earnestly wrathful, and wrathfully in earnest. We are so because we know the present state of society to be an "organized hypocrisy," the government "a mockery" of justice, and the law "a delusion and a snare." In "wrathful earnestness" we have come forth to battle for the long suffering Helots of our country, and of all nations; to pioneer the way, and make straight the path for the march of Labour's children to the recovery of their natural heritage. Certain correspondents of the *Leader* are amusing themselves by arguing that the suffrage is not a natural right, and that to invest the working classes with the franchise would be to give to them the domination over other classes. The "natural right" question we may discuss some other time; but as regards the working men swamping other classes, the answer is easy:—*other classes have no right even to exist.* To prepare the way for the absolute supremacy of the working classes (under which designation we include all real workers), preparatory to the abolition of the system of classes, is the mission of the RED REPUBLICAN.

Not lightly have we undertaken this mission. We have estimated the cost, and are prepared for the consequences. And although (to quote Tennyson)—

We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved Earth and Heaven, that which we are, we are
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

THE EXPERIMENT OF AMERICAN REPUBLICANISM.—"They that engaged in this revolution were not afraid of new experiments, if founded on the immutable principle of right, and approved by the sober convictions of reason. There were not wanting then, indeed, as there are not wanting now, pale counsellors to fear, who would have withheld them from the course they were pursuing, because it tended in a direction hitherto untrod. But they were not to be deterred by the shadowy doubts and timid suggestions of craven spirits, content to be lashed for ever round the same circle of miserable expedients, perpetually trying anew the exploded shifts which had always proved lamentably inadequate before. To such men, the very name of experiment is a sound of horror. It is a spell which conjures up gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire. They seem not to know that all that is valuable in life—that the acquisitions of learning, the discoveries of science, and the refinements of art are the result of experiment. It was experiment that bestowed on Cadmus those keys of knowledge with which we unlock the treasure-houses of immortal mind. It was experiment that taught Bacon the futility of the Grecian philosophy, and led him to that heaven-scaling method of investigation and analysis, on which science has safely climbed to the proud eminence where now she sits, dispensing her blessings on mankind. It was experiment that lifted Newton above the clouds and darkness of this visible diurnal sphere, enabling him to explore the sublime mechanism of the stars, and weigh the planets in their eternal rounds. It was experiment that nerved the hand of Franklin to snatch the thunder from the armoury of heaven. It was experiment that gave this hemisphere to the world. It was EXPERIMENT that gave this continent FREEDOM!"—From "a Fourth of July Oration," by E. Forrest.

Co-operative associations appear to be considerably on the increase, through the exertions chiefly of Horace Greely, the celebrated editor of the *New York Tribune*. Printers, typefounders, and iron-workers, seem foremost in the movement.

The day in which you shall be united, even as one man, that, shall be the day of your deliverance.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(Continued from our last.)

NATIONAL TENDENCIES.

Every day the Italian movement took more of the national character which constitutes its innermost nature. The cry of *Viva l'Italia* resounded from the depth of Sicily, was heard muttering in every manifestation of local discontent, and finished, like the *delenda Carthago* of Cato, every political discourse. Elsewhere the populations, weary of misery and inequality, were agitated by dreams of a new order of things, social or political: in Italy, for the very glory and in the puissant hope of the great things of the future, they rose in insurrection, or aspired to rise, for an idea. They sought their country; they looked toward the Alps. Liberty, the end for other nations, was for us the means.

It is not that Italians, as some have thought, or made pretence of thinking, were careless of their right or imbued with monarchical prejudices. Except in some corners of Naples and Turin, I do not believe that there exists a people more democratic, and consequently more republican, from its traditions, in the conscience of its civil equality, through the faults of its princes, and by the instinct of its future mission, than ours. But they had too elevated a sentiment of their dignity not to know that Italy, once become a nation, would be free; and they would have sacrificed their liberty for some time to whomsoever (whether pope or prince, or worse) should have desired to guide them and to make of them a nation. The obstacle—not the most real, but the most apparent—to the fraternisation of all those who people this sacred land of Italy, was Austria. Before all then they invoked the war against Austria; and the little liberty they had succeeded in tearing from their masters served almost exclusively to render this cry more strong, more unanimous, and more solemn.

Already, in April, 1846, the petition addressed to the pontifical legates assembled at Forlì concluded, after a statement of the grievances of the provinces, with the declaration that questions of local mal-administration were but secondary questions to the men of the Romagna: that the Italian question was the principal, and that the heaviest sin of the papal court was that of being the vassal of Austria.

At Ancona, in August, 1846, the news of the pontifical amnesty assembled a crowd under the windows of the Austrian agent, and their joy broke forth naturally in the cry—*Let us drive out the foreigners!*

At Genoa, when in November, 1847, the king went to visit the town, and forty thousand persons, applauding a hope, passed before him, the flag taken by the Genoese from the Austrians, in 1746, floated above the mass, as the eloquent programme of their desires. It was so everywhere and among all.

Metternich understood the national tendencies of the movement. Under the flag of administrative reforms, said he to Count Dietrichstein, in a dispatch of the 2nd of August, 1847, the factions endeavour to accomplish a work which could not remain circumscribed within the States of the Church, nor within the limits of any of the States which together form the Italian peninsula. The factions seek to reunite these States into one single body politic, or, at least, into a confederation of States submitted to the direction of a supreme central power. Metternich said truly: only all Italy was faction.

It was a sublime moment that first trembling of a nation, the sounding of the hour which should usher into God's world a new collective life, the apostolate of twenty-six millions of men, mute till now, who would have announced to the nations, their sisters, the word of peace, of fraternity, and of truth. If in the soul of those who reigned had

smouldered one spark of the Italian life, they would have been moved, they would have forgotten dynasty, crown, and power, to make themselves the first soldiers of the holy crusade, and they would have said to themselves—"Better worth one hour's communion in a great thought with a resuscitated people than a whole existence in the solitude of a throne menaced by some and despised by others." But by a decree of Providence, which would substitute the era of peoples for that of kings, the princes can not elevate themselves to this idea: they played with the generous but imprudent tendency which urged the peoples to forget and to sacrifice their civil liberty to the hope of national independence. They betrayed both; and deceiving the finest popular movement that ever was, they flung us back into the abyss where in we are now.

Between the punishment of the brothers Bandiera and the death of Gregory XVI, a race of minds had arisen, which, educated half in the sceptical materialism of the eighteenth century, and half in French eclecticism, babbled nevertheless of Christianity and religion, and doffed the name of moderates: as if between existence and annihilation, between the society of the future and the governments which dispute its development, there could ever exist a middle way. These men proposed to themselves to resolve this problem, the reconciliation of the irreconcilable: liberty with royalty, nationality with dismemberment, force with an uncertain direction. No class of men could have worked this strange prodigy, this one-least-of all. They were writers endowed with talent, but without a spark of genius; sufficiently provided with that sort of Italian erudition which is acquired from books, among the dead, but which no vivifying synthetical impulse renders fruitful. They did not comprehend the work of fusion which had been mysteriously accomplished in the last three centuries. They had no understanding of the Italian mission, still less had they any faculty for communion with the people, whom they believed to be corrupt, who, however were worth more than they, and from whom they were distantly removed by the habits of their life—certain traditional dissidences and the unobscured instincts of family or literary aristocracy through this moral and intellectual isolation, through this separation from the people, which is henceforth the only progressive element, and the arbitrer of the life of nations, they were disinherited of all true knowledge and of all faith in the future. Their historical notions floated, with some slight modifications, between Guelfism and Ghibellinism. Their political idea, whatever they might do to reclothe it in an Italian garb, never went beyond the terms laid down by the doctrine which Montesquieu had taught in France, and which repeated by the Mouniers, the Malonets, the Lolly-Tollendals, and other moderates of the National Assembly, was reduced to a system by the men who directed public opinion in France, during the fifteen years after the return of Louis XVIII. They were monarchists with a shade of liberty, just as much as might be necessary to render the monarchy tolerable; to secure to themselves the privilege of publishing their opinions, and of sitting in some sort of senate, without, however, extending this liberty to the masses, for fear of exciting in them some idea of rights which they detested, and of duties which they did not even suspect. In fact they were without any belief: their faith in the monarchical principles rose neither to the dogma of divine right incarnated in some few families, nor to that chivalrous affection for certain persons which once placed the Monarch between God and the Beloved: *My God, my King, and my Mistress!* It was a passive, inert acquiescence, without veneration or love for a fact which they had before their eyes, and which they did not even attempt to examine; it was a moral cowardice; it was the fear of the people whose ascending movement they wished to arrest by means of monarchy.

(To be continued.)

"FEBRUARY AND JUNE, 1848.—THE PROLOGUE OF A REVOLUTION."

BY CITIZEN LOUIS MÈNARD, LATE EDITOR OF THE "PEUPLE."

(Continued from our last.)

HORRIBLE MASSACRES OF THE PARIS PROLETARIANS!

THE most able and energetic of the democratic leaders were in the dungeons of Vincennes, the rest were deficient in daring and faith in the good cause; hence that absence of unity and a definite plan among the people which ensured the victory of their adversaries. The Proletarians remained on the defensive, instead of seizing some important points—the National Assembly was unguarded, the Hôtel de Ville, the point of junction for the insurrectionary Faubourgs, could not have resisted them. Yet they never thought of attacking it. On the 24th, Cavaignac summoned the insurgents to surrender in an hour. They replied, they would rather die in battle, than of hunger. They had brought their wives and children to the barricades—'Since we can no longer find bread to give them, let them die with us.' Amidst this sombre despair, the people showed astonishing moderation. In some quarters, workmen proposed carrying paving stones into the houses, to throw down upon the soldiers as they passed; others opposed this, in the fear of compromising the lives and property of the inhabitants. The prisoners made by the people were invariably treated humanely. Not content with setting them at liberty, the insurgents often gave them blouses to cover their uniforms, and conducted them in safety across the barricades. The people did so in the Temple, at the Bridge of Austerlitz, the rue de Percha, &c., &c. All that, did not restrain the reactionary agents from spreading the most odious calumnies concerning the Proletarians,—for example, that they had sawed the heads off sundry mobile guards, hung up others by the feet, and the like. All these absurd and atrocious lies were exposed by the publication of the official bulletins; but at the time, they produced an effect, and greatly contributed to exasperate the soldiery. In the insurrectionary quarters, the national guard and the troops always fired into the windows of the adjacent houses, even when they were closed. The victims of this conduct were innumerable, the example had been given by Thiers and Bugeaud, at the massacres of the rue Transnonian. Every time the troops took a barricade, they arrested the inhabitants of the adjacent houses. Generally, these were peaceable citizens who had taken no part in the struggle, and who yielded at once, not knowing the fate awaiting the prisoners. Not only were all the prisons full, but the courts of all the public buildings. The insurrection was now concentrated in the quarters St. Jacques, and the Temple, in the Cite, the suburbs Saint Antoine, and Saint Denis. The people were entrenched in the Pantheon, and from day-break the noise of the cannonade had been uninterrupted. The combat was terrible at this point. A detachment of the Garde Mobile suddenly issued from the Acade de Droit, with reversed arms, the people opened their ranks to receive them, when they fired, and a horrible mêlée took place. Shortly before this treachery, the insurgents had possession of that building, and one of their number was sent to the nearest police office, for taking a gown belonging to some of the Professors. They also had the college Henri IV. in their hands, but, though in want of food, refused to touch the provisions provided for the scholars, and to eat, as they said, "the bread of these children." In the Rue Neuve Saint Geneviève, the Proletarians entered the barracks, and shared the food they had obtained by pawning their clothes with the sick gardes mobile, left there; and a few hours afterwards, the barracks were retaken by the garde mobile, the wounded Proletarians found therein were taken out and cut to pieces with sabres. A surgeon of the line, at

present, in Africa, narrowly escaped being shot, for trying to prevent this ferocity.

When the Pantheon was taken, wholesale massacres were perpetrated by the national and mobile guards. "Some of the prisoners escaped into a house, and a student who fell into the hands of the guard was stabbed with bayonets for a whole half-hour, to make him show where the prisoners had gone, and then shot. One man was beaten to death on the place Estrapado, others shot; and the recital of this, by the wives of these unfortunates caused the death of General Bréa, at the barrier of Fontainebleau. An immense number of prisoners were shot at the Luxembourg by the national guard; and the garden was closed for a fortnight after these murders, to allow the blood time to dry up. The Faubourg Saint Marceau was still in the hands of the people. At the barricade of the rue de Noyers, every time that a soldier was wounded, the people ceased firing till his comrades carried him off: but when an insurgent fell, those who tried to remove him were always shot at. Here the prisoners were also massacred. At last the place Maubert was lost, after a defence of many hours. The pavement literally swam in blood. Then the troops attacked and pillaged the adjoining houses. The market des Carmes, which the people had not injured in the least, was plundered in a moment by the garde mobile; on the place Maubert, women were violated on the corpses of their husbands. Shortly before this last struggle, six of the garde mobile had been made prisoners by the people, who gave them a share of their provisions; a captain of the national guard, also taken on the place Maubert, was sent back unhurt to his battalion. * * * Some of the Proletarian prisoners were marched to the Hôtel de Clivry, and shot there. One of these received six balls at the Convent St. Benedict. The flesh of his arms was torn into strips, but he stood upright and silent. On the second discharge, he fell and rolled a few steps, then getting up, exclaimed—'I am not dead yet!' A third salvo finished this victim. A sargeant of the line tried to save an old man, and was shot along with him. Part of the Hôtel de Clivry had been fitted up as an hospital; a young surgeon was dressing the wounds of some Proletarians, when a number of the garde mobile burst into the room, and insisted on shooting the wounded men. The efforts of the surgeon to save them were in vain, he was obliged to retire, or be shot himself. These acts, committed in broad daylight, in the presence of witnesses, made one shudder at the thought of the unhappy prisoners thrust into the dismal caverns below the baths of Julian."

"On the 25th of June, the insurgents were warned of the fate awaiting them. Placards, with the inscription, 'Defend yourselves, you will be massacred,' were thrown over the barricades. Government was informed of this, and forthwith Cavaignac addressed the following proclamation to the insurgents:—'Proletarians, you have been told that a cruel revenge will be taken. Those who tell you so, are you enemies as well as ours. They tell you that you will be massacred in cold blood, come to us,—come as repentant brothers, submit to the law, and the arms of the Republic will be open to receive you.' As soon as this proclamation was made, an immense number of Proletarians laid down their arms, and surrendered. Some were shot on the spot; the rest were taken to the Hôtel de Ville and other places, which served more especially as human slaughter houses. On the bridge of Areola, the prisoners were exposed to the cross fire of detachments of the Garde Mobile, stationed on the two quays. A number were thrown into the river, from the bridge Louis Philippe, and from the quay of the Hôtel de Ville; others were beaten to death with clubbed muskets. One of these victims, a remarkably strong man, seized his murderers and struggled vigorously till a Garde Mobile gave him a bayonet wound in the neck; moved by his cries, the by-standers implored the assassins to show him mercy, but twenty-seven of the Garde Mobile discharged

their muskets into his body; and then, as if afraid he were not dead—beat the corpse to pieces with their gun-stocks. At this moment two members of the Assembly were at the Hôtel de Ville, conversing with two officers of the troops stationed there. Some soldiers of the Republican Guard, who brought a convoy of prisoners, asked these members what should be done with them. The representatives of the People replied, 'shoot them! shoot them!' A few isolated and individual efforts were made to stop this carnage, but they availed little against a deliberate and organized system of massacre. The prisoners of the Hôtel de Ville were in a condition which made them desire death as a boon. A stair consisting of thirty-two steps led into dark cellars, where the prisoners were immersed to the middle in water. They were violently pushed down the steps on their arrival, and left for sixty hours without food. When they asked for water, the Garde Mobile fired at random through the gratings. An officer who opposed this, nearly got shot himself. Those who were wounded fell down in that muddy water, never to rise again, and the rest remained there till their turn came, without light, or air, or food—breathing the exhalations from the bloody festering corpses of their murdered brothers. It appears that the prisoners were systematically divided into classes; a kind of tribunal, composed of officers of rank, passed judgment upon them as they were brought up,—driven up, at the bayonet's point. Many were hanged on the iron bars in the corridor of the Hôtel de Ville; all those whose hands bore the marks of labour were condemned to death by this tribunal. The signal was—'let them pass there,' or 'give them air.' The Garde Mobile slaughtered the insurgents for an entire day; the dead bodies were heaped up by hundreds in the court of the Hôtel de Ville and the Sallo Saint-Jean." Mènard now gives a detailed account of the death of General Bréa at the barricade of Fontainebleau, which our limits do not permit us to reproduce. We think this act of reprisal on the part of the people, was perfectly justifiable. The General had, that very morning, stormed the Faubourgs Saint-Marceau and Saint Jacques; after which, the same frightful scene of the deliberate massacre of prisoners, accompanied by crimes still more atrocious—was renewed under his sanction; yet the insurgents treated him with perfect courtesy, merely putting him on his parole, till accounts were brought them of the wholesale massacres at the Pantheon, and the General was detected in his second attempt to escape, while troops were actually advancing to attack the barricade. He and his aide-de-camp were then shot; two officers who had accompanied them were spared. "The bloodiest struggles took place in the Marais, in the Temple and the quartier Popincourt; and there too the greatest generosity was shown by the people, and the greatest cruelty and brutality by the victors. On the 23rd, the defenders of the barricade Saint-Gervais were visited by a dozen of the Garde Mobile—whom they tried to persuade to join them. The Mobiles hesitated, the people said—'Go if you wish; we detain no one against his will,'—and they were allowed to go with their arms and ammunition, after partaking of refreshments offered them by the people. The commandant of the barricades in this quarter had made his men take an oath to remain upon the defensive, and, on the 24th, they stood firm without returning it. Two prisoners, a soldier of the line and a Mobile, fell into their hands, and begged to be instantly shot. 'The Democrats do not shoot prisoners'—was the reply. When the people took possession of the Town-halls belonging to the 8th and 9th arrondissements, the officials imagined that everything would be pillaged and destroyed; but the people caused seals to be put on all the desks, &c., containing money. Being told that the Register-office in the rue des Tournelles was on fire, the insurgents detached a party to assist in putting it out. When the Town-hall of the 9th arrondissement and the Church of Saint-Gervais,—

where no one act of violence had been committed by the people, accused of a desire to plunder,—were retaken, all the Proletarians found there were shot; their bodies were heaped up in the street as high as the barricades. Two dragoons were crossing the lock of the canal St. Martin, when a proletarian turned the screw and the soldiers fell into the water,—but were immediately rescued by the insurgents,—who treated them with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, and sending them away unhurt. That was the origin of those stories of mutilated dragoons, which the royalist journals afterwards propagated. Contrast the above with the conduct of the Mobile Guards, who tied the hands and feet of their prisoners together, and threw them into the canal of the Temple.

INSTITUTIONS AND LAWS OF REPUBLICAN AMERICA.

I.

Although dated the 6th of July, this number of the RED REPUBLICAN will be in course of publication, and in the hands of some thousands of its readers, by the 4th—the anniversary of the glorious day on which our American brethren declared themselves FREE AND INDEPENDENT of British tyranny and monarchical misrule. In this number we shall, therefore, most appropriately commence our account of the institutions and laws of the United States of America.

Having, as is well known, sworn fealty to the Democratic and Social Republic, it hardly can be necessary to premise that we hold the United States commonwealth to be anything but a "model Republic." Nevertheless, an account of the institutions and laws of that commonwealth should find a place in this publication, inasmuch as, with all their faults, the institutions of the "free" States, contrast most gloriously with the bloody and brutal systems of tyranny which yet prevail in the several countries of the old world. Hereafter, it will be our duty to show wherein the American system fails to secure the natural equality of men, and those unalienable rights proclaimed in the immortal manifesto following these remarks. In the meantime, information which should be possessed by at least all avowed Republicans—information calculated to advance the democratic propaganda, and add to the number of existing Republicans, will most fitly occupy some portion of this publication.

We commence with a reprint of the celebrated DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, a document not so well known in this country as it deserves to be. It may be necessary to state that, for some time after the commencement of the revolutionary war, the struggle was carried on by the "colonists," solely for the redress of grievances, and to obtain the repeal of certain obnoxious acts of parliament. George the Third was still acknowledged sovereign, and prayed for as usual in public worship; and as late as June, 1775, two months after the battle of Lexington, a fast was proclaimed by Congress, that the people might "beseech the Almighty to bless our rightful sovereign King George the Third, and to inspire him with wisdom." The Americans were undecided in opinion; some were for submission, and others, who had taken up arms in self-defence, still hoped for reconciliation with the "mother country." In this crisis arose "the rebellious stay-maker," our illustrious countryman, THOMAS PAINÉ—

"When freedom's balance hung in dread suspense,
He dashed into the scale his 'COMMON SENSE.'"

The appearance of the "forty seven octavo pages" thus entitled, "holding out relief by proposing independence to an oppressed and despairing people," decided the question of America's future. "Speaking a language which the colonists had felt, but not thought, the popularity of *Common Sense*—terrible in its consequences to the mother-country—was unexampled in the history of the press." THOMAS PAINÉ's pamphlet was published at Philadelphia,

on the 14th of February, 1776, and so rapid was the progress of opinion in favour of independence, that on the 4th of July following, the Declaration given below was adopted and proclaimed by the representatives of the American people.

To America's most illustrious legislator, THOMAS JEFFERSON, belongs the eternal renown of having framed the glorious Charter of American freedom. The names of the truly great men who set their hands to that Charter, and, in support thereof, pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, will be found appended thereto. It was on the motion of RICHARD HENRY LEE, one of the representatives of Virginia, that Congress passed, and published to the world, the following

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature, and of Nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights—that, among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless these people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise—the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States, for that purpose obstructing the laws for the natu-

ralization of foreigners,—refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands. He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers. He has made judges dependant on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation—for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us—for protecting them, by a mock trial, for punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States—for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world—for imposing taxes on us, without our consent—for depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury—for transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences—for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:—for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments. For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions. In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—"Enemies in war; in peace, friends." We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought

to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

(Signed)

Robt. Morris	Richard Stockton
Benjamin Rush	John Witherspoole
Benj. Franklin	Francis Hopkinson
John Morton	John Hart
Geo. Clymer	Lewis Morris
Jas. Smith	Thos. Stone
Geo. Taylor	Charles Carroll, of Car-
James Wilson	rollton
Geo. Ross	Samuel Chase
Cesar Rodney	Wm. Whipple
Geo. Read	Matthew Thornton
Thos. M. Kean	Step. Hopkins
William Hooper	William Ellery
Joseph Hewes	Wm. Floyd
John Pinn	Phil. Livingston
Edward Rutledge	Frans. Lewis
Thomas Heyward, jun.	George Wythe
Thomas Lynch, jun.	Richard Henry Lee
Arthur Middleton	Th. Jefferson
Button Gwinnett	Benj. Harrison
Lyman Hall	Thos. Nelson, jun.
Geo. Walton	Francis Lightfoot Lee
John Hancock	Carter Braxton
Samuel Adams	Roger Sherman
John Adams	Sam. Huntington
Robt. Great Painte	Wm. Williams
Elbridge Gerry	Oliver Wolcott
Josiah Bartlett	Abra. Clark—Wm. Paca

ARNOLD OF WINKELRIED.—The following tells the story of this hero's death, alluded to by our contributor, "Bandiera," in No. 2 of the RED REPUBLICAN:—It was on the ninth of July that Leopold appeared before Sempach. The harvest was nearly ripe; and the Duke, in order to distress the Swiss, while he procured supplies for his own troops, employed the infantry in cutting the corn, while the cavalry approached to the very gates of the town, and with insulting mockery commanded the burghers, who appeared upon the walls, to carry a breakfast to the rapers. "Our friends are bringing it," replied the citizens. Scarce was this answer given, when the Helvetic banner was displayed on the adjacent heights. The troops, which had been hitherto concealed behind a wood, moved forward with a firm and undaunted step, undismayed by the superiority of the foe. The signal was at length given. The confederates, as usual with them in such situations, having recommended their cause to the God of justice, rushed impetuously to the charge, while the foe, with protecting spears, waited the shock. So long as the hostile line remained unbroken, no hope was left them. To penetrate this was the great object of their endeavours; and in repeated, but ineffectual efforts, much of their blood was spilt. Sixty of their bravest warriors had already fallen, and the Austrian phalanx was still entire. In this exigency, Anthony de Porte, a Milanese by birth, but who had been induced by the love of liberty to settle in the Vale of Uri, cried out to his countrymen, "Strike the spears of the enemy with all your might! they are hollow, and will be easily broken!" By his own example, he encouraged them to the attack. But the shattered spears were instantly replaced, while the hero himself fell a victim to his noble ardour. But there was a man in the ranks of Helvetia, who was destined to show what human fortitude can effect, when animated with the pure spirit of patriotism, and unrestrained by the dread of death. Arnold of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, had been distinguished by a contempt of danger from his earliest youth. In the classic pages of Rome he had contemplated with enthusiasm the magnanimity of her earliest chiefs. The moment was now arrived when he had an opportunity of realising all his romantic notions of virtue. To a mind exalted like his, it was indeed a day of triumph. "To my country I recommend my children," exclaimed the enthusiastic hero, "they will soon have no other father to protect them!" and grasping the concentrated spears of the enemy in both his arms, he rushed undaunted on the points, and crying to his astonished countrymen "THE RANKS ARE BROKEN!" expired. This action was decisive. The Swiss pressed forward in a compact column, and having penetrated the iron wall, made a dreadful slaughter among the knights, whose heavy armour and long spears were little calculated for close fight. The heads of many of the Austrian nobles were cleft asunder; others were knocked down with heavy clubs, while numbers sinking under the weight of their armour, and the heat of the day, were unable to rise again. The brigand Leopold was amongst the slain, and altogether there perished about two thousand on the side of Austria.

Poetry for the People.

G A R I B A L D I !

"GENERAL GARIBALDI, the celebrated defender of Rome, has arrived in Liverpool, from Gibraltar." "No tyrants could ever obtain the use of Garibaldi's uncompromising sword, and that is why the tyrants hate him."—*Testimony of H. Forbes, one of four gallant Englishmen who drew their swords for Italian Freedom.*

L I N E S,

BY THE REV. JOHN JEFFREY.

(From "Lays of the Revolution.")

"The insufferable domination of Garibaldi and his band" formed the chosen theme, for weeks, of the newspapers subsidized by the great political parties. Reading their lucubrations, you would have imagined that the Roman General was a barbarian of the first order, and that his followers were little better than half-civilized savages. Other, and more impartial testimony, succeeds in proving diametrically the reverse of this. The combined spirit of high chivalrous honour and self-denying patriotism, never exhibited itself more strikingly than in the case of the calumniated Garibaldi. He fought for Mazzini, Avezzana, and Saffi,—and for the Roman people; that was all. Had he headed a corps of Croats, under the Austrian Radetzki, or led to ignoble victory a regiment of the Neapolitan Filangieri's braves, it might have secured to him, in certain quarters, a wreath of immortal bays. But he was the hero of the Roman Republic; and hence the treatment he has received! The following lines relate to one of the most brilliant episodes in his military career; when he made a *sortie* from Rome, and scattered in "rabble rout" the forces of the King of Naples.

I.

Garibaldi! Garibaldi!
Thrills the shout through street and square,
While the legion of the hero
Gathers to its thunder there!
But a handful seems the band,
As with flushing cheeks they stand,
Ardent at their chief's command,
To rush forward on the foe,—
And to crush the slaves of Naples
By a first and final blow.

II.

"March!" the city's portal opens,
And the legion tramples through,
Followed by all prayers and blessings,
Rising to yon dome of blue;
And in silence hushed and deep,
Down ravine and over steep,
Toil they till their pulses leap
Like a sudden springing flame,—
For beneath them in the valley
Lie the objects of their aim!

III.

There they camp, securely dreaming
Of the morrow's carnage red,
When they enter Rome as victors
Over trodden hills of dead;
And the outrag'd maidens' cry,
And men's curses as they lie,
And the moans of those that die,
Sweetly with their vision blend;
Slaughter, pillage,—pillage, slaughter,—
Piled before them without end.

IV.

But a cheer breaks forth in whirlwind,
Startling them from false repose,
And upon their ranks bewildered
Roars the avalanche of foes!
Hand to hand in deadly fight,
Face to face meet Right and Might,
Sword to sword in reddened light,
While the rattling carbines flash,—
Horse and rider reel and stumble
In the charge's slippery crash!

V.

Garibaldi! Garibaldi!
Towering foremost there of all,
Moves he like destruction's Angel,—
Till in circle round him fall,
Mowed by his unrelenting blade,
Those who hoped in gore to wade
One day hence beneath the shade
Of St. Peter's giant dome:
"Romans!" rings his watchword,—
"hurl them
To the ty:—hell,—their home!"

VI.

"Think on storm'd Messina's murders,
On the noble blood they poured,
On Italian brothers death-struck
By their butchers' knives abhorred!
Think on Naples' soaking streets
Red with stains no time deletes,
Think on all their bandit-feats
Wrought to please the Bourbon King,
On the halo of debasement
Round our common name they fling!"

VII.

And the cravens quail and scatter,
While his voice of vengeance peals,—
As a herd of deer flee frantic
With the wolves upon their heels!
Cravens only heroes when
Poinarding defenceless men,
Or within the despot's den
Safely summing up their scars,—
Gained on no fair field of battle,
But in base assassin-wars.

VIII.

Let them hurry back to Naples,
Winged with dastard fear and shame!
Garibaldi and his legion
Have achieved their holy aim.
They have proved in Europe's face,
How the conscience-smit disgrace
Of the Slave, can speed his pace
When he flies before the Free:
This the real and certain secret
Of all patriot victory!

IX.

Garibaldi! Garibaldi!
Brave as true, and true as brave,—
What though despots' hearts would triumph,
Could they tread his gory grave?—
What though despots' satraps pour,—
Striving to exhaust the lore
Of anathemas they store,—
Turgid curses on his head?—
Still that name will aye be blended
With Rome's resurrection dread!

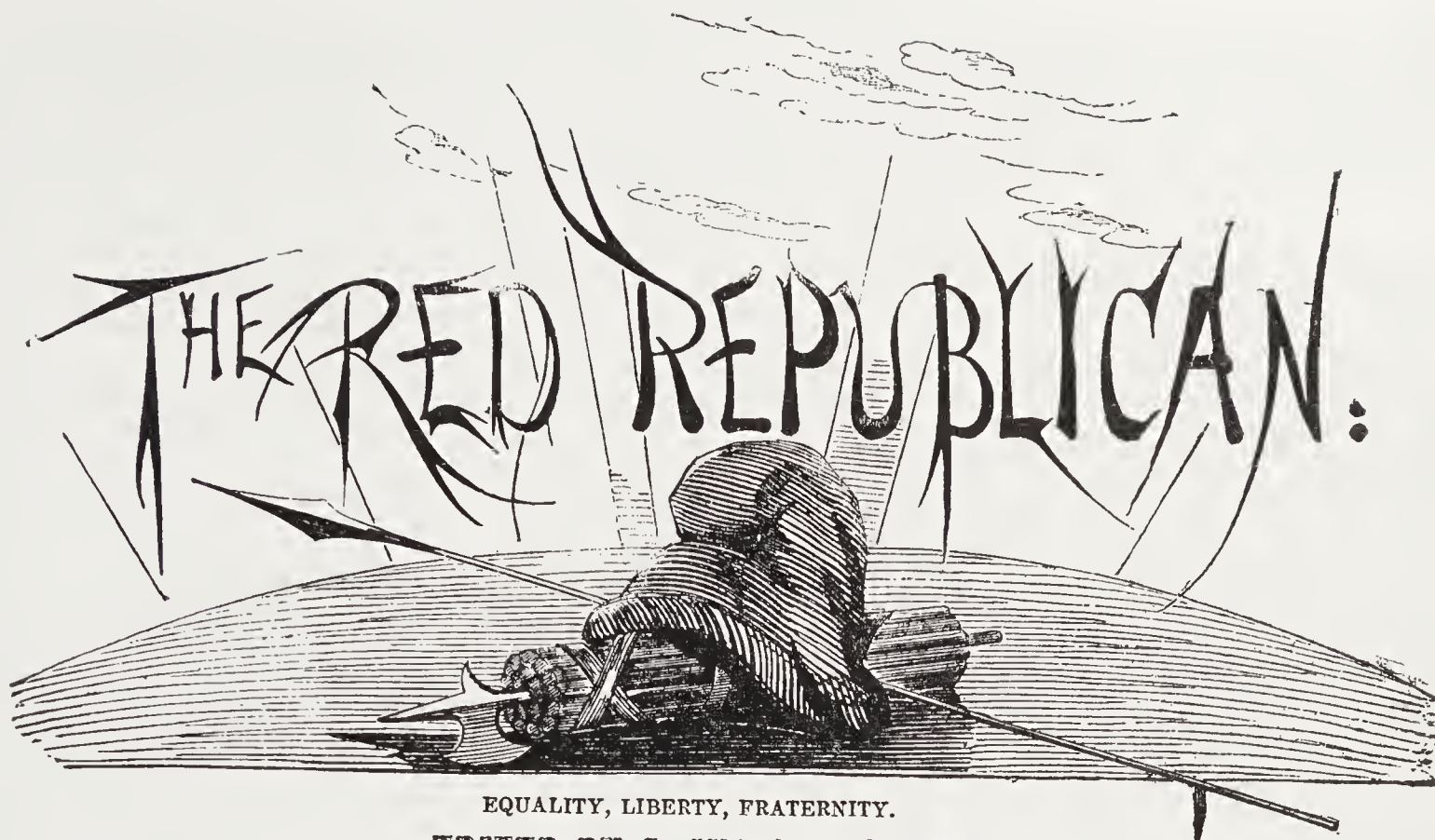
LOVERS' FANCIES.

Sweet heaven, I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare, and beauty laden!
When she's near me heaven is round me,
Her sweet presence coth so bound me,
I could wring my heart of gladness,
Might I free her lot of sadness,
Give the world and all that's in it,
Might I press her hand a minute
Yet she weeteth not I love her
Never do I tell the sweet
Dream, hut to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet!
Might I live and linger near her,
And in tearful moments cheer her,
I would be a bird to lighten
Her dear heart, her sweet eyes brighten;
Or like fragrance from a blossom
Give my life up on her bosom!
For my love's withouten measure,
Even its pangs are precious pleasure.
Yet she weeteth not I love her,
Never do I tell the sweet
Dream, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

BANDIERA.

THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE, AS IT ONCE WAS.—Thursday, January 8, 1648.—In a grand committee, to consider of the power of the Commons, resolved, "That the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, being chosen by, and representing the people, have the supreme authority of this nation. They do likewise declare, that whatsoever is enacted and declared law by the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are included thereby; although the consent and concurrence of the King and House of Peers be not had thereto." These resolutions being reported to the House, the House put them one after another to the question, and there was not one negative voice to any one of them. Then an ordinance for trial of Charles Stuart, was again read and assented to, and ordered to be forthwith enrolled in parchment, and to be brought tomorrow morning.—*Rushworth's Collections*, Vol. 7.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

No. 4.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

IV.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress;—I plead me guilty."—SOURDIS.

THE REPUBLICAN REFUGEES.

IN another column will be found an appeal from a committee formed to obtain subscriptions for the relief of the patriots who, having taken refuge in this country from the vengeance of the continental tyrants, find themselves destitute of the means of subsistence. The appeal is mainly in favour of the Polish refugees, but there can be no doubt that the committee would, if supplied with the means, be only too happy to extend the hand of fraternal beneficence to all other refugees, without distinction of country or name.

The refugees from France are not numerous, and but few or none are in a state of absolute want, although several highly intellectual and most estimable patriots from that country have but precarious and insufficient means of subsistence. Many of the German refugees have been suffering all the horrors of the most complete destitution. Want of food has compelled them to attempt to satisfy the cravings of hunger by means too shocking to particularize, while want of shelter has forced them to pass nights in succession in the parks, with no bed but the damp earth, no covering but the sky—

Homeless amidst a million homes.

Thus far these unfortunate men have had no assistance from the people of this country: all the help they have hitherto found has been rendered by their own families and friends in

Germany, assisted by some of their countrymen engaged in business in this metropolis. I have not heard the name of Prince Albert included amongst those who have testified sympathy for the defenders of "freedom and fatherland," yet that one individual might supply the necessities of the whole of his unfortunate countrymen, and yet retain a sufficiency of his income to gratify the most extravagant desires. Of course it is not to be imagined that a Coburg would extend his benevolence to republicans of any country, and least of all to those of Germany, who have sworn destruction to the despotism, the rapacity, and the contemptible meanness which pre-eminently characterize the Royal Houses of central Europe. It is greatly to the credit of the German exiles that, notwithstanding their deplorable position, they have abstained from making appeals to the British public; should, however, any such appeals be yet made, it is to be hoped that they will meet with a generous response, and in the meantime that all that private benevolence can effect will be done to save our unfortunate brothers from the misery above indicated, by affording them immediate aid, and assisting them to find employment for the future.

Some months ago, a committee containing the names of numerous influential "liberals" was formed to raise a fund for the relief of the patriots who had fought for Italy's freedom. How far the committee succeeded I do not know: as, however, the great *Triumvir*, Joseph Mazzini, is now in London, it may be taken for granted that, should his compatriots find themselves in the position of the German refugees, he will not fail to make their case known to the British public.

Since the termination of the Hungarian struggle, a very considerable number of Kos-

suth's countrymen, flying from the vengeance of the Kaiser and his blood-drinking commanders, *Hyena* Haynau and Company, have landed on these shores. Some months ago, a subscription was privately raised amongst a number of "noblemen and gentlemen of various political opinions," which subscription amounted to £987. In May last that sum was exhausted, while there were yet a number of the refugees, many with wives and children, destitute of all means of subsistence save those which had been supplied by the committee; while others were continually arriving, and have continued to arrive up to this time. A large number of the Hungarians have been shipped off to America, and I have heard serious complaints on the part of their friends to the effect that those who emigrated to the United States were morally forced to take that step by the English Committee: not, however, being fully conversant with the alleged facts, I refrain from those comments which otherwise I should feel it a duty to offer. Subscriptions for the relief of the Hungarians are received by Raikes Currie, M.P., 29, Cornhill; Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P., 34, Saint James's-place; Mr. Nicholay, 82, Oxford-street; and the Secretary, 10, Duke-street, Saint James's.

In addition to the now veteran exiles from Poland who were forced to seek refuge in Western Europe by the failure of the insurrection of 1830-31, the events of '48-'49 have driven to these shores a large number of Poles who rallied to the trumpet-call of Liberty wherever the standard of Freedom was unfurled—wherever the nations engaged in deadly conflict with their tyrants. It has been levelled as a reproach against the Poles, that wherever a barricade was erected, thereon was to be found one of that nation, though it might be even in a country which had no

connexion with Poland. That reproach is the greatest glory of the sons of Sarmatia; for what can be more glorious than to risk life and limb for the triumph of justice, even though amongst "a foreign people?" Moreover the Poles, having been robbed of their own country, naturally cherish the sentiment

Where thou art, Liberty,
There is my home;

and are justified in raising their hands in hostility against tyranny wherever existing; for the tyrants of all countries have been, and are the enemies to their fatherland. "Those who permit oppression share the crime," and the governments that allowed the thrice-repeated dismemberment of Poland, and who have connived at the crucifixion (which has continued till this hour) of that unhappy land, are rightly held to share the guilt of the chief spoliators, and are justly regarded as enemies by the proscribed sons of Poland. Finding the hands of all governments against them, the Poles have naturally become political Ishmaelites, their hands turned against all governments. Fit retribution! Until Poland is re-established, all who profit by, or even permit, her debasement, need look only for the hatred and vengeance of her outraged sons.

During some months past a number of Poles who had taken part in the struggles of which Posen, Baden, and other places had been the theatres, and who had been refused an asylum in Switzerland and France, have been living at the East end of London, in a state approaching to absolute destitution. At first they received a weekly allowance of a trifling amount from certain "Friends of Poland," but ultimately that assistance ceased, and for many weeks past they have had no help, save that which has been supplied by the East-end democrats. Let it be told to the credit of our poor countrymen, that themselves for the most part exceedingly poor, they nevertheless have given generously and regularly from their scanty earnings; besides which they have been in the habit of throwing their homes open to their Polish brothers, and sharing with them that food which our readers may be sure partook of anything but the character of Prince Albert's superfluities. All honour to the men who by their deeds have attested their devotion to the holy principle of Fraternity.

To the Poles who fought in Baden, &c., there has recently been added a number of those who shared in the Hungarian struggle. Some have quitted England for the United States, the remainder are in the position already described—dependant upon the bounty of a comparatively few working men, themselves too poor to afford aid at all commensurate to the wants of the refugees. Hence the appeal already referred to. The East-end democrats claim, and have a right to expect, the Fraternal co-operation of their brethren in all parts of the country.

It is disgraceful to the government and parliament of this "free" country that no provision has been made for the refugees who have sought the much vaunted "hospitality of England;" it is still more disgraceful to the liberal bourgeoisie that they have not instructed their representatives to vote from the enormous revenues at their command the means to enable the exiles to obtain, at least, bread and shelter. The fact is, that the *proletocracy*, with all their pretended liberalism,

hold the soldiers of democracy in abhorrence; and would be only too happy to know that the heroes who have escaped the sword and the scaffold had perished of starvation. The proletarians, who have no control over the parliament, and who can command nothing for themselves, of course cannot command anything for their proscribed brothers.

Nevertheless, the hard-handed workers of England may do a little, if animated by the fraternal spirit of their East London brethren. I trust that the appeal already alluded to will not be made in vain. To succour the persecuted defenders of democracy is a sacred, indispensable duty. Kings and conquerors have based their fame upon the misery of the nations they have enslaved, the blood they have caused to flow, and the hearts they have broken. For the people is reserved another kind of glory, that of binding up the wounds of the sufferers for freedom's sake, and soothing the sorrows of those who have sacrificed country, home, and family connexions—who have even risked their lives to advance the freedom and the welfare of all nations. Let all friends of humanity, all true democrats, all Red Republicans, remember that

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

And why? Because it brings self-approbation;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make corruption gape or stare,
Yet, in the end, except in Freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

And let them remember, and act up to, the God-like sentiment of the incorruptible and immortal Maximilian Robespierre—"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

An appeal is respectfully but earnestly made to the British public on behalf of a large number of Polish refugees who are at present in London in a state of extreme suffering and distress. Most of those brave men have been engaged in the Hungarian struggle for national independence, and having escaped the vigilance and tyranny of the Northern despots, and suffered fearful privations, have succeeded in reaching the hospitable shores of England, expecting to find that sympathy and support which their patriotic and gallant conduct so pre-eminently entitle them to. A Committee has been formed for the purpose of receiving contributions; and, in appealing to their fellow-countrymen for this truly benevolent purpose, they anticipate such a noble response that will at once prove to these gallant men, that although driven from their native land by the miscreants of the north (and they deserve no milder term) the British people appreciate their noble conduct, and honour them for the principles of liberty which they have so firmly and gallantly defended. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury; John Arnott, 14, Southampton-street, Strand; Mr. Davis, 1, Buttress-street, Waterloo-town.

Contributions from the country may be forwarded in postage stamps, or by post-office order, made payable to the Treasurer, at the post-office, 180, Strand.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Treasurer.

WILLIAM DAVIS, Secretary.

THE RED FLAG IN 1860.

"The red flag is the banner of the future." A truth this, which all our sham reforming friends would do well to consider. In the category of sham reformers I include all the advocates of merely surface changes; of alterations in the form of government; of that shifting of power from the hands of one class into those of another, which yet leaves the old principle of *class legislation* as the basis of the social system. Whether such reformers be the hold "Parliamentary and Financial" supporters of bourgeois supremacy, or persons who pretend to be the friends of the Proletarians whose very lifeblood they suck,—or who have sat still, as it were, on the rock of Chartist tradition, (like so many Chartist Robinson Crusoes) while the 'still vexed Bermoothes' of Democracy has kept surging past them, bearing men, facts, ideas, onwards to the future,—matters not. Consciously or unconsciously, all merely political reformers are Shamers;—Quacks, who attempt to cure a cancer which is eating away the very vitals of the patient, by exhibiting the remedies appropriate to a skin disease. If the principle according to which society is constituted be left untouched, the outward form of government is of small consequence. Wherever 'Society' means nothing else than a joint-stock company for the using up of man by man, the enslaving of one class for the benefit of the others,—such an arrangement of things cannot be affected by merely political reforms. This will be made evident by a glance at the three countries, Russia, England, and the United States. In Russia and other Slavonic countries, the agricultural population,—the peasants,—are the serfs, the beasts of burden. In England, the producers generally are the class used up by the hereditary and financial Aristocracy, the landlords and moneylords. And these White Slaves of England are worse off than their Slavonic brethren, or their ancestors, the serfs of the middle ages, in one respect,—namely, the yoke which galls them is impalpable, so to speak, it is "the force of circumstances." Wages are low, the burden of indirect taxation is heavy, the necessities of life are proportionably dear,—but these things cannot be helped. "We are starving, give us food for our suffering families,—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." "Impossible, my dear fellows! There is a glut in the market from overspeculation; how can we give you wages, when we have no outlet for our goods? We can't sell, and you must be content to starve; unless charitable people keep you alive by means of soup kitchens, &c, till trade gets better, and we want you again in our mills. But don't look sulky; there are prisons enough for starving vagabonds who so much as hint at changing the existing order of things." In America, women generally and coloured people are enslaved and used up by the free and enlightened citizens of that sham Republic. And it the results of class legislation be not so visible there, in the shape of misery and crime, as they are in Europe, it is because the Yankees have an immense extent of fertile country with a spare population. But the same causes must ultimately produce the same effects, and it is a question of time merely for Yankeedom. That El Dorado of the middle-class leaders, the be-praised-of-sleek Mr. Bright, and the *beau ideal* of practical Mr. Cobden, is in a fair way of becoming another England, presenting the same hideous contrasts of Luxury and Starvation, of Rich and Poor. The absolute despotism which obtains in Russia now, as it did in Europe during the middle ages, obtains in England and America also, in spite of all political Reforms. Class domination has been filtered through Constitutional Media, getting less repulsive, perhaps, with each filtration to the superficial observer,—"small by degrees and beautifully less;"—irresponsible power has been shifted from one class to another; in one country its possession depends on the accidents of birth

and wealth; in another, on those of colour and sex; but in every country the odious fact remains, that some class of society treat the rest as Pariahs, putting them without the pale of civilization and its advantages. We want no merely political reforms. Let us have done with Shams. We are sick of them. Did the Reform Bill and the League give us abundant food, and airy gardens, and clean well ordered houses; instead of starvation in filthy cellars? Did these middle-class bubbles give us education and the leisure to profit by it, instead of hopeless, debasing ignorance and ceaseless toil? We want no third Sham. We want a Social Revolution, that we may live like men and not like beasts; that our wives and children may not die of hunger by inches before our eyes; that our sons may not grow up stunted and deformed by premature and excessive labour; that our daughters may not become prostitutes at twelve and thirteen years of age, in order to eke out their scanty means of subsistence by the wages of abominable vice. We, the veritable people, the Proletarians, desire a Social Revolution; that is, a radical change in our social condition, because we produce the boasted fabric of English greatness and English civilization. Have we, then, not a right to share in the blessings of that civilization? Are the bees of England to work incessantly, producing honey for a set of lazy drones? No, my Proletarian brothers, this iniquitous system must be abolished. Who is to do it? The Red Republicans, if you except their guidance. Willingly, indeed, or unwillingly, you must follow in their wake; for the Genius of Universal History has at length resolved, that the Gospel of Equality and Fraternity, hid under the ruins of eighteen centuries, shall be brought to light in the nineteenth; and "The Red flag is the banner of the Future." "Bread and work, the Organisation of Labour," these words contain the law of the new Epoch, they are the handwriting on the wall, which startles kings and base priests of an idolatrous mammon worship, from their luxurious feasts and fancied securities. We, English Red Republicans, may do much to hasten the advent of this epoch; but it will only be by enlightening the masses as to their actual position and their social rights, for their ignorance on these points is indeed lamentable. Only the other day I saw in the Manchester newspapers, that a set of working men at Bradford had collected £60, in pence, towards the Industrial Exhibition of 1861.—£60, in hard-earned pence, to make the condition of the producers still worse than it is already. £60, to help to bring an immense quantity of foreign manufactures into the home market, to compete with British goods, produced under a high pressure system of taxation. £60, as a subscription from a set of working men, towards a reduction of prices, and consequently of wages too! £60, in a word, to increase and develop that ruinous competitive system, which enables the capitalist to prey upon the producer and use him up, body and soul! Heavens and Earth! one is struck dumb before folly like this. Universal Suffrage? The Six Points? Instruments merely, valuable or worthless, according to the use made of them. What would be the use of giving Universal Suffrage to a set of donkeys like those wise men of Gotham, I mean of Bradford, who walk deliberately into every middleclass dodge, and subscribe their pence at the beck of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Walsley, and Co.? Yet, in spite of the ignorance and folly of those who ought to give us hearty support, since we are fighting their battle; in spite of the open hostility of all "respectable people," of all the adherents of the established order of things,—from the Austro-Russian Aristocrats and their "highly influential" stamped organs, down to the little Charter Professors of Parliamentary and Financial humbug—in spite of all this, our position in 1850 is by no means a discouraging one. We, English Socialist-democrats, may be the "ragged fringe upon the Red Republican cap, the bastard of the Mountain," as the sapient Mr. Box has been

pleased to denominate us, but we are also somewhat more than this. We are "Chartists and something more" even than that. Chartism and Red Republicanism must henceforward be considered as synonymous terms; to judge from the Executive Council lately chosen by the Chartist party. And what is Chartism? Why, I think if the stones of Kersal Moor, and Peep Green, and Kennington Common, could find a voice, it would appear that Chartism is something very much resembling the hope and aspiration of a majority of the working men of England. Chartism under the red flag, is a vindication of the Claims of Labour; it is the enunciation of the "Gospel of Work;" the assertion, that the fustian jacket and the paper caps are infinitely more honourable emblems than the ermine robe and the coronet. The symbols of the active brain and the cunning hand, of Man's mastery over inanimate Nature, that of Knowledge and Power, set forth in the old Oriental myths as being a link in the chain which connects Humanity with Deity.—"and Elohim said 'Lo! Adam has become like one of us'"—the symbols of Labour, I say, are incomparably more honourable than the symbols of the force and fraud, which, during the dark ages laid the foundation of the present power and wealth of aristocrats and hereditary legislators. Yes, our ansec, 'Chartism in 1850'—is the cause of the veritable People of England; it is the cause of the producers, and the battle of this one enslaved class is the battle we fight, but it must be fought under the Red flag, for that is the symbol of the new Epoch, "the banner of the Future." The task given us at present, is to rally our brother Proletarians en masse round this flag, by means of a Democratic and Social Propaganda; an agitation for the "Charter and something more." The present position of our affairs favours this line of action. We are getting re-organized, slowly but surely, and we are all the better for the Charter League dodge. It has taught us to distinguish false friends from real ones, apostates and traitors from honest men; and has put us on our guard against the villainous intrigues of the Middle-class leaders. Events too are looming on the political horizon, which will lead to results favourable to us, led as we are now by honest and intelligent men, who are both able and willing to take advantage of circumstances as they arise. In spite of the late ministerial majority of 46, it is pretty generally allowed that the present set of State Quacks will not be able to keep their ground much longer. Who is to succeed them? An Austro-Russian Protectionist Cabinet? I, for one, hope so. I am no friend of moderates, of constitutionalism, of half measures. Neck or nothing, is my maxim. Do you fear the effect of such a change from rose-water, soft sawdaring Whigs, to Tory knights of the whip and bayonet,—on the good cause among our foreign Brothers? It would have the highly beneficial effect of abridging their term of probation, by hastening the next revolutionary outbreak in Continental Europe. The Despots abroad, encouraged by their friends in England, would proceed to still greater extremities of tyranny than ever; and you know that if pressure be applied beyond a certain point, say on the safety valve of a boiler, that what the newspapers call "a terrific explosion, accompanied by loss of life," inevitably ensues. Remember, that the triumph of the good cause in Italy was indefinitely postponed, not by the armies of physical force Despots, like those of Austria or Naples, but by the diplomatic cunning and smooth official trickery of Lord Palmerston's constitutional friend, the rascally King of Sardinia. In this country, the advent of the "Cossacks" to power, would afford Messrs. Cobden and Co., an opportunity of doing a little opposition business. Between Free Traders and Protectionists, it would then be "pull baker, pull devil!"—and no mistake. And the result for us? Unquestionably good. For, "when rogues fall out, honest men get their own,"—and if the Parliamentary and Financial Reform clique, wish the sup-

port of the Producers, the price of the working-men of England in the market of 1850, is *Universal Suffrage*, whether Sir Joshua Walsley be willing to pay it or not. Hurrah, then for "the Charter and something more!" Hurrah for "the Red Flag—the banner of the Future!"

HOWARD MORTON:

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

II.

Decidedly the best work on the United States ever yet published, is Mr. Russell's "*America Compared with England*,"* a book which should be in the hands of every unrepresented Englishman—every tax, profit, and rent-plundered slave. Believing Mr. Russell to be a trust-worthy guide, we shall without confining ourselves to his work, extract largely therefrom. From Chapter I. of *America Compared with England*, we take the following account of

THE CONSTITUTIONS AND GOVERNMENTS OF THE SEVERAL STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

Each State a distinct Republic—For what purposes united—Respective powers of the several Republics, and of the Confederation:—

"There are now thirty States of Republics in the Union, and the number is constantly increasing, in consequence of the formation of new States in the Western and Southern territories; from time to time. Each State is a distinct Republic, with its own separate legislature, and other branches of government. But all the States are united together, chiefly for the following purposes, viz—

"That they may all be represented in foreign courts as one nation.

"That there may be an army and navy sustained at the expense of, and for the benefit of all, the States.

"That the citizen of one State may be a citizen of all the States.

"That there may be free trade between the several States.

"That there may be an uniform coinage, uniform weights and measures, uniform patent and copyright laws, and a general postage system.

"That treaties of commerce may be made with foreign nations for the benefit of all the States.

"In order to make this confederation effectual, each State is prohibited from declaring war, or making treaties on its own account; and tribunals are provided for the determination of disputes between the different States, as well as disputes between the citizens of the different States.

"It is unnecessary at present to detail with particularity the respective powers of the several States, and of the confederation; suffice it to say, that in all matters except those which concern the common welfare of all the States, each Republic is entirely supreme and independent in all the branches of its government. Hence we find the constitutions, the governments, and the laws of the various States, differing from each other. The matters affecting the welfare of all the States are dealt with by the president, the senate, and the house of representatives. These are all chosen by the people of the various States, according to certain provisions of the federal constitution, which also specifies the powers of congress, and of each branch of that body. The federal constitution is such as to secure the separate and independent rights of the several States in the confederation, so far as those rights are compatible with the confederation itself."

* Published by Mr. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Government of a territory before it becomes a State :

"The vast territory within the limits of the United States, is for the most part uninhabited, except by a few Indians. When a sufficient number of white people have emigrated to a new territory, the confederation assumes the government of it, until the population becomes sufficiently numerous to form a State, and then the people elect delegates to make the constitution under which they are to live. It must be a republican constitution, and no aristocracy can be permitted. When the population of a territory numbers 60,000 it may obtain the rights of a State. Whilst the territory is under the control of congress, the people enjoy self-government to a great extent, and are trained to political action; but the principal officers are appointed by the president, with the consent of the senate. The people of the territory are represented by agents in congress, who have a right to speak, but not to vote. The unoccupied territory beyond the limits of the old States belongs to the confederation in trust for the States, and is disposed of by congress from time to time to private individuals."

The constitution superior to the Legislative Power :

"The different States, as before observed, have different constitutions, governments and laws. In some of them the whole body of the white male adult population elects the governor and legislator; in one or two a property qualification for the voters is required; in some the judges are elected by the people, in other by the legislature, whilst in others the government has the appointment of them. The laws of real property, and indeed nearly all the laws, vary in the different States. But it will be sufficient to examine the constitution and government of one of the States to enable the reader to understand the general character of all of them. We will take the State of Ohio as an example; and we may observe that all the new Western States have from the first had purely democratic constitutions, and that many of the old States have been for the last few years gradually becoming more and more democratic, so that there is now much more uniformity in the provisions of the constitutions of the various States than there was formerly."

"A written constitution, defining the powers of the legislature and executive, is established in every one of the Republics; and the courts of law will pronounce any act of the legislature unconstitutional and void which may transcend the prescribed boundaries. This is a peculiarity of the American system. The Americans do not choose to entrust the ordinary legislative bodies with absolute power over the citizens. The several constitutions accordingly declare that the power of legislation shall be confined within certain ascertained limits. Under no pretence whatever can the people be deprived of those fundamental rights which are so frequently trifled with by the British Parliament."

"The constitution provides the means of its own amendment. If two-thirds of the legislature recommend the electors at the next election to vote for a convention to alter the constitution, then if a majority of the electors follow that advice, the legislature will call a convention, which is to be chosen in the same way as the members of the legislature are elected, and to assemble at a suitable time and place. This convention thus especially appointed for the purpose, may alter the whole system of legislation and government, provided it does not violate the federal compact—the constitution of the union, which within its limits must be paramount."

"This power to amend the constitution in a peaceable way prevents the necessity for a resort to the inherent right of revolution in case the institutions of the country become unsuited to the age. But there is no fear of hasty and ill-advised alterations, seeing that a large majority of the people's representatives must concur, in the first instance, in the opinion that a fundamental change is necessary, before the people can be called upon to say whether there shall be a convention."

(To be continued.)

It appears that a doorkeeper's place in the House of Lords, on an average of eight years, amounted to £1,100 per annum—the perquisites of the highest year reaching above £2,500. "Better (remarks the *Literary Gazette*) be a doorkeeper in the Lords' House than a dweller elsewhere!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

A Friend, near the Bridge, Rochdale, 1s. G. Mawby 1s., G. B. H. 2s. 6d., H. Herriek 2s. 6d. A Friend, per Mr. Cooper, 1s., Ditto 6d., Mr. Wood 1s., Stanley Wood 1s. 6d., Charles Finley 6d., Joseph Brien 6d., George Naylor 6d., William Williamson 6d., John Taylor, 3d., T. S. Longbottom 3s., Charles Snuggs 1s., Friends at Mauchline, per Bruce Taylor, 3s., James Gibson 1s., A Friend 6d., W. B., Rochester, 1s., Mr. Quirk 6d., Henry Nightingale 1s. 6d., Henry J. Cutting 1s.

In No. 2 appeared the name of C. Smuggs 2s. 6d., the name should have been Snuggs. In the same Number appeared the name of Mr. Heath 1s., it should have been Mary Ann Heath.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CHARTIST CAMP MEETING. There can be no doubt that the gathering at Blackstone Edge, at mid-day, on Sunday next, July 14th, will triumphantly attest the progress of democratic principles. We are informed that the speakers will include Fergus O'Connor, M. P., William P. Roberts, George Julia Harney, P. M. McDouall, James Leach, George White, and Christopher Shackleton. It has been a wise resolution on the part of the Committee to summon a delegate meeting to precede the great open-air gathering. It is to be hoped that by 10 o'clock the delegates will be at the White House, ready to commence business, as the chair must be taken at the public meeting at 1 o'clock.

A PROLETARIAN.—We have handed the shilling to the committee constituted to raise subscriptions for the Refugees.

W. B., ROCHESTER.—Thanks for your warmly-expressed sentiments. The lines are now out of date.

JAMES GIBSON, KILBARCHAN, in forwarding his subscription, says, "I hail with delight the appearance of the *Red Republican*, the fearless advocate of democratic and social progress. Every true democrat must rejoice at Mr. Harney having a weekly publication to advance the cause of real democracy and no humbug. May he live to see the glorious principles of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' established from one end of Europe to the other. Every lover of human progress must feel proud of the numbers already published of the *Red Republican*. They reflect great credit on its bold and uncompromising editor."

A JUNE DEMOCRAT, GLASGOW, writes, "Your praiseworthy endeavours to advance the emancipation of the Proletarians, through the pages of the *Red Republican*, have been hailed by all true democrats in this quarter with the most lively enthusiasm. The time has at length arrived, when we may expect to see the claims of democracy discussed and advocated in that impartial and candid manner to which we have hitherto been unaccustomed. I shall, therefore, hold it as a sacred duty to promote to the extent of my opportunities, the circulation of your invaluable journal; and believing that its stability will rest, more upon a steadily increasing circulation, than upon any temporary aid, which the friends of our noble cause might be disposed to render, I have ordered 20 copies, which I intend to distribute gratuitously among those on whom the good seed is likely to be cast with effect. The breast of every British freeman swells with indignation and deep abhorrence at the grinding persecutions of the Cotton Lords, and the dastardly tyranny of a besotted Aristocracy, and a bloated Church. We British Proletarians have too long endured, in patience, those galling chains which our Continental brothers have made such glorious efforts to burst asunder; but, though the cause of despotism has once more triumphed, and many noble patriots have perished, and others been driven into exile, and dark though our prospects may now appear, who, that has faith in human progress, can harbour even the shadow of a doubt, that a day of awful retribution will speedily overtake the foes of liberty. The huge despots of Europe are fast crumbling to their ruin. A few short years will see the work accomplished; and it is my firm belief, that the *Red Republican* is destined to hasten the dawn of that brighter day—

"When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brethren be for a' that."

A CHARTIST.—We can comprehend your indignation, always supposing the nameless character who has figured at Guildhall to be not a madman. There appears to be a "method in his madness," which gives colour to your suspicions that he is employed for the purpose of exciting prejudice and hatred towards the Chartist party. He appears to have been too mad, or too foolish, to play the part of a second Powell, for not the most glib could be taken in by his ravings. Our hostility to the Government notwithstanding, we cannot share your opinion that Mr. Nameless, if employed for the above stated purpose, has been engaged either by the Home Secretary or the Attorney-General; we should rather expect to find his

employers amongst the low and conscienceless officials of the police. True Chartists and Republicans repudiate and denounce the fiendish designs imputed to the character under notice. The torture and assassination of women may be fit employment for the ruffianly slaves of Austria; but the democrats of this and every other country, hold such means of furthering their ends in the utmost detestation. We shall watch this case. If justice is done, "the prisoner, who has the appearance of an attorney's clerk," will be sent to a mad-house, or if proved to be in his senses will be well teased under his shirt, to cure him of the taste for masquerading in the character of "a determined Chartist," to the injury of a body of men who repudiate him and his ravings with loathing and scorn.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.—The suggestion of a correspondent that an address or some other testimonial of British admiration should be presented to the chivalrous defender of the Roman Republic, comes too late, General Garibaldi having already sailed from Liverpool for New York. In former years the Italian hero was a mariner, and we understand he is about to return to the profession of his youth, he having accepted the command of a merchant ship under the American flag. We do not know whether the laws of the United States permit a "foreigner" to hold a command in their navy, if so we trust the American authorities will give Garibaldi the command of a well-armed frigate, or three-decker, under the stars and stripes. Of course, Garibaldi must continue to be a "foreigner" to the United States, as the hour will come—and that hour cannot be far distant—when Italy will reclaim him for her own, and her sons will follow his banner against domestic tyrants and foreign brigands in the holy (and next time successful) war for the independence and freedom of Italia.

CARL SCHAPPER.—The readers of the *Red Republican* who have been readers of the *Northern Star*, must be well acquainted with the name of this distinguished patriot. The domestic bereavement he has suffered, and the persecution he has gone through, must also be known to most of our readers. Forced by the tyrants into a second exile, he is now living at 30, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, where he intends commencing his former profession—that of a teacher of languages. From our personal knowledge of Carl Schapper, we may say that he is well qualified to teach the German, French, and other languages, and we need not add that he speaks the English language fluently, an important acquisition to him in imparting instruction to his English pupils. We heartily recommend him to all our friends in the metropolis desirous of learning German, French, &c., &c.

POETRY RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Liberty's Call," and "Oppression's Work."

EARLIER PUBLICATION OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

WE are sorry to learn that our friends in some parts of the country, cannot get the RED REPUBLICAN until a considerable time after its publication. Friends have written to us from the Isle of Wight, Gloucester, and some other places, stating that they have not yet seen No. 1; while in Dundee, No. 2 had not been received up to the day on which No. 3 was published in London. In order that nothing may be wanting on our part to ensure the early circulation of this periodical, we have made arrangements to machine No. 5, and succeeding numbers, on the Monday in each week; henceforth, therefore, the London publishers may have their orders supplied in good time on the Tuesday. We trust that this arrangement will ensure the appearance of the RED REPUBLICAN in all parts of the country by the end of the week.

TO THE READERS OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

I HAD intended to have commented in this number on the foreign policy of the British government, and other questions, important and interesting, to the Democracy of this country; but am for the moment prevented doing so by a misfortune which has (I trust only temporarily) deprived me of the use of my right hand, and caused me so much pain as to render even the dictating that which I had intended to write impossible for the time being. This will no doubt be accepted as a too sufficient apology for any short-comings in the present number of the RED REPUBLICAN.

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

"Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

We take the following from that excellent journal, *Young America*, (the New York organ of the United States Land and Labour Reformers), of the 1st of June. The admirable sentiments expressed by the editor—our esteemed friend G. H. EVANS—convey a lesson to many friends in this country, who may rest assured that anything like general industrial emancipation by means of co-operative organizations will be impossible, without the destruction of those "Twin-Monsters, *Rent and Usury*;" a consummation which can be accomplished only through the establishment of real (Red) Republican institutions:—

The Trades and other working organizations of New York and Boston continue to hold meetings, and have in each place, as well as at Pittsburgh, elected delegates to a Central Union. Good is likely to come of these organizations, because there will necessarily now be some among them who understand the Labour question, the reason why those who toil enjoy a much smaller share of the fruits of their toil than those who look on with their hands in their pockets or in their white kid gloves. When the working classes of our cities were last organized as at present, about the year 1834, they were floundering in the dark, for though the social problem had then been solved and was understood by a few, they were not enough to make an impression on the mass. The working classes of the cities have advanced, to a considerable extent, from strikes to the idea of co-operation for mutual business operations, and the error into which they are now falling is the attempt to organise co-operative societies without first destroying the Twin-Monsters, *Rent and Usury*, by voting the land free. Unless they resolve to do this, in conjunction with the farmers throughout the country, who, like them are oppressed by Land Monopoly, the possessors of the monopolized land and capital will laugh in their sleeves at the co-operative efforts, and the toilers will sink down into another age of apathy; only to emerge, perhaps as Red Republicans, with the ruins of a Republic around them. But I have little fears of such a dire result. They will be saved even in spite of themselves; but they ought to aid in the work of their own redemption, and probably will, for I see that several able Free Soil delegates are already elected to the Central organization of New York, and there will no doubt be some in Pittsburgh and Boston.

From a later number of *Young America* we learn that the central organization in New York was in session about the middle of June last, and Mr. Evans says, "there never before was so complete an organization of the interests of labour" in that city. As soon as we are in possession of further particulars we shall report progress. An Industrial Congress (the annual delegation of the American land and labour reformers) has also been sitting at Chicago. As soon as we are informed of the results they shall be communicated to the readers of the RED REPUBLICAN.

DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL REFORM.

The propositions of the National Reform League, drawn up by Mr. James Bronterre O'Brien, and adopted at a number of public meetings, have already been published in the *Northern Star*, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, *Reynolds's Instructor*, and the *Weekly Tribune*; one or other of which papers a large number of our readers have, most probably, been in the habit of perusing; the said propositions must therefore be well known to them. But to others they may be unknown, hence we deem it a duty to give increased publicity to Mr. O'Brien's resolutions through the medium of the RED REPUBLICAN. Our publication being but small, and the demands upon its columns more that we can well meet, we shall reprint the aforesaid propositions one at a time, giving the first this week, the second in our next number, and so on. This plan of publication will carry with it the advantage of giving the reader time to "learn, mark, and inwardly digest" each proposition before proceeding to the next. Persons desirous of discussing the resolutions, either by way of elucidation or honest criticism, will find access to our columns, provided they study brevity, and show a due regard for the character and necessary requirements of this publication. With this understanding, the earnest Advocates of Democratic and Social Reform will always be welcome to give expression to their views and sentiments in the pages of the RED REPUBLICAN:—

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest.

The following Resolutions, on behalf of the League, were unanimously passed at a crowded meeting of the National Regeneration Society, held on the 16th March, 1850, in the large theatre of the Literary Institution, Leicester Square, London, on the motion of J. Bronterre O'Brien, seconded by Richard Hart; they have also received the assent of the National Charter Association, and the Fraternal Democrats, and have been carried at various public meetings:—

"This meeting is of opinion that in addition to a full, fair, and free representation of the whole people in the Commons House of Parliament, upon principles the same, or similar to those laid down in the People's Charter—the following measures,—some of a provisional, the others of a permanent nature, are necessary to ensure real political and social justice to the oppressed and suffering population of the United Kingdom, and to protect society from violent revolutionary changes:—

"1. A repeal of our present wasteful and degrading system of poor-laws, and the substitution of a just and efficient poor-law (based upon the original Act of Elizabeth) which should centralise the rates, and dispense them equitably and economically for the beneficial employment and relief of the destitute poor. The rates to be levied only upon the owners of every description of realised property. The employment to be of a healthy, useful, and reproductive kind, so as to render the poor self-sustaining and self-respecting. Till such employment be procured, the relief of the poor to be, in all cases, promptly and liberally administered, as a right, and not grudgingly doled out, as a boon. The relief not to be accompanied with obduracy, insult, imprisonment in the workhouses, separation of married couples, the breaking up of families, or any such other harsh and degrading conditions as, under the present system, convert relief into punishment, and treat the unhappy applicant rather as a convicted criminal than as (what he really is) the victim of an unjust and vitiated state of society."

(To be continued.)

It is not without reason that the English jurists have been compared to the patrician body of civilians amongst the Romans. There are some points of resemblance. 'In England, the youth belonging to wealthy families,' says Cotta, 'can alone embrace the profession of the bar, on account of the great expense which it involves at the outset. If they succeed, there are no dreams which their ambition may not entertain.' The situation of judges, of chairmen of courts of justice, of chancellor, of members of the House of Commons, are the almost certain prize of reputation at the bar; and, to a certain degree, they receive in advance the homage due to the dignities of which they carry in themselves the hopes. How few, then, amongst them are likely to be defenders of the people.—*Ledru Rollin.*

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(Translated expressly for this Publication.)

NATIONAL TENDENCIES.

(Continued from our last.)

[By an accident the portion of this translation contained in last week's number, was brought to an abrupt conclusion in the midst of an unfinished sentence. The lines following in italic are repeated (from No. 3), in order that the reader may understand the author's meaning, which would not be the case, were we to re-commence in the midst of a broken sentence. The reader will bear in mind that the author is commenting on the rotten faction of constitutional monarchial moderates.]

They were without any belief; their faith in the monarchical principle rose neither to the dogma of divine right incarnated in some few families, nor to that chivalrous affection for certain persons which once placed the monarch between God and the Beloved: "My God, my King, and my Mistress." It was a passive, inert acquiescence, without veneration or love for a fact which they had before their eyes, and which they did not even attempt to examine; it was a moral cowardice; it was the fear of the people, whose ascending movement they wished to arrest by means of monarchy: the fear of an inevitable shock between the two elements, which they did not think themselves capable of mastering. It was the fear that Italy was not powerful enough to reconquer, by her own popular forces, even that little bit of independence, as regards the foreigner, which they also, in their tenderness for Italian honour, would alone have desired to vindicate. In their writings they gave, with an affectation of gravity, with the manner of profound and clear-sighted men, counsels borrowed from a period of normal development, and from men habituated to parliamentary contests, and already citizens of more advanced nations; to a people who, on one hand, had nothing, and who, on the other, had to conquer everything,—existence, unity, independence, liberty. The people replied to their enunciated voices with the roar and the bound of a lion, chasing away the Jesuits, requiring the institution of civic guards and the publicity of debates, tearing constitutions from their princes, whilst these men were recommending silence, legal ways, and supplicating them to abstain from any manifestation, for fear of afflicting the paternal hearts of their masters. They called themselves practical men, positive men. . . . One should rather have named them the Arcadians of politics.

Such were the chiefs of the faction: there is no need for me to name them. And to-day some of them, either ambitious of power, or their vanity wounded by the solitude which is made around them, are to be found at the head of the monarchical reaction in Italy.

But, after the advent to the papacy of Pius IX., we saw grouped around them a number of young persons, who were worth much more than such chiefs, attracted either by the influence of their words, and the prestige of the first acts of the Pope, or by the hope of paving for Italy a more easy way towards a better future, after the rough discouragement of so many abortive attempts in the past. Pure souls, holily devoted to their country, but too flexible, and not strongly enough tempered by nature or suffering in the severe and energetic faith of immutable truth. They had been formed among us to the worship of the national idea, but were too soon fatigued with the inevitable griefs of the struggle; and misapprehending the want of authority which we all require, they prostrated themselves before that which was then existing, and which had the air of regenerating itself.

Below these thronged, all joyous at seeing that sacrifices and obstacles were to be diminished, the crowd of men of calculation, of mediocre hearts

and minds, the lukewarm refused by the Gospel, those whose sleep was troubled by our war-cry, and to whom the programme of the Moderates promised, on the contrary, the easy honours of patriotism, on the sole condition of writing pacific articles in the journals, or of supporting some inoffensive polemics with the Austrian *Lloyd*, concerning the railways, or perhaps of supplicating the prince to be good enough to show himself a little less of the tyrant.

And lower still, (the lepers of all parties,) was seen crawling the busy race of political mountebanks, men of all professions, veritable harpies soiling whatever they touched, ready in all countries to swear and to forswear, to laud or to calumniate, to dare or to cringe, according to a breath of wind, provided that in an agitation, without danger, they might acquire a certain microscopic importance, or any little employment, public or secret. A race, thank God! rarer in Italy than elsewhere: but yet more numerous in consequence of a Jesuitic, a materialist and tyrannical education, than one would wish to see in the midst of a people grand in its past, and called to grandeur in the future.

From among the first (the moderate chiefs) came a voice which said:—"Our first question is independence; our first conflict is with Austria, a power gigantic both in the elements which belong to it and in its connections with the governments of Europe. Now, if you threaten your princes, not only you will have no armies, but you will have them hostile to you: our people is corrupted, ignorant, unaccustomed to arms, indifferent, without will; and with such a people you can neither have a national war nor a republic founded on virtue. It is necessary beforehand to instruct it, to habituate it to strong actions, to the morality of citizenship. Progress is slow and proceeds by degrees. Before all independence, then an educational liberty, constitutional and monarchical; then at last the republic. The affairs of peoples are only regulated by opportunity; and whose would have all has nothing. Do not persist in re-copying the past, especially the past of France. Italy ought to have her own movement, and rules proper to that movement. Your princes are only contrary to you, because you have attacked them: unite yourselves to them; excite them to ally themselves together by commercial, customs, and industrial leagues; afterwards will come military leagues, and then you will have always armies ready and sure. Foreign governments will begin to know you, and Austria will learn to fear you. Perhaps we shall succeed in reconquering our independence peaceably and by pecuniary sacrifices; if not, our princes, reconciled with us, will give it us by their arms. Then we will think of liberty."

The second (good hearts for illusions) sang hymns to Pius IX., that spirit of an honest curate, and a bad prince, in calling him the regenerator of Italy, of Europe, and of the world; they preached concord, forgetfulness of the past, universal fraternity between the princes and the peoples, between the wolf and the lamb; they sang with an affected voice a love-canticle in a land sold, betrayed during five centuries by princes and popes, who yet were drinking the blood of martyrs freshly slain.

The last (the intriguers) went, and came, stirred themselves, meddled, uttered the strangest news about royal intentions, promises, transactions with the foreigner; repeated words which had never been said, distributed medals. To the people they related silly things with regard to the princes; to us they held out their hands mysteriously, murmuring in a low voice—"Let be, everything has its time; for the moment we must make our profit of men who have cannon and armies; afterwards we shall overthrow them." I do not recollect a single man among them who has not said or written to me, "I am in theory as republican as you yourself are," and who at the same time did not calumniate to the best of his ability our party and our intentions.

We, we were republicans of the old faith, founded

upon what we have often said and will resay again; but above all as far as regards Italy, we were republicans because we were unitary, because we desired that our country should be a nation. Our faith rendered us patient. The triumph of the principle which formed and which forms our beliefs is so certain that it serves no purpose to hasten it. By the decree of Providence, that luminous decree whose rays are thrown from afar upon the progress of Humanity, Europe runs toward democracy. The logical form of democracy is the republic. The republic, then, is among the facts of the future. But the question of national independence and unification required an immediate and practical solution. How obtain it? the princes would not; the Pope neither would nor could. There remained the People. And we, crying like our fathers—*Popolo! Popolo!* accepting all the consequences, all the logical forms of the principle contained in this cry.

It is false to say that progress manifests itself by degrees. It operates by degrees; and in Italy the national idea has been elaborated in the silence of three centuries of serfage common to all, and during nearly thirty years of assiduous apostleship, very often crowned by the martyrdom of the best among us. Once the ground is prepared by a secret labour, the principle ordinarily reveals itself in some collective, spontaneous, abnormal movement of multitudes, in a sudden transformation of authority. Once the principle is conquered, the series of its deductions and applications unrolls itself by a normal movement, slow, progressive, and continuous.

It is false that liberty and independence can be disjoined and demanded one after the other. Independence, which is only liberty conquered from the foreigner, requires, in order that it may not be a lie, the collective work of men conscious of their own dignity, of the power of sacrifice, and of the virtue of enthusiasm, which belong only to free men. This is so true, that in the few conflicts which have been sustained for independence, without apparent political intervention, the peoples have drawn their force from the national unity already conquered.

It is not true that a republic can not be founded without the concurrence of all the most severe republican virtues. Such an idea is only the old error which has served to falsify the governmental theory in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the educational element of the State; and republics are founded precisely that republican virtue, which a monarchical education could not produce, may germinate and take root in the hearts of the citizens.

It is not true that the blind force of cannons and armies suffices to re-conquer independence. In the combats for national liberty, along with material forces, it is necessary to have a presiding idea to order them and to direct their movements; the banner which is raised in the midst of armies ought to be the symbol of this idea; and—facts have irrevocably proved it—this banner is half the success. In the rest, a frank, hardy, durable accord between six princes, several of the Austrian race, nearly all of a foreign race, jealous and mistrustful one of the other, trembling before the people from consciousness of their misdeeds, and having against them no succour to hope for, save that of Austria,—behold, to sustain the war of independence, an utopia somewhat more extravagant than ours.

You cannot then hope to found a nation, except with a man or with a principle. Have you the man? Have you among your princes the Napoleon of Liberty, the hero who knows how both to think and to act, to love more than any other, and to fight. Have you the heir of the thought of Dante, the precursor of the thought of the people? Let him arise and reveal himself; if not, let us invoke the principle; do not drag Italy in the wake of illusions fraught with tears and blood.

This is what we said, not publicly, but in our

private interviews and in our correspondence, to the men placed foremost in the confidence of the first, the chiefs of the moderate party. The second, the friends who abandoned us, we regarded sadly, saying to them—*The proof made, you will return to us; but may God grant that this proof do flower not your soul, and deprive you of faith in the destinies of Italy.* From the last; the intriguers, we kept our distance, that we might not be soiled by them. Friends or enemies, we were, and we desired to maintain ourselves, nobly loyal. Nations, we often repeated, are never regenerated by falsehood.

To our last interrogation the moderates replied by pointing to Charles Albert.

"FEBRUARY AND JUNE, 1848.—THE PROLOGUE OF A REVOLUTION."

BY CITIZEN LOUIS MENARD, LATE EDITOR OF THE "PEUPLE."
(Concluded from our last.)

HORRIBLE MASSACRES OF THE PARIS PROLETARIANS!

On the evening of the 25th, the Marais and the Temple were occupied by the government troops, who entered the houses adjoining the barricades, shot a great number of people, and took others prisoners. In one court, thirty-five persons were shot. At the corner of the Rue Hôtel-de-Ville, seventy-five insurgents who had taken refuge in a cellar, laid down their arms, and were shot. Seventeen persons were shot at the Popincourt barracks, though the insurgents had spared forty-five soldiers they found there, a few hours previous. In the rue du Temple, a prisoner had his brains beaten out by some National Guards of the 6th legion. A party of National Guards of the 1st legion, who had sought shelter during a thunder-storm, at the corner of the rue Culture, Sainte-Catherine, fired on the passers by, and killed, amongst others, a woman with her child in her arms; while one of the insurgents during the combat at the barricade Saint-Louis, went at the risk of his life to get a poor starving woman something to eat. In the streets St. Paul and St. Antoine people were shot; and in the street Amandiers, Popincourt, a man, the father of four children, was fired upon, till the flesh of one of his legs was hanging in strips. Thirty-seven persons were shot in the street Roi-de-Sicile; many in the street de Jony and at the barracks of the Ave-Maria. The bodies of the victims at the Arsenal were taken to the square of the Bastille, and heaped up there. Forty-nine prisoners were driven into a corner of the place Saint-Jean, about six o'clock on the evening of the 25th, and hemmed in by a number of soldiers. Some of the National and Mobile Guards incited the troops to shoot them. The commanding officer consented, and about two hundred shots were fired before this butchery was completed. But the principal scene of massacre was the Hôtel-de-Ville. When the prisoners were brought there by the stair at the end of the street Lobeau, the order was given; 'We have no room here, give them air.' They were then precipitated down the stairs into the middle of a pool of blood, and shot. From time to time, the corpses were carried into the Salle Saint-Jean, and the blood ran—literally in streams—on the quay. After that, of what consequence were the hypocritical proclamations made by Cavaignac on the 26th and 27th? "Let my name be for ever accursed, if I regard the vanquished in the light of victims." What signified these phrases, when during four days men who had laid down their arms upon the promise of amnesty, were butchered in every street, and this system of murder had been organized in the fact, so to speak, of the whole city? The system of concentration, adopted by Cavaignac, succeeded, owing to the unhappy tactics of the people, who divided their forces among the barricades, instead of proceeding in masses to the attack of a few important points. In

the suburb Poissonnière the people were entrenched in the new hospital of Saint-Lazare, and stood out for three days. It was here they shot one of their own number who had taken advantage of the occasion to satisfy a private grudge. This act shows the faith of the people in the holiness of their cause. During the combat, a captain of the Garde Mobile, a friend of the Duc d'Aumale, was taken prisoner, but set at liberty, though he announced his intention of rejoining his troop. I do not know the fate of the prisoners of Saint-Lazare; but most probably they were taken to the nearest barracks, which were those of the Poissonnière; and it is well-known that fusillades took place there. At the barracks St. Martin, the assassins did not wish to alarm the bourgeois by the noise of a shooting-match, so the prisoners were cut to pieces with axes and sabres. On the morning of the 26th the only district occupied by the people, was that of St. Antoine. Here, they had sixty-four barricades, and occupied most of the houses, but they everywhere showed the greatest respect for property. The proprietor of a house in the rue Roquette, where the insurgents had encamped, on his return found 8,000 francs he had left there. An ironmonger was obliged to lend twenty bars of iron to the Proletarians; when the barricades were finished, they brought him back twenty-five, telling him they did not know to whom the odd five belonged, but that he must be sure to return them if the owner could be found. A jeweller and watchmaker's shop was also occupied by the insurgents, and not a thing was missed. The sobriety of the insurgents was not less remarkable than their disinterestedness and generosity.

On the 26th, an amnesty was promised, and the people capitulated. Three battalions entered the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here the same horrible scenes of pillage and murder took place, though the Proletarians kept their word, and laid down their arms, ignorant of the fate awaiting the prisoners who trusted the promises of those "friends of religion and order." A crowd of people, men, women and children, who had fled from their houses to the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, were butchered by the "defenders of family ties," who even wished to shoot one of the grave-diggers. A house in the rue de la Roquette, was set on fire by the troops; some of the Proletarians were shot in trying to escape; about eighty who gave up their arms, were shot. . . . At the barrier of Ménilmontant, two soldiers of the line, who had been prisoners of the people, tried to hinder the butchery, saying, the insurgents had done them no harm, but had given them a share of whatever they had. It was of no use. At this barrier, a wounded prisoner was roasted on a pile of burning straw.

On the road of Belleville, as far even as the wood of Romainville, the Proletarians were hunted like wild beasts, and unarmed men were shot, on the pretext that their hands smelt of powder. In the Faubourg St. Antoine, women were violated, three were thrown out of a window in the rue de Charentan. As soon as the barricades were pulled down, the rich of the Faubourg St. Germain came in carriages with their wives and mistresses, to visit the ruined dwellings of the poor.

The national guards and the soldiers were buried magnificently at the public cost. The Proletarians were thrown pell-mell into trenches dug in the common burying-places. The Assembly decreed that the Garde Mobile deserved well of their country—the head of the executive power bestowed decorations upon them—the bourgeoisie idolized them—the women of the aristocracy threw flowers to them, and visited their tents, as their mothers had done those of the Cossacks. Let me add, however, for the honour of human nature, that other women went to the Assembly to beg mercy for the vanquished, but they were not allowed to enter.

About twelve thousand persons were arrested on suspicion, a re-actionary police was organized, and the prisons partly emptied by the butcheries of the last two or three days,

were filled again. . . . About a thousand prisoners were packed together in an underground cell at the Tuileries. Their sufferings were frightful. When they struggled to get near the gratings for a breath of air, the sentinels fired on them. One of these victims was a man arrested on his way to fetch an accouchour for his wife—and thinking that she was left alone in her confinement, he leant his head on the grating, exclaiming, "my God!—my God!"—when a ball struck him on the head, and the wall was spattered with his brains. The wounded and the dead fell into the bloody, festering, pestilential mud, in which the prisoners stood ankle deep.

About eleven in the evening, two-hundred prisoners were taken out and marched to the Place du Carrousel, where the national guard commenced to butcher them. A horrible meleé took place; in the darkness and confusion, a number of the national guard were shot by their comrades; the prisoners in vain attempted to escape; those who were not killed at once were finished by the bayonet. This massacre lasted half-an-hour, and a few prisoners who had not been killed outright, were taken back to the caverns under the Tuileries, or to the cellars of the Palais National, where they suffered horribly. At the Tuileries, after this first massacre, the prisoners were regularly drafted off and murdered during the night. Those still in the caverns heard the cries of their martyred brothers; many became mad, one hung himself. As the inhabitants of this quarter were alarmed by these nocturnal fusillades, some one, I believe Lamericiere, ordered the troops to use the bayonet. Meantime, there was reason to fear, that the typhus fever, raging in this hot-bed of infection, would spread throughout Paris. The prisoners, were, therefore, taken from the Tuileries, the mad ones were shot. The rest sent to the Ecole-Militaire; the door leading to the caverns was built up. Numberless prisoners were shot at the Ecole-Militaire—others imprisoned in dark cellars. In one of these, a prisoner, becoming mad, began to shout, the sentinel fired at random into the group—many fell. One of the prisoners received eleven wounds in this way. He survived them, and was transported for life. In another cellar the prisoners were left without either bread or water, during extremely hot weather:—they complained—an officer walking up and down before the grating of this cellar heard them. Who complains?" he asked. "We are hungry, give us bread." "Stop a little," said the officer, and, taking the sentinel's musket, fired through the grating. A prisoner fell. "Who is hungry now? I'll serve him out." . . . The wounded among the prisoners were treated in the same way as the rest. Those in the hospitals were set apart from the other invalids, and watched by armed national guards. On the most futile pretexts, the insurgents were rudely shifted about from room to room, without the slightest regard for the consequences of such treatment. Some of them were tied to their beds with cords, like so many wild beasts. The surgeons opposed this cruelty energetically, but it was of no use, as these things were done by order of the Government. Of course, with such treatment, the mortality among the proletarians was much greater than among their enemies. The wounded insurgents, when they could escape the search made for them, preferred home to the hospital; and they almost all died for want of care and medical aid. For more than a week, the environs of Paris were hunted for insurgents. People were shot on mere suspicion. About eighty in the plain of Grenelle, also some in the cemetery of Montparnass, and about a hundred at Montmartre. The prisons of Paris were so full that an epidemic was apprehended. From two to three hundred prisoners had died of asphyxia in the cellars of the Hotel-de-Ville. After some time the prisoners were drafted

off to the different fortresses in the neighbourhood of Paris. These unhappy victims had often been left for thirty hours at a time without food or water. During their transit to the forts, the least noise made by them was the signal for the soldiers to fire. At the fort of Est, the prisoners arrived in the middle of a wet, stormy night, and for 24 hours could obtain neither food nor anything else, even for money; and all their complaints were answered by derision and menaces, and by cannon being pointed at them. Some of them went mad—others died in a few days from this treatment. At the fort of Romainville, an old man, a prisoner, was praying at the window, a sentinel fired at him; he fell, exclaiming "my God!—my daughter!" So far from being punished, this assassin was drafted into a crack regiment. Another soldier was imprisoned for four days because he refused to fire at a prisoner who approached the grating for a breath of air. In one cellar, a number of boys were imprisoned, and one of these poor children, about thirteen years old, was shot because he clung to the grating for air. In another cell of the same fort, shots were repeatedly fired in at the windows, without any pretext whatever. At the fort of Tury, the prisoners were put into trenches half full of water—many of them died there; and that water, which the troop horses refused, was all that the prisoners got to drink. An officer told a number of prisoners in this fort that they were going to take the air; this was the customary signal—they were taken out and shot. This was among the last of the bloody episodes of the June insurrection, the money cost of which has been estimated at seventy-six millions of francs. All the proletarians of Paris might have been kept for a year upon the money employed in butchering them. It is not easy to ascertain the number of victims during these fatal days. According to the most moderate calculations, ABOUT THREE THOUSAND PRISONERS WERE MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD, BY THEIR PITILESS AND ACCURSED CONQUERERS.

We ought to meet and confront every danger, and always anticipate threats.—CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

The secret of perfect intellectual independence is to believe little, and to work much.—IBID.

The oracle which said, "Seek council of the dead," certainly spoke of books. They are mirrors which shew us virtues and vices. We read for instruction, for consolation, for improvement.—IBID.

We should beware of living saints.—IBID.

We should believe nothing, except what we have once had the courage to doubt.—IBID.

We must estimate men not so much by their actions, as by their capabilities, sentiments, and intentions. Fortune, opportunity, have too great a share in all the rest.—IBID.

Nature had a reason for surrounding the rose with thorns.—IBID.

THE LAND.—A great fundamental principle, which I entertain as the basis of my political creed, is: That man shall not be permitted to traffic or speculate in that which he cannot produce, or the quantity of which he cannot increase.—SENATOR WALKER'S LETTER TO A. E. ELMORES.

THE LAND MONOPOLY.—But, Abolitionist though I am, I regard Land Monopoly—take the world together—as a far more abundant source of suffering and debasement, than is Slavery: and I add that whilst to abolish Chattel Slavery, is not to abolish Land Monopoly to abolish Land Monopoly is to abolish Chattel Slavery.—GERRIT SMITH.

Convince me that a principle is right in the abstract, and I will reduce it to practice if I can.—WILLIAM LEGGETT.

No one is able to produce a charter from heaven, or has any better title to a particular possession of land than his neighbour.—PALEY.

LAND NOT TO BE TRAFFICKED WITH.—My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil—but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold, but such as can be carried away.—BLACK HAWK.

What are the rights to which men are entitled by the laws of Nature, or the gifts of the Creator? The Declaration [of Independence] has already named some of them, i. e. "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," to which I will add, "an equal right to the earth and other elements," all equally indispensable to the existence of man.—M. JACQUES.

Poetry for the People.

THE JACOBIN OF PARIS.

(From "Historic Fancies.")

BY THE HON. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE, M.P.

Ho, St. Antoine! Ho, St. Antoine,—thou quarter of the poor,
Arise with all thy households, and pour them from their door;
Rouse thy attics, and thy garrets,—rouse cellar, cell, and cave,—
Rouse over-worked, and over-taxed,—the starving and the slave.

"Canaille"—aye, we remember it, that word of dainty scorn,
They flung us from their chariots, the high and haughty born.
Canaille—canaille—aye, here we throng, and we will show
How ungloved hand, with pike and brand, can help itself to right.

It was a July evening, and the summer moon shone fair,
When first the people rose, in the grandeur of despair,
But not for greed, or gain, or gold, to plunder, or to steal,
We spared the gorgeous Tuileries,—we levelled the Bastille.

A little year, we met once more, yea "Canaille" met that day,
In the very heart of his Versailles, to heard the man Capet;
And we brought him back to Paris, in a measured train and slow,
And we shouted to his face for Barnave and Mirabeau.

Ho, Condé, wert thou coming, with thy traitant Chevaliers
Didst thou swear they should avenge the Austrian wan,
ton's tears,

Ho, Artois, art thou arming, for England's ceaseless play,
Thy Brunswickers, and Hessians, and Brigands of Vendée?

Come then, with every hireling, Slave, Croat, and Cosack,
We dare your war, beware of our's—we fling you freedom back.

What, tyrants, did you menace us,—now tremble for your own!
You have heard the glorious tidings of Valmy and Ar-gonne?

How like the Greek of olden time, who in the self-same hour,
At Plataea, and at Mycale, twice crushed the invader's power
So we had each our victory, and each our double fray,
Dumouriez with the stranger, and we at the Abbaye.

O but it was a glorious hour, that ne'er again may be,
It was a night of fierce delight we never more shall see,
That blood-stained floor, that foes' red gore, the rich and ruddy wine
And the strong sense, all felt within,—or work it was divine.

They knew that men were brothers, but in their lust they trod,
On the lessons of their priests, and the warnings of their God.

They knew that men were brothers, but they heeded not the Lord,
So we taught them the great Truth, anew, with fire and with sword.

O but it was a glorious hour, that vengeance that we wreaked,
When the mighty knelt for pardon, and the great in anguish shrieked!
But we jeered them for their little hearts, and mocked their selfish fears,
For we thought the while of all their crimes, of twice five-hundred years.

He used to laugh at Justice, that gay Aristocrat,
He used to scoff at mercy, but he knelt to us for that;
But, with untiring hate we struck, and as our victim fell,
He heard,—to hear them echoed soon,—the cries and jests of Hell.

Ho, St. Antoine, arouse the now,—Ho, brave Septembrists all,
The Tocsin rings, as then it rung! Arise unto its call,
For the True Friend of the people,—Marat, the Man of men,
Has told us, he has need of the people's arms again.

For the Gironde hath turned traitor, and the Moderates have sold
The hard-earned rights of Hoche's fights, for promise of Pitt's gold,
And the Pedant, and the Upstart, as Upstart only can,
Have dared deride, in lettered pride, the plain and working man,

What we, who burst the bondage, our fathers bore so long,
That oppression had seemed sacred in its venerable wrong,

What we, who have out-spoken, and the whole world obeyed,
With its Princes, and its Monarchs, on their high thrones afraid;

What we, who broke that mighty yoke, shall we quail before Brissot?
And shall we bow to him as lowly, as he would have us low?

And shall we learn the Courtier's lisp, and shall we cringe and sue,
To the lily hand of fair Roland, like love-sick Barbaroux?

No—by Great Heaven, we have not riven, the mighty chains of old,
The State-craft, and the Priest-craft, and the grandeur and the gold,—

To be ground down by Doctrines, to be crushed by Forms and Schools,—
To starve upon their Corn Laws, but to live upon their rules.

No, if we must have leaders, they like ourselves shall be,
Who have struggled and have conquered with single hearts and free;

Who do not ape the noble, nor affect the Courtier's air,
With Tallien for a Richelieu, and Louvet for Voltaire.

No, we will have such leaders, as the Roman Tribunes were,
Couthon, and young St. Just, and simple Robespierre;
Now glory to their garrets, they are nobler far to own,
Than the fair half-hundred palaces, and the Carolingian throne.

And glory to the thousand proofs, that day by day they give,
Of some great end to which they tend, those solemn lives they live,

When the Monarch, and the Anarch alike shall pass away,
And morn shall break, and man awake, in the light of a fairer day,

LIFE IN LONDON.

STREET JUGGLERS AND CONJURORS.

THE following account of a street juggler's business I had from a grave looking man, of half dignified appearance both in face and figure, and with long well-oiled locks that seemed to be got up expressly for public display:—

"I have been twenty-eight years in the profession of a juggler. When I started first I did well—most excellent, and never knew what it was to want money. I dare say I made my £5 every week, full that, when I began. I performed on the stilts, with brass balls, from one to five; throwing them up and down and catching them, like the Indian juggler, only he did it from the ground, and I on my stilts. After the brass balls, I threw large brass rings, catching them, and then linking them together. Then I threw three large daggers, or rather from one to three, I have thrown more, all round about my body, catching them as they came. I next took a wooden pole, and on the top of it a wash-hand basin—the pole was 7 feet high, and on the top of the pole, still on my stilts I kept the basin spinning round. I kept to the stilts until six or seven years ago, doing pretty well. After the stilts I performed on the ground, and now I carry a small box which stands on four legs, and with it I'm mostly to be seen at the West-end. In one of my tricks I appear to eat a quantity of shavings, and draw them afterwards, in the shape of an immense long barber's pole, out of my mouth. A little doll I make appear and disappear from the folds of a cloak. These are my juggling feats; as to conjuring, I do all sorts of things with cards. I make them do anything but speak. I teach conjuring and juggling, and am a professor of legerdmain. I have no pupils—worse luck. I've taught many an amateur conjuror, real gentlemen, who amuse their friends that way; some of them take to it very kindly, others slop it; but I make them permit conjurors if I can."

A red-faced man, with what is called a "professional look," gave me the following account.

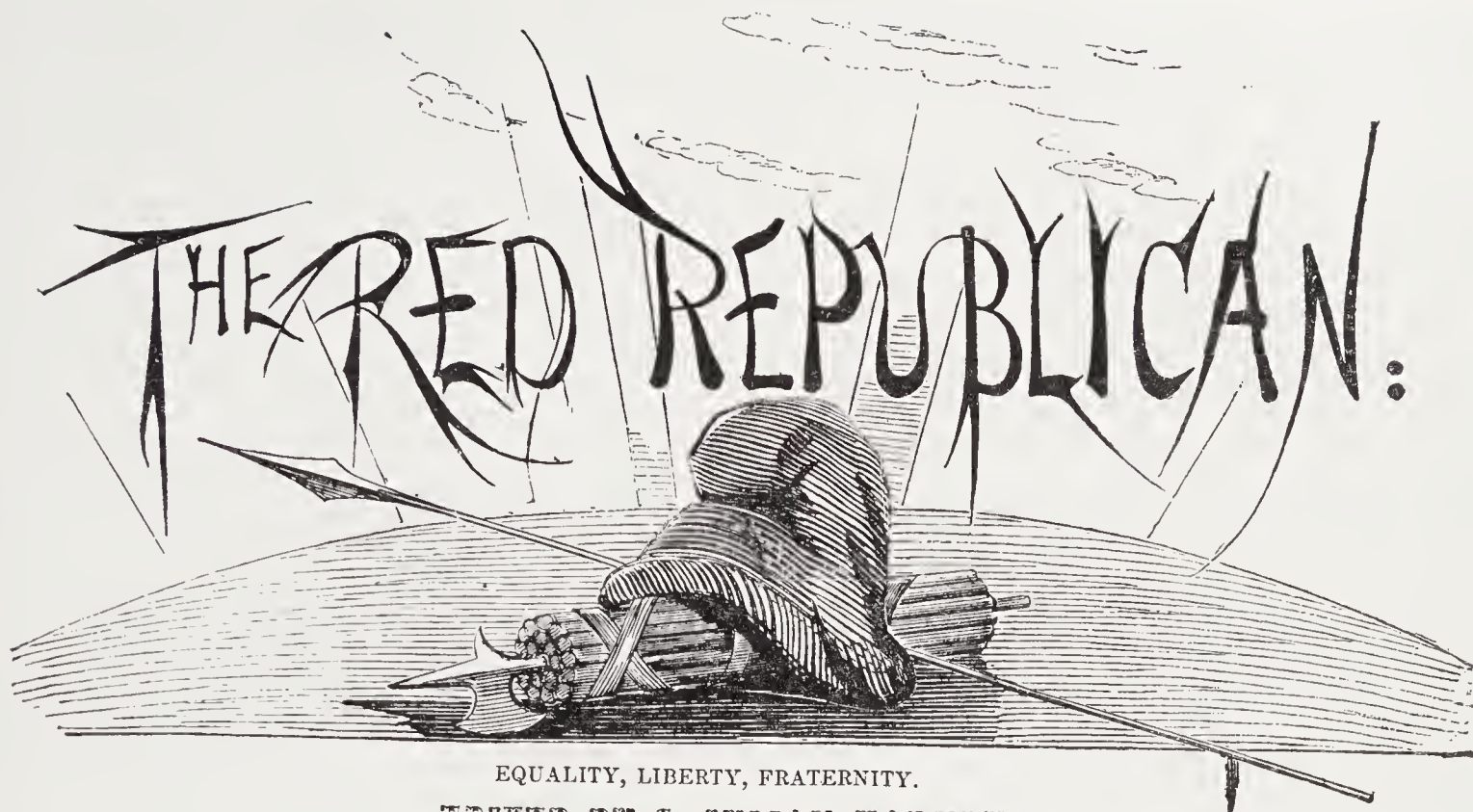
"When I first knew the trade it was far better than it is now, a great deal. I could take 20s, a night, in a London public-house; now I can't make a living by my tricks. There's been a wonderful deal of change in the tricks. The old tricks were, what I may call, a little indelicate.

The amusements, generally, were more brutal in those days; so were our tricks. Cups and balls were fashionable then; they're lost now; but I play them in an improved manner. At present I'm the only man in all the profession can do it in the style I do. The egg bag was a popular trick then; bringing a number of eggs from an empty bag. Frying pancakes in any one's hat was all the rage, too, at that time; frying them over a lamp or a candle, bringing them out of the hat, and then showing that the hat was perfectly clean within. The latter really goes into the hat, in an apparatus which is whisked into it for the purpose, and the pancakes were eaten by the company, and were made of good stuff. Cutting off a man's nose was common then. A gentleman was asked to lend a conjuror his nose, and was placed in a chair to have it cut off. The conjuror used a knife with a wire attached to the middle round a vacant part of the blade, and this was pressed on the nose. The conjuror first applied a cloth with rose pink on it, so that being removed, it looked as if the nose were cut off, and a bloody mass remained. Afterwards the conjuror drew the cloth over the face, wiped off the colouring, and the nose appeared as before. I've often seen gentlemen put their fingers to their nose to feel if it was all right, and that caused great laughter. We used to press the nose with the wire as if there were a wound. Bringing a guinea-pig from under the hat was an old trick. Conjuring now is revolutionised like other things. People weren't so enlightened formerly, and casier tricks passed. Now producing a bowl of gold fish from a shawl, and a quantity of bouquets from an empty hat are the rage. The inexhaustible bottle is popular now. The conjuror in the inexhaustible bottle has tubes in his sleeves, and other contrivances, to have sufficient of any liquor wanted; some of the glasses are prepared, too, as the bottle contains only five compartments, four of which are controlled by the fingers, and the fifth flows out naturally. In the palmy days of conjurors I've had £4 a week at a saloon, and now many a week I can't make more than 10s. both in the open air and the public houses together. Money's a thing not easy to be conjured, sir!"—*Morning Chronicle*.

GOVERNMENT—LAW-MAKING.—Every man's nature is a sufficient advertisement to him of the character of his fellows. My right and my wrong, is their right and wrong. Whilst I do what is fit for me, and abstain from what is unfit, my neighbour and I shall often agree in our means, and work together for a time to our end. But whenever I find my dominion over myself not sufficient for me, and undertake the direction of him also,—I overstep the truth, and come in false relations to him. I may have so much more skill or strength than he, that he cannot adequately express his sense of wrong, but it is a lie, and hurts like a lie both him and me. Love and nature cannot maintain the assumption; it must be executed by a practical lie, namely, by force. This undertaking for another, is the blunder that stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers, as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible. I can see well enough a great difference between my setting myself down to a self-control, and my going to make somebody else act after my views; but when a quarter of the human race assume to tell me what I must do, I may be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see so clearly the absurdity of their command. Therefore all public ends look vague and Quixotic beside private ones. For, any laws but those which men make for themselves, are laughable. It I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought, and see that things are thus and thus,—that perception is law for him and me. But if, without carrying him into the Thought, I look over into his plot, and guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This is the history of governments—one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me, taxes me; looking from afar at me, ordains that a part of my labour shall go to this or that whimsical end, not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these.—*Emerson*.

PROPERTY IN THE LAND.—Not till men can present a bill of sale from the Almighty, can they claim property in soil.—*REV. CHARLES C. FOOTE*.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN BARNET.

No. 5.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A Voice from the Roman Triumvir.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PROSCRIBED.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

[Translated expressly for the RED REPUBLICAN, from No. 1. of "Le Proscrit; Revue de la République Universelle."]

I.

NAPOLEON had fallen: the ascending movement of the French revolution was, in appearance at least, about to cease. Everywhere peace was invoked; everywhere those who brought it, whoever they might be, were saluted with the name of liberators. The old dynasties, rebaptized by victory, re seized, one by one, their broken domination; the new dynasties were dispersed in exile; and the fusillade of Pizzo, in killing Murat, pronounced to them the last word of the monarchy of divine right. Religion blessed the restoration: the duality of the Christian epoch seemed to be effaced in a pact of love. The altar and the throne lent their support to one another.

And yet, tormented by some vague inquietude, the royal conquerors gave themselves up emulously to the study of means of defence against storms which nothing in the horizon announced to them. They seemed, —strangely enough,—to see in their triumph only the necessity of a more powerful tie. Jealous, suspicious, one of the other, they stifled every sentiment of distrust and rivalry, in order that they might think only of preparing a common force against some unknown enemy. By the acts of June 9th, September 25th, and November 20th, 1815, they organized this force. The *Holy Alliance* inaugurated a new policy: the

masters of the world leagued themselves against the future. One hundred and sixty seven years before the treaty of Westphalia, in giving vigour to the system of the balance of power, left a ray of hope for the feeble menaced by the strong. In 1815 the strong said: *We unite to ravish from the weak even the thought of resistance to our sovereign decrees; let them be crushed if they rise.* The policy of intervention against the progressive principle, the germ of which was contained in the treaty of the *Holy Alliance*, received a larger development on the 12th of May, 1821, at Laybach; and at Verona it was embodied. Since then, from the intervention of 1823 in Spain down to the occupation of Rome, wherever a People has arisen to establish its right to life, wherever a race, an oppressed or dismembered nation, has desired to challenge its right to the suffrage or to its natural limits, the *Holy Alliance* has interposed its veto: it has maintained the oppression; it has, by concentrating its forces on a given point, crushed the protestation.

The pact of 1815 taught to us, the People, a great truth which hitherto democracy has not known how to reap.

The men who signed it had, indeed, foreseen the future. They had divined the adversary which Europe, then fatigued, was preparing against their mad dreams of universal despotism: THE PEOPLE. They had comprehended that, though Napoleon had fallen, it was not so much before their million of hired bayonets, as before the force of a popular idea, before the trembling of national enthusiasm chilled by the spirit of conquest: they perceived that the first scene of the drama of Waterloo were played on the part of the people, in Spain, in the Calabrias, in the bosom of the German Universities; that a thought was fermenting at the heart

of the populations, saying to them—*Your soil is your own, you are the only legitimate interpreters of the law which rules your existence*; and that this thought, after having dared to wrestle with Napoleon, could not abdicate before men without genius and without heart. The pact of 1815 was the first avowal of the force of an unknown element; it was homage rendered to the solidarity of nations, to the unity of European life, a false and tyrannical application of a *principle* which is the soul of our belief, the revealing principle of the collective life of Humanity. It was for us to oppose to this false application, founded upon the arbitrary privileges of an imperceptible minority, a legitimate application founded on the right and the duty of all. It was for the democracy to boldly uplift in front of the flag upon which the men of 1815 had written the impious formula—*God and the princes*, the flag which bears the holy device—*God and the peoples*, and to organize them around it. The democracy did not this. The great idea of European solidarity, in which consists its life and its force, remained in a condition of aspiration; it never overpassed the sphere of theory. It has never hitherto had, it has not yet, a practical organization, a centre, a power to represent it. Since 1815 we have been behindhand. This is why we are yet struggling, turn by turn conquerors or conquered, strong on every point against our immediate adversaries, and yet successively overwhelmed by the union of the reactionary powers.

II.

These ideas, which I expressed some months since in the name of a single people, we are to-day proclaiming in the name of all and for all. We feel the evil, and we desire to seek the remedy. Beyond all systems, all special

solutions elaborated with a view to the economic and social problem, there is a common ground upon which, in the name of principles conquered for Humanity by a half century of toils and struggles, all the fractions composing the great army of democracy could grasp hands, recognise each other, count upon each other, and organise themselves for action. To this ground we summon all those who, like us, believe in Liberty, in Equality, in Humanity, and who feel the want of devoting themselves, body and soul, thought and action, to the objects of their belief. The scattered forces must be rallied, regulated, common action must replace the fractionary, unequal, impulsive action of parties. To the war of partizans must succeed the war of masses. A common hearth, a common direction must be given to individual efforts, to individual appreciations. Our waste of forces must cease, and our devotion know the end to which it ought to tend, the moment in which it should be revealed. The church must be substituted for the chapels, and for sects the religion of the future. To the league of corrupt or lying powers must at last be opposed, in its reality and in its might, the

HOLY ALLIANCE OF THE PEOPLES!

We must lay in common the first stone of the temple, upon the front of which the future shall inscribe—GOD IS GOD, AND HUMANITY IS HIS PROPHET! This is the price of our victory. The initiation is for all.

III.

A few years after the royal manifesto of 1815, something strange and unusual began to happen in Europe: this was the formation of a new people, a collective initiator, in relation with the social mission of the epoch, and containing in germ all the data of the future alliance. Such an end, such means. And in the same manner that at each great historical evolution the parent thought of the epoch—emancipation of the individual or national unification—had been seen incarnated in a great man or a great people, so here little by little the thought of the nascent epoch—pacific organization of Humanity towards one common end—was seen to become embodied and to reveal itself in a new being, one and multiple at the same time, the résumé of all special missions, the living programme and symbol of the harmonization of races and aptitudes in one single synthetical conception, having for end the constitution, based upon duties freely accepted and acknowledged, of the great European family, and through it of Humanity, of which Europe is the lever. This was the people of peoples, the country of all countries, the nation of the proscribed. From the north, from the south, from all points of Europe, at every suppressed attempt at movement, at every aspiration thrown back towards its source, these pilgrims of the social thought, the red-cross knights of the liberty of all through all, were seen wayfaring, as if urged by an invisible hand, towards one point, towards one common centre, Paris, London, Rome, or Geneva, to meet together, grasp hands, and again set forth, in the strength of their watchword—*Brotherly Action, Country, Humanity*,—each toward his destination, the combat, evangelisation, or the scaffold. Universal and moveable convention of all the oppressed peoples, of all the banned nationalities, nucleus and precursor of the congress of free

and equal nations, the nation of the proscribed had to smooth away the obstacles, the distrusts, the jealousies, the hostile prejudices, which separated us. It has fraternized in exile and in persecution, in the baptism of the prison and the battle-field, in the name of all the oppressed who suffer, pray, or protest, and for the sake of races who even hitherto have failed to answer the appeal of the common mother. It has rehabilitated the idea of nationality, falsified and perverted by the egotism of royal races and conquering aristocracies. It has matured the map of the Europe to come. Italians, Germans, Poles, Russians, Slavonians, both of the north and south, all could recognize themselves in it, give to it their innermost idea, fusing themselves in one single thought of progress, of brotherly association. The Saint John of Humanity, it announced the future Word, and preached his law from one end of Europe to the other. That it may not be in the wilderness!

IV.

Proscribed ourselves, and children of a faith cursed to-day by all egotisms, and by all powers, we are here to bear witness in its favour, and to cry to our brothers—*Rally yourselves around us, so that our thought may be translated into action!*—and to our oppressors—*Persecute, but tremble, for the future is ours!* Let our brothers, wherever they may be, whatever they may be, respond to our appeal! It is not persecution which shall make us halt upon our way.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

London, July 1.

"FINE WORDS (HOUSEHOLD OR OTHERWISE) BUTTER NO PARSNIPS."

THE above moral reflection occurred to me on reading an article in the last monthly edition of *Dickens' Household Words*, wherein the writer relates a story about two poor little starving children, who stole a loaf of bread, and were sentenced by a Bow-street magistrate, ("a Daniel come to judgment") to be whipped for this awful "crime against society, property, and order." Further, the writer relates divers particulars concerning the ragged schools in Westminster, tending to show that persons belonging to the offscourings of society—persons who, from their infancy, had been brought up in every kind of vice, are reclaimable with a little trouble, but that the first condition of that reformation is to give them the means of gaining their living in an honest way. In the cases mentioned by this writer, this was done by sending the subjects of the experiment to Australia, where, by last accounts, they "were doing well." I daresay they "were doing well," in a country where the poor are not altogether thrust from the banquet of life by the rich; where the land, the common gift of God to all mankind, is not altogether monopolized by one land-owning class; where the honest man who has only his strength and skill to aid him in the struggle for existence, does not altogether become the prey of bourgeois profit-mongers, whose grand problem is,—to get a maximum of work done for a minimum of wages. No doubt, any one, willing to work, would "do well" in a place like this. The remedy proposed by the above writer for the state of things he describes is—*National Education!* "If a son asks bread from any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" A spelling-book as a cure for hunger, was an amount of human absurdity, which evidently had not crossed the imagination of the Nazarean Teacher. Words are the panacea of the Whig Quacks, and rose-water political sentimentalists of the Boz school.

Education will do much, and a fit subject for its beneficent influences would have been the brutal, well-fed Dogberry who sentenced these starving children to be whipped; but Education will not satisfy the animal wants of man;—the rule of three will not feed the hungry, or the 'Penny Magazine' clothe the naked. How are the people of this country to be fed? That is the question. Not, how are starving, homeless, hopeless wretches, dying by inches of cold and hunger, to be taught "reading, writing, and arithmetic." Your lessons in morality will do much for men who must either starve or steal, for women who must go on to the streets and drive a hideous traffic in their own bodies, to get a meal for their starving children! Rose-coloured political sentimentalists! All this is atrocious, inhuman humbug—and you know it, you cannot be such fools as not to know it. You boast much of the "Charitable Institutions of England."—I tell you the word charity is an insult, and your vaunted Institutions are a mockery. Supposing you had the right—which you have not—of monopolizing the land, enslaving the producers, and then giving them the bread which is their birth-right as human beings, as a charity—God save the mark!—supposing you had the right of doing all this, I say, yet your "Institutions" are quite inadequate to relieve the tenth part of the hideous misery created and fostered by your vicious system of society. For a proof of this assertion, I need only point to Ireland—I need only turn to the columns of the 'Morning Chronicle'—I need only refer to the accounts of inquests given by the Manchester newspapers, where I see every now and then such verdicts as—"died of destitution;" and while these facts exist, it is in vain to talk of "Charitable Institutions," and Sidney Herbert schemes for transporting "the distressed needlewomen of the metropolis" to other countries, in search of the adequately paid employment they ought to have found at home. Transport the lazy drones who eat up the honey; transport the landowners and the thimble-riggers of the Stock Exchange, and there would be bread enough and room enough then, for all "our surplus population." How are the people of this country to be fed? That is the problem for solution. The Protectionists did not solve it. The Free-traders are not solving it. Rosewater, soft-sawdery, sentimental Whigs, talk of National Education. Meantime, the producers die by inches of hunger—pauperism, and its attendant—crime—are on the increase. The condition of "moral England, the envy of surrounding nations," is in a fair way of becoming very unenviable under the Upas-tree of a "glorious British Constitution and time-honoured Institutions of our ancestors." It is well Time honours them, for I think nobody else does, and Time must be in his dotage if he does anything of the kind. It has been lately said by the *Leader* that the writers in the *Red Republican* are "violent, audacious, and wrathfully earnest." Ah, my dear *Leader*, do you not perceive that it is quite impossible for a Red Republican—that is a sworn foe to existing social arrangements—to be anything else than "violent and audacious?" Though he were to "roar as gently as any sucking-dove," he would still be found "violent" by all those who uphold the existing social system. For my part I am proud of the epithet—violent, and wrap myself in audacity, as in a mantle. Wrathfully earnest! I should think we are. Just about as much in earnest as our precursor, "the Sansculotte Jesus" was when He scourged the usurers and money-lenders, and thimble-rigging stockbrokers of Jerusalem, out of that temple they "had made a den of thieves." About as earnest as our Nazarean brother was, when—denouncing those who laid heavy burdens on the poor, whom they used-up for their own profit, refusing to touch these burdens of their fainting oppressed brethren, with "one of their little fingers," he exclaimed, "Ye serpents! ye genera-

tion of vipers! how shall ye escape the damnation of Hell?" Yes, we are tolerably in earnest, in demanding that the Gospel of Christ shall no longer remain a dead letter; that the noble idea of Fraternity and Equality, first promulgated by the Galilean carpenter, shall at length be realized; that "the ideal of justice and love, which we have long seen glittering above us should descend" into the furrows where the toiling peasant stoops—into the workshops and mills where the pale artisan drags out the twelve and fourteen hours a-day, that have made him so stunted, so deformed, and sickly a sample of humanity. We are certainly in earnest, inspired by the same spirit as Paul, who said, "If any man be not willing to work, neither let him eat." The present "visible Church of Christ," read this text corrected thus:—"If any man, kings, princes, state priests, and aristocrats—whether landed or financial—*excepted*, be not willing to work, neither let him eat; and those who are hardest worked shall receive the smallest amount of food." . . . "For eighteen centuries," says an eloquent French professor, "man has been satisfied with reading the Gospel; this is not enough; it is henceforth necessary that he should write it himself upon the surface of the earth, upon the brow of nations, upon sand, upon brass, in laws, institutions, and new charters. Every Christian nation ought to be an immortal Evangelist." The idea of perfect Liberty, of Equality, and Fraternity—the divine idea of love, incarnate in the gentle Nazarene, is the idea we earnestly worship. It freed itself from the dead weight of a lifeless Past in the days of Luther, bursting forth from under the accumulated rubbish of ages, like waters of life,—like a fountain to refresh the wanderer fainting in desert places: it found an expression free from all symbols, sagas, and historical forms, in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, by Maximilian Robespierre, and in the immortal pages of the *Contract Social* and the *Emile*. The next step in the development of this divine idea will be its practical realization; the Ethico-political regeneration of society, which our early Oriental brothers, the Proletarian sufferers under Roman despots, pictured as the second coming of that thorn-crowned Martyr, on Calvary: the reign of God's saints on earth. Sedition! Imprisonment! Transportation to penal settlements! Suppression of the *Red Republican*? Let them suppress it if they dare. We, the writers therein, will find other and quite as effectual modes of expressing our thought. We will go forth on the highways and byeways—by the road-side—in every mill and workshop we will preach on the Rights and Wrongs of Labour, from that text of Paul's—"If any man be not willing to work, neither shall he eat." And should we be imprisoned or sent beyond seas, we will console ourselves by the reflection that the spirit of the age has no lack of fit organs to express its thought—that the work will not stand still, because a few workmen have been removed; we will rejoice that we have been found *worthy to suffer* for this divinest idea of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—to be joined to its Martyrs and Apostles, that glorious band, gathered from all ages and nations—"a peculiar people, a sacred priesthood,"—the best and noblest of the human race.

HOWARD MORTON.

THE FINGER OF GALILEO.—After all, I know not whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not a little mysterious bit of something like parchment which is shewn you under a glass case in the principal public library. It stands pointing towards heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to the torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth, and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. After this let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause be good, justice will be done it some day.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favoured few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God.—JEFFERSON'S LAST LETTER.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

III. THE CONSTITUTIONS AND GOVERNMENTS OF THE SEVERAL STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

The Constitution of Ohio.

"The constitution of Ohio provides that a general assembly shall consist of a senate and house of representatives, the latter not to exceed seventy-two members, the former not more than half that number. It provides for equal electoral districts; and to secure that object, it directs that there shall be an enumeration of the male adult population every four years, according to which census the members of both branches of the legislature are apportioned. It directs that the members of the house of representatives shall be chosen every year by the voters in their respective districts. The suffrage is practically universal:—every white male adult citizen, who has resided in the State one year, and has been charged, or is chargeable, with a tax, is entitled to a vote in the district in which he resides at the time of the election. All are charged with a road tax of four shillings per year; except aliens and negroes, who are not permitted to vote. Foreigners may become citizens after five years' residence in the United States. The representatives of the people are not required to hold any property by way of qualification, but they must be of a certain age, and residents of the State. The voting is by ballot; and the members are paid eight shillings per day for their services whilst the legislature is sitting, out of the funds of the State. The balloting is effected in a very simple manner. The names of the candidates selected by the voter are written or printed on a slip of paper, and the voter hands it into the poll-clerk folded up: it is not signed; it is thrown among the other ballots, and no man can tell how the elector has voted if he chooses to keep his own counsel. The candidates supply the printed tickets.

"The Senate of Ohio is chosen as follows:—At the first election the senators were chosen for two years; on their being convened they were divided into two classes. The seats of the senators of one of these classes were vacated at the expiration of the first year, and of the other class at the end of the second year; and there has been ever since an annual election of half the total number of the senators, and of all the members of the other house. The only qualification required is that the senator shall be thirty years of age, a citizen of the United States, and a resident of the district. The constitution defines the power of both houses, and prescribes some of the most important rules for the conduct and management of their proceedings. Bills may originate in either house, and the consent of the governor is not necessary for them to become laws. He has no part in the legislation of the State; whatever.

"In all the Republics, without a single exception, there are two representative bodies, both elected directly by the people. The main difference between the one house and the other is this,—the senate is not so frequently elected as the house of representatives, and the senators represent larger districts. The object of the provision that there shall be two houses is to lessen the probability of hasty and ill-advised legislation; two separate discussions of every measure by different bodies of men must take place, and what may be taken for granted in one house, may not pass muster in the other. The one chamber is not more democratic than the other; and although the members of the one are less frequently elected, and are men of riper age than the members of the other, yet in founding two chambers it is no part of the scheme of the constitution to restrain the power of the majority of the electors. To ensure due deliberation is the object in view, and this object is greatly advanced by requiring two separate bodies to concur in a new project of law; those bodies being not only elected at different times, but also by different electoral districts.

"The second chamber—the senate—provided by the federal constitution, is certainly much less democratic in its character than the house of representatives; but it must be recollected that a leading object of the framers of that constitution was the

preservation of the separate sovereignties of the various States. In the new State constitutions it is invariably provided that the members of both chambers shall be elected directly by the people, at short intervals.

"It will appear to many English readers, that the elections of the legislators are too frequent, and it may be supposed that there is too much vacillation, too little stability under such a system. But it will be found, upon examination, that there is more stability in America than in English legislation, and less frequent fluctuations in the policy of congress and of the various state governments.

"Changes of the ministry occur frequently in England, and these changes are often followed by a new policy in home, foreign, and colonial matters. Before the ministers have made themselves acquainted with their business, they have to give place to others. The utter ignorance so frequently displayed at the British Colonial-office is usually attributed to this state of things. If the elections were unfrequent in Ohio, undue importance would be attached to them when they took place. The people would be expecting something extraordinary to be done in the way of legislation, and the consequence would be a much greater amount of uncertainty in the affairs of the State than is felt now. Under the present system, the business of legislation is looked upon as an ordinary character, and the chief business of the legislature is the election of judges and other officials, and the making of appropriations."

The Executive.—The Governor of Ohio is elected directly by the people every two years. He must be thirty years of age, and must have been a citizen twelve years. His duties are few and simple, and his salary £200 a-year. He exercises the pardoning power; he is commander of the militia, except when it is called into the service of the confederation. It is his duty to see that the laws are executed, to give all necessary information to the legislature, and to recommend such measures as he may deem advisable. It is the practice for the governor to present a written address to the legislature on its assembling, in which the fiscal affairs of the State are explained, and everything of importance is duly noticed. The governor, moreover, convenes the general assembly on extraordinary occasions. In case of the death or retirement of any officer appointed by the general assembly, the governor commissions his successor to act until the end of the next session of the legislature.

In case of the death, impeachment, resignation, or removal of the governor, the speaker of the senate exercises the office of governor *pro tem*. The speaker is a member of the senate, who has been elected to preside over that body by the majority.

A *Secretary of State* is elected by the assembly for three years, by a majority, upon joint ballot of both houses.

The Judiciary of the State.—There is a supreme court, consisting of four judges; a court of universal jurisdiction in each county, consisting of a president judge and three associates; and there are justices of the peace in each township. The latter are elected by the people every three years, but the judges of the supreme court and county courts (called courts of common pleas) are elected by the legislature every seven years. The various courts have their jurisdiction defined by acts of the legislature.

The justices of the peace have power to try cases of debt and damage, in which no more than one hundred dollars is claimed, which is rather above £20. Either party may require the trial to be by a jury. An appeal lies from the decision of the justice to the court of Common pleas, and the appeal is tried by a jury. Cases are sometimes brought up from the justices by *certiorari* to the common pleas. Under this system, the suitor is protected from the wilfulness and arrogance displayed by judges from whom there is no appeal.

The court of common pleas in each county has jurisdiction in all cases at common law and in chancery. The English distinction between law and equity is preserved, and the proceedings are more simple, but similar to those of the English courts. The law of pleading and evidence is like that which prevails in England; but various improvements have been effected in Ohio, and there is abundant room for many more.

The county court is also a probate court; wills are proved before it; and it grants letters of administration and divorces. It also appoints guardians for minors, and directs sales of intestates' lands for the payments of all kinds of claims and debts. Executors, administrators, and guardians have to account before this court, and report all their acts and

deeds, which are duly recorded, and open for public examination.

The court of common pleas is also a court of criminal jurisdiction. It may grant a new trial in criminal as well as in civil cases. A writ of error lies from its decision to the supreme court, so that any one convicted of crime may, if the court has erred on the trial, apply to a superior court for a correction of the error. A bill of exceptions shows the charge or ruling complained of by the party. The State, on the other hand, cannot have any writ of error.

In England, on the contrary, so little are life and liberty regarded, in comparison with property, that although in a civil case involving a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, the litigants may appeal to a superior court, there is no such remedy where a man is sentenced to be hanged or transported. The only remedy for a wrongful conviction is a private application to an irresponsible arbitrary officer of the government at the home-office. In England, nearly all the landed aristocracy are made judges, they sit in quarter-sessions, and sentence the persons convicted to be imprisoned or transported. The tenants, tradesmen, and humble neighbours of these same landowners are the jurymen in most cases. Again, the same aristocrats sit alone, or in couples, to decide by far the most numerous cases affecting the liberty of the people.

Contrast this with the American system. In America the people, in England the aristocracy, are the source of all power. In Ohio, for example, the people elect the magistrates to serve for a short term; and the representatives of the people elect the judges also to serve for a limited period.

In Ohio, the people of each county elect a public prosecutor every two years. He manages all prosecutions, and the party aggrieved is put to no expense.

The fees are very trifling in Ohio, and are for the most part paid at the end of a suit. A decree in Chancery can be had, and a sale and conveyance of land under it effected, at a cost of about £10, attorney's fees included.

The supreme court of Ohio consists of four judges, elected for seven years, with salaries of about £250 each. Two of them sit only once per year in each county to try appeals and decide writs of error from the courts of common pleas; and also to try a few original cases. Here is a great defect in the system; there should be an appellate court sitting the greater part of the year. For the want of this tribunal, an unreasonable delay occurs in the disposal of cases appealed, and when they do come on there is no time for argument and deliberation. Unseemly practices and crude decisions are the fruits of this system. The gravest questions of law are taken up to the court in banc, where the four judges sit together once per year. Most of the other States have a better judiciary system than that of Ohio. The judges are over-worked and under-paid; and the justices of the peace are remunerated by fees collected from the suitors—a vicious practice.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest.

(Continued from No. 4 of the Red Republican.)

"2. In order to lighten the pressure of rates, and at the same time gradually to diminish, and finally to absorb, the growing mass of pauperism and surplus population, it is the duty of the Government to appropriate its present surplus revenue, and the proceeds of national or public property, to the purchasing of lands, and the location thereon of the unemployed poor. The rents accruing from these lands to be applied to further purchases of land, till all who desired to occupy land, either as individual holders or industrial communities, might be enabled to do so. A general law empowering parishes to raise loans upon the security of their rates, would greatly facilitate and expedite the operation of Government towards this desirable end."

CHRISTIANITY originated among the common people; and is the light which first shone in darkness. This religion is the root of all Democracy, the highest fact in the rights of man. Its unpoetical exterior, its similarity with a modern picture of domestic life, is apparent, not real.—*Novalis.*

MAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE.—The earth is the habitation, the natural inheritance of all mankind, of ages present and to come: a habitation belonging to no man in particular, but to every man; and one in which all have an equal right to dwell.—*JOHN GRAY.*

The land shall not be sold for ever.—*MOSES.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London.

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

Subscriptions received for the "Red Republican" will be acknowledged in our next number.

THE DEMOCRATIC REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received and paid over to Mr. Arnott for the Democratic Refugees, from Thomas Wood (per E. Stallwood), ls., R. W. P. Manchester ls.

FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—The rural excursion of the members and friends of this society, by canal boat to Alpertown, near Greenford Green, on Sunday, July 21st, will be a treat for the Red Republicans of London. No doubt our friends, Arnott, Milne, and other members of the Committee, will have enough to do in answering the demand for tickets. A more cheap and delightful excursion could not be got up. We expect to meet a strong muster of the Reds on Sunday morning next.

"O. H. H.—Press of matter compels the exclusion of your letter; with the sentiments expressed therein we cordially agree.

H. M.—The lines, though breathing sentiments we heartily accord with, are hardly "up to the mark." Many thanks for your kind wishes and efforts in favour of the success of the RED REPUBLICAN. We take leave to quote the following from your letter:—"The RED REPUBLICAN is a godsend to the cause of democratic and social reform. Its circulation I will do my utmost to increase. I have already sent several copies through the post to distant friends, recommending it to their support. May success attend your laudable efforts to better the poor man's lot."

J. TOMPSON, Birmingham.—You should have sent your complaint to Mr. Reynolds. We have nothing to do with that gentleman's arrangements. If we may express our opinion it is, that Mr. Reynolds' Newspaper, both for quantity and quality, is cheap at five-pence. It is a thoroughly honest, and in all respects most excellent journal, and it is our sincere hope that the necessary increase in price will not reduce its circulation one copy.

"SPARTACUS."—The admirable lines entitled "The Place for Cromwell's Statue," shall appear in our next number.

AN ADMIRER OF ROBERT BLUM.—Thanks for the hint. An account of the infernal Bastille, in course of erection at Vienna, should find a place in the "RED REPUBLICAN." We take the following particulars from the correspondent of the "Daily News":—"The new Arsenal is situated not far from the Belvedere, and the terminus of the Southern Railway, and, when completed, will occupy a space of thirty-five acres. It will contain no less than eight large barracks, completely separated from each other, and capable of containing 20,000 men with convenience. In the centre of this colossal military colony, there will be a vast hall, which, like the German Walhalla at Regensburg, is to be decorated with all kinds of warlike emblems, with the busts of celebrated Austrian generals, and the trophies gained by them. The space on each side of this hall will be occupied by the armouries, which are in future to contain the whole of the arms in store. The government expect, by collecting them all in one spot, so strongly fortified and manned, to prevent the possibility of their being restored to the possession of the people on an *emerge*, such as that which, two years ago, placed them in their hands. The building will also contain workshops for the manufacture of muskets, the casting and boring of cannon. The whole is to be surrounded by a lofty continuous wall, which will be defended by 85 pieces of cannon, placed in suitable positions for the purpose, as well as for commanding a portion of the town, and the faubourgs in that neighbourhood. The military prisons will also be erected within its walls. It is to be completed by the beginning of 1855. When finished, no other city in Europe, with the exception of Paris, will be able to show the like. The Viennese regard it from a distance with horror; among the lower orders it is already called the Vienna Bastille. None but the workmen are allowed to approach within a certain distance of the works, and they are strictly forbidden, under pain of severe punishment, from talking about the scene of their labours after work hours. The system of police at present in vogue in Vienna renders it an easy task for the authorities to discover and punish every offender."

We may add, that the Austrian Government is surrounding Milan with a girdle of fourteen forts. Thus the tyrants are preparing for the next struggle, which, when it comes, we trust will find the people prepared also—prepared to make a clean sweep of the brigands, once and for ever. Should the next combat be more terrible than the last, it will we trust, be more effectual. As Paine observes:—"Tyranny like hell is not easily conquered, but the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

EARLIER PUBLICATION OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Publishers and News Agents are hereby respectfully informed that the "Red Republican" may be had by one o'clock p.m. every Tuesday, of Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE POLISH REFUGEES.

BEFORE the commencement of the year 1848, England and France equally afforded a shelter, not only to that numerous band of political emigrants with whom Europe had become inundated by the commotions of 1830, but also to those individuals, whom later persecutions continually forced to fly from the despotic dominations of Russia, Austria, Italy, and Spain. The Polish insurrection having excited the earnest sympathy of Western Europe, the refugees, who had taken part therein, and who had made their escape from the tender mercies of Nicholas, found both public and private assistance on the part of England and France. When, in 1848, the Peoples of the Continent renewed their claims to national sovereignty and freedom, they found ready for their service the hands and experience of their formerly exiled brothers.

Poles and Italians flocked to the rescue of their respective countries. But, after the revolutionary movement had been stifled, and reaction had got the upper hand in France, a general system of persecution against the old refugees was agreed upon by all the Continental Governments—Sham Republican as well as Monarchical.

Aware of the danger with which they were threatened by the comparative neighbourhood of their persecuted subjects, the despots, of the North East of Europe, resolved to purge Europe of the republican refugees. In this work of persecution they were heartily assisted by the traitorous rulers of the French Sham-Republic, who availed themselves of the manifestation, made on the 13th of June, 1849, in favour of Rome, to expel from the French territory such Polish democratic refugees as were suspected to have taken part in it. The Swiss cantonal governments, encouraged by the reactionary part of their federal council, hunted from canton to canton, those Germans and Poles, whom the failure of the Baden revolution had driven over the frontier. Russia and Austria prevailed upon Turkey, if not to give up, at least to remove from its European territory, all those who could give any strength and character to the masses of Hungarian refugees, throwing the remainder on the mercy of the English navy. The Poles, who succeeded in reaching England, found on their arrival, that public sympathy

was exhausted, and the old parliamentary grant shut against them, so that many, who for a term of from ten to fifteen years had been included in the list, assisted from that grant, were now deprived of the means of subsistence derived from that source. There daily arrived refugees expelled from France, and a great number who had been expelled from Switzerland, and who had been refused an asylum in the French Republic. Lastly, a few weeks ago ninety-four Polish volunteers in the Hungarian service arrived at Southampton from Constantinople.

The work of disencumbering Europe from the revolutionary refugees—a work of immense importance to the interests of continental despots, has been, and is being furthered by the English liberal friends of Poland and Hungary, who have laboured most zealously to induce the exiles from both those countries to seek a home in the far west. Persuasion failing with some of the refugees, coercion has been tried—the coercion of hunger, and to a considerable extent has succeeded, a large number of both Poles and Hungarians having quitted these shores for the United States.

Contemporary with the carrying out of this policy in England, the Russian Embassy at Paris spread the report of having received instructions to receive and transmit to St. Petersburg applications for amnesty on the part of those who had left the Russian territory within the two last years. It was pretended that the Russian Government would regard the refugees, making such application not in the light of political offenders, but merely as transgressors of the Russian passport regulations, and that on their return they would be entirely free and unpunished. On the faith of these assurances, some of the refugees re-entered Poland, and for the most part were immediately driven in chains to Siberia, and the Caucasus. On the other hand the French government, availing itself of the assurances held out by the Russian Embassy, diminished the monies paid to the old refugees, withdrew them altogether from some, deprived of their employment those who held situations in public offices, and even those who had found employment in private enterprises, by forcibly transferring them from their places of residence to new localities. Meanwhile encouragement was given to numerous associations established to recruit refugees to America, and several large bands of Poles were sent over the ocean. That these were not private enterprises, but constituted part of a vast conspiracy to clear Europe of the soldiers of democracy, a conspiracy sanctioned by the Polish aristocratic, and now reactionary party, is clearly proved by the Polish newspapers published in Cracow and Prussia, and representing that party. Those newspapers ardently supported the scheme of emigration to America, and even invented false reports of the landing and reception of Polish refugees in the United States before any of them had landed. The glowing statement set forth in those reports have never been realised, as shown by later authentic correspondence published in the Polish democratic journals of Posen.

The necessity we are under of limiting our remarks to make way for other articles, prevents us proceeding further with this subject in our present number. In our next we shall resume, and lay bare, the intrigues of the Czartoryski faction to banish their democratic

countrymen from Europe—intrigues which ignorantly or otherwise, it may be with the best intentions, have been countenanced by the English "Friends of Poland."

ERNEST JONES.

THE liberation of this truly earnest and most eloquent advocate of the rights of the people, has already called forth a shout of joy from one end of the country to the other. But that we are forbidden to report "news, occurrences, and events," we would tell of the enthusiastic reception given to our friend by the Red Republicans of London and Yorkshire. As it is, we can only express the happiness we feel in having witnessed this act of homage on the part of the people to one of their most truly noble defenders—to one who by his services, sacrifices, and sufferings, has fully earned the proud distinction of being enrolled amongst the great and good men who have DESERVED WELL OF THEIR COUNTRY AND MANKIND.

We naturally feel no small degree of pride at being in a position to give publicity to some of the prison-penned productions of our friend and brother, who has kindly singled out the RED REPUBLICAN as the medium through which to make public a series of hymns written in his dungeon.

We must state an important fact in connection with these hymns. At the time they were conceived in the brain of their author, he was denied all ordinary writing materials by his pitiless jailors, but

"In vain did their impotent hands
Attempt his free spirit to bind."

Ernest Jones drew blood from his own veins, and that was the ink with which was written the hymns, No. 1 of which we this week present to our readers. *Red to the Red!* Most appropriately these hymns will grace the columns of the RED REPUBLICAN.

SACRED HYMNS.

BY ERNEST JONES.

(Written in the blood of their author, whilst incarcerated in Tothill-fields' Prison.)

No. I.—HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY.

Chorus. Freedom is risen!
Freedom is risen!
Freedom is risen to-day!

Single voice. She burst from prison,
She burst from prison,
She broke from her gaolers away!

Chorus. When was she born?
How was she nursed?
Where was her cradle laid?

Single voice. In want and scorn;
Reviled and cursed;
'Mid the ranks of toil and trade.

Chorus. And hath she gone
On her Holy morn,
Nor staid for the long work-day?

Single voice. From heaven she came,
On earth to remain,
And bide with her sons away.

Chorus. Did she break the grave,
Our souls to save,
And leave our bodies in hell?

Single voice. To save us alive,
If we will but strive,
Body and soul as well.

Chorus. Then what must we do
To prove us true?
And what is the law she gave?

Single voice. Never fulfil
A tyrant's will,
Nor willingly live a slave.

Chorus. Then this we'll do,
To prove us true,
And follow the law she gave:
Never fulfil
A tyrant's will,
Nor willingly live a slave.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(Translated expressly for this Publication.)

CHAP. II.

(Continued from our last.)

MOTIVES OF THE ROYAL WAR.

I do not speak of the *King*. Whatever efforts may be tried by the flatterers and political hypocrites who now make of their posthumous enthusiasm for Charles Albert a weapon of opposition to his reigning successor,—whatever sentiment may at this moment be felt by the people, holily deceived, who symbolise in this name the thought of the war of independence,—the judgment of posterity will weigh none the less severely on the memory of the man of 1821, * of 1833, † and of the capitulation of Milan. But the nature, the temper of the individual were alone sufficient to exclude all hope of an enterprise on his part in favour of Italian unity. Genius, love, faith, were wanting in Charles Albert. Of the genius which reveals itself in a whole existence devoted logically, resolutely, effectively to one great idea, the career of Charles Albert offers not the least vestige. Love was stifled by continual distrust of men and things, which renewed in him the memories of a painful past. Faith was interdicted him by his uncertain, hesitating nature, incessantly oscillating between good and ill, between doing and not doing, between daring and recoiling. In his youth a thought, not of virtue, but of Italian ambition, of that ambition, however, which could profit the people, had traversed his soul like lightning. He had recoiled before it, terrified; the remembrance, however, of this lightning of his young years reawoke in him sometimes, and insistingly pursued him, rather like the pricking of an old wound than as an impulse of life. Between the risk of losing, if he miscarried, the crown of his little monarchy, and the dread of that liberty which the people, after having fought for him, would be sure to demand, he marched with a spectre before his eyes, almost staggering, without energy to affront the perils which he dreaded, without power and without will to comprehend that, to become king of Italy, it was necessary first to forget that he was king of Piedmont. A despot by rooted instinct, liberal through self-love and a presentiment of the future, he suffered alternately the influence of the Jesuits and that of the men of progress. A fatal discord between thought and action, between conception and the faculty of executing, pierced through all his acts. The greater part even of those who worked to place him at the head of the enterprise were forced to allow this; some of those familiar with him even went so far as to whisper in men's ears that he was threatened with madness. He was the Hamlet of monarchy.

With such a man the Italian enterprise certainly could not succeed. Metternich, whose mind was not powerful, but logical, had judged him long before,—him and others. In the dispatch already quoted he said: "*An Italian monarchy does not enter into the designs of the factions. One positive fact ought to deter them from the idea of a monarchical Italy; a king possible for such a monarchy does not exist either upon this or on the other side of the Alps. They march to the Republic.*"

The *moderates*, whose minds were neither powerful nor logical, understood very well, however, even they, that though Charles Albert himself should have desired this, he could not

* 1821, the year of the insurrection in Piedmont, which Charles Albert, then Prince of Carignano, headed, and betrayed.—ENGLISH TRANSLATOR.

† 1833, infamous for the atrocities inflicted by Charles Albert on the Republican party, after the discovery of a conspiracy.—E. T.

have done it; and this impression ruling their transactions; they substituted for the invocation of *Italy*, the puerile conception of an *Italy of the North*, of all conceptions the most unhappy that human brain could bring forth.

The kingdom of northern Italy, under the king of Piedmont, might have become a simple fact created by victory, accepted by gratitude, and submitted to by the other princes on account of the impossibility of destroying it; but thrown out in the guise of a programme anterior to the first elements of the fact, it became an apple of discord there, precisely where the most perfect concord was necessary. It was, through its negation of unity, a throwing down the gauntlet to the Unitarians; it was a trick upon the republicans, because it substituted for the national will, the will of the partisans of the monarchy; it was a wound inflicted on Lombardy, which wanted to be confounded with Italy, and not to sacrifice its individuality to another Italian province; it was a threat addressed to the aristocracy of Turin, which the absorbing contact of the Milanese democracy already terrified; it was an aggrandisement to be suspected by France, inasmuch as it was effected in favour of a monarchy for many years opposed to the tendencies and revolutions of that country; it was furnishing the princes of Italy with a pretext for detaching themselves from the crusade to which the peoples were pushing them,—sowing a seed of jealousy in the heart of the Pope,—chilling the enthusiasm of all those who were disposed to lend their concurrence, and even to give their lives to a national enterprise, but not to a speculation of dynastic egotism; it was the creation of a series of new obstacles without the removal of one; it was besides the creation of a series of logical necessities of a nature to rule the war. And in fact, they did overrule it, and stifled it in misfortune and in shame.

Nevertheless, such was the thirst for war against Austria, that this evil-encountering programme, preached in all sorts of ways, lawful and unlawful, was accepted without examination by the greatest number. All hopes were set upon the royal initiative; all urged Charles Albert, and cried out to him—"Act at any price."

Charles Albert would never have done anything, if the insurrection of the Milanese people had not happened to place him in the alternative of losing his crown, of seeing a republic on his flank, or of fighting.

The book of Charles Cattaneo,* a man who eminently honours our party, renders it needless for me to indicate the immediate causes of the glorious Lombard insurrection, causes altogether foreign to the manoeuvres and false promises of the *moderates* who busied themselves between Turin and Milan.

It is a book which, for the importance of the facts and considerations it utters, demands to be read by all, which no one has refuted, and which no one will refute. But in this book, for want of documents, the opinion which I have to express is only rapidly indicated.

"It appears," says he (page 96), "that in a manifesto addressed to all the courts of Europe, the king attested that in invading the Lombardo-Venetian territory, he had no other end in view but to hinder the proclamation of the republic."

At the present time, the document† on the affairs of Italy which have been communicated by the minister, Palmerston, to the English parliament, establish this fact in the most positive manner; and reveal how, in spite of the babbling of the *moderates*, the Piedmontese go-

vernment, even before it would hear anything, looked much more to the political question, than to the Italian question. At bottom the war against Austria was not, and never will be, so long as it shall be commanded by monarchial chiefs, anything more than a war against the Italian democracy.

The insurrection of Milan and Venice, invoked by all true Italians, rose out of the rage of a people irritated by twenty-four years' of servitude imposed upon Venetian-Lombardy by an abhorred and despised foreign government. Its epoch was determined by the ferocious provocations of the Austrians, who sought to stifle an émeute in blood, and who did not believe in a revolution.

It was roused through the apostolate and the influence, by good right acquired among the people, of a knot of young people nearly all belonging to the middle classes, and all republicans, with the single exception of one who nevertheless then gave himself out to be so. It was resolved upon,—and this fact, far too little known, does not the less resound to the honour of the Lombard youth,—it was resolved upon at the very time when the abolition of the censorship and other concessions were about to be published at Milan. It was that Venetian-Lombardy would have, not ameliorations, but independence. It commenced without having been either foreseen or desired by the men of the municipality who parliamented with Charles Albert. The youth of Milan fought through three days, that these others were despairing of victory, regretting that they had abandoned legal ways, speaking in a proclamation of the *unforeseen absence of political authority*, and proposing armistices of fifteen days. They were supported for the most part by the bravery of men of the people, who fought to the cry of *Live the République!** and directed by four men of the republican party, who formed a council of war—they triumphed all alone at a cost to the enemy of four thousand dead, among whom were three hundred and ninety-five artillery men. These are incontestible facts, for ever established in history.

The people's combat commenced on the 18th of March. The government of Turin was very uneasy at the news arrived from France and at the extraordinary fermentation which increased every day among the Piedmontese people. Two dispatches evidence the terror produced by the affairs of France: the first, forwarded the 2nd of March from Turin by Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston; the second, signed by Saint-Marsan, also the 2nd of March, and communicated to Lord Palmerston by Count Revel, on the 11th. The internal fermentation forced the king to publish, on the 4th of March, the bases of the Constitution, and on the 7th, at Genoa, it burst out in an émeute, in which the people threatened to follow the example of France.

The news of the Lombard insurrection reached Turin on the 19th. The enthusiasm was indescribable. The ministers, assembled in council, ordered the formation of a corps of observation on the frontier, with Novara, Mortara, and Voghera for central points. The rumours spread were of a movement openly republican; and a dispatch of the 20th, forwarded from Turin by Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston, in mentioning these rumours, designated them as one of these causes which had the greatest influence upon the ministerial decisions.

In the meantime an order was forwarded to bar the way to the volunteers who, from Genoa and Piedmont, were hurrying to Milan. Eighty Lombards were disarmed on Lago Maggiore.

On the 20th, the news which came flying to Turin were uncertain and slightly unfavourable to the insurrection. The gates of the city, it was

said, were still in the hands of the Austrians; and the people were losing ground for want of arms and ammunition. The ferment continued at Turin. An assemblage of the people demanded arms from the minister of the interior; it was repulsed. The Count Arce, who came from Milan to ask that they should send aid to the insurrection, could not even succeed in seeing the king, was coldly received by the ministers, and returned the same day, discouraged, and undeceived.*

On the 21st, the news were better. It was Count Henry Martini, travelling agent of the *moderates*, who made to the men of the Milanese municipality and of the council of war, the first proposition of royal succour, on condition of an *absolute surrender*, and the formation of a provisional government to make the offer. Eternal shame to the courtiers who, born Italians, bartered for a crown the blood of brave men anxious to die for their country, at the very moment Martini was saying to Cattaneo: *you know it does not happen every day that such a service can be rendered to a king*. To a king! The last of the workmen who fought gallantly on the barricades for the banner of Italy, without asking himself what men would be profited by the victory, was worth more before God, and will some day be worth more to Italy, than ten kings together.

On the 22nd victory crowned this heroic struggle. Porta Tosa, retaken by Lucien Manara (afterwards a martyr to the republican cause at Rome); Porta Ticinese, occupied by the insurgents; Porta Comasina, delivered by those who arrived from the country; the enemies' soldiery separated and menaced with immediate destruction; at night Radetzky did not retire—he fled.

And then, on the evening of the 23rd, when the victory was assured, and when its isolation would have inevitably snatched Milan from the Sardinian monarchy, and given it to Italy,—whilst the volunteers of Genoa and Piedmont were making irruptions into the Lombard territory, and the populations, indignant at the royal inertness, threatened to do worse in the interior,—the king, who on the 22nd had given through his minister, the Count de Buol, the Austrian Ambassador at Turin, the assurance that he desired to second him in all that could confirm the relations of amity and of good neighbourhood existing between the two states, signed the proclamation of war.

THE STATE-PROGRESS.—In dealing with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born; that they are not superior to the citizen; that every one of them was once the act of a single man; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; that they are all imitable, all alterable; we may make as good; we may make better. . . . The statute stands there to say,—yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article to-day? . . . As fast as the public mind is opened to more intelligence, the code is seen to be brute and stammering. It speaks not articulately, and must be made to do so. Meantime the education of the general mind never stops. The receries of the true and simple are prophetic. What the tender poetic youth dreams, and prays, and paints to-day, but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall presently be the resolutions of public bodies, then shall be carried as grievance and bill of rights through conflict and war, and then shall be triumphant law and establishment for a hundred years, until it gives place, in time, to new prayers and pictures. The history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of Thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and aspiration.—Emerson.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—It is said that the fortune of the Rothschilds is not less than seven hundred and thirty millions of francs, or twenty-nine millions four hundred thousand pounds British money.

There is no foundation in nature, or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land.—BLACKSTONE.

MAN is the Messiah of Nature. Through his works he preaches a Gospel,—the symbolical philosophy of his life.—Novalis.

The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobility,—it does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm.—EMERSON.

* Of the Insurrection of Milan in 1848, and of the war which followed it. (Memoirs of Charles Cattaneo, Lugano, 1849.)

† Correspondence respecting the affairs of Italy. Part 2, from January to June, 1848, presented by order of H. M. to the two Houses, on the 31st July, 1849. All the documents quoted by the author, and placed together at the end of his work, are extracts from this official collection.

* Bands of citizens paraded the city, armed with fowl-pieces, carbines, pistols, halberds, carrying tricoloured flags, their hats ornamented with similar cockades, and crying—*Long live Pious IX, long live Italy, live the Republic!*—(Campbell's Dispatch to Lord Palmerston.)

* See Dispatch of Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston, March 21st, 1848. The people, who demanded arms, to aid their Milanese brethren, were disposed by the national gauge.

Review.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.*

(Continued from No. 2.)

Book II. of this work is devoted to a review of the history of England in relation to other countries. Commencing with "Ireland," Ledru Rollin draws a harrowing, and—we fear we must add—too faithful picture of the state of that country under English rule, from the time of the second Henry to the reign of Victoria:—

"In the twelfth century, at the voice of a ferocious king expelled from Leinster—one of the four Irish provinces—the Anglo-Normans rushed forth, armed with the lance and all covered with iron. They raised up the throne, but they made the king a vassal and possessed themselves of his domains, driving the owners of the soil before them towards the west, or chaining them like serfs to their native glebe.

"This first portion of stolen land was surrounded, closed in like a fortress, by the Anglo-Normans, and during four ages Ireland of the west and north dashed itself in vain against the barriers of the stranger. What could arrows and wooden shields do against walls bristling with iron?

After ages of brutal tyranny on the one side, and indescribable misery on the other—

"The second part of this bloody tragedy, as a great poet calls it, opens with the religious reform, invented by Henry VIII. The *Irish enemies* were already cut off from all political and social communion; they were neither citizens nor subjects in the land of their ancestors; they were slaves, the property of their masters, or game of war. Still up to that time they had left to them their God, their faith, their Catholic heaven sown with happy lands; but now came the libidinous apostacy of Henry VIII., and a new persecution began, more terrible, more savage, more implacable, in its fury and its punishment than the war of the conquest and the policy of treacherous occupation."

Elizabeth drove Ulster, Munster, and Leinster into rebellion, and then waged a war of extermination against the rebels; behold with what results, as described by the second (in succession) of England's great poets—Spenser—who held office under Elizabeth—

"The land was so desolate," cries Spenser, "that one beheld the wretched inhabitants issuing from the woods and the hollows of valleys to seek for food, crawling on their hands and knees, for their legs were unable to support them. They had the aspect of death and the voice of spectres. They devoured the carcasses upon the highways, only too happy if they found any, for they were too much reduced to dig up the dead bodies for the purpose of feeding on them."

The Stuarts pursued the same line of policy. James I. although son of the Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, forbade his Irish subjects the free exercise of their religion, and caused the priests of that faith to be hunted as public enemies. Enormous confiscations took place in this reign. "To conquest by arms and violence, had succeeded spoliation by fraud and judicial chicanery; the knights had given place to lawyers." Under Charles I., Strafford governed Ireland, and then the last independent province—Connaught—was expropriated by arms and law proceedings:—

"The government of this deputy was so odious and cruel in his jealous oppression, that even the English Parliament used it as a chief ground of accusation against this hangman-become-minister.

* *The Decline of England*. By Ledru Rollin. (In two volumes, Vol I.) London: E. Churton, 26, Holles street.

But this was no more than a stratagem of war; when the head of Strafford fell it dragged the crown with it from the brows of Charles I.; and this king, who in his last days turned to Ireland, drew down upon the country the wrath of Cromwell and the fanaticism of the Puritans."

Cromwell and the plague completed the work of destruction, and Ireland was again pacified. When the throne was once more raised upon the scaffold of Charles I. and the tomb of Cromwell, Charles II. renewed the former proscriptions and robberies. The so-called "glorious revolution" but aggravated the miseries of the unhappy Irish. Under the House of Hanover, English fanaticism consummated its last crime, by instituting a premium for apostacy, even in the bosoms of families.

"Every son who became a convert to Protestantism was declared the immediate legal heir of his living father. Thus, after the land, the Church was attacked; after the Church, the domestic hearth; nothing remained to the Catholic Irishman,—neither the tomb of his fathers, nor the heart of his child, nor the soil, nor prayer, nor hope."

In the rebellion of '98, the British Government bought the secret of the *United Irishmen*, and gave some of them to the dagger, others to the hangman; the insurrection was stifled by the most infamous cruelties—

"This last struggle of Ireland was the most tremendous of all the struggles in her history. 'We fought with the rope about our necks,' said one of the insurgents. In fact, throughout the war, which had been provoked by rape, pillage, and assassination, the English made no prisoners; those whom they did not kill in battle, they flung to the judges, 'and in this butchery,' says a contemporaneous author, 'not a single rebel found mercy.' But the burning of farms and villages, the massacre of prisoners, the torture of the suspected, the murder of women and children, the appropriation of lands, the death of leaders, and all the horrors of vengeance, were not sufficient for English policy; there was a final attack to be made upon the nationality of Ireland; it was requisite to abolish its parliament, the last fading form of its mournful independence."

The majority of the members of the Irish Parliament were bought with places and pensions, and the Act of Union became law. After a few comments on the worthlessness of "Catholic Emancipation," Ledru Rollin passes the following severe, but most just and deserved strictures, on the career of that arch-humbag and prince of political traffickers—Daniel O'Connell:

"The great promoter of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell, took good care not to push the people too far in the real paths of enfranchisement; after having condemned, betrayed, repudiated the great revolutionary tradition of Wolfe Tone and Fitzgerald, those martyrs still unavenged, he fed starving Ireland with his lampoons, and flung to it, as a last nourishment for hope, a new vision—the Repeal of the Union.

"He knew well, did this friend of the Whigs, this courtier tribune, who so often prostrated Ireland at the feet of his gracious Queen—he knew well that his promise, blown abroad by all the winds, was but a lie; that England would never, without a revolution, suffer the doors of the Irish parliament to be again opened, and that in any case such parliament would not restore to his country her goods, her independence, and her nationality. But he knew, also, that the most miserable are easily deceived; and amply provided for by the rent drawn from the poor, whose tattered demagogues formed his retinue, he showed them in the horizon that was ever flying from them the resplendent gates of their Jerusalem.

"The name of this man, who was great by his intelligence, but a coward at heart, will be branded in history with the traitor's cross; and a day will come, when Ireland, liberated by its revolutionary democracy, will reject, will curse his memory.

"In what state has she been left by him?—by this man whom she has nourished for thirty years with her bloody sweat—for whom she has beaten the last iron of her ploughs into swords, and whom she has followed into the middle of the hostile citadel, into the heart of England?

"At this moment the Irish people possess not an inch of ground in Ireland. They are either beggars, or vagabonds, or agricultural servants on the grounds of a stranger.

"Their police is foreign, their government foreign, their justice foreign; and as they possess nothing, neither property nor free labour, nor rent, nor salary, they die in the highways, or turn a mill in the workhouses.

"And what does the government do? It looks on with indifference at these terrible agonies, it causes the law to be respected. Its constable stand sentinel about the huts and cabins, which the landlords are dismantling in order to hunt men out; its judges order the workhouses, the last houses of the poor, to be seized for the benefit of the creditors.

"Even charity is expropriated.—Here, then, think the drama ends."

Ledru Rollin next turns to America, and reviews the struggle which resulted in the founding of the glorious "United States. Speaking of the infamous war waged against the Colonists, our author says,

"England does not seek allies amongst the great nations to consummate her attempt; she goes recruiting in Germany, in the lowest taverns and guard-houses, enlisting hired assassins, condottieri bargained for in the courts of needy petty princes and in the free cities. For this traffic in robbers there are public bazaars, wherein the human merchandise is exposed to auction like bales of goods; and to interest the family-chiefs, the princes, turning merchants, stipulate beforehand for twenty-five pounds sterling a head for every soldier who should remain in America. This it was that made one of them say—the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel—after the affair of Trenton, 'You cannot imagine the joy I have felt in learning that of one thousand nine hundred and fifty Hessians that were in the battle, only three hundred and forty-five have escaped; exactly sixteen hundred and fifty men killed . . . AND, THEREFORE, IT IS SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE THOUSAND FLORINS, WHICH THE TREASURY OWES ME, ACCORDING TO OUR AGREEMENT. The court of London objects that there was a hundred wounded that ought not to be paid for as dead; but I hope'—this was addressed to the Hessian commander-in-chief—'that you remember the instructions I gave you at your departure from Cassel, and that you have not endeavoured to keep alive, BY INHUMAN AID, the unfortunates whom you can only save by cutting off a leg or arm. This would be making them a sad present, and I am sure they would rather die with glory than live mutilated, and without the power of serving me. Remember that of the three hundred Lacedemonians, who defended the straits of Thermopylae, not a man returned. How happy should I be if I could say as much of my brave Hessians!'"

"These enlistments by treaty, these premiums for blood paid to princes, traffickers in men, revolted all Europe! Other and worse horrors in connexion with the American war charged against the British Government, by the author of this work, we refrain from quoting. Let us hope that prejudiced writers have exaggerated the crimes of England's rulers, and so misled Ledru Rollin; otherwise it were time to blush for the very name of our country.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming! up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublimed,
Yet high hope makes the heart throb lighter
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time!
Foretold and sung by prophets hoary,
For which when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory.
They passed, nor see the work they've wrought
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom
But the live lightning of their thought,
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming.

Out of the light, ye Priests! nor fling,
Your dark cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! thou world-wide curse, called King!
The People's step is quicker, stronger!
There's a divinity within,
That makes men great whene'er they will it.
God works with all who dare, and win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, systems, empires rot with age,
But the great People groweth youthful,
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful.
The gnarliest heart hath some sweet chords,
To waken at the name of "Brother,"
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom, the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers,
And though doomed millions feed the graves
Dug by Death's fierce red-handed reapers—
The world shall not for ever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavour,
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternité! Love's other name,
Dear Heaven-connecting link of being,
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls full-statured, grow, far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey,
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
Fraternité, thou'rt coming!

And our humanity shall bloom
As in the young world's morning mirth,
It came a blossom from God's home
To flower upon a sinless earth.
And Paradise shall smile again,
Where all is desolate and dark,
And misery's last tear wept of men.
Quench hell's last cursed and cunning spark.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come, the tyrant's throne
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted,
The sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered with our heart's blood crusted.
Room for the men of mind! make way!
Kings, priests, and rulers! pause no longer!
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on! the light grows stronger!
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

BANDIERA.

LIFE IN LONDON.

STREET POSTURERS, BALANCERS, &c., &c., &c.

"TAKING the year through," said one of these men, "we acrobats can't make 12s. a week a piece, and out of that, too, we must find our 'dresses for performing in. It costs us a shilling a week for our pumps: our dresses are a close suit of strong elastic wove cotton; they cost generally 8s. 6d. We usually have a deep girle round our waists, and a fillet of spangled velvet round our heads. Some have their dresses dyed flesh-colour—but that I hate; it looks so much like nudity. We have some very intellectual men among us. I've travelled with one young man, who was what I call 'a fanatic' for Shakspeare. He is the son of a tradesman. On our way into the country in an acrobat school, he used always to carry Mansell's Penny Shakspeare, and he and I would recite Othello and Iago

and such like, to while away the time on the road and in our lodgings. My pipe, however, is my chief solace, for I can't get books enough to read, though I pick up a twopenny volume at a stall now and then. I've exhausted all my neighbours' libraries, too, but that was soon done. The best of the acrobats are fondest of theatricals by way of amusement—a good tragedian, or a comedian—when there's a shilling in the locker. Acrobats sometimes get into theatres, and are sprites and even harlequins. [He mentioned some.] Among the acrobats that I know, some have been glass cutters, hod-carriers, errand-boys, shoemakers, and paper-block cutters before taking to the street-business. I can hardly say what the others were. We all have an inkling of shoemaking, because we have to mend our own shoes. I consider all are acrobats who stand on each others' shoulders. The acrobats are generally tumblers or posturers as well. A tumbler is one who throws somersaults, head-springs, fore-springs, lion's-leaps, and such like. A posturer is a man who puts his leg behind his head, or does what we call 'the frog'; namely, he puts his two legs over his two shoulders, and hops along on his hands; some posturers put their legs behind their backs down to their hips. The tumblers are either stiff or bending tumblers. The stiff tumbler performs such feats as I have described, as somersaults, head-springs, lion's leaps, and such like. The bending tumbler is one who can bend his head back down to his feet and pick up a sixpence, or such like. We have a man with our school whose body seems all joints and bendable everywhere; he fairly sits on his own head, bringing it down his back, his chin resting on the ground, and he looks out from between the top of his thighs."

A little boy, with an inanimate look, large sleepy eyes, and very high shoulders, so that he looked almost deformed, gave me the subjoined account:—

"I was twelve years old last March, and play with the acrobats. I have done so for the last three years. I stand on the hands of the 'top mounter,' who holds my feet and throws me about, catching me. [The 'second' here showed the way even with the boy's thick shoes on, showing great agility, and a very quick eye.] I was frightened at first," continued the lad, "but never am now. My father is dead. My mother—she has five of us—put me to this business. I'm allowed 1s. a day when performing, and get my dinner with the men. My master takes the money to keep and clothe me. I am very kindly treated. I'd sooner be a trade than this line of life, but if I am to be a tumbler, why I must stick to it."

A respectable looking man described himself as a tumbler—a stiff tumbler and a bending tumbler too:—

"I have been in this business since I was two years of age. My father was in the profession, and was my teacher. At two years I used to bend back and pick up pins with my eyes—four pins—and then drop them one by one. I do that still. It wasn't very painful to learn this, but I had the headache often, and my nose used to bleed. I used to tremble a good deal, when doing it as a child, and so I do now if I leave it off and begin it again. As I grew up I learned other tricks. I can stand on my head, and walk round my head with my legs, while I keep my head standing still. It required a great deal of practice for me to get that perfect—two months perhaps—when I was seven or eight years old. It's a laborious thing, but not painful. We must begin tumbling young, before the bones get set. I can walk along on my elbows, with my legs over my head; it's not painful to me, but it would be to others."

Another of the same profession gave the following account:—

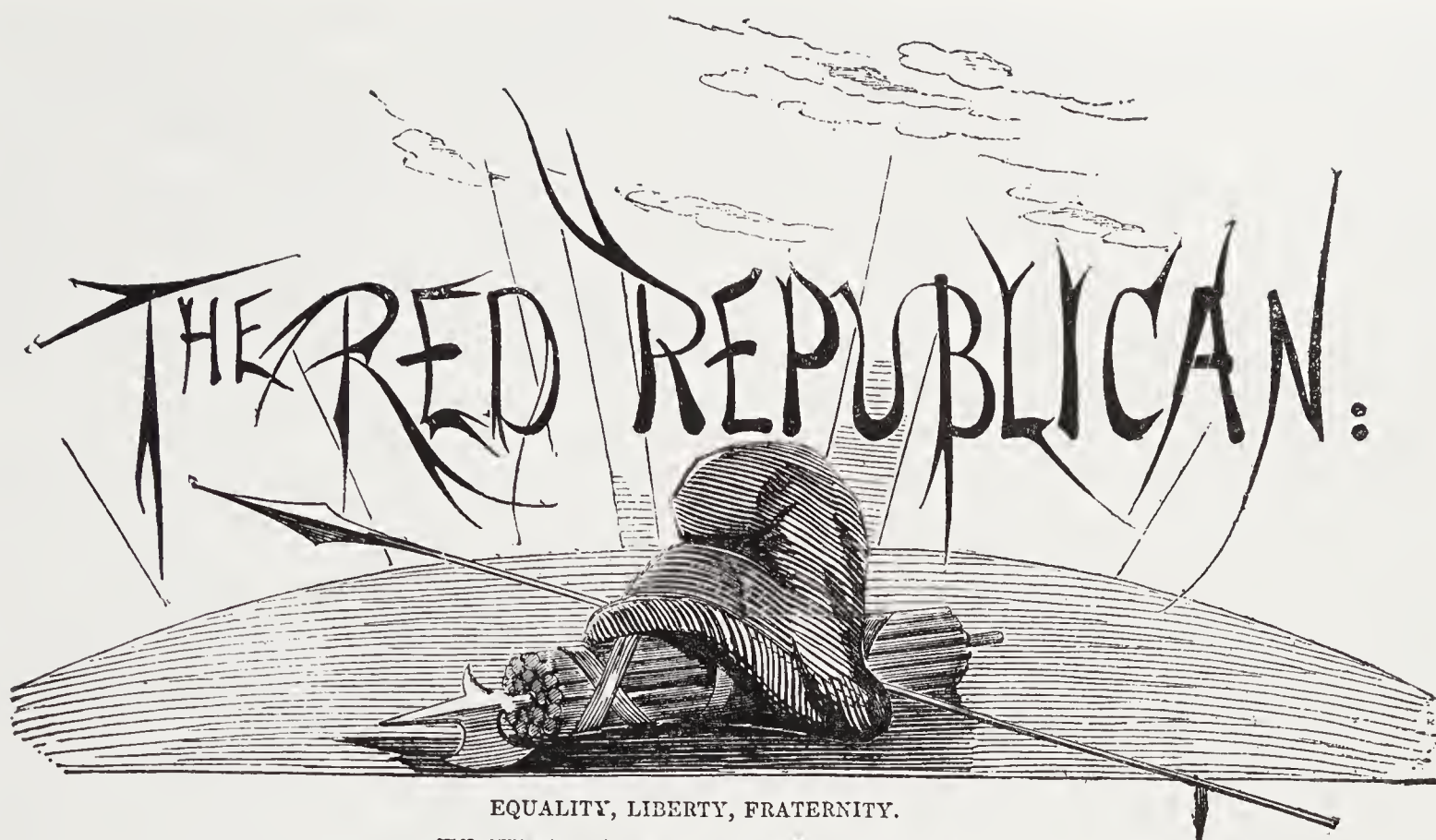
"I can walk on my hands; jump on my hands, nine feet in three jumps; put a penny under my toe bend back and pick it up with my mouth without, putting my hands to the ground; bend my body back and pick up four pins with my eyes. I can do lion's leaps, that's to jump over chairs like a cat,

pitching on my hands and going on; I can bend backwards and bring my head and feet into a tea saucer; do head springs, or go on my head and turn over without using my hands. I am very strong in the back, and in the muscles of my leg and thigh, but I have never tried all my strength." This man showed me one of his head-springs; he ran along for a few yards and then threw himself violently on his head, and so turned "head over heels," without using his hands. The fore-part of the skull had a large callous lump on it, induced by the repeated performance of this trick. After this he stuck four pins upright in the carpet, two close together in one place, and two more about four inches from the others. He then stood with his back towards the pins, about two or three feet from them, and bending backwards brought his head gradually down to the ground, when he removed the pins from the floor by closing his eyelids. Then he raised himself slowly up, and advancing towards the table, with his eye-lids still grasping the pins, he shook them one by one from his eyes. His next feat was to run round his head, his neck appearing to serve as a pivot on which his body turned, and he literally flinging his trunk round his head very rapidly. The sights were all painful enough, but done very deftly.—*Morning Chronicle.*

"OUR KING.—In the world of Intelligence, he before whom we here bend the knee, is real Truth. Truth undefiled, and void of complaisance; with whom no means no. Wherefore do they speak to us of diplomacy in the holy war of principles? Our diplomacy is indeed quite new; in this free kingdom of the mind, each of us in his conscience has already, by discountenancing falsehood, broken his treaty of 1815. They who wish to prevent the development of the religious world have not now to learn, that to entice a man into an agreement, a capitulation, on his very entrance into moral life, is the way to disarm him for ever. That history is as old as the world. Open the Gospel. At the very moment Christ is about to begin his mission, the spirit of the Past appears to him in the desert; he asks only for one thing, a mere trifle; that Jesus should bow down,—capitulate with the old doctrines, and recognise the Past as King, only for an instant! What does that mean? A prudent agreement, a wise eclecticism with the established priesthood. Yes, no doubt, it is but a trifle to bow our minds to earth for a single moment; and yet that capitulation would have been the abdication of Christianity; Jesus never could have raised his head again. I doubt not, thanks to this prudence, but that the Son of Mary might have been made governor, prefect, or steward of some village in Judea; but know for certain, that neither you, nor I, nor any one else, would ever have heard the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Now, what Christ saw on entering upon his mission, appears to every man in the bottom of his heart, at the moment when he wishes to choose his destiny: this is still more striking in our own time than at any other period. Scarcely have you entered upon life, that is to say—your mission, when the spirit of the Past, that spirit which fears the Future assuming a thousand different forms, murmurs his same secular formula on the threshold of the moral world which is now opening before you. 'What does it cost thee? Bow down for a moment thy head and heart; do not carry thy religious and philosophical Ideal so high. Let us agree and capitulate for a single instant, at this fatal moment, when thou art forming thy heart and plan of life. If thou art a philosopher, cease to think, and I will make thee an academician; if a priest, lay aside the Gospel, assume the wisdom of politicians, and I will make thee a bishop; if a soldier, give me up thy sword for a moment, for a single instant assume the soul of a lackey, and I will make thee a general!' Never! we will not capitulate on such conditions. The more strikingly disorder appears in civil society, the higher and more disinterested ought we to maintain our thought in this empire of the soul, which we now inhabit. Amidst this mixture of mercenary interests, the standard of the mind ought, at least, to remain perfectly undefiled. Pusillanimous capitulations will take place elsewhere in life; we cannot help it. But here, in the sanctuary of Thought, we can adore only what is adorable, and cherish and crown only what is Divine. It is, however, very possible that you will never be made the governor or steward of your village; but you will be the children of God; you will be men of truth; and this is, even now, the most uncommon dignity upon earth."—*Lecture by Professor Quinet, of the College of France, delivered in 1844—45.*

Liberty is the first want of man, his dearest wish, the sole pledge of his moral development. If man is constrained he becomes corrupt, he is miserable. The slave is the most corrupt of men, he has no morality. He drowns his consciousness of misery, and saves himself from excess of despair only by brutalization.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

No. 6.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

The French Republic.

LEDRU ROLLIN
TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

[Translated expressly for the RED REPUBLICAN, from No. 1. of "Le Proscrit; Revue de la Republique Universelle."]

PEOPLE! they who lead you, deceive themselves or betray you.

They deceive themselves, in demanding from craft, from calculation, from inaction, the success which your enemies expect only from their temerity.

They betray you when they tell you that after having submitted, without protesting, to the most monstrous of attempts, you will find yourselves valiant and whole on the day of the last peril, because it is easier not to accept the yoke than to break it.

That audacity, which is the force of revolutions, which has ever made you victorious, has it passed out of your hearts into the hearts of your enemies?

Hear them speak! it is not sixty years, it is six centuries, that France ought to go back; what they must have is no longer even the bourgeoisie monarchy, it is the monarchy of the good old times, with its ignorance, its superstitions, its insolent aristocracies, its castes, its extortions, its sanguinary furies.

As on the eve of St. Bartholomew, they every day in their gazettes hail civil war as the holiest of all wars, the most agreeable to the god of priests and kings.

They sanctify the sword; they deify force.

To stifle the Republic is not enough for them; they must suppress by the sword the last of the thinkers, the soldiers of the revolution.

In the delirium of their terrors, the madmen come even to wish back again the salutary atrocities of the Holy Inquisition, its tormentors, and its fires.

And it is in the presence of these savage enormities, it is whilst the Republic, stricken mortally, cries for vengeance with all its wounds, as with so many bloody mouths, that they enervate you, that they quiet you, that they lull you to sleep, without asking themselves if the dying Republic shall yet stand when you awaken.

How these pusillanimous counsels must weigh down your courage, and with what anxiety should not you desire to hear, in the midst of this mute coalition of fear, some one of those inspired voices which speak to you in the noble language of the Revolution!

"People!" it would say to you, "no more weakness, no more repose; the Republic is in danger. Everywhere within it is mined by royalty; and the foreigner is at your gates. They talk to you only of the number of their soldiers; have confidence in the imperishableness of right, in your devotion, in the idea, in the faith of your fathers. That was their invisible sword, the god of their armies, and everything was scattered before it."

Well, since this rude language of duty, of sacrifice, no longer finds official apostles in the bosom of the country, we, the proscribed, will endeavour to make it penetrate unto you.

Our names are not unknown to you; for twenty years they have mixed in all the struggles of liberty.

Our foreign policy might be resumed in a phrase: it is war against kings, the brotherhood of peoples, the universal republic, the consolidation of Humanity. It is the crusade of deliverance and not the policy of conquest: we would have it repeated of the France of

to-day what Shakspeare himself so justly said of that of the 12th century:

"France, whose armour is girded by conscience, and whose zeal and charity have conducted to fields of battle, like a real soldier of God!"

Within, our programme is that of the revolution—it is that of ideas ripe and capable of application to-morrow: it is, in a word, that which, in the best of times, the Mountain and the Socialist press elaborated in common.

It is the Republic, that is to say, man in all his dignity and self-possession; man strong in the nurture of the spirit and in the nurture of the body.

It is universal suffrage, direct, always exercising itself, revoking power at its will.

It is the right to labour;
Credit;
Voluntary association;
Gratuitous and obligatory education;
The establishment of a single tax, proportional and progressive;
The abolishment of every indirect tax, and of all monopoly;

People! these good things are for you, if you will; but upon what conditions?

On condition of again becoming revolutionary, and of no more running after Utopias and vain words. Be sure of this: every succeeding time has its task; solutions enough are ready, without plunging chimerically, in the suite of proud and fatal minds, into the fields of that future which it is no more given to our feebleness to enchain than to outstrip.

On condition of no more counting except upon yourselves; of no more demanding from your directors, from your chiefs, that which it ought to suffice to have dictated to you by your intrepidity and conscience.

Be ever ready for the defence of the Republic, as the first Christians were ever ready for death, and like them you shall triumph.

Beyond this, whence would you expect direction?

From the press? After having engaged you, from afar, in resistance, it has fallen back upon the refusal of the tax, then on the change of tax, then . . . what do I know? It is afraid.

The last socialist representatives named by you, those men of fire, which was to be all-devouring, those revealers of the future, beside which everything was dimness and decrepitude, they have scarcely given themselves the time to take their seats, to let the twelfth hour strike, and already they have thrice denied the Revolution, and abdicated into the hands of the reaction.

And the Mountain—it is well to say of it here, what history will say of it. It has shown itself unworthy of the great name with which its enemies had honoured it. Laying down its commission, it has allowed to be put to the vote, two questions above all other questions—the Constitution and Universal Suffrage it; has thus, by its voting habilitated, as far as it could, a radically incapable majority, and legitimised their usurpation. Then, the attempt committed, it has remained in its seats, as if there could be any longer a serious opposition, guarantees of right where no longer is any rule but that of force, or a people to represent when it has been put under the ban of the Constitution.

Yet again, people, have no faith but in yourself alone; but, also, from henceforth, render none other responsible for the cowardices which you may commit.

Like to that warrior whom Bossuet compares to an eagle, who is ever seen, whether he flies through the midst of air, or plants himself on some rock, casting on all sides his piercing looks, and who falls so surely on his prey that it can no more avoid his talons than his eyes, so quick should be your sight, so prompt and impetuous your attack, so strong and inevitable your redoubtable hands.

No more vain terrors! Let all your forces remain entire for true perils, but also let all be ready in case of need; and as said the prophet—"let every arrow be sharpened, and every bow be bent."

LEDRU ROLLIN.

ABOLITION OF MONEY!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

Sir,—Unfortunately No. 3 of your paper did not find its way to Manchester until to-day—a week after date—to the great disappointment of your readers, who look for its appearance with an avidity quite refreshing, and which, to my mind, is evidence of the growing taste of the people for outspoken and "wrathful earnestness," in the endeavour to destroy oppression and injustice.

Sir, in reading your reply to the criticism of the *Leader* (!) on the actual existence in England of such a paper as the *Red Republican*, I find one glorious line, which, more than all the rest, "with all my heart and with all my soul's" earnestness, I can endorse. I am a "Red," though not a gory, Republican, if I can help it. I am even more, I am a COMMUNIST, and therefore can subscribe to your doctrine, that "other classes have no right even to exist." I would make ALL into "WORKING CLASSES," from the Queen upwards. I would go upon the Bible-precept that "he who will not work, neither shall he eat." But, sir, in

order to do that, and "prepare the way for the absolute supremacy of the working classes, preparatory to the abolition of the SYSTEM OF CLASSES," what should be done? Evidently something MORE than getting possession of political rights, or even destroying those "twin monsters, RENT and USURY;" for had we possession of the one and had successfully destroyed the other, there would yet remain in existence a monster, which would reproduce its kind to torment humanity; and that monster is MONEY! Sir, in my opinion, so long as mankind will agree to have a "circulating medium,"—will allow every thing in life to be measured by money,—so long will they suffer the evil consequences springing therefrom, in one shape or another.

I hold the notion that money is one of the most CRAFTY and HELLISH inventions which ever crept into the affairs of mankind. By its use the "worker" is choused out of every thing which belongs to him, and he sees not the LEGERDEMAIN by which it is done; he is therefore slavishly compelled to stipulate for "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," to get back a small portion of that which he himself has created. Before society had any existence, men were prowlers; and, when prey was scarce, or whether or not, the strong robbed the weak, and thus got their "prog," and what else they wanted, without the trouble of working for it—hence the necessity of the weak uniting for self protection, and hence the origin of "society." But, the CRAFTY and the LAZY not liking to work for themselves, and not then daring to rob, INVENTED and instituted money as a "MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE," and thus obtained craftily and in peace what before they had often to fight for; and, he who had surplus corn or surplus sheep could not afterwards exchange them with another who might have surplus beds, or surplus chairs, tables, or clothing, &c., &c. No, no, that would not do, it could not be allowed—to do so, would make money of no value, and thus baulk the crafty, lazy devils. Money seems to be the only god mankind worship, or know any thing at all about; and that species of superstition must be destroyed amongst the workers at least, before we can knock down the abominable partitions now separating mankind, or extinguish "classes." Only with a "circulating medium" could unnatural accumulations take place, and I can't see how any monied medium of exchange is to be so regulated as to PREVENT accumulation—and thus make all work for their own living. If labour is the source of wealth, how is it, other than by dishonest means—the use of money—that the non-producers can obtain the greatest share of wealth?

With such a medium as we have, society necessarily resolves itself into "Classes," and the money of the rich called wealth, gives them insolence and power. I see no alternative for the Proletarians but either to remain wages, or become chattel-slaves, so long as a monied "medium of exchange" shall prevail.

Yours truly in the struggle for Freedom,

GEORGE SMITH.

Salford, July 12th, 1850.

HOW TO MAKE WAR UPON TYRANNY.—It must be remembered that if we would fell an oak, we must not attempt to hew it with a straw; if a rock, we must not smite it with a feather; if we would storm a strong fortress, we must not assail it with reeds; if we would kill the lion or the bear, it will not be with the same weapon with which we should demolish a beetle, or brush away a fly. But, in society, there are tyrannies more deeply rooted than oaks; denser than rocks, stronger than granite citadels; cruel abuses, more fierce and savage than the beasts of the wilderness, and against them we must use "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" we must "cry aloud, and spare not;" we must, in short, imitate Christ, the lover of men, the blessing of babes, the weeper over the wayward and the wicked, but the most terrible denouncer of oppressions, assailing them with the most awful and annihilating terms.—William Howitt.

At all times in all countries, great men, and even heroes, exist; but good fortune and opportunity often fail them, and they remain unknown.—Christina of Sweden.

LAND LIMITATION.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS
ADOPTED AT THE LATE SESSION OF THAT BODY, HELD
IN CHICAGO, UNITED STATES.

The two measures of Homestead Exemption, and the Freedom of the Public Lands to landless actual settlers in limited quantities, with the prohibition of further government sales, as demanded by the principles of genuine Land Reform, have already secured the favourable consideration of the American public; but the measure of universal Land Limitation, to be effected by laws operating on future titles, has not yet received the notice due to its paramount importance.

There is an objection prevalent among a considerable body of conservatives, that a Land Limitation Law would be an unconstitutional abridgement of individual liberty, by preventing persons from employing their money according to their free pleasure in the purchase of land to an unlimited amount, and by forbidding persons having lands to sell them to whom they pleased; and that Republics should guard against too much legislation; and therefore it is inexpedient to legislate concerning the transfer of lands, but that this subject should be left open to the untrammelled action of the parties to the contract themselves.

It is manifestly erroneous to assert as an absolute proposition, that men have a natural right, or free individual liberty to use their money as they please. They have no right to employ their wealth in hiring assassins to commit murder; nor in poisoning the elements of nature which all must use; nor in erecting institutions which must spread a pestilential and ruinous contagion through the land; nor in carrying on pursuits which impair the general health, corrupt the morals, degrade the public intelligence, and undermine and destroy the foundations of the liberties of the country. Neither is it inexpedient, when such abuses become established, to legislate against their continuance and for their abolition.—As well might the holders of feudal prerogatives in Europe assert that sound public policy dictates the propriety of as little legislation as possible, and therefore the people should not ask for laws abolishing feudal despotism, and securing the liberties of all. Indeed, far less legislation will be required to secure to actual occupants their homes in limited quantities, than is now in use for securing titles to real estate under the present system of land ownership; and that under such legislation, the entire system of mortgages and leases would soon be at an end.

Again, these advocates of conservatism allege that there is no resemblance between land and man; the one possesses life, feeling, hopes, fears, organic wants; the other is inanimate matter, without feeling, and therefore not the subject of political, moral or social evil; and hence there can be no parallel between laws securing human life and freedom, and laws securing land limitation and the free-right of man to the use of a portion of the earth. This allegation, however, to a candid, inquiring mind, must seem to be very weak, upon a bare statement of it; and if not, a brief examination would expose the fallacy by which it is protected from instant detection.

If a man holds a piece of solid earth in his open hand, and this earth is so connected with the vital stamina of his organism that the earth cannot be separated from his hand without the destruction of life, either instant or gradual, might not an assailant be equally guilty of murder, whether he takes hold of the earth, and removes the earth from the man, or takes hold of the man and removes the man from the earth? The question then resolves itself into this: whether the free use of a portion of earth is not essentially connected with the existence of human life, liberty and happiness; and whether a law for land limitation is not necessary

or expedient for securing to all the free use of a portion of earth.

The elements of nature contained in the earth are correlatives to the wants and desires of the human constitution; and no person will pretend to deny that man must perish if excluded from the earth and its fruits. Yet it is alleged by the advocates of conservatism that man, although debarred the natural and unbought right of access to land, is not excluded from its use, because he may purchase land or rent it in consideration of the payment of money, and he may also purchase provisions and clothing. The answer is, that if a person be born of poor parents, and dependent on his labour alone, as most persons are, he has nothing to give in exchange for land, or for food and the necessities of life, but his daily labour or mechanical skill; and as the rate of wages for labour, like the value of all vendible articles, is dependent on the proportion between the supply and demand, a labourer or mechanic in such a case holds his life at the mercy of his employer; and when a country shall be long settled, its population filled up, and manual labour in a great degree superseded by improvements in machinery, the surplus labour population is doomed to perish by starvation, or be supported by charity, or to commit penal transgression against the laws of society. And while this is the miserable condition of the surplus unemployed labour population, those who in such times are able to obtain employment, are reduced by superabundant competition to a rate of wages barely adequate, in return for incessant, overstrained toil, to sustain existence with coarse, scanty food, in sufficient clothing, in poor hovels or unhealthy, unsightly cellars, without the means of education or of social intercourse, and the comforts necessary for prolonged existence, much less happiness. Hence, it is unhappily too plain from facts, that the deprivation of the natural rights of man to the free use of the earth destroys the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that when institutions of society wrest the earth from man, they inflict no less evil upon him than when they remove man from the earth. Hence, also, it is demonstrated that by grasping from your fellow man the inanimate earth, you commit a moral, political and social evil against him, of a kindred nature with that perpetrated by the assassin who plunges a dagger into his brother's bosom, or the poisoner who mixes a deadly ingredient with food, and administers it to the human race.

In fact, Land Monopoly is at the foundation of all the forms of the evils which afflict present civilized society. It causes over-toil, and the loss of opportunities for study and self-improvement, and consequent ignorance and degradation; the poverty of the masses; the unjust accumulation of wealth and power by a privileged few; and the corruption of the morals of the rich by luxury, pride, and sensuality. Land Monopoly produces intemperance, both among rich and poor; among the rich by conferring wealth upon them without meritorious productive industry, and thus exciting a depraved taste for vicious and animal pleasures; and among the poor, by creating a want for a preternatural and artificial stimulus in place of the healthful stimulants imparted by moderate labour, and by moral and intellectual activity, and the studies of philosophy and natural science. Land Monopoly causes large numbers of men and women to be reared from childhood, manhood, and womanhood in depressed, destitute and dependent conditions, without those opportunities of frequent social intercourse between the two sexes which are necessary for humanizing and refining both the male and female character; hence many young men and women in overcrowded cities are thus reared without opportunities of mutual intercourse, except what is obtained by stolen interviews in streets, and at houses of unbecoming resort; and in this manner an alarming moral injury is inflicted upon the youth in our country. Land Monopoly is the root of the vast tree of selfishness and antagonism in society, producing the varied branches, flowers, and fruits of wickedness and discord, and

individual, domestic and national wars and calamities, which darken the world and shed a poisonous miasm over the minds and the hearts of men; neither is there any effectual remedy for these ills of society, short of the extirpation of their great root and cause.

That a land limitation law is necessary for preventing land monopoly is apparent from the history of the progress of land monopoly in Europe and the United States.

Mr. Macaulay, in his recent History of England, states that, if we may trust the best statistical writers of the age of Charles II., not less than 160,000 proprietors who, with their families, at the average number of persons in a family, must have made up more than one-seventh of the whole population of England at that date, derived their subsistence from little freehold estates yielding a yearly income of from £60 to £70. If we include all the landed proprietors, the large and the middle classes as well as the small, the total number at that period must have been very large compared with the population. In other accounts, we see it stated that the total number of land proprietors in England in 1795, was 240,000. But in 1850, the total number of land proprietors in England is only 30,000; and the total number in the entire Island of Great Britain is only 40,000, being one-fourth of the number of the petty proprietors in England alone in 1685. Hence we may judge of the increasing misery of the working classes under a system of land monopoly which diminishes the right of self-employment, enhances the value of rents, and reduces the comparative rate of wages.

In the United States the same principle of accumulating landed estates in a few hands is in operation. In New England, small landed proprietors are selling their farms, that they may emigrate westward with their families, because their small farms in the East will not answer the purpose of establishing in business all their children. The same necessity which compels small proprietors to sell their farms, prevents proprietors with small capital from being the purchasers. The consequence is that many small farms are being accumulated in the hands of large capitalists, and pauperism would have already alarmingly increased in New England, if that section of country were, as old England, deprived of an easy access to unoccupied lands in the West.

We might present many historical examples, but we will cite only two:—the one to show the influence of land monopoly in the downfall of a nation; and the other, to show the influence of a more equal distribution of land among the people, in promoting national prosperity.

From the non-observance and the final repeal of the agrarian laws, in ancient Rome, the lands passed generally into the hands of the patricians, the spirit of liberty among the people became extinct, and the republic became the empire of the Cæsars. From the still greater increase of land monopoly, and the accumulation of the estates of the patricians in the hands of a few owners, the empire fell under the dominion of the Goths, and the Western Roman empire ceased to exist. Many causes were in action to produce the fall of Rome, but land monopoly was among the principal and most influential.

In France, from May, 1790, until the end of 1800, national domains, to the amount of two thousand six hundred and nine millions of francs were sold, and towards the end of 1800 there were national domains of the value of seven hundred millions still remaining unsold.* This mass of property before the revolution, had been locked up in the hands chiefly of large proprietors: the royal family, the nobility, the clergy and the religious bodies. So much land being suddenly brought into the market, and the insecurity which attended a revolutionary title from government, very greatly reduced the valuation. By the division of this

mass of property among a great number of small and larger proprietors, and by the abolishment of the feudal system, was created a class of free proprietors of the soil so necessary for the safety and liberty of the state at that trying crisis. "This division of the soil into small properties, which is naturally connected with a more careful cultivation, must be considered as the chief cause of the rapid increase of the population of France." Notwithstanding the French wars and executions and massacres, the population of France, which was in 1789 only twenty millions, was in 1821 thirty millions of people.—But unhappily, in France, there was no law for Land Limitation; therefore, at present, land monopoly again prevails to a great extent in that nation, and the estates of the small proprietors, by subdivisions among their children, are becoming insufficient for their support. Hence France presents a threefold lesson: *First*, the injurious consequences of Land Monopoly; for it degraded and brutalized the people, and produced the decapitation of the Monarch and the reign of terror: *Secondly*, the regenerating influence of a more equal distribution of lands; for it sustained France in prosperity at home, and its victories over combined Europe: *Thirdly*, the indispensable necessity of Land Limitation; for without that, French Republicans are now degraded and starving upon their own soil. Many causes unquestionably contributed to the success of the French arms, but the more equal division of landed estates was a chief and principal one.

From these facts and considerations, it must be evident to every reflecting mind that land limitation not only affords a sure basis for all genuine reform, but is itself the only effectual remedy for the poverty, degradation, ignorance, vice, and crime which abound and are constantly increasing in the present organization of human society; that fundamental to human progress as are all the measures of Land Reform, land limitation is the great measure of this movement, which underlies all the others, and, like the back-bone in the human body, gives strength, consistency, and uprightness to the whole system; that it is the universal safeguard to the perpetuity and perfection of our free institutions, and that its prompt adoption is demanded alike by the safety and welfare of the PEOPLE.

THE RED FLAG.—We shall best answer two or three correspondents, from whom we have received questions concerning the origin of the Red Flag, as an emblem of ultra-democracy, by giving the following quotation from Louis Blanc's "Historic Pages from the French Revolution of February, 1848":—"It was not from any savage disposition that the people demanded the Red flag. The sentiment was this. It may be remembered when in 1789 the tricolour flag was adopted, royalty still existed, and was not at that time threatened by the dark cloud that already appeared in the horizon. Undoubtedly serious differences had occurred between the middle class and the court; but Louis XVI. had left Versailles to come and make his peace with Paris; now it was as a token of this reconciliation that the white, the royal colour, was added to the red and blue, already the Parisian colours. Such was the origin of the tricolour flag; which consequently expressed the idea of a compromise; it bore traces of monarchical prejudices, and reminded the people that there was in the nation something which was not the nation. After the revolution of February there was no king; why should the colours of royalty be preserved? No sovereignty was any longer acknowledged but that of the people; why, then, preserve the emblem of a composite sovereignty? From the ruins of all the old castes was about to arise the one family of the French nation; why then have a flag which, by the diversity of its colours, seemed to revive the difference of classes? The red flag was demanded as the standard of unity. Besides it was the ancient flag of the Gauls; it was the historical standard under which our fathers fought against Rome; and at the time of Joan of Arc against the English. Such were the feelings that animated the people with respect to this flag, whatever images of bloody times might be seen in it by some; or however it might have been revered, as the flag of martyrs, by others. And, in proof of this, the people might be seen in every direction with the red rosette in their button-holes, at the time they were applauding the government for having abolished the punishment of death."

* Encyclopedia Americana, Vol. V. p. 245, Article France.

Trust to courage more than to cunning and circumspection: is a maxim whereby all great men have prospered. Christina of Sweden.

TO THE READERS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

On the occasion of my attendance at the Blackstone Edge and Halifax Demonstrations, I was amazed at the number of persons who complained either that they could not get the RED REPUBLICAN at all, or until considerably after date. Some of my friends had not yet seen No. 4; others had only just received No. 3; although, while making their complaints to me, No. 5 was ready for publication. I was assured by several persons that themselves and friends had repeatedly applied at the booksellers, in Manchester, for copies of No. 1, and had applied in vain, the News Agents affirming that no copies of No. 1 were to be had. I can assure my friends that Mr. Collins has yet some quires of that number, I having purposely printed a very considerable number over the current demand, in order that new subscribers might be able to obtain complete sets. None of the numbers are yet out of print, although, week by week, the stock is rapidly diminishing. From all I have heard, I am satisfied that THE RED REPUBLICAN would enjoy a sale double or treble its present circulation, were the people able to procure it, and if the News Agents would exhibit the "Bills of Contents" profusely supplied with each number.

I announced in the last number that henceforth THE RED REPUBLICAN would be ready for delivery to the Trade every Tuesday at one o'clock p.m. Since the appearance of that announcement I have resolved to publish still earlier in the week; and I hereby announce that, COMMENCING WITH THIS NUMBER, THE "RED REPUBLICAN" WILL BE READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE PUBLISHING TRADE EVERY MONDAY, AT 12 O'CLOCK.

Under this arrangement, it will be the fault of Booksellers and News Agents if THE RED REPUBLICAN is not to be had in every part of Great Britain and Ireland by Saturday, at the latest. I trust that the friends of this publication will not permit it to be *burked*, nor allow themselves to be put off by the usual intimation that the current number is "not out," &c. I pledge my word that each succeeding number shall be out in time, and shall be made every way worthy of the support which has already been so generously accorded to THE RED REPUBLICAN.

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

TO THE TRADE.

SHOULD country Booksellers and News Agents, find any difficulty in obtaining the "Red Republican" from their regular London Agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins, 113, Fleet-street. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

P.S.—A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing THE RED REPUBLICAN, is now ready, and may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet Street.

INSTITUTIONS AND LAWS OF REPUBLICAN AMERICA.

The series of articles under the above heading, will be continued in our next number.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London.

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

Subscriptions received for the "RED REPUBLICAN" must again stand over till our next number.

THE DEMOCRATIC REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received, and paid over to Mr. Arnott, for the democratic refugees, from Mr. Hiseocks, 6d.; Richard Snuggs, 1s.; William Colman, Leicester, 3s.; Mr. Buckingham, 1s.; Mr. Wilks, 1s.; Mr. Bullus, 1s.; Mr. Hemmin, 1s.; Mr. Algar, 3d. The Brothers Leaver will oblige by forwarding a line, stating the several items of their subscriptions for the refugees and the "Red Republican." The "Red'un" who gave 1s. for the refugees, at Blackstone Edge, is requested to forward his name.

Since the above has been put in type, we have received and paid over to Mr. Arnott the sum of 9s. 2d., "being a trifle for the Hungarian patriots from a few Red Republican shopmates, Liverpool."

J. E.—It is undoubtedly true that revolutions hitherto achieved, have been won by the combined strength of the middle and working classes; and, it is as true, that while the Proletarians have had the hard work and the suffering inseparable from revolutionary changes, they have always been cheated out of the fruits of their victory by the bourgeoisie. We have no objection to a fraternal union of the two classes, provided that union is based on honest terms. For the present, we think we shall do best in labouring to promote union among the working men themselves, and the enlightenment of those among them yet ignorant of their political and social rights.

JOHN HEMMIN, Cheltenham, writes as follows:—"I congratulate you on the complete success of the 'Red Republican.' I can assure you it is highly appreciated in Cheltenham, and is, and will be, I believe, more circulated than any other democratic publication. It ought to be in the hands of every lover of his country and the human family. May it meet with all the success it merits."

J. H.—The person your name is one of the "staff" of the *Leader*, but not the editor of that journal.

J. RICKARDS, NEWTOWN, WALES, writes,—"I congratulate you on the success of the 'Red Republican,' which has attained a circulation in this town far greater than any of the friends had anticipated." The hint of this correspondent, respecting "Our Indian Empire," shall not be lost sight of.

DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL PROPAGANDA.—The above named correspondent writes—"Perhaps you will excuse the democrats of this town in calling attention to the very able article in the first number, entitled 'Chartism in 1850.' With the sentiments of the said article we entirely coincide, as far as they go; but we are of opinion that, inasmuch as the article does not give a definition of social rights, it is so far deficient; and we would earnestly entreat your able correspondent to take the matter up again, and enforce upon all sections of social reformers, the necessity of defining what they mean by the term 'Socialism,' and also to urge upon them the necessity of drawing up a plan of social reform, upon which all could agree. We think, Sir, that such a step is absolutely necessary, in order that we may commence an efficient propaganda for democratic and social reform, which shall combine all the scattered elements of progression in one holy and indissoluble band of brotherhood, for the emancipation of the human race from that triad of humbugs—landlords, fundlords, and profitmongers. We are of opinion that steps should be immediately taken to bring this subject prominently before the public; therefore we take the liberty of urging upon you to lay it before the leaders, in order that it may be fully discussed previous to the assembling of the next Conference. We have long been convinced of the necessity of laying down the groundwork of an agitation for social reform, therefore we wish that a well-digested pamphlet should be drawn up, in the form of the People's Charter, in which the first principles should be laid down and clearly promulgated; and, when once this is done, we are confident it will give an immense impetus to our movement. I beg to subscribe myself, on behalf of a few Red Republicans of this town, yours fraternally,

"JOHN RICKARDS."

"A PAUPER," Newington Workhouse, (whose name for obvious reasons we suppress), lamenting the present state of things in Europe, observes:—"Had the men of France kept the Veto instead of giving it to the Special Constable, France would have continued, and the whole of Europe would in a few years have become Republican; but now they have all their work to do over again, with the enemy as strong as ever and some of their best men in exile. But there is still hope, for the brave Reds of France are biding their time, and when that comes I hope they will teach their tyrants a lesson they'll not soon forget. The French won 'the Charter,' but not keeping the Veto they have lost it. They must abolish the office of President, and when their paid servants have made laws let them bring them to the people for their approval or re-

jection, who would very soon learn to test them by the Constitution—not the humbug of "Queen, Lords, and Commons," but that of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity. If you will insert this in your valuable paper, it may prove a word in season.

Yours, &c.,

A PAUPER, NEWINGTON WORKHOUSE.

MORTON ROYSTON, SNEFIELD.—Thanks for your kind letter, we are glad to hear that the sale of the "Red Republican" is increasing in your town. The lines of your friend, while they express admirable sentiments, are in some respects imperfect. Let the poet not be discouraged, but persevere in pursuit of perfection.

W. BERWICK, BELFAST.—Mr. Conner's Pamphlet shall have our attention as early as possible.

THE "DETERMINED CHARTIST."—The person who masqueraded under this title, turns out to be "a friend to the aristocracy!" At his final examination he made the following statement:—"Although my scheme threatened the lives of a large portion of the aristocracy, still my object was to protect that class. Having had communication with several members of the aristocracy, I have been enabled to ascertain that their rent rolls are so encumbered with mortgages, that their properties will soon be swallowed up by the lawyers and the aristocracy of England sink into obscurity. It was, therefore, from feelings of pity that I thought if one-half of their class were despatched on their infernal journey it would have the effect of saving the other half, inasmuch as it would take away all the present owners, and leave the reversioners in undisputed possession of the property, and thereby strengthen the remaining portion of the aristocracy." We wish the aristocrats much joy of their friend who has been bound over to keep the peace for twelve months. The refusal of the Government to prosecute looks somewhat suspicious. The Chartists will do well to be on their guard.

"AN IRISH REPUBLICAN."—We are happy to be able to answer your question in the affirmative. The "Irishman" will re-appear on the first Saturday in August. We would recommend yourself and friends to at once forward your subscriptions (yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly) to Mr. William Dunbar, 4, Anglesea-street, Dublin. It is to be hoped that the new series of the "Irishman" will commence with a greatly extended circulation. Since the suppression of Mitchell's paper, there has been no journal so worthy of Republican support, both English as well as Irish. For honesty, consistency of purpose, sound democratic principle, and literary talent, the "Irishman" won a high character, and there can be no doubt that the new series will sustain the reputation already so worthily achieved. To British as well as Irish Republicans we heartily recommend the forthcoming series of the "Irishman."



Several communications will be published, or noticed in our next number.

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest.

(Continued from No. 5 of the *Red Republican*.)

"3. Pending the operations of these measures, it is desirable to mitigate the burdens of taxation and of public and private indebtedness upon all classes who suffer thereby,—the more especially as these burdens have been vastly aggravated by the recent monetary and free trade measures of Sir Robert Peel. To this end, the Public Debt and all private indebtedness affected by the fall of prices should be equitably adjusted in favour of the debtor and productive classes, and the charges of Government should be reduced upon a scale corresponding with the general fall of prices and of wages. And, as with the properly called the National Debt, has been admitted by both Houses of Parliament, to be in the nature of a *bona fide* mortgage upon the realized property of this country, it is but strict justice that the owners of this property, and they only, should be henceforward held responsible for both capital and interest. At all events, the industrious classes should not be held answerable for it, seeing the debt was not borrowed by them, nor for them, nor with their consent; and that, even if it had been so, they have had no assets left them for the payment of it. Moreover, the realized property of this country, being estimated at eight times the amount of the debt, the owners or mortgagors have no valid excuse or plea to offer on the score of inability, for refusing to meet the claims of their mortgagees."

Men are tired of suffering; each one wishes for his share of enjoyment; morals and legislation are at bay, thrones are insecure, the authority of true religion has been shaken by the priesthood, the rich are terrified, the masses, whose submission is the sole pledge of tranquillity, begin to chafe under the burden of all their fatigues, and all their profitless drudgery, the passions break loose, power crumbles, and all society is menaced by an approaching dissolution.

Misery is the actual problem which occupies all lofty minds and all generous souls.

The ocean is an image of great souls. Storms sweep over its surface, but its depths are at rest.—*Christina of Sweden.*

We ought to face all events with a kind of heroic indifference.—*Ibid.*

EARLIER PUBLICATION OF THE
"RED REPUBLICAN."

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Publishers and News Agents are hereby respectfully informed that the "Red Republican" may be had by twelve o'clock a.m. every Monday, of Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE POLISH
REFUGEES.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

WE promised in last week's "Red Republican" to expose the intrigues of the Czartoryski faction in relation to the democratic exiles from Poland. The Polish legion in the Hungarian service had been under the command of general Wysocki, but through the underhand influence gained by the agents of Czartoryski—the former pretender to the crown of Poland—the command was transferred to Count Zamoyski, nephew to Czartoryski as soon as the legion crossed the Turkish frontier. Zamoyski had joined the army only towards the close of the Hungarian struggle, and had taken but an insignificant (if any) part in the war. Thus the legion, although containing many old and staunch democrats, found itself given up altogether to the influence and government of the Polish aristocracy. Zamoyski at once perceived what a useful instrument it might become in his hands in any future contingency, if deprived of its democratic leaders, and kept there at the mercy of the Turkish government, influenced as that government was by him and his agents. General Wysocki was persuaded (by what arguments is a mystery to his fellow legionists) to keep voluntary company with Kossuth, at Kntáia, proposals of settlement were made to all the other legionists, and assurances given them that they would be received into the Turkish military or civil service, with equal or superior grades, and without abandoning their religion; although it soon appeared that apostacy was required in return for employment and also the loss of one grade. Every means were used to keep them in Turkey, under the exclusive influence and control of the Polish aristocracy. The legionists felt the curb, and thought they would be more independent in their politics, and above all more useful to their country, and the democratic cause in Western Europe, in whose revolutionary disposition they still believed, and therefore for the greatest part determined upon demanding their removal to France or England; in consequence of which they were embarked, and soon landed at Malta, where new propositions were made to them by Zamoyski, who had accompanied them thither.

As long as there remained any hope of settling in Europe, no proposal of emigration to America would have had any chance of success. France, as Zamoyski well knew, was shut against the refugees, and hardly could a few of those who possessed pecuniary means of their own, gain admittance to the misnamed Republic. England alone was open to the remainder; but instead of preparing, and organizing means for their support, when patriotic efforts, with the help of the still existing sympathy for the Hungarian cause might have succeeded, Zamoyski made his fellow-countrymen believe that Belgium was ready to receive them into her army. Accordingly a vessel was fitted out and a body of the legionists, to the number of ninety-four, sailed for Southampton. Arrived there, they found the news that might have been anticipated. The Belgian government flatly refused their admittance, not only into the ranks of its army, but even on the Belgian shores. Mr. Andrews, the Mayor of Southampton, had bid them a hearty and true English welcome, and raised means of support for a couple of days, as they were not expected to remain a longer time. Lord Dudley Stuart wrote a long letter, which was translated into Polish, and lithographed in both languages, explaining that no means could be afforded to preserve the Poles from starvation but that of sending them over to America. Prince Vladislav Czartoryski (the younger son of the would-be King—Adam) went with this letter to Southampton, and communicated it to the newly arrived refugees. Hardly seventeen out of the whole number could be found to accept the proposal, so general was the aversion to leaving Europe. Ten out of this seventeen subsequently withdrew their assent. Vladislav Czartoryski went over a second time to them with lithographed copies of another letter, written to him from Paris by his cousin Zamoyski, and dated May 20th, 1850. In this letter Zamoyski tells the refugees that on the 18th he had spoken with Prince Adam Czartoryski, who much approved of the advice given by him (Zamoyski) to his cousin, in favour of the scheme of transferring the refugees to America. "I am, by no means," he says "of the opinion that any sacrifices ought to be made in order to protract the sojourn of the Polish refugees in England, as these sacrifices would prove vain, ineffectual, and surpassing the means on which we can reckon. I am on the contrary confident that such sacrifices will be afforded for their transference to America. . . . In America, in so far as we may judge of it, any one who is possessed of a handicraft, or is only an able-bodied, willing to work, well behaved, and persevering man, may find employment. . . . I believe you may shelter yourselves behind the will of those who furnished the funds, and you must loudly assert that these funds, according to the will of the givers, cannot, and will not be used as subsidies for those who remain in England. . . . With the exception of travelling expences and subsistence during the passage to America, we are pledged to nothing." . . . &c. The effect of the publication of this letter at Southampton was a rather rude reception of Prince Vladislav Czartoryski, by his disappointed fellow-countrymen, who gave full vent to a general burst of indignation. Seeing that the exiles refused to leave England for

America, the persons at Southampton who had at first relieved them, withdrew their assistance, and the Mayor changing his tone, threatened the unfortunate men that *he would treat them as vagrants*, in the event of their placing themselves in a position to warrant his exercise of the laws against vagrancy. Threatened with this degradation, and suffering from absolute want, a number of the exiles consented to proceed to the United States, others betook themselves to the north of England in search of employment, and a number have taken refuge in London, and so added to the list of their unfortunate countrymen who had previously arrived from Baden and other parts of Europe. We believe a few still remain in Southampton, Portsmouth, &c.

For the facts set forth in the foregoing statement, we are indebted to an eminent Polish exile. On this subject we wrote to Lord Dudley Stuart, and received a lengthy answer in reply, to the effect, that the monies entrusted to him for those of the Polish refugees, who have recently arrived in England, were to be applied exclusively to enabling the exiles to emigrate to America; that any application to Government or Parliament for a new grant of public money for the support of the Poles, would be utterly unavailing; that it was useless to appeal to the wealthy classes, they no longer feeling any sympathy for the Poles, and as regards the working-classes, they were too poor to render efficient aid; and, lastly, that despairing of the Poles being able to find employment in this country, he considered their emigration to America imperative and unavoidable.

Thus situated, the Polish exiles, can look for assistance only to the Democratic working-men, unhappily themselves too poor to do full justice to the generous dictates of their own hearts. We trust, however, that all that can be done, will be done, in the way of rendering assistance to the Polish and other democratic refugees.

In concluding this article, we cannot but express our earnest sympathy with those of our Polish brethren, who, at the peril of hunger and wretchedness of every other kind, have refused to submit to be transported to America. To well appreciate their conduct and to comprehend the antagonism between them and their aristocracy, it must be borne in mind that:—

Firstly. No other motive but that of serving their country by raising a war against its oppressors, has caused the emigration of ninety-nine out of every hundred Polish refugees, and that therefore their material subsistence is but of secondary importance to them.

Secondly. They believe firmly in the intimate connection between the fate of Poland, and that of European Democracy, and therefore consider Europe as the proper and only field of battle for them in the approaching struggle for the independence of their country.

Thirdly. They equally believe in an unavoidable, although as to the term of its beginning, undetermined European crises.

Fourthly. No guarantee is given them of the probability of coming over from America, when the struggle shall have commenced, and Poland be in need of their help.

Fifthly. Their situation in America, scattered as they will be over that immense territory, will be more precarious and helpless

than anywhere in Europe, as even if settlements were offered to them, which is not probable, they could not accept them, as thereby they would bind their arms, which must remain free for the service of Poland in any future emergency.

Sixthly and lastly. As the avowed object of the enemies of their country and of democracy is to remove them from Europe, their duty and wish is to remain here, and thereby defeat the views of the eternal foes of Poland and mankind.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication,

CHAP. II.

MOTIVES OF THE ROYAL WAR.

(Continued from our last.)

THE first Piedmontese troops entered Milan on the 26th of March.

On the 23rd of March, at eleven at night, Mr. Abercromby received from Turin a despatch, signed L. N. Pareto—it had the following:—"Mr. Abercromby, as well as the undersigned, was acquainted with the grave events which were occurring in Lombardy: Milan in full revolution, and almost in the power of the inhabitants, who, by their courage and their firmness, had known how to resist the disciplined troops of his Imperial Majesty; the insurrection in the country and the neighbouring towns,—in fine, *all the territory bordering on the frontiers of his Sardinian Majesty, on fire.* This situation, as Mr. Abercromby can well comprehend, reacts on the state of mind of the provinces which belong to his Majesty the King of Sardinia. The sympathy which the defence of Milan excites, the spirit of nationality which, *malgre* the artificial boundaries of the different States, nevertheless makes itself felt; all concurs to keep up in the provinces and in the capital such an agitation, *that it is to be feared, from one moment to another, that it might result in one of those revolutions which would place the throne in serious danger; for it cannot be dissembled, that after the events in France, the danger of the proclamation of a republic in Lombardy may not be far off.* In fact, according to positive information, it appears that a certain number of Swiss have largely contributed, by their intervention, to the success of the rising at Milan. When to this are added the movements in Parma and Modena, as well as those of the Duchy of Placenza, over which his Majesty, the King of Sardinia, cannot be refused the right of watching, as over a territory which ought to come to him in the right of reversion; when, also, is added that great and serious exasperation has been excited in Piedmont, and in Liguria, by the conclusion of a treaty between his Imperial Majesty, and the dukes of Parma, Placenza, and Modena; a treaty which, under the appearance of furnishing succour to these little States, has really englobed them in the Austrian monarchy, by extending the military frontiers from the Po, where they ought to terminate, even to the Mediterranean, and so destroying the equilibrium which existed between the divers powers of Italy,—it is natural to think that the situation of Piedmont is such that at any moment, on the announcement that a Republic has been proclaimed in Lombardy, a similar movement would burst out in the States of his Majesty, the King of Sardinia; or that at least there would be some serious commotion, which would endanger the throne of his Majesty. It is in this state of things that the King . . . believes himself obliged to take measures, which by *hindering the actual movement in Lombardy from becoming a republican movement*, shall ward off from Piedmont, and from the rest of Italy, the catastrophes which

might take place, if such a form of government should be proclaimed.

Towards midnight Abercromby took himself to Count Balbo's, and there obtained more detailed information. "He and his colleagues, after divers official reports, which had been transmitted to them by the director of police, on the imminent danger of a republican revolution in the country, in case the government still delayed to send aid to the Lombards; and, seeing the impossibility of curbing the great excitement, which was extending through all the States of his Sardinian Majesty, had decided, &c."*

The Marquis of Normanby wrote from Paris, on the 28th, to Lord Palmerston, reciting a conversation which he had just had with the Marquis of Brignole, the Sardinian ambassador in France. This latter had repeated to him, after a despatch from Turin, the reasons already enunciated; and he insisted, besides, on the fact that—"Charles Albert had repulsed with a refusal the first deputation from Milan, when the city was yet in the hands of the Austrians, adding that the second deputation had declared to the King, that if he did not hasten to bring them succour, he would hear the cry of *Republic*; and that the king had only commenced hostilities in order to maintain order, on a territory left by the force of circumstances without a master."†

In another despatch, on the 25th of March, Abercromby explained to Lord Palmerston, with more ample details, the state of affairs in Piedmont at the period of the royal decision—the altogether pacific intentions of the Balbo-Pareto cabinet; the Lombard insurrection; the immense influence exercised by the people, who threatened to revolt in Piedmont, and to attack the Austrians, in spite of the authority of the government; and the imminent danger to the monarchy of Savoy, which had forced the ministers into hostilities.

But this is not all. In the instructions which the minister for foreign affairs forwarded from Turin to the Marquis Ricci, Sardinian envoy at Vienna, it was said—" . . . It was to be feared that the numerous political associations existing in Lombardy, and the proximity of Switzerland, would cause the proclamation of a REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT. This form would be fatal to the Italian nation, to our Government, to the august dynasty of Savoy. It was necessary to take a prompt and decisive part. The government and the king have not hesitated, and they are profoundly convinced of having acted, at the risk of the dangers to which they are exposed, for the safety of other monarchical states."

This idea was so rooted in men's minds, that, on the 30th of April, when the war was already commenced, and when it was no longer necessary to dissemble, but only to conquer, Pareto declared anew to Abercromby that, *if the Piedmontese army had delayed to cross the Tessin, it had been impossible to hinder Genoa from revolting, and separating itself from the States of his Sardinian Majesty.*

It was under such auspices, and with such intentions, that the Piedmontese monarchy and the moderates marched to the conquest of independence. The nation, deceived, applauded them, Charles Albert, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, the Pope. So much love inundated the souls of the Italians in these rapid and happy days, that they would have embraced their mortal enemies, provided that they had only worn on their breasts the tricolor cockade.

True greatness comes from the heart; when the heart is great, the head is great too.—*Christina of Sweden.*

To obey no one is greater happiness than to rule the whole world.—*Ibid.*

The passions are the salt of life. We are happy or unhappy according to our power over them.—*Ibid.*

* Dispatch from Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston.

† Lord Normanby to Lord Palmerston.

Review.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.*

(Continued from No. 5.)

HAVING reviewed the course of conduct pursued by the English Government towards Ireland and America, Ledru Rollin proceeds to an examination of the rise and progress of "our Indian Empire." "About the beginning of the last century," he observes, "a few merchants of London established themselves modestly on the shores of the Indian Ocean. * * * * *

What did they ask? A little spot of sunshine for their petty factories, and the protection of the chiefs, nabobs, and rajahs, for their scanty commerce in the interior of the country." The factories rose unnoticed but the fort soon appeared behind the shop, and not long afterwards an English frigate anchored by the fort. This was the beginning of "that vast empire, which since has swallowed up so many noble kingdoms one after another, from Calcutta to Delhi."

Colonel Clive laid the foundation of English supremacy. Coveting the rich provinces of Bengal, where reigned a Soubah, who was feudatory, but almost independent of the great Mogul, the Colonel invented a legitimate pretender, whom by fraud and force he installed instead of the previously reigning chief. Clive secured five millions of francs by this move. One of the nabobs of Bengal having refused to recognise the new chief, Clive with his troops pounced upon the recusant's territories, and condemned him to cede the revenue of three districts to the East India Company, reserving to himself a personal annuity of nearly a million. The great Mogul, driven from his throne, came one day to humble himself in the midst of the English settlements, and demand protection of the Governor, who stipulated that the company should have the collectorship in perpetuity of the revenues of three provinces,—Orissa, Bengal, and Bahar. By this move the Company secured to themselves an annual revenue of thirty millions. To robbery in the shape of taxation, they added monopoly of the markets. "The articles of most general consumption, salt, tobacco, and betel, were subjected to enormous duties. * * * * *

"The spoliation being complete, and the rice having failed, by being badly harvested, famine raged in India. The Hindoos, who from religious principles eat no meat, perished by millions, after having given up their last coin; and the country being ruined, the collectors had nothing more to collect. After pillage and famine, came complete pauperism.

"The magnificent merchants at Calcutta were staggered, and the Directors at London took the alarm. They forgot themselves so far as to bring an accusation against Lord Clive, who, they declared, had his coffers full of gold, and his hands covered with blood.

"The honest governor easily exculpated himself; his riches were but presents from the nabobs; and had he not given to the Company lands and enormous privileges?—to England a kingdom?

"The accusation was closed by the following motion:—

"'Lord Clive has rendered signal services to his country; he has deserved well of England.'

* *The Decline of England.* By Ledru Rollin. (In two volumes, Vol. I.) London: E. Churton, 28, Holles street.

"And, History, what will she say? She has already repeated the energetic words, pronounced at the time by a member of parliament:—

"'Doubtless,' he said, 'the immense fortunes amassed by the officers of the Company, have all had an honourable origin. The property of the natives is torn from them by violence; they will tell you it is the right of war: or extorted by craft? it is the compensation for great services;—or drained away by monopolies? it is the result of commerce. All these subtle distinctions between exactions and presents, between plunder and reward, may satisfy the magnificent merchants of the Company, but they are unworthy to be listened to by legislators.'

The iniquities of Clive sink into nothing, before the crimes of Warren Hastings. We select a few samples:—

"The Mahrattas, who are the Arabs of India, having invaded the province of Oude, and the territory of the Rohillas, the last called in the English and the most powerful of the neighbouring nabobs, engaged to pay ten millions for this alliance. The danger past, they forgot their promise, or were unable to fulfil it, having suffered severely in the struggle. What did Warren Hastings do? he caused the Rohillas to be exterminated by the Nabob of Oude, and demanded of him the ten millions, leaving nothing to his ally but the pleasure of bloodshed. Indeed, it was so that the compact of vengeance had been arranged between them.

"Thus, for a few bags of gold, the English governor delivered up a whole people to destruction; and, so complete was it, that the English officers employed in these butcheries were themselves struck with horror. What cared the pro-consul?

"The great Mogul, already the pensionary of England, had placed two of his last remaining provinces under their protection. Hastings confiscates them for his own benefit, sells them to the Nabob, the exterminator of the Rohillas; and, not content with robbing the Mogul of two fiefs, he suppresses his titles.

"The Nabob of Oude being dead, Hastings sells a portion of the inheritance for the benefit of the Company. He declares to the successor that all the engagements are null, upon the plea of being burdensome; takes back from the son the two provinces which he had just before sold to the father, and only grants them anew on condition of his yielding up the sovereignty of Benares. The prince of that territory is compelled by him to pay an annual tribute, in addition to three successive forced requisitions, which cram the coffers of Hastings, without satiating his greediness. To fill up the measure of infamy, he invades Benares, deposes the prince, and invests one of his own clients with the authority, under whose name he devastates and ruins the country to such a degree, that he leaves behind him nothing but misery, between the tax-collector and the hangman.

"Nor does he forget himself in the division of plunder. The widow of the Nabob, whom he appoints regent, pays him, under the name of a gratuity, one hundred and fifty thousand rupees. He pockets ten thousand upon the collectorship of Houghley. His secretary, like his master, has a running account upon all the agents' and collectors' books, and the premiums advanced by corruption or fear, enrich the mere officers of the British government with regal fortunes.

"If any one accuses him in the council of directors, or amongst the natives, he replies to the first by annulling their decisions; the latter he drags before his tribunals, where suborned informers impute to them imaginary crimes, and cause them to be condemned by that vassal court, thus destroying all proof and evidence, to the great glory and advantage of the double-dealing viceroys.

"It was thus that the Rajah Nundiomar was hanged for the crime of accusing Warren Hastings before the council, and proving that this depredator had stolen many millions, by the sale of place, and the traffic in favours.

"The English Verres had, moreover, agents who seconded him to a wonder, and deserve to share in his renown. Here is what Burke said of the excesses committed by one of Hastings' subalterns:

"Such of the labourers as were suspected of having concealed wealth, were put to the torture. Their fingers were tightly bound with cords, till they were in a manner welded together, and made but one mass of flesh; they were afterwards forced asunder by wedges of wood or iron.

"Others were tied together in pairs, and flung across a bar of timber, where they remained suspended, with their feet in the air, when they beat them on the soles of the feet till the nails dropped off. Next they struck them about the head, till the blood gushed from the nose, mouth, and ears. At other times they were scourged with thorns, with bamboo canes, and with venomous rods, which scorched them at every blow like burning metal.

"The monster who inflicted these tortures was skilled in tormenting the mind as well as the body. He often had the father and son bound together, and then flogged them till the skin came off in shreds. He had, moreover, the infernal satisfaction of being sure that every blow would have its effect; for if the son did not receive it himself, he suffered no less from knowing that it had fallen upon his father; and the father endured the same agonies in knowing that every blow he escaped, must of necessity fall upon his son.

"It is impossible to describe the sufferings of women, torn from the most secret recesses of their dwellings, which the religion of their country respected as sanctuaries. They were exposed naked to the public eye; virgins were dragged into the courts of justice, and there violated in the face of the magistrates—in the face of the terrified spectators, in the face of heaven and earth.

"Other women had their nipples placed in slit bamboos, and cruelly torn from their bosoms; that which modesty amongst all nations is at the pains to hide, this monster unveiled to every eye, and burnt at a slow fire. More than this, some of the servants of this hangman carried their infamy, their profanation, so far as to drink even at the sources of life."

In spite of the protection of Pitt, the impeachment of Hastings was at length resolved upon. After seven years of debate, resumed and broken off, the Peers acquitted Warren Hastings, and thus made the Government a party to his atrocious crimes:—

"As to the magnificent merchants of London and Calcutta, jealous, no doubt, of the obligations which their government had assumed in the eyes of posterity, they granted their governor an annual pension of one hundred thousand francs, with payment of the arrears for the whole time of his administration, which flung three millions more into the hands of this butcher of the Indies."

Ledru Rollin concludes this chapter with a notice of the recent Chinese War:—

"Since 1796 the free-trade in opium by strangers was interdicted in China. The princes of the celestial empire had forbidden the sale of that poison, the use of which by the people was an active and permanent cause of decay.

"The English, who cultivated the poppy in the richest of their Indian possessions, drew considerable revenues from the traffic in it before the passing of the edict, and not to lose so rich a source of profit, they organized a vast system of contrabandism, by which the opium insinuated itself through all the frontiers, found allies even amongst the mandarins; and as it was sold only for ready money, it realized greater profits than would have accrued in the way of free-trade. The smugglers besides knew how to act by open force; they had their docks even at the entrance of the ports, and when the guard-junks straightened their movements and operations, they dispersed or sank them by their armed vessels as if they had been pirates. The Chinese government, alarmed at the progress

of this clandestine poisoning, announced severe measures against contrabandism, and gave orders to their mandarins, to hunt it down everywhere with vigour. But the habit had been contracted; the poison had become indispensable to this childish people, who delighted in the intoxication of sensual dreams, and they became the accomplices of their poisoners.

"In defiance, therefore, of remonstrances, edicts, and laws, the English actively pursued their clandestine commerce; their ships form magazines in the river Canton, and to compel the surrender of the deadly chests the Chinese mandarin finds it necessary to fling the English resident, Captain Elliot, into prison.

"But the English, honest traders as they are, cry out against this robbery, upon this violation of the law of nations, as if the Chinese had not a right to exercise the functions of a police in their own seas, and more especially against poisoners. Their seamen penetrate into the villages which they devastate, and because the Chinese will not submit to be quietly poisoned, the English government upon the 3rd of April, 1840, taking up the quarrel of their contrabandists, declares 'That all ships, vessels, and cargoes belonging to the Emperor of China or his subjects, shall be kept and retained until full reparation has been made for the loss and wrong complained of.' They stipulate, moreover, that the said ships, vessels, and cargoes, brought or retained in the ports, shall be confiscated and sold, if ample satisfaction is not given.

"Could Locusta herself, that queen of poisoners, have done better than the English traders demanding reparation for the seizure of prohibited merchandize, and claiming under pain of war and confiscation an indemnity of seventy-five million francs for twenty-five homicidal chests, sequestered by those to whom they were bringing death?

"The military nothingness of the Chinese rendered any resistance impossible. They were obliged to yield and submit to the hard conditions of the stranger—that is to say, to pay seventy-five million francs, the expenses of the war, and the costs of their own defeat.

"Since this memorable campaign England has got a footing in China; she has possessed herself of isles, bays, ports, a commercial treaty, direct connexions, and organized influences that harass the empire. In a few years, if Europe does not look to it, and if America does not push forward her competition, China, like India, will be no more than an English farm. It will be, however, a wasteful acquisition, for England has now arrived at such a point that her wars and her government are more expense than profit. What signifies the future? England cannot but draw upon it; what she wants for the present is to invest and to produce."

"A DIVINE PERSON IS THE PROPHECY OF THE MIND; A FRIEND IS THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.—Our beatitude waits for the fulfilment of these two in one. The ages are opening this moral force. All force is the shadow or symbol of that. Poetry is joyful and strong, as it draws its inspiration thence. Men write their names on the world, as they are filled with this. History has been mean; our nations have been moles; we have never seen a man; that divine form we do not yet know, but only the dream and prophesy of such; we do not know the majestic manners which belong to him, which appease and exalt the beholder. We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity, and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succours them who never saw it. Whatever greatness has yet appeared, is beginnings and encouragements to us in this direction. The history of those gods and saints which the world has written and then worshipped, are documents of character. The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth who owed nothing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn of his nation, who by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendour around the facts of his death, which has transfigured every particular into a universal symbol for the eyes of mankind. This great defeat is hitherto our highest fact. But the mind requires a victory to the senses, a force of character which will convert judge, jury, soldier, and king; which will rule animal and universal virtues, and blend with the courses of sap, of rivers, of winds, of stars, and of moral agents."—Emerson's Essays.

Poetry for the People.

SACRED HYMNS.

BY ERNEST JONES.

(Written in the blood of their author, whilst incarcerated in Tothill-fields' Prison.)

NO. 2.—HYMN FOR LAMMAS DAY.

SHARPEN the sickle! The fields are white,
 'Tis the time of the harvest at last;
 Reapers! be up with the morning light,
 Ere the blush of its youth be past.
 Why stand on the highway, and lounge at the gate,
 With a summer day's work to perform?
 If we wait for the hiring, 'tis long we may wait—
 Till the hour of the night and the storm.

Sharpen the sickle! How proud they stand,
 In the pomp of their golden grain!
 But I'm thinking, ere noon, 'neath the sweep of my hand,
 How many shall lie on the plain!
 Tho' the ditch be wide, the fence be high,—
 There's a spirit to carry us o'er;
 For God never meant his people to die
 In sight of so rich a store.

Sharpen the sickle! How full are the ears!
 And at home they are crying for bread;
 And the field has been watered with orphans' tears,
 And enriched with their father's dead.
 And hopes that are buried, and hearts that broke,
 Lie deep in the treasuring sod:
 Then dash down the grain with a thunderstroke,
 In the name of humanity's God!

THE PLACE FOR CROMWELL'S STATUE.

WHERE shall we place his monument,—the effigy sublime
 Of England's Victor Rebel,—her Worthy, for all time?
 That Englishmen may worship him, with as undaunted
 brow,
 And say—Where Cromwell dared to lead, we dare to
 follow now.

For we do not raise our statues except to men whose
 worth
 From out the herd of commonness stands gloriously
 forth;
 And we build our monuments for this, that future men
 may say—
 Those heroes were our sires, and we are worthy them
 to-day.

Nay; not in your new Commons' House, lest on the
 pedestal
 The shadow of some creeping slave from Russell's place
 may fall:
 Enshrine it rather in some cell where Chartist "felon"
 waits,
 Singing of England's martyr-band pouring through Free-
 dom's gates.

Place it where murder'd Tyler fell, but first avenge his
 fall;
 Or throne it in colossal pride above the Palace-wall;
 Or let the armed warrior stand on Worcester's harvest
 plain,
 And with his truncheon seem to point to victory again.

And reverent there, as at a shrine, let stalwart men be
 seen,
 With wives beside them, and their babes kneeling their
 hands between,—
 And praying 'mid the harvest glare unto that Reaper
 bold,
 For the ruddy sheaves of Freedom from the seed was
 sown of old.

How should he stand in the market-place, in the City of
 the Knave?
 How could he stand on English earth, upon the Cowards'
 Grave?
 Seek out some mountain-wild, till now unseen by all but
 God,
 If ye may find some English ground where yet no slave
 hath trod.

Nay! yonder we may find a site,—yon wide and open
 field,
 Where the prophecy of Cromwell's life begins to be full
 fill'd;
 Where England's Sons, in thousands and in hundred
 thousands met,
 Swear by the strength of Cromwell's soul to win their
 freedom yet.

There raise the Hero's monument, when deeds have
 clench'd your words,
 When ye have tamed the tyranny of England's felon
 hordes,—
 There, on that field, new-sown with fame, whose margin
 is the sea—
 Our Home, our Cromwell's England, the brave England
 of the Free.

SPARTACUS.

LIFE IN LONDON.

STREET MUSICIANS AND DANCERS.

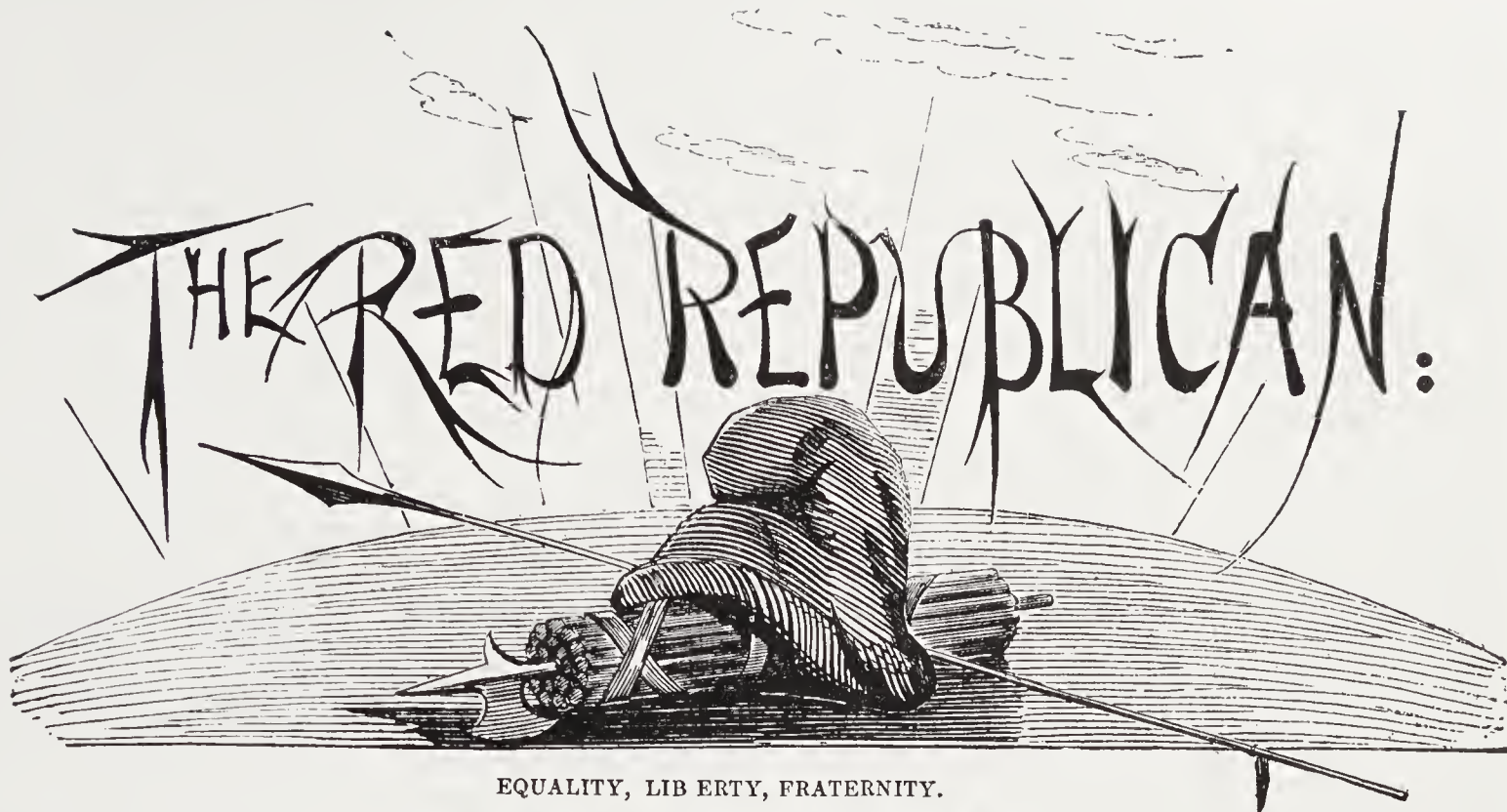
A stout, reddish-faced man, who was familiar with all kinds of exhibitions, and had the coaxing, deferential manner of many persons who ply for money in the streets, gave me an account of what he called "his experience" as the drum and pipes:—

"I have played the pandean pipes and the drum for forty years to street exhibitions of all kinds. I married a young woman that I fell in love with, in the music line. She played a hurdy-gurdy in the streets; so I bought pandean pipes, as I was always fond of practising music, and I joined her. Times for street musicians were good then. When I first started, my wife and I joined a Fantoccini; it did well. My wife and I made from 9s. to 10s. a-day. We had half the profits. At that time the public exhibitions were different to what they are now. Gentlemen's houses were good then, but now the profession's sunk to street corners. Bear-dancing was in vogue then, and clock-work on the round board; and Jack-i-the-Green was in all his glory every May, thirty years ago. Things is now very dead indeed. In the old times, only sweeps were allowed to take part with the Jack; they were very particular at that time; all were sweeps but the musicians. Now it's anybody's money, when there's any money. Every sweep then showed his plate when performing. "My Lady" was anybody at all likely that they got hold of; she was generally a waterress seller, or something in the public way. "My Lady" had 2s. 6d. a-day and her keep, for three days, and that was the general hire. The boys, who were climbing-boys, had 1s., or 6d., or what the master gave them; and they generally went to the play of a night, after washing themselves in course. I had 6s. a day and a good dinner, shoulder of mutton, or something prime, and enough to drink. "My Lord" and the other characters shared and shared alike. They have taken, to my knowledge, £5 on the 1st of May. What I may call war tunes, such as 'The White Cockade,' 'The Downfall of Paris' (I've been asked for that five or six times a day—I don't remember the composer), 'Bonaparte's March,' and 'The Duke of York's March,' were in vogue in the old times. So was 'Scots wha hae,' (very much), and 'Off she goes.' Now new tunes come up every day. I play waltzes and polkas now chiefly. They're not to compare to the old tunes; it's like playing at musicians, lots of the tunes now-a-days. Coarse jokes pleased people long ago wot don't now. My trade is a bad one now. Take the year through, I may make 12s. a week, or not so much; say 10s. Brass bands is all the go when they've Germans to play them. I can't form an exact notion of how many men there are in town who are musicians to the street exhibitions, besides the exhibition's own people—I should say about 100. I've known several in my way who have died in St. Giles' workhouse. In old age or sickness, we've nothing but the parish to look to." Another class of out-door performers are the street dancers. These, I am informed by one who has had many years' experience at the business, are not so numerous as they were nine years back. It is about twelve years since dancing was introduced into the public thoroughfares. The cause of this new kind of street performance being adopted, I am told, was the bad business and payment at the itinerant theatres. Before that time the lower order of dancers were confined to the travelling booths. The first dancer who made his appearance in the streets did only the sailor's hornpipe, dressed in character. It was very successful then, and produced about 9s. or 10s. on a fine day. From £2 5s. to £2 10s. per week was the regular income in the summer at that period. My informant had himself taken as much as 10s. a day in the streets only four years back. The success of the first street dancer soon spread among the tribe in the booths. The salary of a dancer

at a booth only goes on during fair time, and was some years ago 10s. a day for the three days that the fair usually lasted. (Now the price is from 3s. to 5s., the latter being the terms of the 'very best' performers.) The street business is now quite overdone; and the average taking, I am credibly informed, does not amount to above 2s. a day. The most popular dances are the Sailor's Hornpipe—in and out of fetters—the Lancashire Clog dance, the Highland Fling, and a comic medley dance. The street dancers at present in London are about a dozen or fifteen in number; many of these can only dance the sailor's hornpipe. Included in the twelve London street-dancers are six children; these are girls from five to fifteen years of age. The fathers of these girls play the drum and pipes, and have brought them up to the business. These children appear in the streets either in Scotch or ballet dresses. There is no female above twenty dancing in the streets of London. The male dancers are between twenty and thirty years of age. 'I'd go to anything rather than be as I am,' said one of the men, 'our life is so uncertain. There is no Saturday night you know, sir. You get your money in dribs and drabs, and being about we are obliged to drop into public-houses, and so a good part of even the little we do get goes in beer. We are obliged to have beer at the public houses where we go and dress. Sometimes two 'schools' will meet at a public-house, and, 'getting in the drink,' will agree together after they have spent all their morning's earnings in beer and gin, to go out together merely for the purpose of getting more drink. I have known,' says my informant, as many as ten acrobats, jugglers, dancers, clowns, and Jim Crows to go out altogether, and spend every halfpenny they brought back in drink, and even after that to pledge the big drum for more liquor. The wives of the street dancers are generally very poverty stricken, and miserable. Some do a little needlework or washing, but many are dependent solely upon their husbands' exertions, and often they have neither food nor fire at home.'—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE DEAD PAST—THE LIVING PRESENT.—What do we expect? What do priests offer to draw us, according to Christ's spirit, still further on this path of the soul? They take us to the past; they show us Christ humiliated, scourged and crucified; they take us, for the thousandth time, the road of the passion—repeating to nations, to the human race—"Bear thy cross." But I have borne my cross during all the middle ages, and I have passed by my Calvary. There is, for those who hope, a Christ of whom you no longer speak to me; it is he who is to shine full of majesty and glory in the clouds. Why do you not speak to me of this coronation? You are satisfied to maintain yourselves such as you have been; but you expect nothing further on earth, for the meridian of your power has been attained. . . . But it is not the visible heaven that will open to show the royalty of the son of man. It is the inward heaven, the soul, the mind. None of us will henceforth enquire of you, when will he come? . . . Where are the cries, the accents of modern humanity in the rites and liturgies of our time? Does the church renew her rites in the eternal fountain of life? Is the heart of the people dead? Or, do you no longer know how to make it throb? I see the epochs of the patriarch, martyrs, doctors.—figured out, as if the world ought to have stopped there! But it has continued to live, though the rites no longer tell me of what followed. The liturgy has become stationary; but God has not confined himself to one age rather than another. Why then is not any one sigh or movement of new humanity represented in a new rite? They repeat the ancient prayers: is it because the soul can no longer exhale any? Has not every century to ask for its daily bread; and that in which I live, with more reason, perhaps, than any other? . . . When nothing tells me what I have seen in life, it seems to me as if I were present, amidst sublime ceremonies, at the funeral of a world. It will be said, this is to require of the church a permanent inspiration, an eternal youth, an inexhaustible life; and, for my part, I certainly mean so. Can the royalty of the mind and soul become an idle royalty? In temporal monarchies, it is not sufficient to say—"Formerly I did great things; I am the son of Clovis or Saint Louis." How much more is this the case with the monarchy of the soul, those spiritual dynasties who would reign forever! An immense revolution is at our gates; because we are insatiable of life, like our fathers,—because we believe in a God insatiable of grandeur, intelligence and mind!—*Lectures by Professor Quint, in the College of France, delivered in 1844—45.*

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Foreign Affairs.

PALMERSTON'S POLICY.

[From the *Democratic Review* for August.]

It is but rarely that the internal policy of our rulers, or questions comprised under the general term of "Foreign Affairs," attract the attention of Parliament. In conducting the relations of this country with other States, the ministers, for the time being, are usually left to carry out the dictates of their own will and pleasure, unchecked by criticism, or the fear of being hereafter called to account for their proceedings. In the community at large, as well as in Parliament, apathy regarding foreign politics is a characteristic of this nation. The author of "America compared with England," remarks, that "the fall of monarchy in France, the rise of democracy there, and in Germany and Italy, excited the greatest enthusiasm in America. The great cities were illuminated, and the inhabitants of the remotest villages shouted with joy. How was this news received in England? We saw more people collected in London to learn the result of the races at Chester, than we saw at any time assembled to ascertain the results of the conflicts in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin!" A fact which should make Englishmen blush for their country.

Under these circumstances, a four nights' debate in the House of Commons, preceded by one night's in the House of Lords, on the foreign policy of the existing administration, is a matter so extraordinary, that it will undoubtedly be recorded as the great event of the parliamentary session of 1850.

In this discussion three parties presented

themselves, all claiming to express the sentiments of the British people: not one however representing the aspirations of those democratic masses, who are destined to be the masters of the future.

The three parties above alluded to, are the Absolutists, the Constitution-Mongers, and the Peace—at any price—Non-Interventionists: each and all the deadly enemies of Democracy.

The conflict commenced by Lord Stanley, the leader of the Tories, in the Hospital of Incurables, denouncing the conduct of the government in relation to Greece, and by proposing a motion—"That while the House fully recognises the right and duty of the government to secure to Her Majesty's subjects residing in foreign states, the full protection of the laws of those states, it regrets to find, by the correspondence laid upon the table by Her Majesty's command, that various claims against the Greek government, doubtful in point of justice or exaggerated in amount, have been enforced by coercive measures directed against the commerce and people of Greece, and calculated to endanger the continuance of our friendly relations with other powers." This motion was affirmed by a majority against the government of 37.

Great was the joy of the Tories, who—pious patriots—clasping their hands and lifting their eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords." Proportionate to the elation of the brigands was the dismay of the pickpockets—the Whigs fearing an immediate return to the bleak side of the Treasury benches, unless they could induce the Commons to reverse the decision of the Lords. In their hour of tribulation their guardian angel appeared in the shape of "an independent member" on

the look out for a place, the notorious member for Sheffield, John Arthur Roebuck, who proposed the following resolution:—"That the principles on which the Foreign Policy of Her Majesty's government has been regulated have been such as were calculated to maintain the honour and dignity of this country; and in times of unexampled difficulty, to preserve peace between England and the various nations of the world." This motion was opposed by the Protectionists, who were joined by the Peelites, and a section of the Manchester school; it was however carried after four nights' debate by a majority of 46.

The only comment I shall offer on the Greek portion of the question, so fiercely debated, is on the principle involved therein. With regard to the details, the public have had more than enough of Mr. Finlay and his land, Don Pacifico and his crockeryware, &c., &c., &c. The principle asserted by Palmerston, and sanctioned by a majority of the House of Commons, that wherever justice is refused to a British citizen, who may be wronged by the government or people of a foreign state, it is the right and duty of his own government to demand and enforce redress, is a principle which must command the approbation of every true patriot, and particularly of every republican, who naturally looks back with pride to the hour when Cromwell declared and acted up to his declaration, "that he would make the name of Englishman as great a safeguard to its owner, as was that of 'Roman,' in the ancient world." Stanley and his gang, in declaring their hostility to this principle, have stamped themselves enemies to their own countrymen, and traitors to their native land.

Giving the Whigs credit for proclaiming a good principle, I must add that

they have too often shrunk from the performance of the duty enjoined by that principle. When our countryman, Dr. Becher, sharing the fate of Robert Blum, was basely murdered by the ruffian Windischgratz—his only crime having been that of editing a liberal paper in Vienna, entitled the *Radical*—Palmerston never opened his mouth to demand justice for that murder. Why? Because Becher was a democrat. Had one of those aristocrats, who travel over Europe to exhibit their arrogance, and return home to expose their ignorance “and something more,” by writing books, calumniating the people and extolling their tyrants—had one of these gentry been put to death by the Vienna insurgents—no doubt Lord Palmerston would have bestirred himself to seek out the “murderers,” and would never have rested until they had been condemned to punishment. But what matters the assassination of Becher, or any other democrat? The aristocrats of this country, of all factions, would only be too happy were all democrats, both at home and abroad, swept from the face of the earth.

The general principles enunciated by the Tory gang, exhibit the unrepentant villainy of that party. As in the days of our fathers, the sympathies of that gang are with the oppressors of nations and the enemies of progress. Their teeth have been at least partially drawn, and their claws in some measure clipped; in spirit, however, they are still the same beasts of prey they were in the days of their power, and their will is yet good to pour out the blood of the nations with which to feed the monsters of royal and aristocratical despotism. Throughout the debates in both houses, the Tory speakers lamented that England had lost the affections of her ally—the autocrat of Russia. They lauded the Austrian despotism, and calumniated the Italians, denouncing and sneering at the heroic though unfortunate efforts of that people to recover the independence and freedom of their country. Mr. Baillie Cochrane had the audacity to speak of the Italian people as “the rabble,” a “set of scoundrels,” the “lowest ruffians,” &c., &c., and Sir J. Walsh unblushingly asserted that the Roman Republic, during its short career, was stained by crimes of the deepest turpitude. A fouler lie was never uttered, even in the House of Commons, a place notorious for “evil speaking, lying, and slandering.”

Denounced by the Tories as the “patron of revolutions,” Lord Palmerston was lauded by his supporters as the great champion of “constitutional liberty.” The noble member for Tiverton is an old stager, and in the course of his time has “played many parts.” He commenced public life as a Tory, and in the first instance was one of the underlings of Percival, who was shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. At the moment of his death, Percival had in his pocket a scheme for forming in the neighbourhood of London a permanent camp of 30,000 troops, to overawe the then disaffected people of the metropolis. Such was the master—it is easy to infer what must have been the character of his man Palmerston. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs is in the habit of boasting that he served under Canning, and his toadies proclaim him the inheritor of Canning’s principles. This much-lauded Canning was a tax-eater during almost the

whole of his existence. He denounced the reformers as “a low, degraded crew,” and declared “he would oppose every scheme of reform to the last hour of his life.”

Palmerston next took office under Wellington, a name throughout the world synonymous with despotism. Like St. Paul, “all things to all men.” Palmerston subsequently boxed the political compass, and, deserting the Tories, went over to the Whigs, and along with his chief, Earl Grey, was a party to that political hoax and legislative swindle—the Reform Bill. Melbourne next ruled the roost, and Palmerston was a member of his administration. Russell next taking the lead, Palmerston formed one of the finality corps. It would be a mere waste of space to detail his conduct under the Whig regime, the history of Whig legislation being too well known. The Liberals of the Bernal Osborne, and De Lacy Evans order, trumpet his lordship’s achievements in establishing “liberal institutions” in Spain and Portugal, the truth being that the unhappy people of those countries are now groaning under more grinding despotisms than ever before existed in the Peninsula. Previous to the enthronement of Donna Isabella, the people of the Basque Provinces were the freest in Europe; now, thanks to Lord Palmerston, they are involved in the miserable slavery to which entire Spain is subjected, cursed as that land is by the rule of those worst of all tyrants—military brigands and money-mongers. The Spanish people now pay double the taxes they contributed previous to the introduction of Lord Palmerston’s “liberal institutions.” Their municipal liberties have been abrogated; and of real freedom in any form, or under any name, there is not a vestige enjoyed by them. ’Tis true they have what is called a “Constitution,” but the suffrage is confined to the robber classes of society. The press is as much the slave of those in power as are the journals of Russia. In short, the liberty conferred on the Spaniards by Lord Palmerston and his allies is the liberty of “cashing up,” to support royal strumpets, military cut-throats, and the rest of the hordo of vampires who suck their blood and devour their substance; failing to cash up, they have the liberty of being shot, or having their throat cut in the name of the Queen and Constitution! Exactly the same state of things prevails in Portugal. Towards the latter end of the year 1846, Donna Maria’s liberalism had become so unbearable that the Portuguese flew to arms. The entire country, with the exception of the capital, arose in insurrection against the government, the colonies joined in the revolt, the steam navy and more than half the army, went over to the revolutionary junta, and even the people of Lisbon would have thrown off their allegiance to Donna Maria, had they not been kept quiet by the cannon of the English fleet being pointed against the city. That notwithstanding, the insurgents would have seized upon the capital and expelled the faithless Queen, but for British intervention. An English naval force was directed against the patriots, who, hopeless of offering successful resistance, succumbed to the holy alliance of their own she-tyrant, and the liberal Lord Palmerston.

While making war against liberty in Portugal, Lord Palmerston permitted the tyrants

of North-eastern Europe to consummate their iniquity with regard to Poland. Although not in office at the period of the Cracow insurrection, he was so when that city became annexed to the Austrian empire. According to the treaty of Vienna, Cracow was to be and to remain “for ever” a free and independent state. Early in November, 1846, it became generally known that the confiscators of Poland had completed the measure of their crimes by annexing Cracow to Austria. On this Lord Palmerston manufactured a most humble “Protest,” addressed to the governments of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The tyrants treated the protest as so much waste paper, and Palmerston, without another effort, permitted the extinction of the last light of Poland’s ancient glory.

The year 1848 brought with it the Sicilian insurrection, the ferment throughout Italy, the French revolution, the popular risings and triumphs in Germany, and finally, the war in Hungary. In the course of these tremendous events, Lord Palmerston contrived to manufacture for himself a certain amount of popularity, at least, among the English bourgeoisie, who professed to regard him as the great defender of free institutions. His claims to that character will be best judged of by reviewing the evidence supplied in his own speech, and in the speeches of his friends, during the late debates.

From those speeches it is “plain as a pike-staff” that Lord Palmerston patronised the popular movements on the continent only so long as they were led by sham reformers, and had for their object the establishment of that blessed system of chicanery and humbug known as English Constitutionalism. As long as there was a chance of the Sicilians securing their independence, he intrigued with them to accept the constitutional kingship of the Duke of Genoa. Mark his motive, “Looking merely to the interest of the king of Naples, it was desirable he should not have a republic established in his immediate neighbourhood.” Finding, however, on the one hand, that the projected monarchy was not popular with the mass of the Sicilian people, and that, on the other, the Sicilians—weakened by the treachery of their aristocratical leaders—were not a match for the Neapolitan hordes, he abandoned them to their fate—slaughter and slavery. Lord Palmerston favoured the course of events in Rome as long as the Romans were content with Palmerstonian liberalism, but when they abolished the temporal supremacy of the Pope, and established the Republic, he basely permitted the French and Austrian invasion and bombardment of Rome, and the restoration of that priestly tyranny which has so long afflicted the fair land of Italy. Where Garibaldi led the legions of liberty, foreign hordes now trample on an outraged people. Where Mazzini thundered the eloquence of truth and freedom—

A cowl’d and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses, and deceives!

One of the most gallant struggles for national freedom that ever took place, was the defence of Venice against the overwhelming power of Austria. The reader will remember that, when the reaction was everywhere superseding the revolution, when traitors had seized upon the helm of the French Republic, when Rome had succumbed to the Gallic fratricides, when

freedom was prostrated in Germany, and even Hungary had lowered her flag to the hordes of the Kaiser and the Tsar, even then, reaping new courage from despair, the republicans of Venice still braved death and destruction in the holy effort to redeem, if they could not prevent, the fall of the re-born Republic. In the hour of their agony the Venetians stretched forth their arms towards England, supplicating British aid—that aid was refused by Palmerston; Britannia left her elder sister to perish! O! my countrymen, do you not tremble for the future?

When, if eternal justice rule the ball,
So shall your country and your children fall,
And Britain, like Venice, be the conqueror's pre-

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

MIDDLECLASS-DODGES AND PROLETARIAN-GULLIBILITY IN 1850.

"A Penny Monument to Sir Robert Peel!"

Meetings of working men in Mechanics' Institutions, presided over by civic dignitaries, to invite the co-operation of the proletarians in "doing honour to the memory of an illustrious statesman." A working man's committee to receive proletarian subscriptions towards this "laudable object!" A letter from Mr. Cobden, encouraging the producers to show "their gratitude to the great man who had done so much good for them." "Upwards of £21 subscribed by the operatives in the employment of Messrs. Salis, Schwebe, and Co., of Manchester, towards the Peel Monument." A nice collection of texts that—is it not?—from which to preach a Chartist sermon on middle-class dodges and proletarian gullibility! I am free to confess, that, however great may be the talent for sleight-of-hand tricks, however monstrous the humbug and hypocrisy of the bourgeois leaders, as displayed in their recent dealings with the Proletarians, yet the latter possess a proportionably great capacity for being deceived by these tricks—for swallowing that humbug. An immense fund of proletarian simplicity and credulity exists, as so much raw material, to be worked up for the private purposes of Messrs. Walmsley, Cobden, Bright, and Co.; and to do these gentlemen justice, their assiduity is remarkable; there is no slack time with them. Dodge follows dodge—like Banquo's kings—in apparently interminable succession; whilst gaping crowds of starving disfranchised slaves surround the stage where these political charlatans and thimblerriggers play their tricks, and sell their nostrums to the fools who take the selfish dogmas of the Manchester school to be the Word of Life, and the Committee of the Parliamentary and Financial Reformers to be so many new Evangelists who preach salvation to the people. A spectacle, this, for gods and men—pity one could not follow Byron's pithy advice—

"You've freed the Blacks,
Now, pray shut up the Whites!"

for, save in Bedlam, I think a similar amount of folly and delusion is nowhere to be found. Ah! my good, easy, simple, credulous, gullible, humbugged Proletarian brothers!—known to an admiring world as "Conservative Operatives," subscribers to the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, to the Peel Monument, and generally, as the victims of bourgeois dodges—you certainly understand the letter, if not the spirit, of one text in the Christian gospel, "To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, turn the other also; and from him that taketh away thy mantle, withhold not thy vest also." Have you then not one spark of sense or of manliness in your composition? Did Nature, when she gave you heads, forget to put brains into them? It would appear so. Did it never occur to you to ask the meaning of the term—"Conservative Operative?" The answer is obvious enough—

a "Conservative Operative," is a slave who hugs his chains out of stupidity or cowardice, no matter which. Every Proletarian who does not see and feel that he belongs to an enslaved and degraded class, is a fool; if he see, but dare not resent, his wrongs, he is a contemptible coward. Did you never think of asking your middleclass friends, why you should subscribe to the Industrial Exhibition of 1851? What benefits are the producers to obtain by so doing? I protest, I am open to conviction, if any one will show me the benefits that will arise to the Proletarian class, from this precious exhibition. You take these imaginary benefits, these advantages in posse, on the word of the middleclass leaders; because you believe—like poor deluded simpletons as you are—in the lip-sympathy, the empty professions of friendship made to you by these sleek bourgeois humbugs and profit-mongers. They have certainly given you very convincing proofs of their friendship! A man who refuses to let me share in the advantages he himself enjoys to satiety, and to give me back those of which he has unjustly deprived me, is my friend, is he? If he really be my friend, let him show it in his actions; or else be silent, and refrain from adding the guilt of hypocrisy and the meanness of telling lies, to the crimes of selfishness of injustice, and of spoliation. Your bourgeois friends refuse to give you Universal Suffrage, and the political economists of the Manchester school sneer contemptuously at the phrase "Organization of Labour!" that is, they refuse you a share in the political and social advantages they themselves enjoy. They refuse you the franchise, in order that you, the tax-producers, may have no control over the moneylords and landlords, who are the tax-eaters. I think it was Cobbett who said—if a man be too ignorant to have a vote, he ought to be considered too ignorant to pay taxes. They refuse you a just share of the products of your own labour, in order to monopolize the whole, and build up colossal fortunes upon the foundation of your sufferings and misery. What aspect, regarding labour, does the prevailing system of social arrangements present? Broadcloth and silk are woven by the pale, half-naked, squalid artisan, crouching fourteen and sixteen hours a day over his loom for a pittance barely sufficient to keep him from actual starvation. Houses like palaces, are built by the denizens of damp, filthy cellars, unfit for human habitation. Rich fields of golden grain are sown and reaped by the labourer who gets scarcely enough of the coarsest food to satisfy his hunger, who lives in a hovel like a pigstye, and whose only resource is the workhouse when crippled by old age, or by the fever and rheumatism brought on by the privations and hardships to which he is incessantly exposed. Yet the men who refuse to take one step towards the abolition of this shameful, this disgustingly impudent, system of open spoliation, are your friends; are they? The men who are incessantly occupied with schemes for the aggrandizement of their own particular caste, which they have the effrontery to call "legislating for the benefit of the community," are sincere in their professions of friendship for the Proletarians! You must be mad indeed, if you can, for a moment, believe such palpable absurdity as that. I tell you these men are your deadliest enemies. I tell you that experience shows two things, which, unless you wilfully shut your eyes, you cannot avoid seeing: namely, that the organization of labour is the only remedy for the sufferings of the producers; and that, the first step towards the accomplishment of this end, is the enactment of the Charter. Universal Suffrage would place the power of making laws where it ought to be, viz., in the hands of the producing classes of society. We, who render the very existence of the nation possible, have certainly the best right to dispose of the products of our own toil, the work of our own hands; and a right to secure the means of existence for ourselves. You, my humbugged Proletarian brothers, are a set of egregious and hopeless fools, if you expect help in this matter

from your friends belonging to the "middle and higher" classes of society—help from any one save yourselves. Yes, when the wolf lies down with the lamb, and beasts of prey change their nature, then perhaps, will the antagonistic classes of society cease to prey on each other; the tax-consumers will cease using up the tax-producers; the landlords and moneylords will cease using up the Proletarians. The Organization of Labour, includes—amongst other things—the abolition of antagonistic castes or classes, by means of the total annihilation of the "landed and manufacturing interests" those two great joint-stock companies for robbing the producers of the just reward of their toil. This annihilation will be effected by declaring the land to be national property, and that rent is payable only to the State; by declaring private property in banks, railways, &c., to be at an end, and by everywhere substituting the principle of association and the just division of the products of labour, for the present system of unlimited competition and monopoly. Under the law of direct and Universal Suffrage, this interference of the State, for the purpose of securing the physical and moral well-being of all, through the operation of just and wise laws, would be the people looking after their own affairs. Which they certainly have the right of doing; I assert, in spite of all the cant about "centralization" and "interference with the rights of property"—just as much as each individual has the right of regulating the interior affairs of his own household, in order to provide for the wants of all the members of his family. Your "free-trading big loaf" friends, whether Manchester millowners, Liverpool shippers, or London stockbrokers and railway stags, understand all this extremely well. The moneylords and landlords may quarrel, like a horde of brigands, about the division of the spoil, as they did at the time of the Reform Bill and the League; but as to the question of pillaging the producers, they are wonderfully unanimous; and the gentlemen of the Parliamentary and Reform Association, resist Universal Suffrage as stoutly as my Lord John Russell himself. I have stated facts, patent to every one who chooses to read the newspapers; and with these things before your very eyes, how comes it that you do not see the barefaced impudence of those aristocrats, whether of the monied or landed faction, who ask you to disburse your hard-earned pence for the purpose of raising a monument to Sir Robert Peel? What, I ask in God's name, did Sir Robert Peel ever do for the Proletarians of England, that they should honour his memory? Is it on account of his Currency Bill of 1819?—by which he feathered his own nest pretty well, at the expense of the taxpayers. If on this account, a Proletarian Monument to Peel, why not a Proletarian Temple to Hudson? Why not a general Apotheosis and new Proletarian Calendar of all the Saints of Mammon-worship? I challenge any one to point a single measure of Sir Robert Peel's that has really made the condition of the Proletarians better than it was before that measure became law. I would gladly acknowledge his claims on the gratitude of his suffering countrymen, but no such claims exist. His political career may be summed up in a single sentence; he first patronized the landlords, then the moneylords, and left the Proletarians to shift for themselves. You, Proletarian fools, who spent, or are going to spend, your hard-earned money on a monument in honour of a man whose whole life was devoted to the cause of your deadly enemies, are consistent! Bow down before the golden calf whatever shape it may assume! Kiss the feet of the tithe-gathering, mitred priests, who pretend to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! Do homage to the whole host of Protectionist landowners, free-trading bourgeois profit-mongers, Jewish money-lenders, thimblerriggers fundholders, stockbrokers, and speculators, who are draining your very life-blood! If you accept the present system of society without protest, and raise monuments to the man who did all in his power to uphold it—then you

must go a step further, you must also accept all the results of that system of social arrangements, all the consequences which logically follow from the principles of selfishness and class-legislation at the bottom of that system. Beside the Peel Monument and the Hudson Temple, you must raise altars to famine and pestilence, to physical suffering and moral degradation. You must worship the genius of misery and crime. You must rejoice at the approach of the typhus fever which rages in the unwholesome dwellings of the poor, and exult in the prostitution of your wives and daughters for a morsel of bread.

HOWARD MORTON.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunsrick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—John Farow, 3d.; James Arnot, 3d.; W. Newbold, 3d.; John Throne, 3d.; Matthew Lennon, 1s.; J. H. Ellis, 1s.; George Fountain, 1s.; Hugh Bryce, 6d.; W. B. Bowley, 2s.; Mr. Jacobson 2s. 6d.; "A Red in the Guards," 1s.

DEMOCRATIC REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received, and paid over to Mr. Arnott for the Democratic Refugees from W. B. Bowley, 1s.; Hugh Bryce, 6d.; "A Red in the Guards," 1s.

PUBLICATION OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—We have received numerous letters from the North expressing the belief of the writers, that there exists a conspiracy to burk the "RED REPUBLICAN." We are slow to share that belief, but we must say, that it is passing strange, that although No. 5 was published early on the morning of Tuesday the 16th of July, persons who enquired for it at Mr. Abel Heywood's, Manchester, could not obtain it until the following Monday. Up to the time of writing this notice, we have no information as to how No. 6 has fared. It was published in London on Monday, July 22nd. The present number has been published in equally good time, and the succeeding numbers will also be ready for delivery to the Trade on the Monday in each week. Under this arrangement, the "RED REPUBLICAN" should reach Manchester by the Wednesday in each week, and the most remote parts of the United Kingdom by Friday, or Saturday. We shall try existing booksellers two or three weeks longer, after which, if compelled, we shall arrange to supply Lancashire through the medium of some independent agent. We again inform our friends that all the back numbers are to be had if the news agents will only order them.

JAMES M'INTYRE, Alexandria.—We have forwarded the enclosure to Mr. Ernest Jones. We are happy to learn that the "RED REPUBLICAN," circulates so extensively in the Vale of Leven. The matter you again refer to we will not lose sight of; were the means found, the co-operation you desire would undoubtedly be seen. In the meantime we warmly appreciate your good wishes and suggestions.

W. B. BOWLEY, Malmsbury, finding it impossible to get the "RED REPUBLICAN" through the booksellers has forwarded payment in advance for twelve successive numbers, and twelve stamps, in addition, to pre-pay their passage through the post. Our friend's wishes shall be attended to.

Dr. M'DOULL.—We are requested to state that Dr. M'Doull has removed from Manchester to Ashton. In future his address will be "Park Parade, Ashton-under-Lyne." Dr. M'Doull has returned to his professional business, and we trust he will meet with popular, permanent, and paying support. Crippled, for lack of the necessary means, to make a fair beginning, it would be an act worthy of his political and personal friends, to afford him some pecuniary aid at this moment. Persons, able and willing to render such assistance, will please address their communications to Mr. Aitken, schoolmaster, Ashton-under-Lyne.

C. E. IL.—The lines, though excellent in spirit, are not sufficiently perfect in their construction to warrant publication.

J. H. ELLIS, Devonport, in forwarding a shilling for the "Red Republican" fund, says, addressing Mr. Grassby,—"I need not say that I have long been an admirer of Mr. Harney. I believe the principles he advocates to be those of immutable justice; and his boldness, and fearless advocacy of what he deems right, must draw forth the admiration of all honest men. I wish success to Mr. Harney's new venture, in every sense of the word. Democracy cannot afford to lose such a man."

Mr. HENRY A. IVORY the excellent and universally esteemed Secretary of the League of Social Progress, has favoured us with the following:—

DEAR SIR,—As one sympathising with your eudavours

to help forward the Social and Democratic movement, I beg to offer you my warmest thanks for the able manner in which you have hitherto conducted the RED REPUBLICAN. It is a journal that I firmly believe, if carried on in the same manner you have thus far conducted it, will materially assist the cause we are all seeking to aid. And now a word in reference to the (to me) all important subject—a united movement on the part of the Socialists and Democrats. To me nothing appears so practical as such a union. Large numbers of the Chartists believe in the necessity for Social Reform; and I believe there are not many Socialists who do not believe in the necessity for political power when the people are instructed as to their duties as Social Reformers. The plan I propose is this; let a meeting of a few of the leading Chartists and Socialists be called to agree upon a plan to be submitted to a larger or public meeting. If approved of, an address to the country, embodying the programme to be drawn up, signed by as many of the influential of both parties in the country as may be agreeable to the project. A provisional committee to be appointed by the larger meeting. If some such course as this was tried, I firmly believe it would meet with a hearty response. In all directions parties are calling out for such a movement, yet at the present no one appears to be ready to take the initiative. It appears that in the various sectional movements that are being carried on at the present time, a large amount of talent and energy are being thrown away. Let us then unite, throw our little differences overboard, and then, and not till then, shall we make ourselves felt as a powerful body in this country. If you think well of this, I will see you on the subject. Yours fraternally,

HENRY A. IVORY.

52, College Place, Camden Town,
July 24, 1850.

It is hardly necessary to say that we shall be happy to see our friend Ivory to talk over with him the best means of uniting all sincere reformers—men really devoted heart and soul to the great cause of Democratic and social progress.

WILLIAM TIDD WATSON, Calls on the working classes to prepare for the coming Social Revolution, by reading, reflecting, and each man spreading information of the great truths of political and social justice.

J. A. WOOD.—Your article has but one fault—its length. Subject to some abridgment, we will with pleasure find a place for it in the RED REPUBLICAN as soon as possible.

"A COSMOPOLITE."—The Marquis of Lansdowne has announced that the government will not propose the renewal of the "Alien Act."

CHARTIST TRACTS.—Often, very often, it has been resolved to aid the advance of Chartism by means of that powerful propagandist engine—a Tract Distribution. Unfortunately the thing resolved upon was not put into operation. At length, however, we have seen a fair commencement of the good work, which no doubt will be carried on with energy, provided the Chartists give their hearty co-operation to the Executive Committee. We have before us Tract No. 1—really a first-rate production, both as regards the matter thereof, and the style in which it has been printed. The subject of the Tract is "Chartism," explained and vindicated by Mr. George W. M. Reynolds. We give the following extracts:—"The lonely traveller is terrified when he imagines that he sees a gigantic phantom appearing through the mist of twilight; but if he be brave, he walks up to it—and, to his joy, he discovers that it is a finger-post indicating the path which he is anxious to pursue. He then blames himself for his folly in yielding to so ungrounded a fear; and he blesses the object which at first startled him. But why was he thus startled when that object gradually began to develop itself to his view, and stand out in hideous unshapeliness from the obscurity of evening? Because his mind was accessible to those superstitious terrors which nursery tales and old women's stories had been wont to create in earlier years, and the influence of which remained dormant in the imagination, to be easily aroused again. Well, then, let the man who is wandering in the fog of his own thoughts upon political and social questions—let him walk straight up to the bugbear which has been made an object of terror and alarm to his imagination,—let him look CHARTISM in the face, and he will learn to love and bless it, as the finger-post pointing towards the goal of freedom which he so ardently longs to reach.

Great, then, is the mission of Chartism; and never were men called upon to work out greater consequences than the Chartists. Aye—and never were men less authors of the causes which render such consequences necessary. For all the evils and abuses which have led to the establishment of Chartist doctrines and the promulgation of Chartist principles, have been created and propagated by the very classes who denounce Chartism with such spiteful malignity and such bitter virulence. And now the millions must assert the aristocracy of mind in juxtaposition with the aristocracy of birth—the aristocracy of virtue in contrast with the aristocracy of wealth. The task is difficult, but glorious, and, as TRUTH is at its basis, none need despair. For already have all reforms been wrung from Governments and Legislatures by the mind and will of the masses; and the same bloodless victory shall be won over again." This Tract is published for the Executive Committee, by Mr. John Arnott, at the Office, 14, Southampton-street, Strand. We trust that the Chartists will give their liberal support to the Tract Distribution Fund.

☞ Press of matter compels the further postponement of the continuation of the account of the Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every Monday, at twelve o'clock a.m.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," is now ready, and may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

☞ Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850.

"Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

ROYAL PAUPERS AND PLUNDERERS.

"THE committee should not forget that the marriage of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was very much desired by the country at large. It was the general wish of the country, owing to a most lamentable catastrophe in the Royal family, that the sons of His Majesty George the Third should lose no time in forming an alliance which should ensure the continuance of the Royal line, which was so dear to the people of England." Thus said Citizen Disraeli, and conscientiously we can echo, at least a portion of his words. "The Royal line" has indeed been, and "still is," "DEAR" to the people of England. From the accession of George the Third, to the year 1848, THE TOTAL COST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WAS ONE HUNDRED AND ONE MILLIONS, NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN THOUSAND, EIGHTHUNDRED POUNDS. Dearenough, in all conscience!!!

Of course every one is deeply afflicted at the public loss, occasioned by the death of "his late lamented Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge." It is possible, however, that on the intelligence of "his Royal Highness's" decease first reaching the public ear, a good many persons consoled themselves with the reflection that the heavily taxed people would miss the Duke chiefly on account of no longer having to pay the twenty-seven thousand pounds yearly which "his Royal Highness" had deigned to accept as a tribute of affection on the part of John Bull. It is well, however, never to reckon your chickens before they are hatched, nor to be too sure when one public pauper walks off the stage of life, that he will not leave two or three of the same breed, to take his place. It has turned out so in this instance, much to the chagrin of the persons aforesaid, who were disposed to resign themselves to the loss of the Duke, on the ground that the public would gain by his departure to another and a better world.

Let us here do justice to the virtues of the departed personage. Whatever may have been his follies, his character most advantageously contrasted with that of the majority of his royal brothers. So far as we have learned, he was not a profligate like unto the pious Protestant Duke of York, nor a bloated debauchee like "Fum the Fourth," nor a tyrannical ruffian like Ernest of Cumberland, (now of Hanover); indeed, considering the breed he belonged to, he must be set down, all things considered, as a very decent sort of person. As a public character, he at one time filled the office of Viceroy of Hanover,—we believe pretty much to the satisfaction of the Hanoverians. Of late years he was chiefly known for presiding at charity dinners. He was not famous as an orator, nor renowned for intellect. In proof of the latter, we need only to adduce the memorable fact, that just previous to the famine in Ireland, he called in question the existence of the potatoe disease "*because he had always found the potatoes at his own table very good!*"

Let us, however, observe that while giving due credit to "his late lamented Royal Highness" for his public and private virtues, we must add our conviction that a sum of money equal to between four and five times the salary paid to the President of the United States, was rather too much, even for the pleasure, to say nothing of the profit, of reading in the *Times* his Royal Highness's speeches at the aforesaid charity dinners. We know some people who would have made better speeches for a tithe of that sum. But let us not forget the importance of having a Royal chairman. We are assured on high authority that "there's a divinity doth hedge a King," and reasoning from analogy we must conclude that some portion of that divinity doth also "hedge" a Royal Duke. Still, with all due deference to **Royalty**, we submit, that at least in the case of the Duke of Cambridge, John Bull "**paid dear for his whistle.**"

We had almost forgotten, one, indeed the principal, claim of "his late lamented Highness" to the gratitude of the British people—we allude to his parentage of "that nice young man," heretofore known as Prince George, but now—by "the grace of God" and the decease of his illustrious father,—the Duke of Cambridge, number 2. The present Duke holds a high military command, but, if rumour is not a liar, is more celebrated for his campaigns under the banner of Venus than that of Mars. Thus far we believe he has not known the smell of powder, except at reviews and sham fights. Some years ago he imagined that an opportunity was about to present itself for him to flesh his maiden sword, but he was disappointed. We allude to the time of the "plug plot," when the factory slaves, goaded by misery, and incited by the violent speeches of Messrs. Cobden and Co., abandoned the loom, and the spinning jenny, and came forth in the face of day to testify by their wan faces, their shrunken bodies and their rags and tatters, the sufferings that had driven them to despair. Prince George was stationed in Yorkshire at the time, and made himself conspicuous, particularly in the town of Leeds, by his valorous, not to say brutal, threats of what he would do, if he encountered the "turn-outs." That humbug Hamie professes to be glad that His Royal Highness the (present) Duke of Cam-

brige has followed his profession of a soldier. A nice old man—Veteran Reformer, &c., &c., is "Old Joe."

It might have been imagined that his late Royal Highness, having for so many years enjoyed an allowance of £27,000 annually, besides the cash he pocketed as Viceroy of Hanover, to say nothing of other emoluments, would have been enabled to make provision for his wife and family, instead of leaving them as a burden on the nation. We are told, however, by the Prime Minister, that the sum bequeathed by the late Duke to his children, "is a mere trifle." That sum is divided into three equal portions, between the present Duke and his two sisters, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, and the Princess Mary. It appears, however, according to Lord John, that the present Duke is charged with the payment of annuities which will swallow up his third of the property left by his father. There is a property called Combe Wood which it is admitted will yield his Royal Highness £1,200 a year—a very beggarly income! Of course he has his "professional income" as a soldier, which we may state is a little more than the poor devils get who put on a red coat, to be shot at for—a shilling a day and a penny for beer. Glory is a nice thing, no doubt, but the reader may be sure that His Royal Highness will take good care, that his share of glory shall shine the more resplendent, because of being well gilt.

How far the reader may believe the statement of Lord John, regarding the property left by the late Duke of Cambridge we know not, but we believe as much of that statement as—Paddy shot at. Be that as it may, the guardians of the public purse have voted that the present Duke of Cambridge shall have an allowance of £12,000 a year. They have also voted that the Princess Mary shall have £3,000 a year. Previous Parliaments had voted that the wife of the late Duke, if she survived him, should receive £6,000 a year, after his decease, the sum of £3,000 was also voted to the Duchess of Mecklenburg on the occasion of her marriage. The total of these sums is £24,000 a year. "Three thousand a year less," observes Lord John, "than the sum lately payable." What could be more economical? What more signal proof would you have of Whig retrenchment? No wonder Sir De Lacy Evans proclaims Lord John to be "one of the greatest statesman, and best reformers that ever adorned the annals of this country." *Vive la Humbug!*

In confessing our admiration of Lord John Russell's regard for economy, we must pay the same tribute to the Protectionist leader, the Member for Buckinghamshire, who although deeply sensible of "the great distress that prevailed in the country, and especially in the agricultural districts, was of opinion that the proposition of the government was a just, a fair, and a moderate one." Bravo Ben! The wages of agricultural labourers are generally about 8s. or 9s. a week. In some places as low as 7s., even 6s. Setting aside his private property, his "professional salary" and other emoluments, the Duke of Cambridge's allowance granted by Parliament of £12,000 a year, is exactly £230 2s. 9d. per week—that is to say, "His Royal Highness" appropriates an amount of public money equal to the wages of 485 agricultural

labourers at 9s. per week. Truly "a just, a fair, and a moderate" amount of public plunder wrung from the toil of the wealth producers. A rural labourer must work during the entire of TWO YEARS AND SIX WEEKS, to earn one day's income paid to his Royal Highness from the public taxes!!!

For the present we pass by "Sister Mary," omitting to contrast her income of £3,000 a year, with that of needlewomen in this metropolis, working for £7 or £8 a year; that is 6d. a day; and some of these unhappy beings earn not more than half that sum, if we may believe the revelations in the *Morning Chronicle*. We must, however, warn our readers that in all likelihood the day will arrive when "our well beloved cousin of Cambridge" having sown his wild oats, will take unto himself a Royal rib from some one of the beggarly principalities of Germany, and then John Bull may look out for his pockets, for no doubt an addition to the £12,000 will be demanded. Nor is this all; certain "auspicious events" occur pretty regularly about once a year; the "olive branches" around her Majesty's table are multiplying and flourishing, and the time will come when a "dotation" will be demanded for "the Hope of England," and the other "Royal pledges;" of course it would be derogatory to their dignity to vote them each a sum less than, or even so small as, the allowance granted to the Duke of Cambridge, so that, to use an expressive cockneyism, John Bull will be "in for it!"

In the meantime we cannot but express our satisfaction at the defeat of such humbugs as "Old Joe," who strained at £12,000 a year, but would have swallowed £10,000. If the people are to be plundered, we desire they should be robbed on a grand scale. Such votes as the one we have been commenting on afford us intense satisfaction, because tending to impress the too-unthinking millions with the importance of the lesson left to them by MILTON, that *the cost of the mere trappings of monarchy would more than cover the legitimate expenses of a Republic.*

HUNGARY AND BADEN. THE POLISH LEGION.

WHEN in 1848, the dawn of universal freedom awoke the oppressed nations, Poland not finding a battle-field upon her own shackled soil, sent her devoted sons to meet their enemy in Hungary and South Western Germany.

The despots triumphed—the Right was trampled down—the Polish legions shared the ruin of their allies. Those who escaped slaughter were hunted from country to country, till, except in the British Isles, no place of refuge remained for them in Europe. About eighty reached here from Switzerland, and in June last, ninety-nine arrived at Southampton, from Turkey. Of these sixty-eight are now in London, ignorant of the English language, and therefore without likelihood of employment, in a state of utter destitution.

A committee, elected on the 30th of June, by Poles assembled for the purpose among both the old and new refugees, has been appointed to raise means for the support of these remaining, about eighty exiles, until by the efforts of this committee, employment may be found, or opportunities afforded for

their return to the Continent. For this purpose subscriptions will be received by the Editor of the *Red Republican*, and the committee urgently request the contributions of all friends of European freedom.

What England has already done is a guarantee of what she will do: her sympathies for Poland preceded those for Hungary. Now they may unite in a common manifestation for both causes, by lending a brotherly hand to their devoted victims. The grateful heart of Poles has not forgotten the past, and cannot, therefore, but be confident in the future.

J. B. ROLA BARTOCHOWSKI.
PRUSZYNSKI, L.L.
L. OBORSKI.
A. PRZEDZIECKI.
LEWANDERSKI.
FREUNDT.
MAJEWSKI

The accounts will be open to the inspection of subscribers at 39, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication,

CHAP. II.

EXIGENCES AND FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE ROYAL WAR.

(Continued from our last.)

THERE is an inexorable logic in the genesis of facts. It may not be falsified either by the utopias of *moderates* or the calculations of crooked policies. In politics, as in everything else, a principle draws inevitably with it a system, a series of consequences, a progression of applications easy to be foreseen by whoever has good sense. For every theory there is a corresponding practice. And reciprocally, if the generative principle of a fact is falsified, betrayed in its applications, this fact is irrevocably condemned to disappear, to perish without development, as a programme unaccomplished, a page isolated in the tradition of a people, prophetic for the future, but barren of immediate consequences. For having forgotten this truth, the Italian movement ought to have perished, and it did perish.

The Italian movement was before all a national movement, a movement of the People, tending to define; to represent, to constitute its own collective life; it ought to have been supported and to have conquered through a war of the people, a war toward which all the national forces from one end of Italy to the other should have concurred.

All which tended to make the greatest amount of forces converge toward this end was favourable to the movement; all which tended to lessen them was fatal to it.

The beggarly dynastic idea contradicted the parent-thought of the movement. The royal war had an altogether different end, and consequently altogether different rules, which did not correspond with the end proposed by the insurrection. It therefore had to stifle the national war, and with that the triumph of the insurrection.

These poor souls, who, opposed to our party, nevertheless recognized their impotence to refute us on our own ground, systematically applied themselves to incessantly travesty our ideas. — Confounding the republic and anarchy, the social idea and communism, the want of a conformable and active faith with the negation of all belief, they affected often to see in the war of the people, a disorderly war, a mingling of confused elements, without ruling idea, without uniformity

of orders or material, to the extent that they even went so far as to affirm that we desired to carry on the war without cannons or muskets, and other ridiculous things with which we had nothing to do, for the few facts emanating from the republican principle, and which will serve as prologue to the drama of the future, have sufficiently demonstrated this. The small number of men assembled in two cities of Italy* round the republican flag have carried on a war more obstinate and more skilful than all that crowd attached to the banner of the monarchy.

By a war of the people, we understand a war sanctified by a national end, in which the greatest possible number of forces, belonging to the country are put in movement, being made use of according to their nature and their means; — in which the regular and irregular elements, distributed upon a soil adapted to their diverse aptitudes, alternate their action; — in which it is said to the people — “The cause which is fought for here is yours; the price of the victory will be for you; the efforts to obtain it ought to be made by you;” — in which a principle, a great idea openly proclaimed, and loyally applied by men pure, intelligent, beloved, vigilant, and conscientious, excites to an extraordinary life, exalts even to fury all the faculties of struggle, and sacrifice which are so easily awakened and set to sleep in the hearts of multitudes; — a war in which no privilege of birth, of favour, or of ancientness without merit, can preside in the formation of the army, but were the right of election applied as widely as possible, moral teaching alternate with military, and rewards proposed by the campaigns, approved by the chiefs, and given by the nation, make the soldier feel that he is not a machine, but really a part of the people, an armed apostle in a holy cause; — a war in which men's minds are not habituated to rest their safety exclusively upon an army, a man, or a capital, but where they learn to create centres of resistance everywhere, to see the cause of the whole country wherever a handful of the brave uplifts a banner of victory or death; — in which a prudent and well-combined plan being kept in reserve in case of serious reverses, actions proceed audaciously, rapidly, and improvisedly, calculated, more than has been hitherto, upon moral elements and effects, without being shackled by diplomatic considerations, or old traditions which had regulated normal circumstances; — a war, in fine, in which the people should be more had in view than the governments, in which it should be rather sought to enlarge the circle of insurrection, than to dread the movements of the enemy, and rather to wound the enemy to the heart than to spare the country of sacrifice.

And to this war — the only one capable of saving independence and founding a nation — the royal war had to oppose, by inevitable tendency of tradition and intention, the cold hierarchic habitudes of soldiers of privilege, — the dry calculation of material elements and the absence of any moral element, of any enthusiasm, of any faith capable of transforming the military man into the hero of victory, or the martyr, — contempt and suspicion of the volunteers, — the exclusive importance of the capital, — the army such as it was formed by despotism, with its numerous and bad officers, with its chiefs nearly all inefficient or opposed to the war, or . . . worse still! — distrust of all action, of all contact with the people which might have more and more developed democratic tendencies, and the perception of rights fatal to royalty, — aversion for every councillor who, by his popular influence, could have dictated conditions or duties, — respect for foreign diplomacy, respect for compacts, treaties, and governmental pretensions, going back to the period of 1815, even when their treaties shackled decisive operations, — repugnance to succour republican Venice, — the refusal of all help from without which might have

increased the sympathy for the party opposed to monarchy, — old tactics and fear of every bold or unaccustomed operation, — the persistent dominant idea of saving, in case of reverse, Piedmont and the throne, — and lastly, and more particularly, a germ of division, mortal to enthusiasm, between the combatants in the same cause, the beggarly project of a *politic* egotism substituted for the great national idea.* I do not speak, as will be seen, of treason; because, even believing it, it would scarcely be according with my character to throw such an accusation upon a tomb. I signalize causes more than sufficient for the ruin of a popular insurrection, and I remind Italians of the evil which they have twice produced within a short space of time, which they will fatally produce a third time, — and every time that a race shall arise headstrong, enough to wish to recommence the proof.

From the first days of the war these causes acted so powerfully, that we must have been blind not to have perceived them, and insensate not to have groaned over them. Blinded and stupified by egotism, by party spirit, by courtier-like servility, by aristocratic tradition, and by fear of the republic, were alas! the men of the provisional government of Milan and the *moderates* of Piedmont and Lombardy. The republicans well perceived it, and to have spoken of it however lowly was made an unpardonable crime in them. Thence the base accusation, and the foolish threats, and the calumnies, which then they despised. Now that the proof is made for all and that, thanks to the calumniators, Italy is prostrate, to refute these calumnies becomes our duty.

I am writing notes, and not history; so that I do not intend in these pages to follow through the faults of the government and the operations of the royal war, the dissolving and ruinous influence of the causes which I have signalized. Cattaneo's book, the documents contained in a pamphlet published in 1848, at Venice, by Mathias Montecchi, secretary to General Ferrari, a recent writing of General Allemandi, the recital of the last events in Milan made by two members of the committee of defence, the official acts contained in the journal *the 22nd of March*, and even the reports uttered for their defence by the adversaries, confronted by the irrefutable reason of facts, — these contain the mournful history all entire. — It was of importance to bring to light the intentions and the necessities, which pushed Charles Albert on the Lombard territory, and it is important now to bring to light the line followed by the republicans in the midst of these events: these are the points which till now have not been treated of, or which at least have been barely glanced at.

* The sad effects of the dynastic idea are found indicated with the usual perspicacity of English observations, on the 30th of March, in a dispatch forwarded to Lord Palmerston by Robert Campbell, vice-consul at Milan. “Up to to-day, my lord,” say he, “the greatest union has prevailed among all classes; but since the King of Sardinia has entered Lombardy, two parties are recognisable; one, that of the high aristocracy, desires that Lombardy and Piedmont should be united together under King Charles Albert; the other, the middle class, in which must be comprehended merchants and men of letters, besides all the youth of any distinction, are partisans of the republic.”

+ To the extracts of documents already inserted it is well to add others. “The government was at the end of its means to contain the phrenzied enthusiasm of the people, and it was necessary to obtain promptly a solution to the Lombard struggle.”

“The reports received from Genoa this morning are that a popular manifestation, whose object was to constrain the government of the town to send succours to Lombardy, had been appeased by the promise to detach a part of the garrison to this end.” — Abercromby to Palmerston, Turin, March 24.

“The prolongation of the Milanese struggle was confirming the determination of the people and enfeebling the means of resistance of the government, so much that the danger to the Sardinian monarchy became so evident to the ministers that they were constrained to give in.”

“The Sardinian cabinet was thus obliged to adopt a line of policy very far removed from its desires.” — Abercromby to Palmerston, March 25.

* Rome and Venice.

Review.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.*

(Continued from No. 6.)

It is admitted by the author of this work, that when the first French Revolution broke out, the sympathies of the English people were on the side of their French brethren. To destroy those sympathies, the most skilful writers of the English press were employed to carry out a conspiracy of falsehood and calumny, directed by the bottomless Pitt. After the 10th of August, the English Prime Minister threw off the mask. He recalled his ambassador from Paris, desired the English to leave France, procured the passing of the Alien Bill, and drove the French Ambassador from the soil of England.

The French republic, which could however chastise kings, did not as yet make any reply even to these fresh outrages but by friendly appeals to good neighbourhood and concord, and to sincere friendship between the two peoples; Robespierre, above all, insisted in the government councils that every mode of patience should be exhausted before having recourse to war, in the constant hope that the necessity of the revolution would at length be understood, and that the conviction of a national right would bring back opinion.

Had not the English people, in fact, been the first to drag monarchy before the tribunal of a convention? had they not cemented their betrayed liberties with the blood of a king, and established a revolution in the midst of old and legitimate monarchies, without any stranger interfering in their quarrels?

Fruitless expectation! The new envoys of the republic were ignominiously expelled, as Chauvelin had been; the government seized, in the ports, the offerings and gifts sent by the patriotic committees of the three kingdoms; it flung into prison, at Dover, a French courier, bringing dispatches from the republic to the English government; and would only negotiate in secret with Dumouriez, who asked for the embassy to London before consummating his treachery, which had long since been agreed upon and paid for.

So many insults repeated every day, and such obstinate perseverance in bad faith and calumny, at last wearied out the Convention, and from the height of that tribunal, where its thunders were forged, a declaration of war was now hurled against England.

The war thus provoked raged for a quarter of a century. Torrents of blood were shed, mountains of slain were piled, and mines of wealth were pillaged from the English people, to carry on that most unholy crusade. The National Debt yet stands a monument of the insanity of the English people and the wickedness of their rulers.*

War being officially declared, Pitt opened his maritime campaign, by giving orders to all captains under the English flag to burn, sink, and destroy any French ships they might come across. He forced the Two Sicilies, Spain, and Portugal, to make war upon the republic; he decided Russia; the Stadtholder of Holland received from him five

hundred thousand pounds sterling for coalescing with his fleets. Denmark, Switzerland, and Genoa, having refused to join the league, had to undergo British insults. Tuscany, that wished to remain neutral, was dragged by Austria to the general assault.

The coalition being thus formed, the intercourse regulated upon all the seas in a truly piratical fashion, and English calumnies, like their ships, penetrating everywhere, Pitt, not contented with starving the republic by the interdict against assignats, by the high rate of exchange, and by sequestrating all vessels that were loaded with corn for France—Pitt organized robbery, incendiarism, and assassination against the country of the revolution he had sworn to destroy.

* * * * *

The committee of public safety crushed this insolent coalition beneath the weight of revolutionary France, and the intrigues of Pitt miscarried in spite of his armies, in spite of his gold, in spite of his first treacheries.

Upon one point, however, he had only too well succeeded. In the terrible year of '93, when all France was a camp, our great military arsenal, the city of Toulon, was given up by the royalists on the 27th of August; some three months later (December 19th,) the English having decimated the place by the murder of the republicans, by executions under martial law, and by transportation, and being threatened by a victorious army, they accomplished with a savage joy the horrible destruction which they had so often meditated. They burnt the arsenal, the magazines of materials, and the principal ships in the harbour.

* * * * *

History does not say whether Lord Hood pardoned his agent, who, in this work of destruction, had spared some few vessels; but we do know, to the eternal disgrace of England, that she abandoned her allies, the traitors in the city, and that by the

Hurst and Co., Paternoster Row; Hatchard and Ginger, Piccadilly, &c.

"The people have nothing to do with the cavilling between Ministers, and those who want to fill their places, for be it remembered that the Minister is only the ostensible agent of the Government; and the Sovereign, it is well-known, never wanted firmness on the most trying emergency. Nor does the king act alone. He has in his Privy Council the wisest heads that the kingdom can produce, and if such men have not the real interest of their country at heart, who are they that have?"

"To conclude, it is the province of the Government to DIRECT, and of the people to OBEY.

"Let us, for our own security, have recourse to those proceedings which may 'strike terror' into our enemies. To be brief; it would be advisable to bring to immediate justice every foreign spy who may be taken in any part of the United Kingdom. Let him be tried at the drum head, and if proof of guilt be found, let him be instantly hung in chains!"

"I have already observed that I am no advocate for assassination; but, when whole States are in danger from the outrages of an individual, his extermination would be an act which must procure the benediction of all succeeding generations: hence I seriously think, that as Bonaparte has acknowledged himself to be a traitor to his sovereign, and as he has fully proved himself to be the scourge of mankind, it would be perfectly justifiable in that sovereign to offer a large reward FOR THE HEAD OF THE TRAITOR, to any individual who may have resolution enough to kill him. Nay, as this act would, in all probability, save the lives of millions, it would be one that would find favour in the sight of the Almighty. A MILLION OF MONEY might even be offered to any body of men who would deliver up this rebel to his lawful sovereign—or in trust for him whether dead or alive."—[ED. "R. R."]

use of grape-shot, she drove back ten or twelve thousand of them from her vessels.

We read in an official report of the time, "a great number of inhabitants have perished. Many tried by swimming to reach the ships, but we were obliged to repel them, and thousands were abandoned to the vengeance of their countrymen. About a hundred found room aboard our encumbered decks, and the rest have been abandoned by the English fleet."

Not content with turning forger, and inundating France with false assignats, Pitt organized civil war in the bosom of that country. Forty thousand soldiers, consisting of French emigrants and Germans were disembarked on the peninsula of Quiberon; there they waited for a division of ten thousand English, whom Pitt had promised to send as a reserve.

But the ten thousand English remained in their own island; and when the republican army, commanded by Hoche, fell upon the royalists, who many of them fought with courage, the English in the moment of the last shock and confusion fired from their vessels upon their defeated allies, and flung them back between the waves and the bayonets.

"It was," says M. Elias Regnault in his work upon the crimes of England, "it was perhaps a more horrible spectacle than that of Toulon. A dense crowd, soiled with blood and dust, were spread along the coast, holding out their hands in supplication to the English, who replied to them by cannon-shots. The more vigorous of them flung themselves into the water and swam to the English vessels; but when they would have clung to the boats their hands were struck off with cutlasses. Others rushed into the sea to escape the bayonets of the patriots, but they soon disappeared in the water, struck by the balls and grape-shot of their honourable protectors. This frightful scene lasted more than an hour."

Thus ended the first expedition to La Vendée. Pitt, when defending himself in the House of Commons, said, "at least no English blood has flowed." The cutting reply of Sheridan is well known; "no, indeed; English blood has not flowed; but English honour has flowed out through every pore."

Having sketched the progress of events until the downfall of Bonaparte, Ledru Rollin devotes a chapter to the "Foreign Policy of the English Government." He observes:—

"The world is large, yet England has placed her foot in every part. From St. George's Channel to Canton—from the Euphrates and the Ganges to the Baltic Sea—search out a race, a nation, who will, before their God, bear witness to the honour of England. Nay, where is the coast, the island, even the port, which she has not disquieted, ravaged, and contaminated; find, if you can, throughout the globe, not a slavish government, for she has her parasites everywhere, but a faithful alliance, a fraternal relation, existing between her and others, excepting, perhaps, the red skins, which she has so frequently enlisted against her own children in the American wars.

No; England is sisterless among nations. She counts her vassals by millions, either as subjects or pupils, but she has no friends.

* *The Decline of England.* By Ledru Rollin. (In two volumes. Vol 1.) London: E. Churton, 26, Holles street.

*To show the devilish spirit by which the English Tories were animated while under the leadership of their "heaven-born" chief, we quote the following from a work printed in 1808, entitled, "The Grand Contest deliberately considered, &c.," by Francis Blagdon, Esq. Published by Vernor and Hood, Poultry; Crosby,

FEAR NOT THAT THE TYRANTS SHALL RULE FOR EVER.—Let not the House flatter themselves that, because a despotic Government had triumphed—that because order, as it was called, had been re-established—that because Hungarian liberty had been extinguished, in the blood of her people—let them not think, on these accounts, that this state of things would continue (great cheers). There was not one drop of the blood shed which did not call to heaven for vengeance. There was a generation to come of those whose fathers had been gibbeted, and whose mothers had been scourged, and they would be the avengers (renewed cheers).—From the speech of the Solicitor-General (Mr. Cockburn) on the Foreign Policy of the Government.

Poetry for the People.

NO. 3.—SACRED HYMNS.

BY ERNEST JONES.

(Written in the blood of their author, whilst incarcerated in Tothill-fields' Prison.)

EASTER HYMN.

Crucified! crucified every morn!
Beaten, and scourged and crowned with thorn!
Scorned, and spat on, and drenched with gall:
Brothers! how long shall we bear their thrall?

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Answer the question, and bear it on.

Earthquake revelled, and darkness fell,
To show 'twas the time of the kings of hell,
But the veil is rent, they hung so high,
To hide their sins from the people's eye.

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Hear ye the tidings, and bear them on.

Like royal robes on the King of Jews,
Were mocked with sights that we may not use:
Our limbs they spare—our hearts they break:
For they need the former their gold to make.

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Swell the sad burden, and bear it on.

Blood and water—aye! blood and tears—
Track our path down the stream of years.
The people alone have been crucified,
But the thieves are still wanting on either side.

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Give ye the signal, and bear it on.

For a sabbath shall come—but not of rest!
When the rich shall be punished—the poor redressed,
And from hamlet to hamlet—from town to town,
The church bells shall ring till the proud fall down.

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Hear ye the warning, and bear it on.

The Pharisees revel o'er manor and loom;
We'll blow them a blast on the trumpet of doom;
It shall wake the dead nations from land to land,
For the resurrection is near at hand.

Chorus:—Mary and Magdalen! Peter and John!
Ring the loud summons, and bear it on!

RESURGEMUS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

SUDDENLY, out of its stale and drowsy air—the air of slaves—

Like lightning Europe leapt forth,
Sombre, superb, and terrible,
As Ahimoth, brother of Death.
God, 'twas delicious!
That brief, tight, glorious grip,
Upon the throats of kings.

You liars, paid to defile the people,
Mark you now:
Not for numberless agonies, murders, lusts,
For court thieving in its manifold mean forms,
Worming from his simplicity, the poor man's wages,
For many a promise sworn by royal lips,
And broken, and laughed at in the breaking;
Then in their power, not for all these,
Did a blow fall in personal revenge,
Or a hair drizzle in blood:
The people scorned the ferocity of kings.

But the sweetness of mercy brewed bitter destruction,
And frightened rulers come back;
Each comes in state, with his train,
Hangman, priest, and tax-gatherer,
Soldier, lawyer, and sycophant;
An appalling procession of locusts;
And the king struts grandly again.
Yet behind all, lo, a Shape,
Vague as the night, draped interminably,
Head, front, and form, in scarlet folds,
Whose face and eyes none may see
Out of its robes, only this—
The red robes lifted by the arm,
One finger pointed high over the top,
Like the head of a snake appears.

Meanwhile, corpses lie in new-made graves,
Bloody corpses of young men;
The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily,
The bullets of tyrants are flying;
The creatures of power laugh aloud;
And all these things bear fruits, and they are good.

Those corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets,
Those hearts pierced by the grey lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem,
Live elsewhere with undying vitality;
They live in other young men, O kings,
They live in brothers, again ready to defy you;
They were purified by death,
They were taught and exalted.

Not a grave of those slaughtered ones,
But is growing its seed of Freedom
In its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds shall carry afar, and resow,
And the rain nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit,
Can the weapon of tyrants let loose,
But it shall stalk invisibly over the earth,
Whispering, counselling, cautioning.

Liberty! let others despair of thee,
But I will never despair of thee:
Is the house shut? Is the master away?
Nevertheless, be ready, be not weary of watching,
He will surely return; his messengers come anon.
New York Tribune.

ASSOCIATED LABOUR—ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Do not be deceived respecting the Labour movement in England. There are apostles there but they cannot act. So long as it is considered by Custom in England as next to disgraceful to be engaged in any honourable vocation—so long as the Sovereign is the fountain of honour, and fighting men and canting priests surround her—so long as the noble profession of medicine or life-saving is held in secondary consideration, and the highest honours attend that of arms or life-taking, so long will Association prove futile. Association is the higher stage of Democracy. That must come first. European correspondents mistake utterly, who suppose that anything vital can take place for the dignity of Labour and of human nature before the Sovereign and the one House of Parliament (called two) be utterly extirpated from the face of the Island. A mass of hereditary pride and privilege, of plunder and monopoly, of hypocritical free trade, such as England presents, must crush Association. That hallowed idea must soar above Patronage. Church of England Divines, so-called Philanthropists, with titles, must be abolished before Association can take place. Compare the air, port, address, relations, intelligence, of the English artisan with the American, for an instant, and it will be seen that the individual stuff is wanting for the social garment. When the English people have a daily paper then it will be time to talk. At present the people have no such Press. No DAILY ENGLISH PAPER IS PUBLISHED OUT OF LONDON.—Is this fact known in America? How can a people without the huge hammer blows of a cheap Daily Press be made to associate, after being kept apart by tyrants—by prisons, hulks, swords and scourges? Each man has been taught to look upon his brother as a disguised robber—a social vulture. When we perceive that no daily press exists in London by which he can read as the rich read, or advertise his wants as the rich advertise, what daily food of reformation can he have. Does he find it in the carcass-speculating clergy? the jackalls who haggle over corpses? the Shylocks who descend to the tomb for the root of evil? Can he find it in Dissent—which is an adept at Jewish Theology, but none in modern Liberty or technical Association, which has, too, the humble hereditary reverence for Nobility?

The American mechanic and labourer can now extinguish Speculation, whose brutal form has ever been interposed between the Consumer and Producer. It is only for him to will it. No titled ruffianism can stop the utterance of his opinions or control his locomotion. Then let him act. Let him resolve to dispense with all mere Trade disconnected from Industry. Let him, by Combination, build Fraternal Palaces—models of Art, lustres of Beauty, provocatives to culture, courtesy and the spirit of honour. Let him not be frightened by the cry of Utopia. There is the Earth. It is his if he will but co-operate. It produces superabundance. The stomach provided for, and the hand may produce what the head wills. This product should belong to the Labourer, and not to a Master. This is the whole secret. The workman should be a gentleman. If he carry a hod, he need not carry it all day. He may carry it just long enough to give strength to his fibres, without wounding his shoulders or putting the mark of plebeian coarseness upon him. Then let somebody else carry it. Why not? Why should one man work for another's profit at his own expense?—*Paris Correspondent* of the New York Tribune.*

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest

(Continued from No. 6 of the Red Republican.)

"4. The gradual resumption by the state (on the acknowledged principles of equitable compensation to existing holders, or their heirs) of its ancient, undoubted, inalienable dominion, and sole proprietorship, over all the lands, mines, turbaries, fisheries, &c., of the United Kingdom and our colonies; the same to be held by the State, as trustee, in perpetuity, for the entire people, and rented out to them in such quantities, and on such terms, as the law and local circumstances shall determine; because the land, being the gift of the Creator to ALL, can never become the exclusive property of individuals—because the monopoly of the land, in private hands, is a palpable invasion of the rights of the excluded parties, rendering them, more or less, the slaves of landlords and capitalists, and tending to circumscribe, or annul, their other rights and liberties—because the monopoly of the earth by a portion of mankind is no more justifiable than would be the monopoly of air, light, heat, or water—and because the rental of the land (which justly belongs to the whole people) would form a national fund adequate to defray all charges of the public service, execute all needful public works, and educate the population, without the necessity for any taxation.

A JUDICIAL TIGER IN HIS LAIR—CAPTURE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.—A scrivener, who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lost a sum on bot-tomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond; and the cause came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. "A trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster—what is it made like?" The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half-dead with fright. "While I live," the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, "I shall never forget that terrible countenance." And now the day of retribution had arrived. The trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from New-castle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of train-bands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor, (Sir John Chapman). . . . When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room, begrimed with ashes, half-dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate mayor rose to a height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile, the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found this duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge, pursued the coach with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying, "Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake, keep them off!" At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their best days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

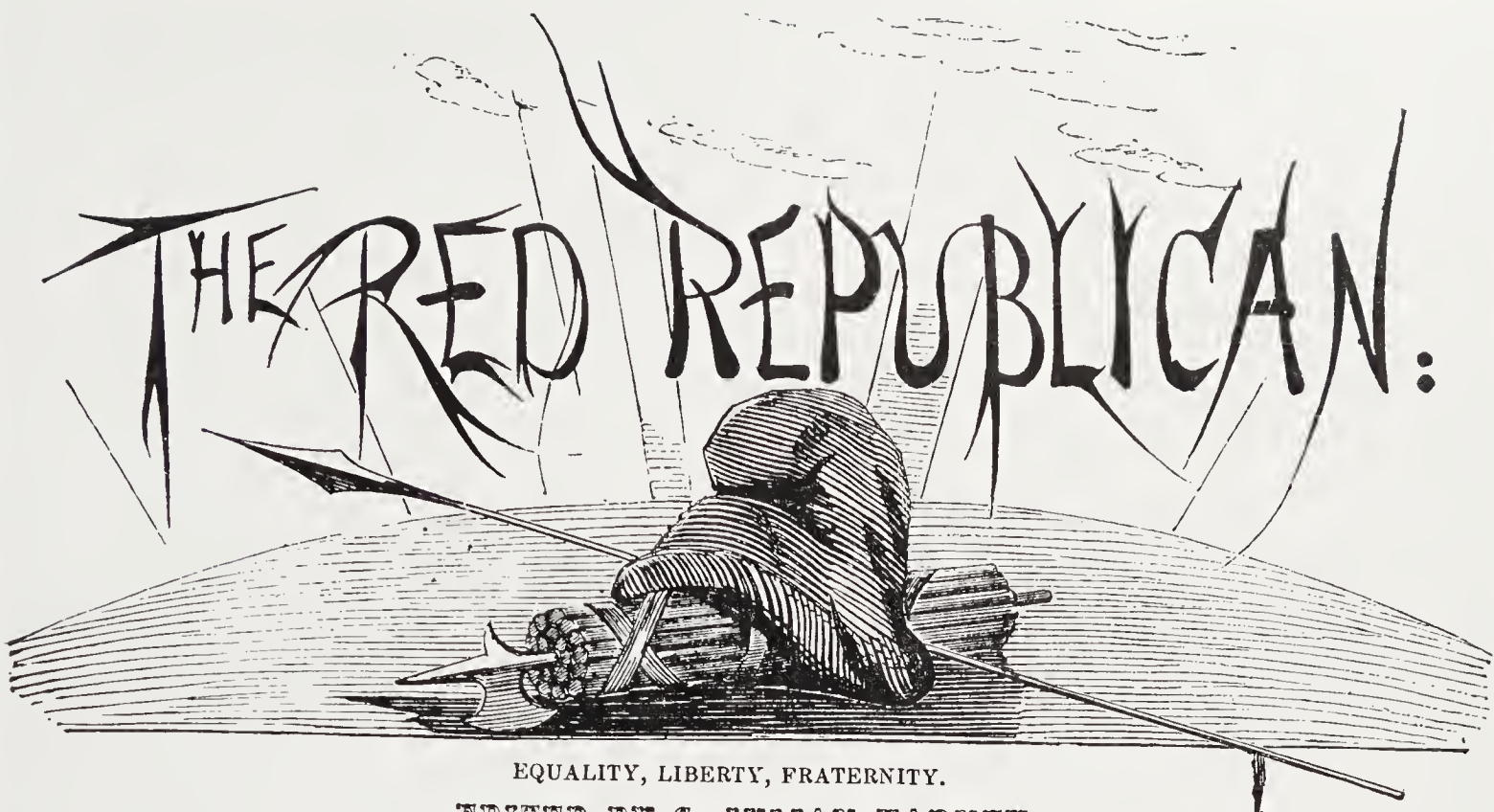
NOBILITY is not in dignity and ancient lineage, nor great revenues, lands, or possessions, but in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, which in man is very nobility, and this nobility bringeth man to dignity. Honour ought to be given to virtue, and not to riches.—*Anacharsis.*

LET states that aim at greatness take heed how their nobility and gentry do multiply to fast; for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and base swain, driven out of heart, and in effect but a gentleman's labourer.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe, the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

TITLES are of no weight with posterity, and the name only of a man who has performed great exploits, carries more respect than all the epithets that can be added to it.—*Voltaire.*

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 8.—Vol. I.]

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

THE "RED REPUBLICAN," AND THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE."

THE name of the American Journal at the head of this letter must be well known to the readers of this publication: extracts from its columns have appeared innumerable times in the *Northern Star*, *Democratic Review*, &c.; and I have never missed an opportunity to pay a well-deserved tribute of respect to its conductors. Although in some measure dissenting from the politics of the *Tribune*, I have ever admired the talent, courage, consistency, and truly fraternal spirit constantly exhibited by Mr. Horace Greeley (one of the Proprietors, and principal Editor) and his coadjutors; and I have not been slow to testify that admiration to the British public. An excellent feature of the *Tribune* is its European correspondence. The letters from France, both those written by Hugh Doherty, and the *Tribune's* present correspondent, have been—in one word, *excellent*. I wish I could say the same of the letters supplied by the *Tribune's* London correspondent. I do not complain of any lack of industry on his part; whatever may be his salary he supplies enough for his money—that is to say, enough as regards quantity—more than enough! Occasional gleams of good sense, lighten up his otherwise tedious lucubrations, which may be described as signal examples of the *mystical*, combined with the *ridiculous*. Let me, however, not be ungrateful. To this gentleman the *Red Republican* is indebted for a valuable advertisement. Its existence has been made known to the American people, through one of his recent letters in the *Tribune*, than which it would be difficult to find

a better medium for advertising throughout the United States.

In a number of that journal just come to hand, containing from its London correspondent a letter principally occupied with what the writer terms "Christian Socialism," I find the following paragraphs;—(I should premise that the writer is speaking of the working Tailors' and other co-operative Associations:—

"There are even found among them some young brains, a very small number, it is true, which are so destitute of experience as to take part either in the conducting or the support of a new organ of Democracy which has appeared in London the last week with the singular title of *The Red Republican*. But I may add that they have not been slow to recognize their error. Indeed I only allude to the fact in order to say a word or two of the attempt in itself. The founder of the *Red Republican* is Julian Harney, the author of the letters in the *Northern Star*, signed "The Friend of the People." The Socialistic movement of the few last years in France has made a great impression on the mind of Julian Harney. He entered into the same relations with the conductors of the *Northern Star* as these of the socialists of 1846 and '47 with the *National*. Julian Harney separated from the *Northern Star*, and I believe replaced the *Democratic Review*, of which he was formerly the editor, with the *Red Republican*. The *Red Republican* in England! When it is this fatal idea of the *Red Republic* which has destroyed the tricoloured Republic in France. The *Red Republican* in England! A country where a Republic is more impossible than in Russia!

"It was an unlucky influence which suggested to Mr. Harney, whom I believe to be sincere and cordially devoted to Socialist ideas, that imitation of what should not be imitated in our position. If one had wished to ruin the cause of practical and pacific Socialism, in the only country of Europe where it has now any chance of development, or had desired to justify the audacious falsehoods of *The Times*, and sustain those who are attempt-

ing, by all sorts of manœuvres, in order to turn away the public attention from new ideas, or had even wished, in fine, to promote all the evil designs of the reaction, which already goes so far as to demand the expulsion of certain refugees, he could not have taken a different course.

"The sophism at the foundation of the efforts of the Chartists and the Red Republicans lies in the assumption that social improvements can be reached only by political reforms. The contrary is the truth. This sophism has served as a pretext to the Republicans of the American School to retard the pacific reforms which we have demanded in France from 1830 to 1848. Guizot and Duchatel, without forgetting Thiers, Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, and others, in aiding the great political reformers, have shown themselves to be in the right. They have had the days of February, 1848, and universal suffrage. Where are the social improvements? Universal suffrage has led to but one result, that of its own suicide. History demonstrates, on the contrary, that political rights have never been definitively and rightly acquired, except by classes which had succeeded in realising their industrial emancipation. The establishment of the Constitutional regime in England, and what has been able to endure of the French Revolution, furnish us with the most powerful and convincing proofs of this."

The readers of the *Red Republican* will probably be surprised to learn that the above is an emanation from one of the French exiles proscribed for the affair of the "13th of June." In stating this I must be just both to the individual in question, and his brother exiles. Citizen Jules Lechevalier (the *Tribune's* London correspondent) has no real connection with the Democratic Exiles of France. Although of them, he is not with them—of the number condemned by the High Court of Versailles, he is not with them in principle; he does not share their revolutionary sentiments and aspirations. Commencing public life, a St. Simonian, he, like most of that sect,

supported the government of Louis Philippe, in opposition to the Republicans, and as he himself has acknowledged was never a Republican until the Revolution of February made it necessary for him to abjure loyalty to the Crown, and, instead, pay homage to the *Bonnet Rouge*. Circumstances induced him as one of the Editors of the *Tribune des Peuples*, to take a pacific part in the "pacific manifestation" of the 13th of June; the result was, that he shared the prosecution directed against Ledru Rollin and others, and to the surprise of no one more than himself, Citizen Jules Lechevalier awoke one morning and found himself a "martyr" and an Exile on the "hospitable shores of England." When I add that Citizen Lechevalier has no connection with his fellow exiles, and that his name is never associated with theirs, I have said sufficient to account for the tone pervading his criticism on the *Red Republican*.

That criticism forces me to make known a fact or two in connection with "Christian Socialism," which otherwise I would not have disclosed. In the letter from which the above extract is taken, Citizen Lechevalier comments with great complacency on the asserted fact that the patrons of the Workingmen's co-operative associations allow the most perfect liberty of thought and action, to those they patronize. Two facts I am about to state, rather run counter to the vaunt of the *Tribune's* correspondent.

The moment the name of the *Red Republican* was decided upon, I foresaw there might be some difficulty in finding amongst the "master printers" a person both able and willing to undertake the printing of the publication; but myself and friends felt quite easy on that score, believing that although every "master printer, in London, should refuse to undertake the work, we were sure of having that work done by the "Working Printers' Association." Anxious moreover to give what support was in our power to the working of the co-operative principle, myself and committee applied in the first instance to the Associated Printers, and in return we were promised an estimate in accordance with the usual mode of conducting business. Some days elapsed, when I received a letter from one of the Associates, intimating that in consequence of the regulations imposed upon the Working Printers' Association by the gentleman who had advanced the capital, they could not undertake to print a publication so ultra in principle as the *Red Republican*!

Words would fail me were I to attempt to describe the explosion of disgust and indignation manifested on the part of the committee, when informed of the contents of the letter from the "Working Printers' Association." No one blamed the Associates, it being understood that "their poverty not their will" had induced them to consent to the shackles imposed by their money-lending patrons.

The second fact, I merely allude to, having no authority to publish names. When Citizen Lechevalier states that "the young brains" had not been slow to recognize their error," I must add, that it was in consequence of "the screw" being put on by the patrons of the Associations, that the aforesaid "young brains" were brought—not "to recognize their error," but to a conviction of the necessity of not appearing in the foreground in connection with the proscribed *Red Republican*."

I must correct an error of fact in the statement of the *Tribune's* correspondent. The *Red Republican* has not "replaced the *Democratic Review*," which is still published although it is not unlikely I shall have to give up the *Review*, not having time to attend to it to my own satisfaction.

As to the assertion that "if Julian Harney had desired to promote the evil designs of the reaction which already goes so far as to demand the expulsion of certain Refugees, he could not have taken a different course,"—I will only observe that Citizen Lechevalier's Brother Exiles, who for the most part know me, much better than he knows me, could, if need be, testify to facts proving that I have on all occasions made the safety of our proscribed brothers a first consideration both as regards myself and my political compatriots.

Citizen Lechevalier pretends that "it is the fatal idea of the Red Republic which has destroyed the tri-coloured Republic in France." This is a reproduction of the cant and humbug of Lamartine and Co., who have ascribed the consequences of their imbecility and their treason to the "rashness," the "folly," the "violence," and the "wickedness," of Barbes, Blanqui, Raspail, and the other ultra Revolutionists, who were too honest, and perhaps too moderate, for the founders of the tri-coloured Republic. The "odium" which—in the estimation of the milk-and-water correspondent of the *Tribune*—attaches to the above named heroes of Democracy, I am content to share.

In denouncing the Red Republicans of France, for having, as he alleges, frightened that country from its propriety, and so destroyed the Republic, Citizen Lechevalier thereby in fact apologises for the crimes of the tri-coloured traitors, who, from Lamartine to Louis Napoleon, have been engaged in a ceaseless conspiracy to undo the Revolution of February. The fault of the real revolutionists was not in having talked of the Red Republic, but in not having acted. Had they made a second Revolution on "the 17th of March," they might have established the veritable Republic. Had they on that day cut away the gangrened part of the "Provisional Government,"—had they pursued toward the peasantry a policy the opposite to that implied by the additional tax of "the forty-five centimes,"—had they seized upon the bank of France, the railways, &c., &c., and pronounced them National Property,—had they crushed the money-mongers, and made the working-men supreme masters of the state,—had they launched the armies of the Republic over the frontier, to carry the Revolution to Naples, and St. Petersburg,—the world might have witnessed a very different spectacle, to that which France now presents—a spectacle to make gods and men weep for the folly of the eternally deluded, everlastingly cheated millions. Alas! the Red Republicans contented themselves on the 17th of March with "a pacific manifestation," ungrateful of the truth, (as true now, as when first given utterance to) that "Revolutions are not made with rose-water."

Citizen Lechevalier, is scandalized at the idea of "the *Red Republican* in England"! "A country," adds he, "where a Republic is more impossible than in Russia." I treat this assertion as an insult to my countrymen;—if excusable at all, to

be excused only on the ground of Citizen Lechevalier's ignorance of the sentiments and aspirations of, to say the least, vast masses of the people of these Islands. What! WE, we ENGLISHMEN, to be told that the Republic is more impossible for us than for the barbarous, brutalised serfs of Russia! WE, whose fathers took the initiative in teaching to modern Europe the mortality of Kings! The lying loyalists say, "the king never dies," but Cromwell and his compatriots—preceding the French Convention by a century and a-half—cut off the head of the royal traitor, Charles, and did more, established for some years that which the slaves of Royalty term the "Interregnum," but which Republicans denominate the Commonwealth; they snapt the chain of Monarchy, and although the broken links were afterwards re-united, our fathers set an example for the world to imitate. Nor is this all, the sons of those fathers called into being the great American Confederation of Republics, which has now existed during three-fourths of a century, and promises to become the Mistress of the world. Citizen Lechevalier judges our countrymen, by the specimens he is in the habit of associating with:—philanthropic divines, benevolent lawyers, and sentimental reformers, who, although they cherish nothing like loyalty to Queen Victoria, and could not give a decent reason for the continuance of Monarchy, yet consider it respectable to affect to be "the loyal subjects of Her Majesty." But those gentlemen, although very estimable in their way, are no more than the three tailors of Toolly-street—the people of England. Let Citizen Lechevalier enquire, and he will find anything but a bigoted devotion to monarchy prevailing the middle and the working classes. Three-fourths of the former and their chiefs, Cobden and Co. regard the United States as the *beau ideal* of "good and cheap government," and although in their caution they may to some extent, veil their sentiments, it is notorious that (in the American sense), they are republican, and are bent upon abolishing the "barbaric splendours of the Throne," only preparatory to abolishing the throne itself. As regards the working-classes, all the Chartists, all the politically informed, all the thinkers, are, to a man, republican,—although in a very different sense to that in which the middle classes are anti-monarchical. Undoubtedly there is yet much to do in this country before the Republic can be inaugurated, but that day will come, and it is the mission of the *Red Republican* to hasten its arrival, and to see that when it does come, the British Proletarians shall have the true, not the sham—the RED not the tri-coloured Republic. In performing my part in the working out of that mission, while I will not be driven by the unreflecting into a course which, because prematurely taken, could only result in defeat and ignominy, so neither, on the other hand, will I be frightened, or cajoled by enemies or humbugs from the straightforward path of duty.

Citizen Lechevalier denounces as a sophism the faith of the Chartists and Red Republicans, "that social improvements can be reached only by political reforms," and asserts that the contrary is the truth. In proof he asks, "where are the social improvements universal suffrage has effected in

France?" There scarcely needs an answer. Universal Suffrage had not time to develop its legitimate fruits, before it was cut down, and destroyed by the tri-coloured traitors. I ask him, where are the social improvements effected during 18 years, under the restricted suffrage, and monarchy of July? Had Universal Suffrage continued until 1852, the French people would have elected a majority of Social Reformers to the National Assembly, and the Democratic and Social Republic would have taken the place of the organized hypocrisy which at present usurps a glorious name.

Citizen Lechevalier insinuates that the working classes of this country will never be able to acquire their political franchises until they have realized their industrial emancipation. If so, there is no hope for the enslaved millions. It is not in the power of the promoters of the co-operative Associations, even although their will be ever so good, to emancipate the industrial masses. Their present experiments are very well so far as they may serve to demonstrate what may be done, by the wealth producers associating and labouring for their own and society's benefit, without the intervention of a "master." But to save the miserable multitudes "used up" by the spoilers of the Moses and Son class—both Christian and Jew, mightier means must be employed than can be commanded by the "Council of Promoters." National resources are alone competent to deal with an evil so mighty in magnitude as the misery of the millions in this country; but those resources will never be employed for any such beneficent purpose until the people are the masters of the State, and that will never be until the Proletarians have gained "the Charter and something more"—THE REPUBLIC, DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

PALMERSTON'S POLICY.

(Concluded from No. 7.)

WHEN public opinion in behalf of Hungary had so far gathered strength as to make its voice heard in the Senate House, Lord Palmerston came forward and generously made a speech on the Hungarian question—a speech full of sublime nothings, including the clap-trap that "opinions are stronger than armies"—a bit of fudge which excited the rapturous applause of liberal mouthers and peace-at-any-price humbugs. Then was I doomed to listen to the lavish praise heaped upon "the liberal Secretary for Foreign Affairs," who, forsooth, by his mere words, was to save Hungary from the jaws of destruction. At the risk of exciting popular hostility against myself, I reminded the people of Lord Palmerston's antecedents, and predicted the issue of his lip-sympathy—a prediction which was soon verified. Hungary fell without having derived the least benefit from Lord Palmerston's liberal display in the House of Commons. The despots of Russia and Austria signally proved that the moral force of opinions, unsupported by physical force, was utterly impotent in the presence of their armies.

In the matter of the Hungarians and Polish refugees who had taken refuge in Turkey, I give Palmerston and his colleagues credit for their work so far as they went with it. In supporting the Turkish Sultan and his ad-

visers, in their refusal to yield up the refugees to the Russian autocrat, they did an act worthy of England, although, in sending a fleet to the Dardanelles, Palmerston slowed his conviction of the necessity for backing up opinions by the convincing arguments of cannon balls. His lordship might have made speeches in the House of Commons, and Cobden might have thundered from the platform of the London Tavern, till the day of doom, before Nicholas would have retracted his demand for the blood of Kosuth and Bem, had not the cannon of the English fleet spoken with a force far exceeding the "masterly efforts" of the one orator, and the "unadorned eloquence" of the other.

That under the guise of liberalism Palmerston is as much the enemy of democracy as even his Tory rival Aberdeen, is made evident, not only by his own declarations, but also by those of his friends. Thus, Mr. Monckton Milnes expressed his surprise "that the attack upon the policy of the noble lord had come from the quarter whence it had proceeded, because he saw very little difference between the policy of the noble lord and that of Lord Aberdeen, except such as a difference of circumstances, or the different habits of the two individuals might give rise to." Mr. Cockburn remarked that "the policy of the noble lord had been to steer between absolutism and republicanism." Lord John Russell, defending the suggestion made to the Sicilians of taking the Duke of Gonoa for king, observed, "The question for us to consider was whether the spectacle of a democratic republic set up in Sicily might not spread over the whole of Italy, and France and Italy might form united democratic republics." Very terrible! Lord John proceeds—"If matters had taken another course; if the Sicilians had established their independence, I think you would now have been glad that we took such means as we did to prevent the establishment of another democratic republic." Subsequently, Lord John declared, with great emphasis, that himself and party repudiated democracy as well as despotism. There is no mistaking these declarations, they were, however, not needed to prove that the Whigs are no more than the Tories, the friends of real freedom.

The non-interventionists and peace-at-any-price men were represented in the discussion by Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Cobden. The former, though he opposed the vote of confidence, avowed himself to be "a willing follower of her Majesty's ministers, and a cordial supporter of their domestic policy." The member of Southwark is a precious reformer! The member for the West Riding, in pursuing the course he took, certainly acted with consistency. Believing, to quote the language of Mr. Cockburn, "that man was created by heaven for growing, manufacturing, and consuming cotton," Mr. Cobden very naturally objects to all interference in the affairs of other countries; such interference being calculated to add to the national expenditure, and diminish the profits of the manufacturers. Mr. Cobden no more favours democracy than does Palmerston or Stanley. True, he sympathises with foreign nations "struggling for liberty up to the point we have attained." Mark, not the "point" of democracy, not to the

"point" of republicanism, but merely to the "point" of the blessed British Constitution—the humbug of Queen, Lords, and Commons—the rule of landlords and usurers! But even to the "point" he does go, he holds to the principle of non-intervention, and avows that he would have denounced the interference of our government on behalf of Hungary, as he denounced the attack upon that country by Russia: a precious sympathiser! Seeing his fellow-man struggling for life and liberty against a band of brigands, the generous millicrat would vent much virtuous indignation against the assailants, and would wish the assailed well out of his trouble, but the devil a bit would he lend a helping hand to save the victim from the murderous designs of his ruffianly enemies. From such sympathisers, "good Lord deliver us." Of such non-intervention there has been too much already. Upon that policy the English government acted when the allied tyrants crushed the constitutionalists of Spain and Naples. Again, when Austria trampled upon the Italian patriots of 1831. Again, when Cracow was annexed to Austria. Again, when the brigand armies of France, Spain, Austria, and Naples, invaded and destroyed the Roman Republic. And again, when Russia hurled her Cossacks against Hungary. As long as despotism exists in Europe, as long as a single people shall groan under the oppression of a foreign power, so long the principle of non-intervention is impossible. By the tyrants it will be scorned and repudiated, and if acted upon at all, it can only be by those who will use it as a cloak to cover cowardice and dishonesty—by those who ought to intervene for the protection of the weak against the powerful, but who, deserting their duty, will seek to disguise their treason to humanity, by professing to act in the name of a "principle"—a principle which, under existing circumstances, is opposed to the welfare of the peoples, the freedom of nations, and the progression of the human race.

The Tories would make common cause with the tyrants against the nations. The Whigs would patronise reform to the extent of admitting the bourgeoisie to share the despotism of princes and aristocrats. The Manchester school would introduce the little shoppocracy to share the political and social supremacy claimed by the classes above them. All three make common cause against the masses. All three hate democracy as the devil is said to hate holy water. All three are the sworn enemies of democratic and social justice. And against all three the people of all lands must proclaim "war to the knife."

If any further proof could be needed to show the humbug of Palmerston's "liberalism," Schleswig-Holstein would supply it. Bernal Osborne, presiding at the Reform Club feed, vouches for "his noble friend" that—

If severe in aught,
The love he bore to freedom was in fault.

Well, this intense lover of freedom is a leading party to the commission of a crime intended to conclude the bloody drama of the royalist reaction against the peoples. I confess that until now I never sympathised with the Schleswig-Holsteiners. Admitting the abstract justice of their claim to be reunited

to the brotherhood of the German race, I nevertheless deplored the war into which they so unthinkingly rushed. To all men not blinded by passion and prejudice it was evident, from the beginning, that the royal Judas of Prussia encouraged that war, and lent it to a hollow and treacherous support, only that he might thereby attract the attention of Germany from the domestic question, and drain the fatherland of its best blood—the most politic course he could have taken to cripple the democratic movement, and assure himself against the progress of the revolution. To the exciting appeals made in the name of “German Nationality” the young men responded in thousands, and they whose valour was needed to complete in Berlin and elsewhere the popular victories of March ’48 thronged to Schleswig and Holstein, there to pour out their blood and lay down their lives in a struggle never meant to have any other result than that of letting flow the hot blood of revolutionary Germany. Had the Prussian tyrant been that which he never was nor never will be—an honest man, the war could not have lasted six months. In far less than that time the Danes might have been expelled to the last man, and the two duchies united to Germany. But from first to last the Prussian commanders betrayed those they professed to lead; until at last Frederick William Iscariot, throwing off the mask, has concluded a peace with Denmark, by the terms of which the people of Schleswig-Holstein are handed over to the tender mercies of their enemies—all they fought for snatched from them, with the addition of being given over to military execution, if they refuse to be bound by the agreement between their betrayer and their enemy. The Danes have marched into the country to enforce submission by arms. The people of Schleswig-Holstein are standing on the defensive, and if not again betrayed by their chiefs will give the Danes a warm reception. But their bravery will not save them from destruction. The Danes are already assisted by a Russian fleet, and should resistance be prolonged, that fleet will bombard the ports of Schleswig-Holstein, while an army of Prussians will be marched against the patriots; and, unless the Prussians refuse to cut the throats of their German brothers, there is no hope for the people of Schleswig-Holstein.

The *liberal* Palmerston is an assenting party to this work of treason and wholesale assassination. The brigands of the continent are resolved to tread out the last spark of the conflagration of 1848, and Palmerston—the lover of freedom to a fault—assists them!

Of course, both the Stanleyites and the Cobdenites will be delighted. The restoration of Danish supremacy and the putting down of “a revolutionary faction,” is an act of homage to the Cossack principle of Toryism. The “pacification” of Schleswig-Holstein will not be less grateful to the Manchester school; the blockade of ports, the conflict of armies, &c., being “detrimental to the interests of commerce.” Peace, therefore, “at any price,” even though the price be the assassination of the liberties and the lives of the people of Schleswig-Holstein. Moreover, there will probably be another source of gratulation for Cobden and Co. It is to be expected that the English government will act upon the “principle of non-intervention.” Prussians and Russians may intervene to carry fire and

sword through Schleswig-Holstein, but England will not interfere, and Mr. Cobden will be delighted!

But my countrymen, my proletarian brethren, are you satisfied? Do you join with the counting-house *Cains* in asking “Am I my brother’s keeper?” The “voice of your brother’s blood crieth from the ground.” Yours has not been the act of murder; but the infamy, the guilt of your rulers will be shared by you if you do not repudiate their sins, both of commission and omission, and lend all the aid in your power to your fellow men wherever they may unfurl liberty’s banner and draw the sword for Freedom and Right.

Repudiating the “Right Divine,” sham liberalism, and “non-intervention,” am I asked, What is the policy of the Red Republicans? I answer in the fewest possible words—**FRATERNITY WITH ALL PEOPLES, AND WAR TO ALL TYRANTS!** When tyranny shall be extinguished and the nations free—free from both foreign and domestic thrall—then, but not until then, will the Red Republicans adopt the principle of non-intervention. **THE REIGN OF JUSTICE** can alone give birth to the millennium of “permanent and universal peace.”

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid. Letters for the Editor to be addressed to “George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London.

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to “S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.”

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”

W. Tope, 1s.; T. Squires, 6d.; J. Dyer, 4d.; T. Pearson, 6d.; J. Mortimer, 6d.; G. Steadham, 3d.; T. Bowle, 6d.; B. Simons, 6d.; J. Bahage, 6d.; G. Lawell, 1s.; J. Hocker, 6d.; John Leaver, 1s.; Samuel Leaver, 3d.; Charles Ernest, York, 2s. 6d.; S. Saunders, New Radford, 1s.; W. Whitehead, Braco, 4s.

POLISH REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received and paid over to Colonel Oborski, member of the Polish Committee, the following sums:—A Friend, Dublin, 10s.; a Few Red Republicans, per Richard Eekersley, Chowbent, 5s. 6d.; John Leaver, 1s., 1st subscription—2nd ditto, 6d.; Samuel Leaver, 6d.; Friends at York, per Charles Ernest, 3s. 8d. II M. G., 1s.; Mr. Whitcombe, Greenwich, 2s.; Stanley Wood, Manchester, 1s.

REVIEWS.—Press of matter compels the postponement of “reviews” of several publications.

THE EXILES.—A Friend, Dublin, writes as follows:—Sir,—Having read in your very interesting and spirited periodical, “The Red Republican,” that a subscription has been opened in London for the benefit of the Polish and other political refugees, at present there in a distressed condition, I beg to enclose you a post-office order for 10s., as my contribution to the fund for the relief of those exiles. I regret that my means do not permit me to extend a more liberal assistance than this trifle can afford, but I sincerely hope and trust that the friends of democracy in England will generously respond to your appeal; and that, although the mite of each individual may be small, numbers will practically testify, their admiration for the conduct, and sympathy for the misfortunes, of their gallant continental brethren. We can scarcely expect that the proud and haughty aristocracy, the titled and untitled men of bloated wealth and power, will extend any humane assistance to the martyrs for a cause, which professedly aims at the retrenchment of all exaggerated possessions—whether of wealth or power—as a necessary preliminary to the universal diffusion of human happiness and liberty. But let us hope, that the “good time” is near at hand when the patriot soldiers of Europe will not stand in need of eleemosynary assistance. They are now passing through their novitiate of suffering; and they are aware that the disciples of every great faith have had a purifying ordeal of suffering to undergo, preparatory to the establishment of their principles, and their consummation in triumph and glory. When, Sir, the thunder of the people’s war music is once again heard simultaneously on the barricades of the continental (and other) capitals, the last scene will have been enacted of the tragedy that has lasted from time immemorial! whose characters have been kings and their ministers—the plot of which has been the humbug and delusion of mankind, and whose orchestral accompaniment has been the mourn-

ful groans of broken-hearted misery! The world-stage must be cleared of the *minute* trace of the past, and the hosannas of the liberated nations shall proclaim over the gladdened earth the joyful triumph of the glorious principles of universal Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. It is very hard to get the RED REPUBLICAN in Dublin; and, when it can be got, not till it is out of date. Will you be pleased to send it to me regularly to my address, and I shall send you postage stamps at the rate of 2d. per number, to defray postage.

[We will do as requested by our friend.—Ed. R. R.] WILLIAM BROADBENT, Sowerby Bridge.—Please to accept for yourself and friends our sincere thanks for your endeavours to advance the sale of the “Red Republican.”

W. TOPE, TORQUAY.—(Thanks for the subscription.) Complaints, that as soon as the Torquay booksellers became acquainted with the nature of the “Red Republican,” they refused to procure it from London. W. T. shall hear from us by letter.

CHARLES ERNEST, York, writes as follows:—

My dear Sir,—The religion of Fraternity has now been proclaimed in every town, yea, in every village; and there are a few noble spirits who are with untiring zeal labouring in spreading and making known the Divine revelation of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity. Yes, there are a few devoted apostles, not in broad black cloth, white neckcloth, &c., but men with hard hands, clothed in rags, living in wretched homes, made miserable by the cries of hungry children asking for bread, who are crying aloud with a shout that is making tyrants shudder and tremble, “socialism,” “the right to live and labour,” “he that will not work, neither shall he eat,” proclaiming “that all men are brethren” (except the enemies to the human race), preaching the holy doctrine of universal brotherhood—obey the new commandment, which Christ the great reformer gave, “that ye love one another.” What immortal principles! What a glorious mission! And what grand preachers the men in rags, proclaiming truth, confounding and putting to shame those false teachers of the people, “those greedy dogs that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber.” Be of good cheer, Sir, the “Red Republican” is getting a wide circulation in York; may it have a larger in other towns, and keep increasing in this, which it is, too. Oh, how cheering it will be to you, when you think of the few *true* men; the little band who are aiding and assisting you, and the few really honest chiefs and leaders, in working out the salvation of the people from political and social slavery.

THE REFUGEES—UNION OF DEMOCRATS AND SOCIALISTS.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed herewith I forward you for the unfortunate Polish Refugees in London, one shilling, in stamps. Very much do I sympathise in fraternal feeling with these distressed and persecuted wanderers; almost thrust out of existence by tyrant misrulers. I am in heart and soul a Socialist, and with you and them, in this great and good cause of Republicanism. For years I have subscribed to the Social Movement, and admire much the “New views of the great and good Owen.” I am much pleased, to see from the last number of the *Red Republican*, that the Chartist and Social Movements are likely to become one incorporated body. “Union”—Yes! that is the bond that must unite men in one eternal bond of love and fraternity. That its day may soon appear, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

STANLEY WOOD.

P.S.—When the Social and Chartist Movements shall have become blended, I will assist the onward progress by becoming a subscriber to the funds.—Adieu. S. W. J. MOROAN, DEPTFORD.—We have handed your letter to Mr. Arnott, who will see that you are written to on the subject.

ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE EARTH ARE BRETHREN.—Our friend T. Brown is correct in assuming that we should be glad to hear of the intended excursion from Paddington to Alperston, on Sunday next, (August 11th), for the purpose of spending a day with the exiled Poles, sixty-three of whom will accompany the friends who may take tickets. It appears to us that a large sale will be necessary to cover the expenses, and we trust that the active Democrats in all parts of London, will assist the committee in disposing of tickets. All applications should be made to Mr. Brown, 26, Golden Lane, City.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE POLISH REFUGEES.—Further proofs of the conspiracy of the governments, aided by sham liberals to force the Poles to abandon Europe, are constantly being received. Even in Turkey they are no longer to find an asylum. The Ottoman Porte having notified to the refugees at Schunla that such of them as may be willing to emigrate to America [will receive passports and a sum of 1,000 piastres (about £10) in aid of their journey, but that those who wish to remain must not expect any more pecuniary assistance from the government.

MR. WALTER COOPER.—We understand that this gentleman is about to take a tour in the provinces, to explain to the public the principles and organization of the Co-operative Labour Associations. Notwithstanding the strictures in another part of this number, on certain parties more or less connected with the above named associations, we beg to say as regards Mr. Walter Cooper, manager of the Working Tailors’ Association, that there is no man in existence more worthy of popularity. His sincerity as a Democratic and Social Reformer is as unquestionable as his talent, and we trust that wherever he may be announced to address the public, the readers and friends of the *Red Republican* will flock to listen to his earnest, eloquent, and truth-telling discourses.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every *Monday*, at twelve o'clock at noon.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," is now ready, and may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

"BRINGING ROYALTY INTO CONTEMPT."

A grievous offence, for which the law has provided due penalties: the offender rendering himself liable to be punished for sedition.

Repeatedly the judges have defined sedition to be "anything tending to bring the government, constitution, or constituted authorities into disrespect, and calculated to create discontent." Chief Justice (now Lord Chancellor) Wilde, presiding at the trial of our friend Fussell, told the jury to convict the defendant if they believed he intended to stir up violence, *or to bring the present government into contempt*. The Recorder, in his charge to the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, in the month of August, 1843, observed on the speeches imputed to certain Chartists, that "if the topics introduced were not of a directly revolutionary character, but still evidently calculated to *alienate the affection of the people from the Crown and Government* as by law established, the offence would amount to *sedition*."

We presume that Lord John Russell—who has written a book on the blessed British Constitution—cannot be ignorant of the law, as above defined. Yet, strange to say, "his lordship" has of late been working zealously to bring royalty into contempt; and, as a minister, his acts have undoubtedly been "calculated to alienate the affections of the people from the Crown." Perhaps we have no right to complain of this. Perhaps we should rather thank "his lordship" for the impetus he is giving to the progress of Republicanism. But we are not Jesuits; we do not hold to the creed that "the end justifies the means;" we, therefore, must protest against Lord John Russell's breach of good faith, as evidenced by "his lordship" taking the wages of a monarchical minister, and at the same time undermining the foundations of the monarchy!

For what course could be better adapted to bring Royalty into contempt, and "alienate

the affections of the people from the Crown," than that taken by the Prime Minister in calling upon the tax-ridden people of this country to "stand and deliver" twelve thousand pounds yearly to "His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge," and three thousand to "Sister Mary?" The foot-pad, in *Don Juan*, who saluted the astonished Spaniard on Shooter's-hill, with—

"D—n your eyes! your money or your life!"

was certainly not so polite as Lord John; yet the foot-pad was innocence personified compared with the Premier. Certainly he was somewhat coarse, but then he only proposed to levy taxation upon a solitary individual, and that individual, rolling in wealth, while Lord John plays the part of a legalized highwayman, at the expense of an entire people, a large proportion of whom, instead of enjoying a superabundance of the good things of this life, are steeped to the lips in poverty, the consequence of being plundered in a variety of ways by that system of which Lord John is virtually, although not nominally, the chief.

Persevering in his labours to bring royalty into contempt, Lord John demands, and a subservient Parliamentary majority assents to the demand, to "settle Marlborough House on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during the joint lives of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert." Marlborough House was settled on the late Queen Adelaide, as one of her residences in the event of her surviving William the Fourth. She did survive to appropriate the said house, one hundred thousand pounds yearly, &c., &c. In addition to the house, Parliament voted forty-four thousand pounds for the repair thereof, to suit the convenience and taste of Her late Majesty. Shortly after her death the pictures constituting the "Vernon Gallery" were placed in Marlborough House, there being no fitting place for them in the building, denominated the "National Gallery." We can understand the propriety of a public edifice, being appropriated to the enshrining of the magnificent bequest of the late proprietor of the paintings collectively named after the donor—the "Vernon Gallery." But what shall be said of a minister who proposes, of a Parliament that assents, and a people that submits to the appropriation of a place like Marlborough House to the service of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, a *child nine years of age*.

It is urged that His Royal Highness will not occupy Marlborough House for nine years to come: truly an excellent reason for settling it upon him at this moment! Supposing our hypothesis, that Lord John is labouring with "malice aforethought" to bring Royalty into contempt is really not correct; supposing that the man imagines he is in reality serving, instead of undermining, Royalty; think of his blindness, reflect on the infatuation of his Parliamentary Supporters anticipating the work of nine years to come! Good Heavens, if not dishonest, the Whigs must have taken leave of their senses, otherwise they could not have thought of anticipating the circumstances that may exist when nine years shall have passed away. Public opinion, which even now scarcely tolerates

* The reader is requested to excuse the phraseology of this quotation. Let us add that—

"The line is *Byron's* and not misapplied."

Royalty, may be very much advanced towards the Republic by the year 1859. The Financial Reformers may have had their turn by that time, and having done their work, having shorn the Monarchy of its "barbaric splendours," may have given place to bolder, and better men,—men who will not scruple to proceed in the path pointed out by common sense, undismayed by "the divinity that doth lodge a King."

Moreover, the natural progress of this country towards a recognition of the principles of just and wise government, may be greatly accelerated by the progress of events upon the continent. Who will answer for the existence of monarchy on the continent in the year 1859? Who will venture to affirm that a single king will be left on the soil of continental Europe, in nine years to come? And who will dare to guarantee the stability of our "glorious institutions," when continental Europe shall be the vast theatre of a glorious confederation of democratic Republics? The impenitent Ben—the blind leader of the blind—seems to have had a gleam of light shoot athwart his darkened vision, when inspired to observe that, "*in these times a man might be a king one day, and a private citizen the next*." The member for Buckinghamshire was right, when he affirmed the instability of Monarchy; but not quite right as regards the future of the present race of kings. The people of Germany, Italy, &c., remembering the black-hearted treason, the perjuries, and the bloody atrocities of their regal rulers, in the years 1848, '49, and '50, will hardly permit them the privilege of descending to the ranks of private citizens; they will rather call them to account for their villanies, and treat them in accordance with the decrees of justice,—in accordance with the law of nature and of truth, which proclaims that "TO REIGN IS ITSELF A CRIME."

When, last week, we warned John Bull to beware of "England's Hope," we confess we did not anticipate from "His Royal Highness" so early a demand to "stand and deliver." To begin at *nine years of age* is certainly to begin early, if not well. But every creature after its kind! His "Royal Highness" is being "trained up in the way he should (?) go; and when he is old he will not (voluntarily) depart from it!"

Our loyal readers will be overjoyed to learn that (at least, so public rumour reports) "her Majesty" has purchased the Brockwell Hall estate, near Norwood, Surrey, for a nursery for the young princes and princesses. We believe it was on the plea that the necessary nursery accommodation was wanting, that Parliament voted an enormous sum for the enlargement of Buckingham Palace. O ye cheated, plundered, blinded, bamboozled people—ye, who pine in poverty, fester in filth, sicken and die in over-crowded alleys, abominable courts, miserable hovels, garrets, and cellars,—ye, in whose homes (?) decency, morality, health, life, are sacrificed, because "your poverty, not your will, consents," to shelter in kennels, which Prince Albert would not allow his *dogs* to enter—ought ye not to rejoice, to be exceeding glad, to make the welkin ring with your loyal cheers? For, although you, your wives and little ones, are cursed with all the wants and woes of poverty, consider how *glorious* it is to be the subjects of the "magnificent monarchy" of

the British empire. It was Byron's consolatory reflection that—

"Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone!"

And what though you live in shambles of disease and dens of death, you cannot but be contented remembering that the royal possessor of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace enlarged, Osborne House, and a dozen other palaces, has purchased Brockwell-hall estate to transform into a nursery for the Royal babes and sucklings—that Parliament has voted Marlborough house as a sort of toy or birth-day present to "His Royal Highness" the Prince of Wales, just *nine years old*, and that the "collective wisdom" aforesaid, has in addition to a multitude of similar acts of economy, voted ELEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS to defray "the cost of removing the marble arch, and placing iron railings in front of Buckingham Palace."

By that marble arch "hangs a tale," which we will speak of hereafter, when more minutely examining into the worth of pensioned, apostate Burke's "cheap defence of nations"—in truth, the most costly swindle, in the shape of political administration, ever palmed upon a gullible and humbugged set of humans."

But why object to "the cost of Royalty?" "Whatever is, is right," argues our respectable friend, the *Leader*, now, by the death of the *Tribune*, the only stamped organ of Socialism. "Pageantry," quoth the *Leader* "is the fashion of Royalty. Strip it of this and you come at once to the Republican form of government." Very well. "But," argues the *Leader*, "the people of England are not quite prepared for that form, much as they are animated with its spirit." And then after the usual common-place about "France and America," and a thrust at "impatient politicians" our sentimental friend philosophically observes, "it is not by unprepared change that permanent good can be effected. The great object with every true Reformer is to render taxation as light and equitable as possible, but in aiming at this, he will not seek merely to reduce salaries. Wherever a salary is paid, for doing nothing, it ought to be abolished." AMEN say we, to that last sentence. Tried by the rule therein laid down, it would not be difficult to apportion the salaries due to Royal personages, although it might be somewhat difficult for their High Mightinesses to subsist upon all they would get from John Bull, if they had their deserts. "Impatient!" Yes, we are impatient, and intolerant of humbug and spoliation. And to the "impatient"—that is, earnest politicians, to the "men of thought, and men of action," we appeal to help us to animate the people, with the spirit to sweep away the barbarous institutions founded in ages of ignorance and tyranny, and to establish instead, both in form and in spirit, Institutions founded on the principles of JUSTICE and EQUALITY.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

CHAP. IV.

THE REPUBLICANS.

THE Lombard insurrection was victorious upon all points, when the royal troops advanced into the Lombard territory. It extended even to the Tyrol. The volunteers were on their way there, driving the enemy before them. The passages which led from there to the valleys of the Adda, and the Oglio, were occupied by ours. The Venetian insurrection had been effected with marvellous rapidity, and placed in the hands of the mountaineers of Carnea and Cadore the defiles which lead from Austria into Italy. Palma and Asopo were ours. The sea and the Alps, as writes Catinano, were closed against the enemy, and would have been for ever, if the royal war had been wise or willing enough to consider as strategic points, not the fortresses of Piedmont, but the Alps and the sea, the Tyrol and Venice.

The enthusiasm of the populations was as great as the discouragement of the enemy. A subscription opened at Milan, on the 1st of April, to meet the current expenses of the government, had already produced, on the 3rd, the sum of 749,686 Austrian livres. A loan of 24 millions of francs, proposed by the provisional government, found capital ready to be offered without interest.* The men ran to inscribe themselves in the free corps, and in the national guard; the women emulated their enthusiasm, and almost surpassed the youth. They prepared cartridges, went from door to door seeking subscriptions for the government; they succoured the wounded in the hospitals. The Austrians were retiring from all parts, dismayed, in disorder, harassed by the volunteers, and wanting provisions. The Italian soldiers deserted their ranks. At Cremona the regiment Albert; the third battalion Ceccopieri, and three squadrons of lancers; at Brescia a party of the Hangwitz, and others besides. An Austrian frigate, in the roads off Naples, and two war brigs, which were cruising in the Adriatic, hoisted the Italian flag, and offered themselves to the Venetian republic. In Italy there remained to Austria no more—and this is the figure of the official report—then 50,000 men, defeated, discharged, and exhausted.†

And out of Lombardy, wherever is pronounced the language of *si*, there was a fermentation, an emotion of crusade. The insurrection of Milan has sounded the tocsin of the Italian insurrection. At the first news of the movement at Modena, 2000 civic guards were seen hastening from Bologna, 1,200 and 300 of the line from Leghorn, civic guards and armed students from Pisa, civic guards and volunteers from Florence. A few days after, to avoid the ruin which menaced him, the grand duke himself felt obliged to declare war against Austria. At Rome the people, the civic guard, the carabinieri, all mixed together, delivered the arms of Austria to the flames, and substituted on the ambassador's hotel this inscription: *Palace of the Italian Diet*. The volunteers presented themselves in mass, blessed by the priests; subscriptions were opened to arm and send them to the camp. Already, by the 24th of March, many had quitted the town, and by the end of the month 10,000 Romans, and 9000 Tuscans, were assembled on the bank of the Po, ready to cross it by Lago-Scaro. At Naples, also, they burned the detestable insignia of Austria, and by the 26th of March, the list of volunteers was opened, and the king forced to yield before the general excitement. I do not speak of Genoa and Piedmont. The volunteers of Genoa,—I recall it with pride, not mere municipal pride, but that of affection for

the land where my father sleeps, and where my mother was born,*—the volunteers of Genoa were the first to sign, in the face of the enemy, the compact of Italian fraternity with the men of Lombardy.

And out of Italy, the good news spread with the rapidity of thought, made young again heads grown white in exile, and blest with new life souls lost in doubt. It effaced old griefs, and annihilated the remembrance of the numerous deceptions of the past, and of those importunate provisions which were but too soon to be verified. One single thought, one thought common to us all, shone in our looks, and across the accents of our emotion. 'We have a country! we have a country! we shall be able to work for her.' And hastening, with brows uplifted, and souls bursting with Italian pride, we bounded over those lands which we had traversed wandering and contemned, where then resounded a cry of wonder and applause for our Italy. God forgive those who slandered our souls in those moments of national love and religion! They—the moderates—received at Genoa, with fixed bayonets, and escorted disarmed to the camp, like malefactors, the Italian workmen who had hastened from Paris and London, conducted by General Antonini, to fight the battles of independence. They accused us of conspiracies. We conspired only to forget. I am reminded of the words—'Miserable they cannot love!' uttered by Saint Theresa when thinking of the damned.

But all this emotion, all this enthusiasm, which urged Italy to great things, spoke of the people and not of the prince, of nationality and not of miserable dynastic speculation. To break it in front was impossible. And though Martini at first, and then Passalacqua, had only offered the royal assistance on condition that Lombardy should pass under the dominion of the king,—though the greater part of the men composing the Provisional Government of Milan, were inclined, and some even bound, to this compact,—none then dared stipulate in an open manner for the price of an uncertain victory. The lion yet roared—it was necessary in the first place to tame him.

From the 23rd of March, by an address to Charles Albert, the Provisional Government, in invoking his aid, had shown both to the king and to diplomacy, what were his intentions.‡ His public declarations always contained a programme which deferred the decision of the political question to the day of victory, and trusted it, when the day should come, to the good sense of the people. *When all shall be free, all will speak. After the triumph the nation will decide.*

Such were the proclamations of March 29 and April 8, &c. And these declarations, made to the Lombards, to the Venetians, to Genoa, to the Pope, were equally made, March 27, to France. *In such a state of things—it was said—we abstain from every political question; we have solemnly and repeatedly declared that, after the struggle, it belongs to the nation to decide upon its own destinies.*§

And Charles Albert announced, in his proclamation of March 23, that the Piedmontese arms were about to give, in ulterior facts, to the peoples of Lombardy and Venice, such help as brother expects from brother, friend from friend. A little after he announced at Lodi, that his arms, in shortening the struggle "would bring back among the Lombards the security which shall permit them to apply themselves with serene and tranquil mind to the regulation of their political life."

It was an honest resolution; as such the Repub-

* Mazzini himself was born at Genoa.—E. T.

† "Your Majesty . . . will certainly receive the applauses and the acknowledgements of this people. We would add more, but our position, as Provisional Government, does not permit us to anticipate the votes of the nation, which certainly are all in favour of a nearer approach to the cause of Italian unity." Address of the 23rd of March, communicated April 3rd to Lord Palmerston, by Count Revel.

‡ Address of the Provisional Government of Milan to the Provisional Government of France.

* Mr. Campbell to Lord Palmerston, April 3rd.
† Ponsonby to Palmerston, from Vienna, April 10.

Anarchy is a horrible calamity, but it is less horrible than despotism. Where anarchy has slain its hundreds, despotism has sacrificed millions upon millions. It is to despotism that anarchy is indebted for its sting.—*Godwin*.

It is not without reason that the oracle of wisdom has declared that, if the hearts of tyrants could be seen, we should find them torn to pieces with a thousand evils; it being certain that the body does not suffer more from infictions and torments, than the minds of such wretches from their crimes, cruelties, and the injustice and violence of their proceedings.—*Tacitus*.

licans accepted, and kept to it loyally; as usual, they were betrayed, and then calumniated.

If in the midst of the barricades of March, the Republican banner had been raised, planted by the hand of the people—if the men who directed the insurrection, assuming a great revolutionary initiative, had rendered themselves the interpreters of the thought which stirred at the heart of the multitude—the independence of Italy had been saved.

All know, we better than others, how the Swiss succours refused by the Federal government to the king would have been given by the Cantons to the Republican insurrection. The French government, then very mistrustful of the reasons of Charles Albert, little certain of the way which he might follow, would not have been able to substract itself from the popular enthusiasm and the necessities of a Republican policy. And in Italy, even without occupying oneself about foreign aid, such was then the unanimity of forces and of hate against Austria, that, under the conduct of capable and energetic men, it had been easy for us to obtain a decisive victory. Perhaps, indeed, the terror of this fatal name, and the impossibility of combating the irresistible impulsion of the Italian crusade, might have thrown some of our princes into the opposition, and provoked their defections, which took place later. A new pledge of safety for us, so that we should have had no longer any traitors in our camp. But perhaps, also, the time was not yet ripe for Republican unity, a condition of being, as important as that of independence. Independence without unity could not exist; because the artifices and diverse influences of the foreigner, would in a few years, make a divided Italy the theatre of the most mortal civil wars. That the *Italy of the People* should have probable foundation of existence, it was necessary that Rome should show itself worthy of being the capital.

However, the Republican banner was not displayed; the people and the monarchy remained united in face of the enemy, on the Lombard lands. The people had accepted the programme of political neutrality, emanating from the Provisional government; and the Republicans resolved to renounce all political initiation, to wait patiently for the will of the people to manifest itself at the end of the war, and to consecrate all their efforts to the conquest of independence.

And even this was cowardly contested by the men of the Provisional Government and the moderate managers of the dynastic cause.

The wandering and troubled life which the believers in the Republican faith have undergone for so many years, hinders us from supporting the facts we signalise, by letters, dates and journals. Nevertheless, I affirm upon honour, the truth of every syllable that I have written. The accused are alive: let them deny it, if they can and if they dare. I regret to be obliged to mix my name with these recitals; but since I have been chosen—with or without merit matters little—by friends and by enemies, to represent, in part, the Republican idea, I owe to the honour of our flag that which I would not do for myself. I replied by a disdainful silence which was but contempt, to the false accusation of having injured by obstinacy in my political ideas, the result of the war, an accusation flung at us from all sides, from the time of my sojourn at Milan. It might have been said then that I consented to defend myself through fear, or from a desire to render more distant the tempest which was muttering. But now it is of importance that Italians know the truth concerning the men who call them to the work.

Here are the facts.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First in the old trite maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he has injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those we really wish well to a point of interest or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do service or disservice.—*Swift*.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

IV.

CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

"The Militia:

"The laws of each State respecting the militia differ from each other. Generally, all white male persons, between certain ages, are liable to serve in the militia; but usually only a few volunteers are regularly drilled. Many young men take great delight in turning out in uniform. The constitution of Ohio provides that captains and subalterns in the militia shall be elected by those persons in their respective company districts subject to military duty. Majors are to be elected by the captains and subalterns of the battalion. Colonels are elected by the majors, captains, and subalterns of the regiment. Brigadiers-general are elected by the commissioned officers of their respective brigades. Majors-general and quarter-masters-general are appointed by a joint vote of both houses of the legislature. The governor appoints the adjutant-general. The captains appoint the non-commissioned officers, &c.

"This is very different from the English system, under which the militia (a small insignificant body) is under the entire control of the crown.

"Local self-government:

"The people of each county elect a sheriff and a coroner every two years, and a recorder of deeds every three years. The township officers are elected annually. All officers are paid for their services. In cities and corporate towns the government is regulated by special acts. The mayors, councilmen, magistrates, and city officers are elected by the people periodically.

"The fundamental Rights reserved and guaranteed by the Constitution of Ohio:

"In the constitutions of Ohio certain rights of the citizen are set forth, which are to be in nowise affected by the acts of the general assembly; and it is declared that all powers not expressly delegated by the constitution to the legislature, are reserved by the people. The constitution proclaims that all men are born equally free and independent, and it prohibits slavery.

"It affirms 'that all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of conscience; that no human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience; that no man shall be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry, against his consent; and that no preference shall be given by law to any religious society, or mode of worship; and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office of trust or profit. But religion, morality, and knowledge, being essentially necessary to good government, and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of instruction shall for ever be encouraged by legislative provision, not inconsistent with the rights of conscience.'

"Compare this with the English laws and the established church of England and Ireland. Before a man can take his seat in the British parliament he must declare that he is a Christian. Within the last six or seven years county justices of the peace have frequently committed men to prison for neglecting to attend places of worship. The people are compelled to maintain the established church; that is to say, the property of the nation, which might be appropriated in reduction of the taxes, is given to a favoured sect, and all people are liable to pay church rates to support its consequence and disseminate its doctrines.

"The natural rights declared by the constitution of Ohio are thus violated by the aristocratic government and legislature of England; whilst, on the other hand, so far from knowledge being deemed 'essentially necessary to good government

and the happiness of mankind,' the aristocracy and their nominees, the clergy of the established church, have until recently resisted general education, believing that it would make the people dissatisfied with the existing order of things.

"The constitution of Ohio further provides that private property shall ever be held inviolate; but always subservient to the public welfare, provided a compensation in money be made to the owner. It prohibits general search warrants. It provides that no law shall restrain the citizen from criticising the proceedings of the government. It affirms that the people have at all times a complete power to alter, reform, or abolish their government. So that in Ohio it is no offence to excite dissatisfaction with the existing order of things; whereas in England it is highly criminal to do so; for it has often been held to be sedition, and in serious cases it has been declared to be treason.

"The constitution of Ohio provides many other guarantees for the preservation of the liberty of the citizen against heedless legislation. It preserves the right of trial by jury, prohibits the treatment of persons arrested with unnecessary rigour, and makes provision for a fair and impartial trial of accused persons. The latter provision is as follows:—

'That in all criminal prosecutions the accused hath a right to be heard by himself and his counsel; to demand the nature and cause of the accusation against him, and to have a copy thereof; to meet the witnesses face to face; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour,' &c.

"The right of persons accused of felony to be defended by counsel has only lately been conceded in England, and of course the innovation was opposed by most of the judges. There is no right to a copy of the indictment.

"Here we find a people assembled in the forests of Ohio forty-six years ago, setting an example of reason and humanity to the legislators of England; and those intelligent and high-minded people of Ohio at the same time set many other examples which have lately been followed in England. We fully believe that the time is not far distant when all their principal views on the subject of legislation and government will be coincided in by the people of this country.

"The constitution of Ohio also provides that in prosecution for any publication respecting the official conduct of men in a public capacity, or where the matter published is proper for public information, the truth thereof may always be given in evidence. But in England, until within the last two or three years, upon an indictment for a libel on private individuals, the truth was not allowed to be shown, although in actions for damages it was otherwise; and even at the present time it is no defence to an indictment for an alleged libel on the government or public officers, that the statements made are true. We are gradually and humbly following in the steps of our more enlightened transatlantic brethren, and we trust soon to overtake them in their bright career of improvement.

(To be continued.)

In the ninth century it was an established custom in the north, that all the sons of a king, except the eldest, and the chief nobility, should be furnished with ships properly equipped, in order to carry on the profession of piracy, which in those days was held in high admiration.—*Smollet*. [The princes and the aristocracy of the nineteenth century have an easier and less hazardous mode of plundering!]

Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness wherever he appears. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property—there is death somewhere! that obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates that great wrongs must be revised.—*EMERSON*.

It is surprising what an influence titles have upon the mind, even though these titles be of our own making. Like children, we dress up puppets in finery, and then stand in astonishment at the plastic wonder.—*Goldsmith*:

Solitude is the element of great minds.—*Christina of Sweden*.

Poetry for the People.

HYMN OF THE MILANESE.
BEFORE THE REVOLT OF LOMBARDY.
(From "Lays of the Revolutions.")
BY THE REV. JOHN JEFFREY.

By the spirits of our fathers,
By the ashes of their tombs,
By the light a high heart gathers,
Even from its dungeon-glooms;
By the Lombards' ancient glories,
Burning through the gulf of time,
By the Past's immortal stories
Stamped in prose and verse sublime,—
Storm, Milanese, on the Austrian legions,
Wash, in their blood, our fair Italy's regions,
Free from the stain of long years of crime!

Shall the other prostrate nations
From the opiate slumber burst,
Wrapt in which for generations
They were bound by chains accursed?
Shall the dawn of new opinions
Flash with fire the startled world,
While we lie like trampled minions,
Into sleep and darkness hurled?
No! Milanese, let us conquer or perish,
Triumph or die for the great hopes we cherish;
On, with the standard of Freedom unfurled!

Europe summons us to battle
By the music of her deeds—
Even as, when thunders rattle,
Peal to peal in heaven succeeds;
And each link of bondage broken,
Each old Despotism annulled,
Rings, a glad and sanguine token,
On our ears by serfage dulled.
Ay! Milanese, it calls us in chorus,
On to the garden of glory before us;
There must the flowers for our garlands be culled!

Far behind us, in the distance,
Lies the bitter, burning shame
Of our passive half-resistance
To the tyrant's sword and name.
We have almost kissed the scourges
Lifted up to smite us low;
Shame of shame! it spurs and urges
Lombards on to crush the foe.

Pile, Milanese, the steep barricades' shelter,
Till the red rivers all merrily welter
Round them, as bubble the waves of the Po!

Far behind us lies the sorrow—
Lie the anguish and the pain—
Which we vow to quench to-morrow
In a bath of bloody rain.
Far behind us lie forgotten
Jeers that sting and irons that gall;
Now the fruit droops ripely rotteu,
Nodding to its longed-for fall.

Shake then the tree, with a grasp like a giant—
Shake, when both time and occasion are pliant—
Shake, when the millions of Italy call!

And before us glances golden,
In the Future's vista far,
Formerly all unbeholden—
Constellation—star on star;
Name and fame, high hopes and ample,
Realized in years to come,
If upon the slaves we trample
Who have kept us blind and dumb.

Blind, when the daylight around us was breaking;
Dumb, when the thunders of Europe were waking;
Tread, Milanese, on the Austrian scum!

And before us shine the Ages,
Luminous in Freedom's sun—
Radiant on historic pages,
Through the triumphs we have won.
Woman's love, her deep devotion—
Priceless jewels—will be ours,
If we crush the snake whose motion
Slimed our country's fairest flowers.

Up! Milanese, then, and arm for to-morrow;
Fire from altars celestial borrow,
Armour and fire from heavenly powers!

By all bonds of Faith and Duty;
By Affection's strong command;
By the old eternal Beauty—
Dowry of our Fatherland;
By the golden fruitage, gleaming
Star-like through the cluster'd trees,
Where the nightingale's sweet dreaming
Breaks in music 'mid the breeze;

Lombardy, up! no longer at variance,
March as one man, till the northern barbarians
Flee to their homes where the icicles freeze!

By our land's high-hearted daughters,
With the bright flash in their eyes,—
As when clear Italian waters
Mirror back Italian skies;
By the temples doomed to perish,
Yet in ruin all divine;
By the fanes we love and cherish;
By the Heaven for which we pine;

Pour, Milanese, on the Austrian cravens,
Leave them a feast for our Lombardy's ravens,
On! till the red rays of Liberty shine!

A CIRCULATING MEDIUM.—ITS USE AND ABUSE.—THE REMEDY FOR THE LATTER.

To the Editor of the Red Republican.

IN No. 6 of the RED REPUBLICAN there is a letter headed *Abolition of Money*. The conclusions your correspondent arrives at in respect to money I hold to be erroneous, and calculated to stay the progress of true social reform. Your correspondent advocates the making all classes workers, to which I most heartily subscribe. But how this is to be effected, let him speak for himself; he says—"So long as mankind will agree to have a *circulating medium*,—will allow everything in life to be measured by money,—so long will they suffer the evil consequences springing therefrom, in one shape or another."

The great evil in society—the fruitful parent of almost all other evils—is the consequence of a small amount of money only being in the possession of the great bulk of society; hence the fearful contentions, and the slavery of the mass of mankind to the fortunate possessors of an inefficient and intrinsically valuable species of money. A deficient circulating medium would not exist one moment with an intelligent people. Usury need not exist in a state of society where the people had a currency equal in amount to all articles produced; or, in other words, as fast as food, clothing, buildings, &c., are produced, there should be currency *notes* issued equal to their ascertained value, thereby destroying the great evil of our monetary system, which compels the producing classes to be idle, until it suits the interests of the owners of a scarce money to call their useful labours into existence. What society wants is just social institutions. There can be no just state of society where its individual members have not an equal right to dispose of their labour to its utmost value. This can be effected by society decreeing the establishment of public marts or bazaars, for the reception of the people's manufactures and agricultural produce, and it would be the duty of the conductors of bazaars to issue a currency on all goods then deposited. If man could at all times sell his labour for its full value, there would be no necessity for idleness, and consequently usury need not be practised in a country where people had the power always to command a currency, equal in amount and value to their ability to produce wealth. Poverty is the parent of despotism. Wherever the bulk of society is dependant on a comparatively few individuals for permission to labour, there will ignorance and slavery abound. If the land were free to-morrow, without a just system of commercial exchange, the people would be in a miserable and degraded condition. Your correspondent says, "that MONEY is one of the most CRAFTY and HELLISH inventions that ever crept into the affairs of mankind." I think this a most absurd assertion, for we may just as well say that machinery is a "hellish invention," because mankind have not as yet the requisite intelligence to make it completely subservient to the interests and happiness of every member of the state. He further says—"Only with a circulating medium could unnatural accumulations take place," &c. With an equitable circulating medium there would be no necessity for "unnatural accumulations," or, in other words, for one class to *live* upon the industry of another class. In fact, under a just commercial system, the useless classes would, of necessity, be compelled to amalgamate themselves with the one great useful class of educators and wealth producers; for where would the man be found, who had any claim to common sense, that would let another, an idler, accumulate wealth out of his industry, when he had an equal opportunity with all other men to *dispose* of his labour, at the public mart, for its full value, without let or hindrance from any man or class of men?

ERNEST JONES TO THE PEOPLE.

MY FRIENDS,—I beg to announce that I intend to publish, uniform with the Magazines on, the first of September,

THE NEW WORLD
A Political Poem, dedicated to the people of
THE UNITED QUEENDOM,

AND OF

THE UNITED STATES,

With copious notes, addressed especially to
the Working Classes.

On the 1st of October,

BELDAGON CHURCH
A Religious Poem, dedicated to
THE PEOPLE OF HALIFAX.

AND

WESTMINSTER PRISON,
Dedicated to the Exiles and Prisoners of 1848.

On the 1st of November,

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE;
A Domestic Poem.

On the 1st of December,

THE BLACK JURY;
OR,
THE JUDGEMENT OF EUROPE.

A Political Poem, dedicated to
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

With an Address to
THE SPEAKER.

MY COUNTRYMEN!—Thomas Carlyle, as I am told, in one of his pamphlets, congratulated me on my imprisonment, because Tothill Fields was just the place to write a book in.

The authorities took every means to render that impracticable, since I was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, until October 1849, and then writing materials were conceded under such restrictions, as rendered original composition almost impossible.

Nevertheless, I have written *four* books with the aid of blood and memory, the evidence of which I gave to the Executive, when they welcomed me out of my gaol.

During two years of solitary confinement on the solitary system, I have partly employed myself in these lighter labours, but more in forming plans for the future, and fitting myself to fill a useful and a worthy position in the ranks of Democracy. At the very time when I was immured in a cell on bread and water, with even the Bible taken away from me, I spent my hours in writing the gospel of liberty, and although I may have clothed it in humble language, you will, at least, find it tuned to the harp of truth.

Whatever may be the fate of the works announced above, though they may draw down fresh persecutions on my head, or fail in enlisting the sympathy of the people, upon them I stake my reputation as an author, and my character as a man, and they will, at least, remain a lasting monument of what the nations have undergone in the Past, of what they suffer in the Present, of what they demand for the Future, and of what they will achieve, if they are true to their own cause.

These will, probably, be among the last of my poetical works, for harder and sterner toils now call me to the field. The age has passed, when nations can be sung into liberty: perhaps it is well—for enthusiasm is the child of an hour—conviction is the father of centuries.

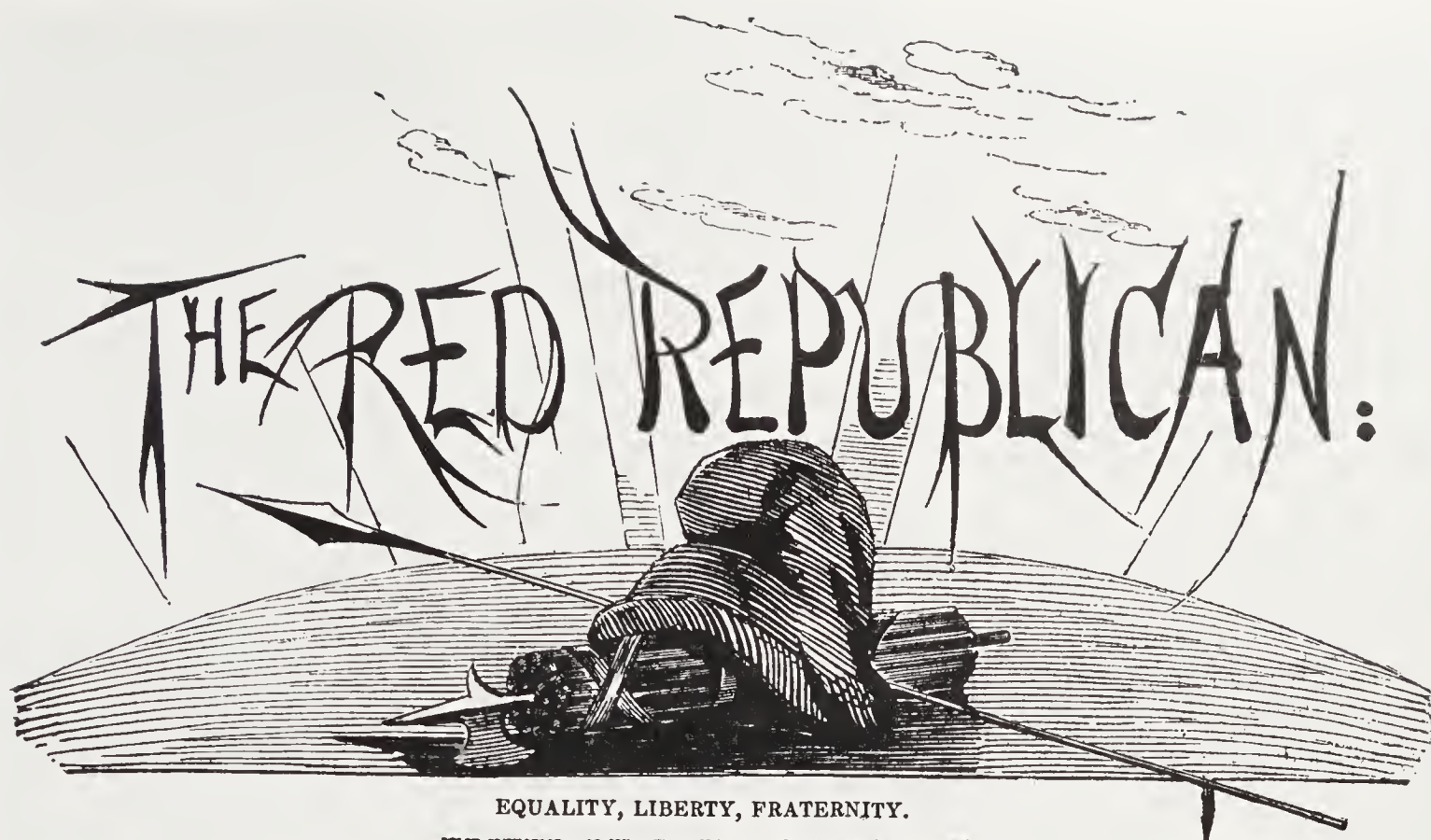
I will also take this opportunity of requesting that no law cases may, in future, be submitted to me, since all my time will be devoted to one great cause—that of

THE PEOPLE VERSUS THEIR OPPRESSORS,
in which I have the honour to be one of the people's humble advocates.

ERNEST JONES.

London: Printed by the Proprietor, GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY, 4, Brunswick Row, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, in the county of Middlesex; and Published by S. Y. Collius, 113, Fleet-street, in the City of London.

A WAGES SLAVE.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
 EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 9.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

STRIKE OF TYPEFOUNDERS.

WHILE advocating the political and social rights of the people in general, and exposing and denouncing the wrongs to which they are in the mass subjected by the working of the present cannibal state of society, the *Red Republican* will take care to watch every isolated case of oppression, and give all possible aid to any section of the working classes, however limited in point of numbers, that may be engaged in a struggle to obtain or defend "the hard-earned wages of their honest toil," and save the bread of their children from the plundering claws of the pitiless profitocracy.

Nine weeks ago the Typefounders, up to that time in the employ of Messrs. Caslon and Co., Chiswell-street, turned out on strike. For a considerable time previous, the workmen had been engaged in a continued struggle to uphold their wages. Messrs. Caslon and Co. attempted to force one branch of the trade to submit to a reduction of thirty per cent.; another branch to a reduction of twenty-five per cent.; another to twenty per cent.; and a week previous to the strike, the men received notice of a reduction of twenty per cent. on another branch. Other grievances, which owing to the technicalities of the trade there would be but little use attempting to explain, induced the workmen to discontinue work until the said notice should be withdrawn, and sufficient guarantees given that similar attempts to deprive them of their fair earnings should not be made in future. The hands on strike number 96, and including the families, there are altogether about 350 persons suffering the consequences

which ever attend the efforts of Labour to keep its own from the grasping warfare of powerful Capital.

The firm of Caslon and Co. is perhaps the oldest establishment of the kind in England, and in former days enjoyed a good character in the estimation of the working, as well as the profit-making part of the community. Those days are past. Some time ago a partner of the name of Fagg was taken into the concern. This "worthy" is rightly named; not that he is fond of being *fagg'd* himself, but takes great delight in *fagging* those who have the misfortune to be subjected to his oppressive and rapacious rule. It is stated, that previous to his appearance in London he was connected with some cotton-mill, and no sooner had he entered the typefoundry business, than he expressed his indignation at the amount of money required to pay the men their weekly wages, remarking that, "where he came from, he could pay double the number of hands with the same money." Subsequently, the firm of A. Wilson and Sons, who had an establishment at Two-waters, Hertfordshire, became incorporated in the firm of Caslon and Co., and the establishment at Two-waters was closed. A few days, however, previous to the serving of the notice which led to the strike, the firm re-opened the works at Two-waters, where there are some twenty-lads and men employed, at wages at least one-fourth less than the wages hitherto paid in London; and for a considerable time past a conspiracy has existed on the part of the firm to reduce the wages of the London workmen to the Hertfordshire level.

The wages of the Typefounders vary, according to the branches of the trade, and of course, also, in some measure, according to the ability of the workmen. I believe that

of late years the highest paid branches, such as the mould-makers, have not received more than 35s. weekly, but the wages of numbers have been considerably below 20s. Take a medium wage, say 25s., and consider what would be the effect of a reduction of 20 per cent. The workman reduced to that amount would find himself on the Saturday night the master of only 20s. instead of 25s., the sum lost being probably equal to the rent of the apartments occupied by the workman and his wife and children—one of the most serious items in the outlay of the head of a family in this metropolis. Consider the straits and shifts a well-principled man—one who desires to pay his way, and keep straight accounts with the world at large—must be put to, to eke out a blameless existence, when deprived of one-fifth of his ordinary income. Still more crushing must be the infliction upon the man in the receipt of still lower wages. What an impudent insult it is, to talk to such men of "the blessed results of free trade." Bread may be cheaper; but will the Typefounder, with 5s. less to purchase bread, be able to purchase a greater, or even an equal quantity, to that which he purchased when bread was dear?

The loss of five shillings a week is a loss to the workman on the entire year of £13; and this would be the amount of the loss of a type-founder hitherto receiving 25s. weekly, in the event of being forced to accept the terms of Caslon & Co. Take now the other side of the picture, and note the gain which would accrue to the firm in consequence of this tremendous reduction in the wages of their hands. I have already said that the number on strike is 96. Multiply the yearly loss of each workman, by the number of the whole, and the product will be £1,248: That is to say, "the highly-respectable firm

of Caslon & Co. would pocket, over and above their ordinary profits, the enormous sum of **ONE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED, AND FORTY EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM**, by the "tradesmanlike" process of reducing the wages of their London workmen, 20 per cent.

But it may be urged, that many of the hands not being in receipt of 25s. weekly, the gain to Caslon & Co. would not equal the amount above stated. It is true that some of the workmen have not been in receipt of even 20s. weekly, but on the other hand some few have exceeded 30s.; perhaps, therefore, 25s. is a fair average; but I am content to take a still lower average, say 20s. weekly, a reduction of twenty per cent. on which, would be a loss of 4s. weekly to each workman, which is equivalent to £10 8s. on the entire year. Multiply the yearly loss of each workman, by the number of men on strike, and the gain to Caslon & Co. will be **NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY EIGHT POUNDS, EIGHT SHILLINGS!**

Of course I have a great respect for the "Rights of Capital," but with all due deference to Messrs. Caslon & Co. I must tell those gentlemen, that the sum they purpose to put into their pockets by reducing the wages of their workmen is in fact so much **PLUNDER**, to which they have no more right than they would have to that amount were it robbed from the coffers of the Bank of England, or abstracted from the pockets of defenceless travellers upon the highway. Indeed there would be less sin in breaking into the Bank of England, than in breaking down the wages of the poor typefounders. The loss of a £1,000 or £1,200 to the Bank of England would be no very serious calamity; moreover those who have claims on the contents of its coffers, are persons who for the most part never in the course of their lives performed a day's honest labour, but who, on the contrary, have lived by trafficking in the labour of others, and heaped up wealth by abstracting the fruits of other people's toil. On the other hand, to rob 96 working men of a THOUSAND OR TWELVE HUNDRED POUNDS, is to inflict upon them, a calamity which must create wide-spread suffering. Moreover the journeyman typefounders, unlike the claimants of the cash in the Bank of England earn every penny of their money by excessive and almost ceaseless labour. Probably it would not be difficult to shew that the workmen, late in the employ of Caslon & Co. have strong claims on that firm, to the amount of something more than one or two thousand pounds—yet were they to attempt to levy any such contribution, THE LAW would step in to protect Messrs. Caslon & Co. from being "plundered." But what is "sauce for the goose, should be sauce for the gander." Why should the Law protect the Employer and not the Employed? A man detected stealing five-penny worth of type from the Chiswell-street establishment, would be prosecuted with the "utmost rigour of the Law," but where is the law to enable the journeyman type founder to prosecute Messrs. Caslon & Co. for robbing him of five shillings of his week's wages? The fact is that under the present system, the rich monopolize the benefits, while the poor have for their share the penalties of legislation. Laws are made, like cobwebs, calculated to catch small game, but permitting great offenders

to break through. It was observed by Goldsmith, that

"Laws grind the poor,"

and he added the reason because

"Rich men rule the laws."

The reader will perceive that the prize sought by Messrs. Caslon & Co. is of such importance as to warrant considerable trouble and expense on their part; and I must do them the justice to say, that "with a zeal worthy of a better cause," they have worked hard to reduce their "refractory hands" to submission.

Unable to find even a solitary typefounder in this country willing to take the place of the men on strike, the firm employed an agent in Paris, to entrap French typefounders. Aware of this move, the turn-outs communicated with the organized typefounders in Paris, and in answer received the following communication:—

TO THE TYPEFOUNDERS' COMMITTEE OF LONDON.

Paris, July 21, 1850.

CITIZENS.—On the receipt of your letter of the 18th, in the name of the Typefounders of London, we immediately convoked an extraordinary meeting of the Parisian Typefounders, at which the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

1. The *Founderie Typographique Francaise*, recognising that in all the countries of the world the maintenance of wages is a question of primordial principle, seeing that it is the integral maintenance of our property, declares that it will refuse all concurrence, and will accept of no propositions, however advantageous they may be, proceeding from master founders of foreign countries, which may tend to bring about a competition to the injury of their fellow workmen, especially as regards the acceptance of work at a reduced scale of wages.

2. The Typefounders of Paris earnestly protest against the departure of any French workmen for London to the detriment of their brothers of England, and hereby declare all such to be unworthy and false brothers.

3. Furthermore, if at any time the necessity of pecuniary aid may be felt, the *Typographie Francaise*, recognising the indissoluble bond of union which unites all classes of workmen, will willingly come to the aid of their foreign fellow workmen, as far as their means will admit.

4. The Typefounders of France will make the necessary efforts that the resolutions above agreed to shall appear in the French and other foreign journals.

Such, Citizen Typefounders of London, are the decisions come to at our General Assembly Extraordinary of the 21st July, 1850. We have also received the orders of the assembly to make known the result of the present meeting to all the foundries of Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, as well as to all the departments of France.

In conclusion, Citizens, we are happy in being thus enabled to give you the present proof of our wish for union, and we feel convinced that under similar circumstances you would act towards us in the same spirit of brotherhood; for it is our duty, by all possible means, to exert ourselves to bring closer the bonds which unite us all as fellow workmen, at once and for ever forgetting all those puerile feelings of nationality, which only bring about division amongst us, while, in fact, we are all brothers in the great world of labour.

Offers have already been made for men to go to London, and the Committee have succeeded in obtaining the positive information that the offer is as follows:—100 francs for the man, and 25 francs for their wives.—*Salut et Fraternité.*

BRUNELL.
GERBAUT.
REZU.
J. GAUTHERAN.
BELCORD.
LEROY (LOUIS).

BOSSON,
ALF. DUFOUR.
DEMEYRE.
B. F. VIGUAY.
AUG. FIEVET.

The admirable sentiments expressed in the above letter, and the prompt action in behalf of their English brothers, rendered by the Parisian typefounders, must command the applause of the working classes throughout this country. In the way of fraternal response, at a meeting of the London typefounders, the following resolutions were adopted by acclamation:—

1. That as the true greatness of a nation mainly depends upon the intelligence, industry, comfort, and complete well-being of the great mass of the people, therefore commerce is depressed, just laws, and wise social institutions are endangered by every proceeding that diminishes the remuneration of their toil.

2. That whilst we are deeply sensible of the immediate evils strikes entail upon both employers and employed, still, when a reduction is made in our wages, by which our necessities are abridged, and our comforts and conveniences wholly taken away, we have no other means of protesting against such calamities, than by leaving our work until such grievances are removed.

3. That the promptness, energy, and enthusiasm which our French fellow typefounders of Paris have displayed on behalf of us, the typefounders of London, now resisting a reduction of our wages, has imposed on us a debt of lasting gratitude; and should our French brethren ever require our aid, we hereby pledge ourselves to render them every assistance in our power.

4. That we, the typefounders of London, deeply impressed with the importance of peace and goodwill among nations, assure our French fellow-labourers that we have long since forgot all "Peurilitics of national vanity," and we deem it our duty, on all occasions, to use our utmost influence in dissipating the prejudices that militate against these brotherly feelings so essential to the well-being of nations.

Thanks to the Parisian committee, a number of Frenchmen who otherwise would have been entrapped were warned of the snare laid for them, and induced to reject the tempting offers made in the name of Caslon and Co. Unfortunately, seven men were inveigled, and we believe the number has been since increased by two, making nine in all, who entered into a bond to work for three months, and who at this very time are employed in the place of the men on strike.

Let the reader "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the atrocity of the course taken by Caslon and Co., to reduce to slavery and misery the men on whose toil they have grown wealthy and powerful. Holding out the tempting bait of 100 francs to each man, and 25 francs each additional to the married, they add thereto a rate of wages actually higher, not merely than the reduced rate against which the Englishmen have struck, but higher, far higher, than the average received by the old "hands," previous to the strike! The imported Frenchmen are paid not by "piece-work," but by the day,—5s. a day,—30s. a week, an amount far exceeding the average wages paid to the workmen previous to the turn-out. Gentle reader, are you not in an ecstasy of admiration contemplating the "cosmopolitan philanthropy" of Messrs. Caslon and Co.? What though those worthy gentlemen "grind the faces" of their own countrymen, shall they not be applauded for "compassing sea and land," to seek out the sons of the stranger on whom to lavish the evidences of their generosity! But the object to be gained by this superabundance of benevolence? "Thereby hangs a tale," which "there needs no ghost come from the grave" to "unfold." Messrs.

Caslon and Co. are well aware that the conflict they are carrying on is a costly affair for the firm; but they calculate on making hereafter a profit on their present loss. Should the turn-outs be beaten, it will be in the power of the firm to dictate even worse terms than those against which the journeymen struck work; and the consequent gain of the firm may be nearer TWO than one THOUSAND POUNDS *per annum*. Moreover, it will soon come to the turn of the ensnared Frenchmen to realize the fate of

"The broken tools that tyrants cast away."

During the first three months they may continue to get their thirty shillings (each) weekly, but at the end of that time, they will be totally at the mercy of the firm, and then they may look out for the treatment of the metal-maker who was reduced at one fell swoop, *without any previous notice*, from thirty shillings to twenty shillings! Even for their own sakes it is to be earnestly desired that no more Frenchmen may be entrapped by the agents of Caslon & Co.

If one word of complaint can be fairly brought against the turn-outs, it is that they have done injustice to their own cause by so long concealing their grievances from the public. Let them no longer hesitate to take a bold and determined course. The typefounders are too few in number to bear the burden of supporting so many families, week after week, without assistance from other trades and aid from the public at large. The occasion is highly favourable for obtaining efficient help from the other trades, both in the metropolis and the country; and I cannot doubt that a proper appeal will meet with a fitting response. There seems to be no doubt that the turn-outs have nothing to fear in the shape of treason on the part of their own countrymen; and it is manifest that the associated typefounders of Paris have already taken steps, which in all probability will prevent any further invasion of workmen from the Continent. Nine men cannot do the work of ninety-six, and even before the three months have expired the firm will be tired of paying those nine five shillings a day each for *less than a shilling's worth of work*—a fact to be attributed to the Frenchmen being unacquainted with the English mode of working, and being also too sensible to perform the fool's part of "going at it like a Briton." There is, then, everything to hope for, provided the turn-outs themselves act with energy, and are energetically supported by their brothers of their own calling, and of other trades.

The case of the Chiswell-street typefounders is only another illustration of the working of the present system, another argument for the overthrow of that system, and the substitution in its stead of one which will put an end to the reign of capitalists as a class distinct from the labourers. Are the Messrs. Caslon & Co. gods, that they should presume to lord it over the very lives of 350 of their fellow creatures, to whom they decree slavery or death? Even so; at least, such is the real meaning of their acts, be their words what they may. This must be put an end to. Strikes may do something for the protection of the labourers, and Associations may do still more; but to ensure the salvation of the workers as a class, they must win the mastery of the state by the attainment of UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. Men of the

Trades! on you mainly depends whether the political serfdom and social slavery of your order is to continue. With your powerful co-operation the political enfranchisement of the working-classes would be an easy task, and social emancipation could not fail to be the issue. Reflect on my words. In the mean time, let me urge you to do your duty towards your struggling brothers, the typefounders.* Theirs is a good cause, and if supported by you, if aided as brothers should ever render aid to brothers, to Labour will be the victory!

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION.

In my article entitled "Chartism in 1850," published in the first No. of this paper, I expressed the opinion that all the different sections of Social Reformers should coalesce and form but one body, for the twofold purpose of agitating for the Charter, and of setting on foot an *effective* propaganda of social ideas. In compliance with the wishes of my democratic brethren of Newtown, in Wales,† I now recur to this subject, and shall discuss it as fully as my present limits will allow. In any proposed plan of action, two things must be considered,—the *object or end*, and the *means*. In my opinion, the object of all *real*, that is, of all Social Reformers,—and to such alone I speak—is *to improve the social condition of the producers*. The other classes of society, namely, the landlords, and moneylords, being much too well off already. I apprehend, therefore, that all questions of Social Reform necessarily relate to the promotion of the physical and moral well being of the veritable People; and that, the desire of extending the social advantages hitherto enjoyed by two privileged castes—to the bulk of the nation, hitherto treated as the outcasts of civilization, is the distinguishing characteristic of *real* as opposed to *sham* reformers. "Every revolution which is not made with a view of *profoundly ameliorating the condition of the People*, is merely a crime succeeding another crime." And in this sentiment of the illustrious Robespierre I heartily agree. Here the question—*Why* we demand such an amelioration? suggests itself. I point to the Rights of Man. *These* are the answer to this question. The Rights of one human being are precisely the same as the Rights of another human being, *in virtue of their common nature*. This natural equality is not affected by the natural inequality of physical wants and mental capacity, obtaining between the different individuals belonging to the same species. One man, for example, requires twice as much food as another does; yet the large and the small eater have the same natural Right of satisfying their animal wants, and the question of *Right* has no connection whatever with the question of *capacity*. The same rule holds in the intellectual world. One man has the mental power of making discoveries in Science, or of assimilating and digesting the contents of whole libraries; another is so stupid that he can scarcely understand the simplest argument. Yet that is no reason why the latter should be prevented from exercising the Right of satisfying his smaller intellectual wants; he has the same natural right of doing so, that the man of large mental wants has. The law of Equality—which is one of the primitive and inalienable Rights of Man—or rather, it is the all-sustaining groundwork, or substratum, which supports the whole system of human rights and duties,—the law of *Equality* is but another term for the law of *Proportion*. "To every one according to his wants, and from every one according to his powers," that is the law of the new social arrangements we desire to bring about. The next question which arises is,—Of

* We are informed that communications for the Typefounders' Committee may be addressed to the George Inn, Foster's-buildings, Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, London.

† Expressed in No. 6, of the "Red Republican."

what nature are the arrangements which would express and embody such a law? And here I come to the conflicting theories of the different sections of Social Reformers. Now, it will be necessary to find some common ground upon which they can all meet. I take it for granted they are all agreed as to the principle of Equality—that they admit all human beings have a *Right* to the *equal* development and satisfaction of their *unequal* faculties and wants. But of what consequence to me is this *Right*, if society does not give me the *power* of exercising it? I can exercise it only in as far as I have *free access to the instruments of labour, to Land and Capital*.

These are the conditions of my animal existence, and consequently of my mental growth also. Land and Capital, therefore, are *national*, not individual property. Further, I take it for granted, that all sections of Social Reformers are agreed on the necessity of a *radical change* in the existing system of unlimited competition; seeing that, the practical effect of this system has been to plunge the British producers into depths of misery and degradation, unsurpassed in the annals of any people. But a *radical change* can only be effected by substituting the principle of *Association* for that of *Competition*, because any measure short of this would be *surface work*, and would leave the root of our social evils untouched. It appears to me, therefore, that the two propositions,—

I. The soil and capital are collective property;

II. These instruments of labour being common to *All*, should be used for the benefit of *All*, that is, used on the principles of *Association* and *Universal Solidarity*;

Are propositions resulting from the natural and unalienable Rights of Man, and are common ground upon which all sections of Social Reformers can meet. Many important consequences, into which my limits do not allow me to enter, but which have been fully developed in the works of the Continental Socialists, are derivable from these two fundamental propositions. For example, education is gratuitous and obligatory. Justice is administered gratuitously. The State supports such citizens as are incapable of work, through old age or disease, and this support is not a *charity*, it is a *right*. Private banks are to be abolished, and replaced by a single National bank. Indirect taxation is to be abolished, and succeeded by a single direct tax. Usury will be abolished, and replaced by a system of gratuitous National credit. Paper will be substituted for the present metallic currency, and so forth.

If from the consideration of the *object of the Social Reformers*, I pass onwards to the consideration of the *means* requisite for its attainment, I find these means are comprised in the two words, *Democratic Organization*, which form the title of the present article. By this organization, I understand a fusion of all the different sections of Social Reformers, (whether Owenites, National Reform Leaguers, Fraternal Democrats, Red Republicans, Socialists, or Chartists,) into *one whole*; having a common fund for the purpose of carrying on a Propaganda of Social Ideas, and having their affairs conducted by a Council, *resident in London*, and elected annually, or oftener, by all the members of this organised democratic body. The elements necessary for the execution of this plan exist, though in a scattered state, but it is possible, I think, to combine them. Some of the Welsh brethren agree with me in thinking it is highly necessary to do so forthwith. Because, *united* we may accomplish much; but by *isolated, unconnected* efforts we shall assuredly fail in accomplishing anything except a waste of precious money and still more precious time. I have indicated the ground on which it appears that all *real* reformers can meet, and the principles from which they may start in working together for their common end,—the *emancipation of the Wages-Slaves, the abolition of the Proletariat*. So thoroughly am I persuaded of the correctness of what is here advanced, that I call no

man a real reformer who does not start from these two fundamental propositions, (the corollaries to the universal Truth of human equality) namely:—Property is a Social, not an individual, Right; property ought to be used according to principles which ensure the participation of *all* in its advantages. I call no man a real reformer who does not accept all the consequences which legitimately follow from the above propositions, and who is not prepared to do what he can to ensure the practical and immediate application of these consequences. Anything short of this is *fudge*, because it will leave the question of *Social Misery* just where it was before. As preliminary steps towards this more effective organisation of the democratic interest, I would suggest, that a Conference of the Proletarian leaders be held in London forthwith, for the purpose of drawing up a plan or programme of Social Reform upon *Red Republican principles*; that, this plan should be sent to all the various provincial localities where Chartists, Socialists, or Red Republicans exist; and that, they should be required to forward their opinions upon it, *within a given time*, to this Conference, or to a Committee appointed by them, and having the power of making such alterations in the plan as might be deemed advisable. Such a programme once adopted, might be made the basis of the new Social Propaganda; its various articles would be so many Red Republican texts, from which to preach the Gospel of Socialist-Democracy to the people. I repeat, an extensive Social propaganda is highly necessary; we must not only try to place political power in the hands of the people, we must teach them *how to use it when they have it*. Imagine for a moment, what would be the consequences of Universal Suffrage in the agricultural districts, if the squire and the parson were to continue to lead the agricultural population by the nose!

Another reason, and—as I think—an urgent one, for taking steps *immediately* towards combining the scattered elements of democracy into a whole, is the necessity of opposing the designs of the Parliamentary and Financial Reformers. Try these gentlemen by the test of giving the people a share in their own privileges—for example, *in the franchise*, and you will see whether they are the people's friends or not. The close of the session is near, and there can be no doubt that Messrs. Walsley, Cobden, Bright, and Co., will then commence a crusade, *among the working classes*, in favour of their own peculiar plans and projects. The Middle-Class leaders have twice led the Proletarians by the nose, *viz.*:—in the Reform Bill and the League agitations; measures, which by increasing the power of the monied interest—of the mill-owners and shopocrats—have actually made the condition of the producers *worse* instead of better. These little charter gentry will try it on a third time; and there is no chance of making head against them, unless by the *united action of the whole* Ultra-Democratic interest brought to bear upon one point. I earnestly beseech the readers of the RED REPUBLICAN to give this matter their most serious consideration; and, if they approve of the line of action indicated above, let them urge it upon the London Democracy, either through the medium of this paper, or by direct application to the Executive Council of the National Charter Association. Perhaps, my proletarian brothers, you will think I have spoken *dogmatically* upon this topic. It is earnestness in the good cause, and no desire of thrusting my private opinions upon others, that has induced me to write as above. I know that the opinions, on practical subjects of one whose training has chiefly been among books and literature, are of little value compared with the opinions of men amongst you, whose education has been one continuous battle with the stern realities of life. If, therefore, my judgment of these things be mistaken, let my heartfelt devotion to *your cause*, plead with you in my behalf.

HOWARD MORTON.

What is arbitrary power? The seed of calamities, that sown in the bosom of a state, springs up to bear the fruit of misery and devastation.—*Helvetius*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.
Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."
Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."
Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

J. Cameron, Glasgow, 1s.; J. Cameron, Hulme, 1s.; Geo. Gill, 6d.; W. B. Rochester, 6d.; H. Garrett, 6d.; F. Garrett, 6d.; H. Garrett, 6d.; C. Tapral, 6d.; J. Moody, 6d.; R. L. B., 1s.

POLISH REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received and paid over to Colonel Oborski, Member of the Polish Committee, the following sums: A. and H. T. Holyoake, 2s. 6d.; J. Pallett, 1s. 7d.

Mr. J. J. BEZER.—This sterling democrat who suffered nearly two years, incarceration in Newgate, for advocating the principles of the People's Charter, is about to take a tour through the country, and proposes to deliver lectures in all the principal towns. The sufferings of himself and fellow-victims in prison,—the principles of democratic and social reform, and the united organization of democratic and social reformers to obtain the Charter, will form the leading topics of Mr. Bezer's lectures. He will commence his tour at Northampton, where he will lecture on Monday, the 19th of August. After which he will visit Leicester, Loughborough, Derby, Nottingham and Sutton-in-Ashfield. He will then visit Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and the Border Counties. For the present, communications for Mr. Bezer, may be addressed to the care of the Editor of the "Red Republican." Mr. Bezer deserves, and we doubt not will receive a hearty welcome from the "Reds," in all parts of England.

J. CAMERON, Glasgow, and H. CAMERON, Hulme.—Thanks to the Cameron clan.

ROCHESTER.—W. B. writes as follows:—
"SIR,—I have taken the liberty of troubling you regarding a circumstance which does not appear to be confined to myself, I mean the uncertainty of obtaining the 'Red' regularly. A correspondent expresses a belief that there is a determination to *burke* the Periodical. Now like yourself, I am slow to share such belief, yet if 'tis not so, 'tis passing strange that *London Journals*, *Family Herald*, and such like stuff, can be had by dozens long before date, while I have to send repeatedly to hear the disheartening reply, 'not come yet.' I frequently get two to make sure of one. I have taken two *Democratic Reviews* ever since they have been out, but I have not yet received the August number from my regular Agent; 'tis true I got one at another shop, but that is not the thing. I am of punctual habits, and I like to have my papers at the proper time. Now in a parson-ridden, bigotted, and party-riven town like Rochester, where the circulation of Democratic Works is very small, I must take my chance, but I would suggest the propriety of making arrangements for a more punctual supply in large cities and towns where the name of democrat is *legion*. 'Tis better to be feared than despised. The 'Red Republican' is feared! and that is a sure sign of success. The existing class of booksellers and newsagents fear the aristocracy and hate the democracy, consequently they make no effort to push the good and democratic works, but on the contrary, keep them back. In Rochester, a corrupt and oppressive Corporation have made the place 'rotten to the core,' while the cathedral sends forth a shoal of parsons to spread gloom and bigotry wherever their black bodies (with blacker hearts) penetrate. Chatham is ridden over with Government establishments (? it is not surprising, therefore, that the democrats are few in these towns, yet there are some good and true, unfortunately, they are in the grip of the money-mongers. But there is an end to all things, so will there be to tyranny.

Your ardent admirer,

W. B."

"P.S.—I have enclosed a trifle in aid of the good work."
* * We can assure our friend that the "Red Republican" is published in accordance with the notice in another column,—every Monday, at 12 o'clock, at noon.

J. Wilson, Manchester.—Before the receipt of your letter, we had determined to act on the suggestion contained therein. A notice in another column, will inform you that the "Red Republican" will be henceforth published in Monthly parts, as well as weekly numbers. Part I. is now ready. Part II. will be ready with the magazines for September.

W. WINTERHEAD, (Braco, Perthshire,) writes as follows:—
"Brother Democrat.—Enclosed you will receive a post-office order for 4s., to assist in the establishment of the *Red Republican*. You have my best wishes for its triumphant success. In case of a pinch, reckon upon my help in a pecuniary point of view, and in every other sense that it may be in my power to assist in your patriotic enterprise."

NORTHUMBERLAND and DURHAM.—The Secretaries, or active Chartists in Darlington, Stockton, Middlesborough, Wingate Grange, and all other places in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, are requested to forward their addresses to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Secretary, John Brown, care of Mary Brown, 3, Harrison Property, Stepney Bank, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

* * The Editor is not able to state at present, when it will be in his power to visit Newcastle.

POETRY.—The contributions of Siccius, and W. Highley are respectfully declined.

"A RED 'UN," who spoke to the editor at Blackstone Edge, is again requested to send the particulars, his name included, relative to his contribution for the Polish Refugees.

LECTURES.—We understand that Mr. W. W. Broom, the talented lecturer, is delivering a series of discourses on subjects of great interest to political and social Reformers every Wednesday evening, at Fall's Coffee House, 60, Red-cross Street, Barbican.

"AN ADMIRER OF BEM AND DEMBINSKI."—We have not heard anything of Bem, since the contradiction to the rumour of his death. A letter from Broussa states, that "the Turkish Government, obeying the wishes of the Russian and Austrian Governments, had ordered General Dembinski to be removed from Broussa to Kutahya, where Kossuth and his companions in exile are confined."

"REPUBLIC AND ROYALTY IN ITALY."—Up to the time of going to press, the continuation of the translation of this work has not come to hand.

LEDRU ROLLIN'S "DECLINE OF ENGLAND."—The Review of this work will be resumed in a future number.

"A RED."—You are in error in supposing that Louis Blanc ever had any relations with the Imperial Special Constable. They once met, under the circumstances described, in the following extract from Louis Blanc's "Historic Pages from the Revolution of February:—"

"When Louis Bonaparte published his 'Idées Napoléoniennes,' I was principal editor of the 'Revue du Progrès,' and I strongly denounced the imperial pretensions of the author, in an article that was afterwards re-printed. But after the affair of Boulogne, I was struck with the baseness with which those who would have fallen down before the conqueror now began to insult the vanquished. I alone of all the press, I believe, recalled his abusers to a sense of shame and dignity. The prisoner—he has just signed the order for my appearing at the High Court of Bourges—had been himself brought before the High Court of that period, the Chamber of Peers; on which occasion I expressed myself strongly against the principle of special jurisdictions for political offences. I had never had any communication with Louis Bonaparte; but when confined in the fortress of Ham he expressed a wish to see me. It was the request of an unfortunate man, and a prisoner: I went to Ham. I found him still dreaming of the imperial star, and conceiving no higher idea of patriotism than the worship of a name. He approved of Universal Suffrage, on account of what he expected from it; he considered the establishment of the republic impossible. I pointed out to him the littleness of his ambition; that his uncle's work was accomplished; that history was ever changing its aspect and never repeated itself; that the chief object of the people of the 19th century was not to make themselves soldiers, but to cease to be Proletarians; that a republic was inevitable, nay imminent. I pressed him earnestly to follow the advice of Armand Carrel, to unite himself to the greatest minds of the day by publishing the declaration 'I am a Republican.' My frankness seemed to affect him; he embraced me with tears in his eyes. He has since been compelled to say, 'I am a Republican; but does he fully understand the meaning, bearing, and nobleness of the term?'"

G. SMITH, Salford, and R. P. P.—Your letters are in type, and, if possible, shall appear in our next number.

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest
(Continued from No. 7 of the Red Republican.)

"5. That, as it is the recognised duty of the State to support all those of its subjects who, from incapacity or misfortune, are unable to procure their own subsistence; and as the nationalisation of landed property would open up new sources of occupation for the now surplus industry of the people (a surplus which is daily augmented by the accumulation of machinery in the hands of the capitalists), the same principle which now sanctions a public provision for the destitute poor, should be extended to the providing a sound system of National Credit, through which any man might (under certain conditions,) procure an advance from the national funds arising out of the proceeds of public property, and thereby be enabled to rent and cultivate land on his own account, instead of being subjected, as now, to the injustice and tyranny of wages-slavery (through which capitalists and profiters are enabled to defraud him of his fair recompense,) or being induced to become a hired slaughterer of his fellow-creatures at the bidding of godless diplomatists; enabling them to foment and prosecute international wars, and trample on popular rights, for the exclusive advantage of aristocratic and 'vested interests.' The same privilege of obtaining a share in the national credit to be applicable to the requirements of individuals, companies, and communities in all other branches of useful industry, as well as in agriculture."

You say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree,
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me,
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood,
Is but a glittering and fallacious good
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is filled with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

Finding a demand for the "RED REPUBLICAN," in the shape of *Monthly Parts*, we have to announce that PART ONE, containing five numbers, in a handsome wrapper, price 6d., is now ready for delivery to the Trado. PART TWO will be ready with the Magazines for September.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every *Monday*, at twelve o'clock at noon.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

THE PEEL MONUMENT.

EXPOSURE OF A GANG OF "ARTFUL DODGERS."

THE London Democrats deserve the thanks of the Democracy generally, for the good service they have rendered to the cause of Truth and Justice in protesting against that precious piece of humbug, the so-called "Working Man's Memorial to Sir R. Peel." No circumstance within our recollection has been to us so disgusting as the attempt of certain professing Chartists and middle-class liberals to exhibit the late member for Tamworth in the light of a "working man's friend." In the name of common honesty, when was it that "the great Statesman" gave evidence of caring for the rights and interests of the Working Classes? During upwards of forty years he was amongst the foremost of the avowed and unyielding enemies of the veritable people; and let it never be forgotten, that, both as a member of Parliament, and an underling of Castle-reagh and Co., he participated in all the enormities of the regency and reign of—

"The Fourth of the Fools and Oppressors called George."

As long as there was a chance of upholding landlord supremacy he was the unwearied champion of the "landed interest;" and when in the course of events a rival power acquired strength sufficient to battle with and beat the degenerated oligarchy, Peel transferred his allegiance to the "commercial interest." His Free Trade measures were conceived and carried out only with the view of benefiting the rising monied power. To pretend that he cared one doit for the interests of the working-classes, or had an eye to their wel-

fare is the grossest hypocrisy on the part of those who make the pretence. In 1819 he was of the gang of high-flying Tory scoundrels, who, with that bloated mass of walking wickedness the then Prince Regent—afterwards "Fum the Fourth"—dared to express thanks to the Peterloo Butchers—the perpetrators of the Manchester Massacre. In 1848, Russell was not more forward in proposing, than was Peel in supporting the tyrannical measures and damnable policy enacted and acted upon to crush the movement for Proletarian emancipation. He never missed an opportunity, whether in or out of office, to championize every "Coercion Bill" and "Arms Bill" devised to keep the unhappy people of Ireland under the sway of the sword. Up to the last hour of his life he was the determined opponent of every measure and every movement intended to arm the working-classes with the power to redress their grievances, and right their wrongs. He was not a cruel man by nature, on the contrary, his private acts testified loudly as to the natural generosity and amiability of his character, but as a politician he would have hesitated at no means to keep the working classes in slavery. In '39, in '42, and '48 he showed as much alacrity as the most ruthless of the people's enemies in conspiring to crush the Chartists by physical force; and rather than have yielded to their demands, he would have gone heart and hand with Wellington, Stanley, Russell, Graham and Co. in drowning popular disaffection in a Red Sea of slaughter. Yet charlatans spouting *liberalism*, and impostors masquerading in the character of "Reformers," have the unblushing impudence to sing the praises of this foe to Democracy as the "People's Friend," and the brazen-faced audacity to call upon the plundered proletarians to subscribe their pence to raise a "Working Man's Memorial" to their "benefactor" (?)

"The 'Saviour of the People,' not yet saved!"

It is long since an act was done by the Chartists so worthy of applause, as the part taken by a few of them in damning the performance of those precious actors, Cobden, Bright, Walmsley, "Old Joe," and Co. Mark! the great mass of the London democrats knew nothing of the meeting, and others who did know of it, considered the whole affair beneath their notice. But for these two causes, the Chartist portion of the audience would have had an overwhelming majority; and, in that case, the leading performers would have found themselves in a pretty fix. While expressing our hearty thanks to Messrs. O'Brien and (Walter) Cooper, we must do justice to John Milne, the Proletarian, who boldly led the van on the Chartist side, and encountered personal violence at the hands of the ruffianly Peelers, and their shopocratical abettors. In the *Times* report, John Milne is represented as the "type of a pot-house orator, who gesticulated with a vehemence which must have flowed largely from the influence of beer." We tell the "suck-mug scamp," (as Cobbett would have termed him) who penned the libel we have just copied, that John Milne is a credit to his order—a man of intelligence, incorruptibility, and moral worth; a man who has a conscience, and a love of principle, utterly incompatible with the duties of the reporting tribe; a man who en-

joys the confidence of his political associates, the respect of his own class, and the esteem of all who know him. The conveners of the meeting specially invited the attendance of the working classes, yet when a veritable working man essayed to express his honest sentiments, he was not merely clamoured down, but absolutely dragged from the platform by those blue-coated bludgeoners who seem to have been specially ordained to perpetuate the memory of their founder, "the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel." What need of any other monument, while these perambulating Peelers grace (?) the streets of the metropolis? The *liberals* try to make it appear that the Chartists were the authors of the disturbance, which so signally characterised the meeting. They lie. It was only after the ruffianly treatment experienced by John Milne, and because of the continued and systematic efforts of the profit-mongers to drown the voice of the succeeding democratic speakers, that the Chartists refused to listen to Walmsley, and treated the rest of the gang as they deserved. Sir Joshua has only had a foretaste of what he may look for, should he persevere in his dirty intrigues against the Chartists, and his nefarious attempts to humbug and mislead the working classes.

The *bourgeois* mode of conducting public meetings must be reformed. As long as the Proletarians are content to play the part of *dupes*, and attend meetings merely to applaud the "unadorned eloquence" of Cobden, Bright, Walmsley and Co., all is well; but the moment earnest and honest men attempt to exercise the right of free discussion, the "gents" immediately have recourse to both (im) moral and physical force—clamour, and the Peelers, to stifle the voices of the people's true friends. The remedy is simple enough. The Democrats must shake off their apathy, attend all public meetings convened for professedly popular purposes, and by their numbers command a fair hearing for the advocates of democratic and social rights. That course will bring the genteel "Reformers" to their senses, and compel them either to act justly in the face of the public, or otherwise take refuge in "ticket" and hole-and-corner meetings, in which they will not be able to do any good for themselves, nor any mischief to the working classes.

THE "IRISHMAN."

JUST as we were going to press with this number of the *Red Republican* we received No. 1. of the new series of that excellent journal, the *Irishman*. Although somewhat smaller in size, in all other respects it is evident that the new series will fully equal—it would be impossible to excel—the old. The leading editorial article, headed "Ireland—The 'Irishman'—Our Vision," is a master-piece of democratic eloquence, an appeal that "stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet." The first of a series of articles on "Democracy" will also command the approbation of every earnest democrat. There is an excellent review of "The Nun of Monza—translated from the Italian of Giovanni Rosini." The Poetry, too, is admirable; we give a specimen in our last page. We have not room for extracts from the editorial articles. This, we the less regret, as we trust that every reader of the *Red Republican* will be also a reader and supporter of the *Irishman*.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

V.

CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

"The constitution of Ohio forbids cruel and unusual punishments, and contain the following noble sentiment:—

"All penalties shall be proportioned to the nature of the offence. No wise legislature will affix the same punishment to the crime of theft, forgery, and the like, which they do to murder and treason. When the same undistinguished severity is exerted against all offences, the people are led to forget the real distinction in the crimes themselves, and to commit the most flagrant with as little compunction as they do the slightest offences. For the same reasons, a multitude of sanguinary laws are both impolitic and unjust, the true design of all punishment being to reform, not to exterminate mankind."

"Compare this with the sanguinary code of England at the same period, the year 1802, and behold how far the American democrats of those days were in advance of the English legislature. Until American example had shamed the English parliament, the British criminal laws were perfectly brutal. Hundreds of human beings were executed for petty offences, and a score might be seen hanging at one time. Women were capitally punished for stealing a yard or two of ribbon—children for felony—and even North American Indian barbarities were rivalled, and in some instances surpassed, by Christian Englishmen in what was called the administration of justice.

"Before the act 54 Geo. III., a traitor was condemned to be disembowelled, after being hanged for a time, and cut down alive; and by the present law the body is to be mangled and cut to pieces. Murderers were, a few years since, hanged in chains until their flesh rotted and their bones whitened in the sun. Women convicted of *petit treason*—i. e. the murder of a husband or master—were, before the Act 30 Geo. III., burnt alive. This was English christian humanity—these were the means resorted to for inspiring "the vulgar herd" with "wholesome terror." Despotism is always cruel, because it is always cowardly.

"But, to proceed with the provisions of the constitution of Ohio. It is declared that no *ex post facto* law, nor any law impairing the validity of contracts, shall ever be made; that the people have a right to assemble together in a peaceable manner to consult for the common good; that the people have a right to bear arms; that no hereditary emoluments, privileges, or honours shall ever be granted or conferred.

"There are various other provisions in the constitution of Ohio which it is unnecessary here to detail.

"A government which does not emanate from the people is compelled to preserve its authority by withholding the most important rights from the people, especially the right of bearing arms and acquiring skill in their use; and also the fundamental right of meeting together, and freely discussing the acts of their rulers. A settled democratic government is never afraid of the people, because it is the people's government; the persons composing the dissatisfied minority know that they may soon be the majority. In a democracy, therefore, the people are the defenders of the country, and not a few mercenaries; there is no fear of public meetings or processions, no jealousy of the people being armed, no apprehension of evil consequences from disaffection being excited by speeches or discussions."

Comparison between the Constitution of the State of Ohio and the Constitutions of the other States.

"We have more than once mentioned the fact that the constitutions of the different States do not correspond with each other; but all are republican

and anti-aristocratic. In all of them the great mass of the people are the recognised source of all power. The principal difference will be found between the constitutions of the free and slave States. In the latter, for example, laws exist to prevent discussion on the subject of slavery. Slave-holding needs seditious laws for its support, like those of England.

"In all the States the power of the legislature is limited, and there are provisions similar to those in the constitution of Ohio, guaranteeing and preserving fundamental rights of the citizens. In all the States, with the exception of Virginia, all the male white citizens of twenty-one years of age, who are tax-payers, are the electors of the representatives in the State and federal legislatures. In most of the States the electors are not required to be tax-payers, but a simple residence in the State for a certain period is sufficient to confer the franchise. In Virginia, to be an elector, a man must be a freeholder, householder, and tax-payer; but these restrictions will not last much longer.

"Within the last few years amendments have been made in several of the old constitutions, whereby they have been made more democratic. This has been the case in New Jersey, Rhode Island, and New York. New Jersey formed a new constitution in 1844, New York in 1846, and all the new States have sound democratic constitutions. Generally speaking, the representatives of the people, whether in the State legislature or in congress, are not required to possess any property qualification. There are, however, a few exceptions to this rule. The representatives of North Carolina in congress are required to own 100 acres of land; those of South Carolina are required to own a freehold estate of the value of £150; those of Georgia, a like estate of the value of £50; those of New Hampshire to be worth £100; those of Louisiana to own a real estate worth £100; those of Massachusetts the same, or £200 of other property. In the same States, the senators in congress and the governors are required to possess a somewhat larger qualification. But in every instance the amount of property which the representative is required to own is so small, that very little, if any, practical effect is produced by the restriction. The principle, however, of a property qualification is expressly repudiated in all the constitutions that have been formed within the last half century. As an example of one of the modern constitutions, we will presently take that of New York, formed in the year 1846; but before doing so will say a few words about the judiciary systems of the various States, and some other matters.

"In some of the States the judges are appointed by the legislature; in others by the governor; in others by the governor and upper branch of the State legislature; in others by the governor and his council. In some States the superior judges are appointed for life; in others for five, six, or seven years, or some other short period. In most of the States the justices of the peace are elected by the people, but in some of them they are appointed by the governor, &c. By the more modern constitutions it is provided that all the judges shall be periodically elected by the people.

"In all the thirty Republics, there are two legislative bodies, for the reasons before mentioned.

"The executives of the various States are all periodically elected. There is no governor appointed for any period longer than four years. There is no established church in any of the States.

"In some of the States, the governor exercises considerable power, dispenses a great deal of patronage, and has the right to refuse his assent to any proposed law. But this *veto* is only suspensive, so that if the legislature persist in voting for the new law by a large majority, usually two-thirds, the governor's objections are unavailing.

(To be continued.)

He that boasteth of his ancestors confesseth he hath no virtue of his own. No other person hath lived for our honour; nor ought that to be reputed ours, which was long before we had a being. For what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parents had good eyes? Can he see the better?—*Charron*.

Reviews.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

August.

In spite of its truculent Toryism, there is a raciness about this magazine, which renders it, in our estimation, worth any dozen of the milk-and-water mock liberal periodicals. We cannot say there is anything very striking in the number under notice. The only political article, is on that not very attractive question—Free Trade; while the works reviewed are not of a very interesting order—excepting, perhaps, Ledru Rollin's "Decline of England."

The article on "Free Trade and our Cotton Manufactures," is devoted to showing, that even our manufacturing and commercial classes have not realised the prosperity predicted by the Leaguers. In our limited space it is quite impossible to re-produce the arguments and elaborate statistical statements of the writer. We will confine ourselves to two extracts.

The Free Traders predicted that their theory, once adopted in this country, all other nations would hasten to imitate our example. The United States, it was expected, would take the lead. Since the passing of our free-trade measures, a protectionist President (the late General Taylor) has been elected, and Mr. Bancroft, the free-trader, has been superseded in the post of ambassador to this country by Mr. Lawrence, "a gentleman of large property, entirely amassed through American manufactures of cotton, who still retains a large property in America invested in mills and machinery, and who consequently is a thorough-going protectionist."

The writer in "Blackwood," goes on to quote from a message by the late President Taylor, recommending an increase of duties on foreign imports. A message which was followed up by the manifesto of Mr. Merideth, (late) Secretary to the Treasury, who asserted that "the banks of the Mississippi ought to be the only great manufacturing district in the world, and New Orleans the only port for cotton manufactures." It is true that the free-traders console themselves with the belief, or by affecting to believe, that the southern States are all for Free-trade, and will not submit to a system of protection, for the exclusive benefit of the north. On this the writer in "Blackwood" observes as follows:

"If there was any truth in the statement that the interests of the northern and southern States were conflicting, Free Trade might still have a glimmering of hope that eventually the southern party might gain the ascendancy; but the large number of mills which are being built in the south and west, makes it already a matter of joint interest between them and the inhabitants of New England and Pennsylvania, that the protective duties must be continued, if not increased. The *Savannah* (Georgia) *Republican*, of May 1, says—'It has been estimated that there are now in operation in Georgia forty cotton mills, employing 60,000 spindles, and consuming 45,000 bales of cotton annually. In this estimate, which seems below the mark, no calculation is made of our paper mills, bucket factories, iron establishments, flouring mills, &c. In Tennessee, it has been reported to the secretary of the treasury, that there are thirty factories, employing 36,000 spindles. In South Carolina, the Hon. Wm. Gregg says there are sixteen factories, containing 60,000 spindles, and about 700 looms, consuming 15,000 bales of cotton per annum. He estimates the capital invested in

these establishments about 1,000,000 dollars; and the number of operatives they give employment to at 1,600. There are in Alabama twelve factories, with a capital of 500,000 dollars, containing 12,580 spindles, and 300 looms, consuming about 5,560 bales of cotton annually. It is said, that machinery for others is contracted for, sufficient to make the number of spindles about 20,000, and the looms 500. Thus, we have in four States, *ninety-eight* manufactories of various descriptions of cotton goods, containing 140,000 spindles. There are, doubtless, many other cotton mills in the other southern States, which would swell the number somewhat. In addition to these, there are others growing up, not only in this State, but *everywhere else in the south*. We hazard but little in saying that, *at the end of the next five years*, there will be perhaps two hundred cotton factories in the southern States, consuming near 250,000 bales of cotton per annum, and giving employment to *twenty-five or thirty thousand operatives*. The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing from Philadelphia, says,—“In only four of the southern States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, there are at present 150 cotton mills;” and, he adds, that a large number will be found to have sprung up in the western States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana.

“Whatever may be the exact statistics of American manufactures, it is clear beyond all dispute that a large class has sprung up in the south and west whose interests, so far as British goods are concerned, are identical with those of northern States; and, when a differential duty, which, including freights and charges of all kinds, is not less than *thirty per cent.*, is complained of by the manufacturers as too small, and is recommended to be increased by the Government, what expectation can be entertained by any man of common sense, that our Free Trade will be reciprocated?”

“The descriptions of goods sent out to the States are principally fine shirtings and muslins, and the best prints—such articles as their own mills cannot produce, and which do not interfere, or but partially, with their own productions.”

On the question of wages in the manufacturing districts, the writer in “Blackwood” remarks—

“The manufacturing districts are pointed to, where wages are good and provisions cheap. Surely here, at least, the system works well. Let us see. A very large number of mills are employed in the manufacture of goods, suitable for India. There we have seen that Free Trade can claim nothing; we have still a large number of mills to deal with, employed in home-trade manufactures, but here there has been no reduction of wages. Mark that word *reduction*. Great stress is laid upon it. There has been no reduction of wages; consequently, you would suppose that the hands were obtaining the same amount of wages. Very far from it. They may be obtaining very much less; *for these mills are working short time*—and the hands being paid so much per piece, the amount paid for each piece remains unaltered, although the weaver may have only three pieces to make instead of five; and, consequently obtains so much less.”

It is a pity this article, otherwise so sensibly written, should be defaced by brutal thrusts at those whom the writer denominates “Italian cut-throats,” and “Hungarian rebels.” Again, the cloven foot of Toryism is exhibited, when the writer associates “Lynch law,” and “tobacco-chewing,” with the American Republic. “Words are things,” and the few words we have noticed serve to show how impassable is the gulf between democracy and despotism.

A very dull story is that entitled “Courtship in the Time of James the 1st.” The review of Ledru Rollin’s “Decline of England,” is not nearly so savage as we had looked for. The reviewer, with grave as-

surance, asserts that so far from the English Government being leagued with kings against freedom, it is just the reverse—it is “by far too liberal.” What next? The reviewer admits that, in the picture drawn of the domestic state of England—the dreadful struggles between capital and labour—“the rich always becoming richer, and the poor poorer,”—there is too much of truth, but he lays all the blame to Free-trade and Reform-bill legislation—wilfully oblivious to the misery that existed long before either the “League” or the “Bill” was heard tell of.

“A Family Feud,” is the title of a tale of German rural life, translated from the writings of Godfrey Kinkel, the professor at present suffering in a Prussian dungeon, under a sentence of imprisonment for life, for having been found in arms for the freedom of his fatherland. This tale is “distinguished by a vein of quiet humour, and by a good feeling and amiable tendency, which,” observes the sapient editor of “Blackwood,” “might hardly have been expected from a physical-force revolutionist;” as though physical-force royalists and reactionists monopolised “humour,” “good feeling,” and “amiable tendencies”!!! Passing over some fifty pages of exceedingly dry matter, we come to an attractive article on “African Sporting,” being a review of the adventures of Gordon Cumming, the lion hunter. We are sorry we cannot afford room for extracts. We quote the following stanzas from a poetical denunciation of the intended palace of the monster Exhibition for 1851:—

THE TEMPLE OF FOLLY.

‘Aye! hew them down on every side,
The brave old English trees;
Why should we seek a shelter now,
From native plants like these?
Why to the broad and aged elm,
A longer respite give,
Than to the myriad men at home,
Who know not how to live?’

Yes! hew the wood, and rear the pile,
Build up your foreign hive!
Let British industry be crushed,
And alien labour thrive.
Complete the work so well begun,
The task so wondrous wise;
Nor fear to lack, ere all be done,
A plenteous sacrifice.

The sacrifice of tears and woe,
And pain, and want, and toil,
From those who labour at the loom,
Or turn the British soil.

The sacrifice of wasted hearts,
At Mammon’s filthy shrine—
The sacrifice of homeless men,
Who die, and make no sign!

* * * * *
Send out your ships—you need them all,
Though not for cotton bales;
Go—drive the clansmen from the hills,
The peasant from the dales.
And send your bravest and your best,
In other lands to dwell;
Since naught but foreign work is prized,
In that they loved too well!

* * * * *
Down with the trees! for long enough,
They’ve stood in grandeur there;
The axe is laid unto the root—
Smite on, and do not spare.
For foreign shows our English wood,
Will furnish rafters rare;
Aye! roof them in! ‘tis stranger’s work—
Let English homes go bare.’

TAIT’S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. August. An article on “Sir Robert Peel” opens this month’s number of *Tait’s Magazine*. The article is nauseatingly laudatory “of the great (?) statesman.” Passing over “The Farmers and Protection”—the title is sufficient to scare us from the article—and a notice of the “Political and Literary Life of R. Plumer Ward,”—a political nobody, with a literary reputation to match, and of whom it is only necessary to state that he was the father of Ward, the some-time brazen-faced charlatan M.P. for Sheffield, now by the grace of Whiggery, governor—that is *butcher and flogger-general* of the Ionian Islands—a HAYNAU in a small way; we come to a readable sketch entitled “College Reminiscences,” full of exaggerations, but amusing nevertheless. Perhaps the most interesting paper in this number is the review of the memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. The article headed “The Debates on the Greek Question,” is a poor affair. That on “The Hungarian War,” is for the most part a repetition of an oft-told tale; it possesses, however, some value, helping, as it does, to throw further light on the treason of that eternally infamous traitor Georgy. In the poetry is included a translation of Beranger’s “King of Yvetot.”

We extract the following anecdote from the review of the memoirs of Dr. Chalmers:—

“While very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated himself under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. ‘Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated,’ said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest, from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts of the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty, as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, ‘Doctor,’ said the visitor, ‘I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way.’ At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping, among others—‘Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It’s too bad! it’s too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!’”

From the paper on “The Hungarian War,” we give the following extracts, relating to Georgy’s treachery:—

“After the retreat of the Austrian army, Georgy was strongly urged by Kossuth and by Dembinski, who had now arrived in Hungary, to march directly upon Vienna with his victorious troops. Certain it is that at this moment no adequate force could have been assembled to oppose him, and it is equally certain that he would have been heartily welcomed by a large party in the capital. It is more than probable that if Georgy had at this time listened to the opinions of his superiors, the independence of Hungary would have been secured. Instead, however, of directing his steps towards the Austrian capital, he marched upon Buda, which was still held by the Imperial troops, and closely invested that ancient seat of royalty. This was the first great error which Georgy committed.

After giving Georgy’s letter to Klapka, in which the traitor invited the governor of Comorn to follow his treacherous example, the writer in *Tait* observes—

"We much fear that this letter will go but a small way towards clearing the character of Georgy in the eyes of Europe. He tells us that the way to Transylvania was open to him; and it is scarcely necessary to add that, with the aid of the warlike natives of that mountain district, the war might have been prolonged indefinitely; or, at all events, until some terms had been made on behalf of his struggling countrymen. It would appear, however, from this letter, that hatred and jealousy of Bem and Dembinski, and above all, Kossuth—of every one, in short, who stood, or who might stand, in his way, was the pervading sentiment of his mind, when he penned it; Klapka and Francis Pulszky, both of whom were intimately acquainted with the ex-dictator, agree in thinking that in surrendering his army he was solely actuated by these unworthy motives. There is no doubt, however, that he is now in receipt of an Austrian pension in his retreat at Klagenfurt, and this circumstance will not tend to diminish the very common suspicion entertained of his premeditated treachery."

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN POLITICS, HISTORY, AND LITERATURE. Edited by G. JULIAN HARNEY. July—August.

THESE two numbers of the *Democratic Review* contain a number of articles of great interest to all true democrats. In addition to the elaborate review of "Palmerston's Policy," in the August number, copied into Nos. 7 and 8 of the *Red Republican*, we may single out as specially worthy of attentive perusal the articles on "Middle Class Intrigues," "The Building Trades," "The Roman Republic and its Calumniators," "The Italian Princes and the Italian People," and the letters from France and Germany. From the article on Italy, written by an English gentleman, who fought on the side of Italian freedom, we give the following extract:—

"The Sicilians, misled by the delusion that they would be recognised as an independent State by Great Britain, placed at their head a Provisional Government, in which the aristocratic influence predominated. Trusting in the promises of the British Foreign Secretary, they elected a king of his dictation. Their flag was immediately saluted by twenty-one discharges from British vessels-of-war. The people, lulled into security, did not take those measures necessary for their defence. Various manœuvres were put into practice, to prevent their being able to use all those means which were within their reach, while finally abandoned by their king-elect, and likewise by British diplomacy, as usual, they were handed over to the tender mercies of King Bomba, to be by him persecuted and massacred.

"How could it be otherwise? Princes and diplomatists, men without consciences, having been allowed to direct a revolution, guided it where it best suited their narrow views. All revolutions, which have been conducted by nobles, have ended in their merely securing for themselves certain aristocratic privileges, as was the case in England before the Reform Bill. The reform in England, in '32 was brought about by the shopkeepers—they secured for themselves the right of voting. A revolution to produce benefit to the people, must be conducted by the people, and by such as they can place reliance in, or the people will always be cajoled out of the fruit of their labour. It is to be hoped that in the approaching contest the people may profit by the past dearly-bought experience—that they may recollect how they have been betrayed by princes, nobles, and diplomatists—that they may always bear in mind that these men are the allies of the Jesuits, who never forget nor forgive. All nations must act for the general benefit of mankind, and not for local advantages or national aggrandisement. The despots, regardless of nationality, as-

sist each other against the people, having established for that purpose a League, which they blasphemously call "Holy." The immense armies which cover all Europe, are not directed against each other, but only against the people. Their device is "divide and conquer." Not only do they endeavour to provoke jealousy between the cities and provinces of Italy (and also of Germany), calling a native of Florence a foreigner when he is in Rome, and *vice versa*—but they continue to foment hatred between nations, exciting Germans against Hungarians, Hungarians against Italians, Italians against Poles, &c., &c. Let the people now have their League, which, with some greater show of reason, they can call "Holy."

Bentley's Miscellany.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*. August.

WE have glanced over these periodicals, but have found nothing in them calling for special comment. "The Ladder of Gold," in *Bentley's Miscellany*, is certainly a well-written novel; and Alfred Crowquill's sketch of the "Amusements of the People," contains some amusing anecdotes in connexion with the history of far-famed Vauxhall. A striking portrait of Brongham graces (?) this number. *Ainsworth's Magazine* opens, of course, with a continuation of one of the novels of its editor, reprinted from previous editions. There one under contribution at present is "The Lancashire Witches." Continuations of two historical romances, "The Confederates, or the Days of Margaret of Parma," and "Jacob Van der Ness," together with a paper on the American poet Longfellow, and an account of "A Visit to the Lakes," occupy the bulk of *Ainsworth* for August.

The Future: an Advocate of Social and Democratic Progress. August. London: Vickers, Holywell-street.

THIS is Number I of a new monthly penny periodical, started by the Working Printers' Association. It contains several well-written articles by "Terrigenous," "Maximilian," "Masaniello," and "Marat," significant signatures, calculated, we fear, to somewhat alarm Citizen Lechavalier and Co. The principles enunciated in this publication are of the right sort; and we cordially wish for "the Men of the Future," ample support on the part of the People of the Present.

THE DECADENCE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE FAMILIES.—What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and Edwards? and yet we find the great-great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler, at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that

"The aspiring blood of Lancaster"

had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilnot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloster, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton, of St. George's Hanover-square. The last male representative of the great Dukes of Buckingham, Roger Stafford, born at Malpas, in Cheshire, about the year 1572, was refused the inheritance of his family honours on account of his poverty, and sunk into utter obscurity.

MORMON WOMEN, it is said, have commenced dressing in pantaloons. It is not stated whether the men have undergone a corresponding change in their apparel.

NEVER believe that rank necessarily includes superiority whilst there is a single bad man near the throne; or, that the multitude are without dignity, whilst a solitary individual is to be found who proudly worships at reason's shrine.—*Zimmerman*.

Poetry for the People.

A RED REPUBLICAN LYRIC.

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm when trodden will turn,
But cowards, ye cringe to the deathfullest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn.
Then, torture oh, Tyrants! the spiritless drove,
Old England's helots will bear,
There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love
Nor shame in their death's despair.
For, our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white!
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night!

They were few, those grand, hero-hearts of old,
Who played the peerless part!
We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene gold,
Hath eaten out Hampden's heart.
With their faces to danger, like freemen they fought,
With their daring all heart and hand!
And the thunder-deed, followed the lightning-thought
When they stood, for their own good land—
Our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white!
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night!

The Tearless are drunk with our tears, have they driven
The god of the poor man mad?
For we weary of waiting the help of heaven,
And the battle goes still with the bad!
Oh! but death for death, and life for life,
It were better to take and give—
With hand to throat and knife to knife,
Then die out as thousands live!
For, our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white!
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night!

Rotten-ripe to be hearsed, are earth's long-accursed,
Why tarries the tyrants knell?
When the heart of one half the world doth burst,
To hurry them into hell!
We should not be living in darkness and dust,
And dying like slaves in the night,
But big with the might of the inward "must,"
We should battle for Freedom and Right.
For, our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white!
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night!

ARMAND CARREL.

WELCOME, BROTHER.

(From No. 1 of the New Series of "The Irishman.")

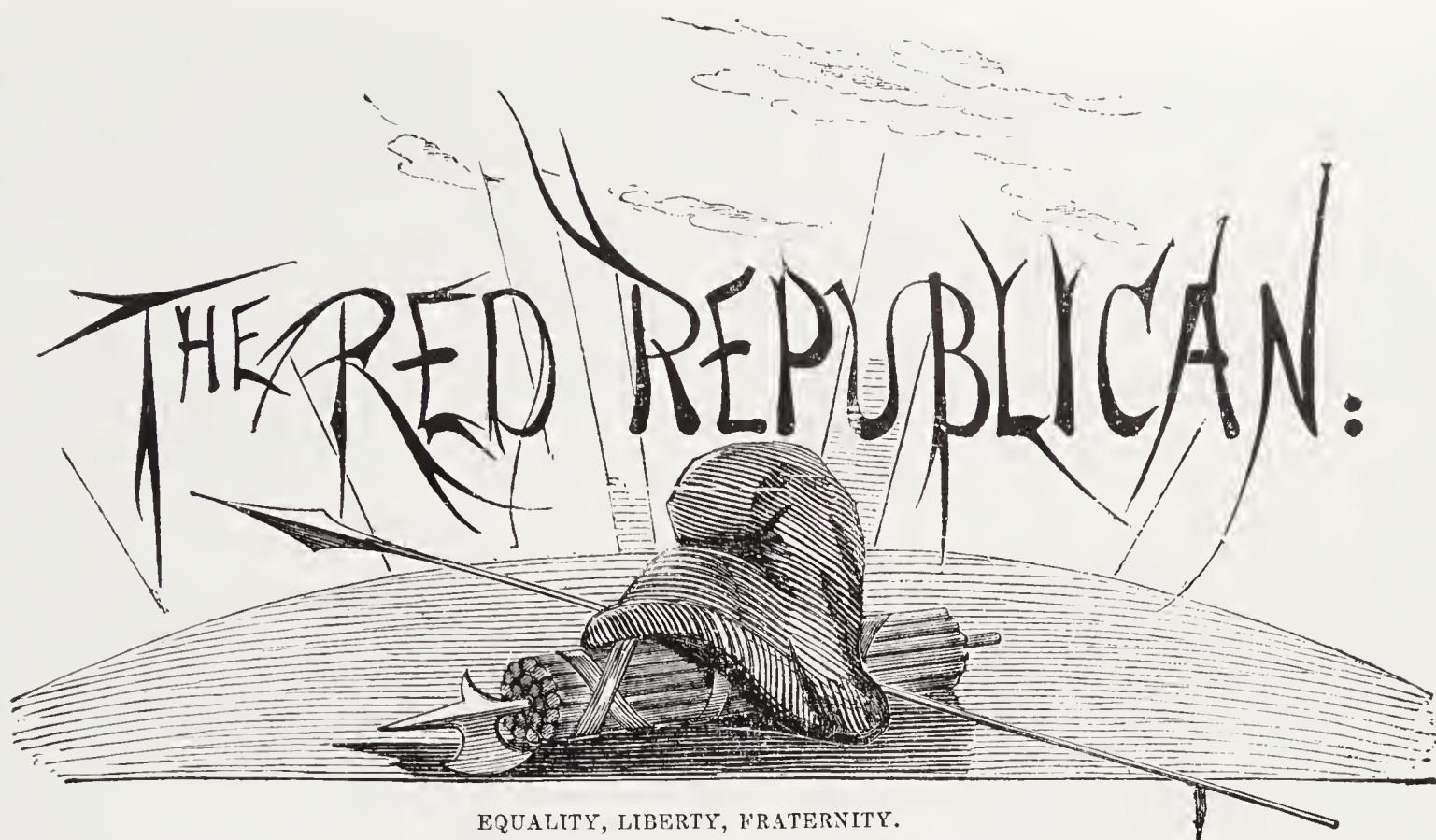
Welcome, brother, back again,
Welcome true man, to the true;
All that brother would for brother,
I would do for you.
See our ranks are closing faster,
Mark the manly front we bear;
Not a coward heart amongst us,
Therefore welcome, brother dear.
Ceade mille failte.

Welcome, brother—union never
More was wanted than 'tis now;
Have we not been tried and taunted
For our noble vow?
"Rashly taken," say the traitors
Misery holds no dallying here,
Up, up, up—we must be doing;
Therefore, welcome, brother dear,
Ceade mille failte.

"See" they say, "the idle knaves,
Worthless hinds—the chains they bear
Need no gilding—let the slaves
Lie in their despair."
But it shall not be my brother;
Be the future e're so drear,
We will struggle on to Freedom;
Therefore, welcome, brother dear,
Ceade mille failte.

Cast away all vile complaints;
Man will die, if hope be gone.
See the sun, he moveth ever—
Thus we labour on,
Though the clouds a while hang o'er us,
And the gloom of night appear,
Like the orb of day emerging,
Erin's fate—my brother dear,
Ceade mille failte.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 10.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

VII.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

HAS been described as "A Chart of the World in outline; for we sweep the Globe, and touch every shore!"

A proud vaunt, proclaiming at once the triumphs of Industry and of Conquest; the victories achieved at the cost of the sweat and blood of the Proletarians of these Islands.

Unequalled by rival states, unparalleled by even the mightiest empires of the ancient world—Assyrian, Persian, Greek, or Roman—how boundless the means, how inexhaustible the resources of national greatness and general prosperity!

It is true that the British Isles occupy but an insignificant portion of the earth's surface; but within even their sea-girt boundaries, Nature has lavished her blessings with a bounteous hand. Other lands may boast of kindlier skies, and an abundance, which demands of man but little more of labour than to put forth his hand, and take the fruits of the earth springing spontaneously for his sustenance and enjoyment; but we need not envy the children of the South, or the semi-savages of the tropics. The very labour necessary to ensure food to nourish, and raiment to protect, the bodies of the inhabitants of the British Isles, might be their chief source of happiness; for it is un-

questionable that those who live by moderate labour, accompanied by a reasonable use of physical comforts, most fully enjoy the charms of existence. Other countries may more abound in "corn, and wine, and oil;" but in no country on the face of the earth, excepting the United States, is there so great an abundance of the materials best calculated to enable a people to command a profusion of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life.

In their physical aspect, the British Isles present alternate scenes of fertility and grandeur. Landscape and mountain, forest, field, and flood, combine to rank these countries amongst the most beautiful in the world. Coal and iron give these islands a command of wealth vastly more important than the gold of California, or the precious stones of Golconda. The rivers, bays, and natural harbours, proclaim these islands to be pre-eminently fitted by Nature for the home of a great maritime people.

If we turn to the works of man, we shall find them not less worthy of pride. The canals in England and Wales measure 1,900 miles in length; in Scotland, 150 miles; and in Ireland, 250 miles.* The common roads in England and Wales measure 150,000 miles, of which 20,000 miles are turnpike roads. Scotland has of turnpike roads 3,500 miles. Of the extent of roads in Ireland, I am uninformd. The number of miles of railways already completed in the three countries exceeds 5,000 miles, on which has been expended at least £200,000,000, being an average of £40,000 per mile. Other lines are in course of formation, and

* This is Montgomery Martin's estimate; but the author of the "Popular Informant" computes the canal measurement in the "United Kingdom" at 3,200 miles.

others marked out to be hereafter made; and, doubtless within a few years, the present extent of railway will be doubled. At the present time, the receipts from passengers amount to £6,000,000, and from goods £4,500,000 annually.

The estimated value of land in the British Isles is £1,000,000,000. Estimated number of sheep, 50,000,000; cattle, 7,000,000; swine, 4,500,000; horses, 2,000,000. The capital employed on the land is believed to amount to £250,000,000. Annual value of agricultural produce, £230,000,000.

The number of tons of coals raised annually is from 30 to 35,000,000; and there is produced of iron, 1,000,000 tons; of copper, 20,000 tons; of tin, 5,000 tons; of lead, 50,000 tons; of salt, 200,000 tons, &c., &c. Great Britain alone yields three times as much coal, and nearly as much iron, as the whole world besides.

The value of fish caught annually amounts to between five and six millions sterling.

The estimated value of houses and buildings is £500,000,000; annual rental, £50,000,000.

Of cottons, £50,000,000 worth; woollens, £30,000,000; silk, £12,000,000; linens, £10,000,000; hardware and cutlery, £20,000,000; leather, £15,000,000, produced annually, sufficiently attest—without further troubling the reader with figures—the manufacturing wealth of this country. The total profit on manufactured articles is estimated at £130,000,000.

The declared value of produce exported amounts to about sixty millions sterling annually.

The mercantile navy exceeds 30,000 ships, (to say nothing of smaller craft,) the tonnage of which far exceeds that of France, Prussia, Holland, Denmark, and the United States

combined. The British sea-going steamers number upwards of 1,200, probably treble the number of all other countries put together.

At least £1,000,000,000 are invested in the public funds, banks, companies, &c.

The *annual income* of the *People* of what is commonly called "the United Kingdom," is estimated at FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS sterling.

Omitting very many items in the general account, I have rather indicated than described the wealth and resources of the British Isles.

Thus far I have spoken only of the British Isles, but I must now call attention to the possessions and colonies, which added to these islands constitute THE BRITISH EMPIRE; the largest empire in the whole world, and the most populous excepting, *perhaps*, the Chinese.

The British possessions are as follows:—In *Europe*: the Isle of Man, Jersey, Guernsey, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, Gozo, and the Ionian Islands. In *Asia*: Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Scinde, the North West provinces of Hindostan, and Ultra-Gangetic territories; Ceylon, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Labuan, and Hong-Kong; besides a host of tributary states too numerous to particularize. In *Africa*: the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Mauritius, Seychelles, Aden, Sierra Leone, Gambia, Cape Coast Castle, St. Helena, Ascension, &c. In *North America*: the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, Labrador, the Hudson's Bay territories, and Vancouver's Island. In *South America*: Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, Honduras, and the Falkland Islands. In the *West Indies*: Jamaica, Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbadoes, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Anguilla, Tortola, Virgin Islands, the Bahamas and Bermudas. In *Australia*: New South Wales, and Port Phillip, Western Australia, South Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand. The area of these dominions is estimated to measure upwards of 8,600,000 square miles, and the populations to number upwards of 136,000,000 of human beings.

The possessions above enumerated cover an extent of the earth's surface seventy-four times larger than the British Isles, and the population amounts to five times the number of the inhabitants of "the United Kingdom."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE, including the British Isles, extends over nearly eight millions and three quarters of square miles; and (including the inhabitants of the sovereign islands) contains a population of one hundred and sixty-four millions. It is nearly one-eighth larger than the Russian empire, and its population equals the united inhabitants of Russia, Austria, France, Prussia, Spain, and Holland.

I must not omit to add that for the protection of this empire (and for certain other work which will be noticed in due time) there is maintained a military force—including the Anglo-Indian army, marines, and colonial corps—of 300,000 men. This does not include the police, yeomanry, cavalry, dock-yard battalions, embodied pensioners, &c. The navy, far exceeding that of any other nation, comprises 22 ships of the line, carrying from

100 to 120 guns; 55, carrying from 70 to 100 guns; 30, carrying from 50 to 70 guns; 38, carrying from 36 to 50 guns; 30, carrying from 20 to 36 guns; and 120, carrying from 20 guns downwards. The war-steamers of all classes number 140. In the number of seamen the superiority of "the United Kingdom" is most striking. It is estimated that there are at least 300,000 British seamen afloat—including those in the navy, merchant service, small craft, and employed on board American ships—a number greatly exceeding the total of French, American, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish seamen combined!*

I have noticed the beauties and riches of the British Isles, and at the first glance one might be tempted to echo exultingly the words of the poet—

"Is there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land?'"

But, unhappily, a little investigation is all that is needed to turn our pride to shame, and our vauntings to mingled grief and indignation. I must not, however, anticipate; too soon I shall have to lift the veil, and lay bare the secrets of the whited sepulchre. Ere I conclude this portion of my subject I desire to take a rapid review of the beauties and riches of "our Indian and colonial empire." Through want of space I must postpone doing so until next week. Having completed that review, I shall inquire into the condition of the people who have built up this mighty fabric of wealth, power, and dominion. If I find on inquiry that the conquerors of nations are subjected to humiliating slavery; that the most industrious and productive race of labourers and wealth-producers are some steeped in misery, and others on the verge of pauperism, I shall next inquire how this state of things has come to pass. Lastly, having ascertained who are the tyrants and the robbers, and having exposed the juggling devices and impositions by which they plunder and degrade the workers—the creators, the protectors of this EMPIRE, I shall call upon the millions to take their affairs into their own hands, right their wrongs, and claim and take back their glorious heritage—a heritage founded by the toil and heroism of our forefathers, and augmented by the sweat and blood of the present generation of British and Irish Proletarians.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

To the EDITOR of the RED REPUBLICAN.

SIR,—In No. 6 of your valuable journal, there is an article headed, "Abolition of Money." Now as I consider this to be the most important subject for discussion at the present time, I shall beg the favour of the few following thoughts finding a place in the RED REPUBLICAN. It appears to me to matter very little what the name of any government may be, if the institutions of a country shall engender and perpetuate slavery. I quite agree with your correspondent in No. 6, in deprecating all the evils that have existed, and still exist, in consequence of our present monetary system, and I firmly believe that no alterations, be they ever so gigantic, can be of any service to the

* For a fuller account of the extent, population, and resources of the British empire, see the "Popular Informant," "Martin's Atlas," "Porter's Progress of the Nation," and other statistical works.

millions, which does not produce a more efficient circulating medium. To have a proper command over the wealth they produce, the Working Classes must return to barter; or, as soon as they get the charter, let them institute Labour Banks, for the reception of all kinds of goods—the labour notes on the same, to be a legal tender for all debts, dues, and demands. Thus placing the wealth producers in their true social position—the producers of all things and the enjoyers of all things.

I must repeat, the subject is one of vital importance to the labouring classes. It is time the present abominable state of our money matters, should cease to harass them. I would root out and abolish a system that compels man to give the sweat of his heart's blood, to the great money-mongers, wasting his own time, strength, and happiness, as wealth may command. It is the slavery of the many for the luxury of the few. Such a state of things must no longer exist, for man was made to enjoy all things equally with his fellow-man.

Let us now fight for social improvement with our utmost might, for it is most apparent our present system demands an immediate reform, which might be easily effected, by the means before-mentioned, that is, by an equitable system of exchange, and the total abolition of the present ill-contrived manner in which our monetary affairs are at present conducted.

With best wishes, I have the pleasure to remain,
sincerely yours,
R. P. P.

MONEY, THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

To the EDITOR of the RED REPUBLICAN.

DEAR SIR,—As you did me the honour to insert my epistle on "Money as an Evil," and which has provoked a reply in No. 8 of the RED REPUBLICAN by one who signs himself a "Wages Slave," (I), perhaps you will indulge me with a rejoinder; for, Sir, I think the question of great importance to the present and future interests of our race, and regret that abler minds do not turn their attention to it.

My opponent thinks the abolition of money "erroneous and calculated to stay the progress of true social reform." That is very easily said; and if I thought so, I would abandon the wish for its abolition. To reform, means to mend something bad, and as our social condition is now in a dreadful chaotic state of confusion, producing all the ill-will and evils imaginable, it causes us to enquire why it is so; and, in my opinion, the only true solution is to be found in the disuse of money. That being done, would prove the most efficient means to true social progress—the shortest cut to the Charter—the surest means to the "Land plan," and a certain mode of establishing Republicanism; because, if there was no money, there would be no representative for wealth but our labour; and as the raw material of every kind superabounds, there requires but its application and skill to direct it, to make all comparatively happy in a social paradise, which this earth might be made to be, were it not for the selfish desire of some to live on the labour of others. My friend agrees with my wish to make all classes into workers, but asks "how it is to be effected?" (I answer by the abolition of money, whereby you despoil the idler, and force him to work), and then he recites a sentence of mine in answer to myself! Surely he has misconceived the meaning and purport of that sentence?—again I say "So long as mankind will agree to have a circulating medium—will allow everything in life to be measured by money, so long will they suffer the evil consequences springing therefrom, in one shape or other." Now, what says my friend? The great evil in society—the fruitful parent of almost all other evils, is the consequence of a small amount of money only being in the possession of the great bulk of society! hence the fearful contentions, and the slavery of the mass of mankind to the FORTUNATE POSSESSORS." Now, does not our

friend know, that money, from its very nature, is so *centralising* that, had we an amount of it equal to a million per head for all in the United Kingdom—and were it equally divided amongst all—and supposing all to have the ordinary economy of mortals in using it, it would, in a given time be found to have centred in the hands of a few “fortunate possessors,” and thus renew those *fearful contentions and the slavery of the mass of mankind*. If he will search his Bible, he will find such was the case in the days of yore; if he will consult history on the subject, he will find a corroboration of my opinion. What says the Bible?—*that money is the root of all evil* despite the knavish interpolation of the words “love of it”—because, if there was no money there could be love of it—we could not love that which did not exist.

The old law-givers spoken of in the Bible, evidently felt and understood the evil effects of money, hence their denunciations of its use. Is it not there recorded “that it is as impossible for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle?” But the money grubs of that day, like the same species of animal of the present, would not forego their hold *though heavens threatened*! But, in order to mitigate, somewhat, the evil of money, they, the old law-givers, established jubilees, to be holden every fifty years, for it was discovered that during that period, the majority of the people had suffered “fearful contentions” and had actually become the *slaves and property* of the money holders of those days; and, at these jubilees it seems, all slaves who had become so through debt, were set free, and there was a general forgiveness of all indebtedness, and all started anew in the *race for gold—with the same results*.

“An intelligent people” would require no circulating medium at all; they would establish such an arrangement of society as would enable them to procure all the goods of life to superfluity, and to enjoy all rationally without let or hindrance. My opponent depicts an arrangement of society in which “no usury shall exist.” I would gladly help him to bring about that, or to issue his currency notes to the extent he names, because, were that done, *money would at once be abolished, and all idlers and profit-mongers of every sort, would at once be thrown from the shoulders of labour*; for what is a currency note but a ticket or tally to represent a certain amount of produce brought to the “Bazaar,” and which ticket would not have the *fructifying quality to bear interest either simple or compound*. The only objection to even labour notes, would be, in case one being lost, the finder could, were he so inclined, obtain for himself what he had not laboured for, which would be unjust.

My opponent thinks it is very absurd to call money a crafty and hellish invention. Why! is not that engine most ingenious, crafty, and talismanic, by means of which the “few individuals” can and do command millions, in the most slavish manner, though the commanders are never seen by the commanded. Such is the subtleness of money, that it permeates everywhere, and perverts the best and noblest hearts. Absurd to call money hellish! That which produces permanent evil; I call hellish. What suggested the diabolical thought to murder the late Patrick O'Connor?—money! What propelled a Rush to commit his bloody deeds?—money! What induced religious ruffians to stain their hands in the blood of mortals at the celebrated carnage of Rathcoormac?—money! What is the cause of those weekly Saturday night domestic broils, contentions, and often bloodsheddings, seen in our streets and alleys?—money! What induces some persons to wish their “rich” relatives dead—though they will hypocritically ‘go in mourning’ for them?—money! What induces young and beauteous ladies to commit the outrageous and unnatural crime of allying themselves to ugly old age?—money! Why do many of the sisters of humanity sell their virtue for bread?—because of money! Money not hellish?—What secured the prostituted abili-

ties of that RENEGADE to his class, “the whistler at the plough,” in his diabolical efforts to destroy the “land plan” of Mr. F. O'Connor, though it was intended to disenfranchise the workers?—why money, his “wages of sin!” Just because the knaves knew and saw that the success of such a scheme would lessen the power of the “capitalists” over the wages slaves, that the howl of denunciation was raised to destroy the confidence of subscribers in the plan, and its projector; and, my belief is that, were Jesus Christ the second to come and propound any scheme to free the worker from his chains, the same party would denounce and “crucify him,” as did their prototypes of old—for it was the Brights, Barings, and Rothschilds of his day, who did crucify him, because of his predilections towards a land plan, or communal arrangements. Nay! such is their USURIOUS THIRST FOR GOLD, that I verily believe that Bright John, the Quaker, would actually himself, — as did the fabled Archangel—lead on his subsidized legions, and do his best to dethrone God himself, were he to propose a mundane scheme for the amelioration and complete emancipation of the workers.

These words may appear harsh, but who, at least of those who detest oppression, can speak otherwise of men who can, without the least qualm of conscience (?) SMELT THE BLOOD OF INFANTS, OLD AGE, AND PREGNANT WOMEN INTO GOLD?

The millionaire who can stalk the gorgeous ball-room, and see not grim gaunt spectres; or who can drain his goblet, and taste not human blood, is indeed a vampire, and an incarnate embodiment of that evil, which the love of money produces.

Strange, that in the 19th century, *any wages slave* should be found to advocate the continuance, in any shape, of that which, whilst it shall last, must perpetuate HIS VASSALAGE, to its “fortunate possessors.”

Does not my friend see both the craft and the hellishness of money? Who produces every thing which sustains life, and feeds our desire for luxuries? The workers! Through the instrumentality of their labour; and by no other means can these things be produced. Then by what chicanery and sleight of hand do those who “work not, neither do they spin,” obtain all they want to superfluity, whilst those who produce are kept almost without? Why, by the crafty invention and use of money, with which they, like true “philantropists,” come to the producer, and assure him that the food he is taking home is not the “staff of life,” but that that which they will give him in exchange for his food, is the *real sustainer of existence*, and thus he is cheated out of his produce for a shadow. But, it may be said, it is not a shadow, inasmuch as it (the money), can be given in exchange for other things—true, but the labourers, having first agreed to the exchange and standard value of the representative, is nevertheless permanently and continuously robbed of the difference of the quantity of food, &c. which goes to sustain all the idlers in society, over and above WHAT IT TAKES TO KEEP THEMSELVES.

Our friend says, we may as well “call machinery hellish”—well, and are there no persons in existence who have just cause to curse, with bitter vehemence, machinery, and call it hellish? But the comparison is not good, because the people, as a whole, when they have the “requisite intelligence” to work machinery for themselves, can do so with increasing good to all; but they could not continue the use of money—properly so called (not labour notes)—without producing INEQUALITY OF CONDITION, WITH ALL ITS CONCOMITANT EVILS.

Our friend should tell us what is an “equitable circulating medium,” and, also, what is a “just commercial system.” For a man to dispose (or sell) of his labour at the “public mart,” presupposes a buyer of that labour, and, according to our friend’s just commercial system, I am afraid that no buyers would purchase, unless they could live out of such purchases. To live by buying and selling, is to live nefariously—by profit—by interest, which is

USURY extracted from other people’s labour. Our friend speaks of the “utmost value” of man’s labour. Is the buyer at the “public mart” to fix its full value? I know of no other standard of the value of labour than that of its procuring us, through its daily use, a full and constant supply of all the necessities, requirements, and rational enjoyments of our being; and any “circulating medium” which will prevent the labourers from getting these things, and, at the same time, WON’T SECURELY PREVENT THE LEAST ABSTRACTION THEREFROM, by any royal idle schemer, or plebeian skulk, had better be dispensed with, if the workers wish not to be juggled themselves, and see their children enslaved.

Your very willing coadjutant in the cause of truth and justice,
Salford.
GEORGE SMITH.

FRANCE.—THE SUFFRAGE.—THE NEXT REVOLUTION.

(From the NEW YORK TRIBUNE, of July 31st, 1850.)

It is now sixty odd years since our Federal Constitution was adopted, under which our people have increased from four to twenty-four millions, and our inhabited area, our industry, arts, &c. in at least equal proportion. With a vast expanse of territory, peopled by hostile races, professing antagonist creeds, with the most contrasted social institutions, and apparently clashing interests, we have yet passed through peace and war, tranquillity and convulsion, during these sixty years, without one single serious revolutionary outbreak, and without shedding one drop of blood on a conviction of treason. And in these sixty odd eventful years, this ‘fierce democracie’ of ours has hardly lost (or taken) a single human life in civil war, while fraternal blood has been poured out in rivers over almost all the rest of the civilized world.

The cause of this signal exemption from the horrors of civil strife is not to be sought in the superior virtue and morality, still less in the meekness and forbearance of our people. It is found in that grand safety-valve of public disaffection, popular suffrage. Our people, when deeply incensed or alarmed at the policy of their rulers, forbear to resort to the musket, because they have faith in the ballot. They inwardly say, ‘Let them go on in their evil way; the worse they behave, the more sure is their downfall at the next election.’ So they patiently bide their time; and so popular suffrage precludes popular insurrection, and is of all human institutions most conservative of peace, order, and the supremacy of law. When we have at times seemed verging on civil war (as in the case of Rhode Island in 1842-3,) a restriction of suffrage was the origin, and continued to be the pretext after it had ceased to be the cause of the outbreak; and the only insurrections which have resulted in a loss of life, were slave insurrections at the south—insurrections, namely, of the class utterly excluded from political franchises. Had all men been made voters by the war of independence, as they should have been, there would have been no drop of blood shed since in civil feud from one end of the land to the other.

Yet in the face of these and kindred facts the ruling powers in France, themselves chosen by universal suffrage, have rushed upon the fearful experiment of depriving six-tenths of the voters by whom they were chosen, of any legal right to vote hereafter! It is scarcely a year since the organs of the middle classes were exulting over the utter absence of Democratic sentiment among the French masses—asserting that France was ‘a republic devoid of republicans.’ But now the republicans are so numerous, that the combined partisans of all the royal dynasties and all the aristocracies dare not meet them again at the polls—to avoid it they rush on the fearful experiment of depriving six-tenths of the nation of all voice in the choice of their rulers, or in the shaping of the national policy. The result cannot be doubtful. Secret meetings and societies, conspiracies and plots, by-and-by to end in barricades and deadly volleys of musketry—such are the issues to which France is

now tending. Taxation must be enormous, to support an army of 150,000 men required to keep down anarchy and preserve 'order,' which latter, after all, is very badly preserved.

Will rulers never grow wiser? The vast army stationed in and about Paris, is of course composed of men, and mainly of men, disfranchised by the new electoral law. The associates and kindred of the soldiers have been disfranchised with them. Military discipline and maxims go a great way with soldiers, but they cannot be always relied on, as the conduct of the troops in the revolutions of 1830 and '48 has demonstrated. When the people shall rise in their might to demand a restoration of their right of suffrage, the disfranchised soldiers will not shoot them down for so doing.

We apprehend, therefore, that a new revolution in France cannot be many years distant, and that, once again successful, the swindled millions will not be so forbearing and magnanimous as they were in 1830, and again in 1848. Should our apprehensions of a sanguinary triumph of universal suffrage be realized, let the provocations and sufferings of the disfranchised millions be remembered, and not their vengeance alone. And let the great truth of the eminent conservatism of universal suffrage be everywhere proclaimed and insisted on. In an age, when venerable institutions and powers are rocking in the tornado of emancipated thought, the broadest possible basis is none too broad for whatever affects vitally the development and happiness of man.

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest.

(Continued from No. 9 of the Red Republican.)

"6. That the National Currency should be based on real, consumable wealth, or on the *bona fide* credit of the State, and not upon the variable and uncertain amount of scarce metals; because a currency depending on such a basis, however suitable in past times, or as a measure of value in present international commerce, has now become, by the increase of population and wealth, wholly inadequate to perform the functions of equitably representing and distributing that wealth: thereby rendering all commodities liable to perpetual fluctuation in price, as those metals happen to be more or less plentiful in any country; increasing to an enormous extent the evils inherent in usury, and in the banking and funding systems (in support of which a legitimate function of the law—the protection of property—is distorted into an instrument for the creation of property to a large amount for the benefit of a small portion of society, belonging to what are called vested interests); because, from its liability to become locally or nationally scarce, or in excess, that equilibrium which should be maintained between the production and consumption of wealth is destroyed; because, being of intrinsic value in itself, it fosters a vicious trade in money, and a ruinous practice of commercial gambling and speculation; and finally, because under the present system of society, it has become confessedly the 'root of all evil,' and the main support of that unholy worship of Mammon which now so extensively prevails, to the supplanting of all true religion—natural and revealed."

RADICALS.—All men have been radicals who ever did any good since the world began. Noah was a prodigious radical. When hearing the world was to be drowned, he went about such a common sense proceeding as making himself a ship to swim in; a Whig would have laid half a dozen sticks together for an ark; and called it a virtual representation.—*Westminster Review.*

THE TRUE TITLE OF A CLERICAL CORMORANT.—There is, in a certain diocese of this nation, a living worth about £600 per ann. This, and two or three more preferments, maintain the doctor in becoming ease and corpulency. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach horses are his equal drudges, saving that the four-legged cattle are better fed and have sleeker cassocks than his spiritual dryhorse. The Doctor goes down once a year to shear his flock and fill his pockets, or in other words to receive the wages of his embassy; and then sometimes of an afternoon, (if his belly do not happen to be too full,) he vouchsafes to mount the pulpit, and to instruct his people in the greatness of his character and his dulness. This composes the whole parish to rest: but the Doctor one day announcing himself the *Lord's Ambassador* with greater fire and loudness than could have been reasonably expected from him, it roused a clown of the congregation, who wak'd his next neighbour—with, 'Do'st hear, Tom? do'st hear!' 'Aye' said Tom, yawning, 'what does he say?' 'Say,' answered the other, 'he says a plaguy lie, to be sure. He says as how, as how he is the Lord's Ambassador, but I think he is more rather the Lord's Receiver General, for he never comes but to take money.'—*Thomas Gordon. A modest Apology for Parson Alter-*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London.

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

C. F., Devonport, 1s.

POLISH REFUGEES.—Julian Harney has received, and paid over to Colonel Oborski, member of the Polish Committee, the following sums:—From the Co-operative Readers of the "Northern Star," Northampton, per J. Bally and J. Barker, 7s.; J. Wilson, Sheffield, 6d.; W. Rees, Cheltenham, 6d.; C. F. N., 6d.; J. E., Devonport, 1s.

TYPEFOUNDERS' STRIKE.—We have received the following, dated Hoxton:—"Sir,—I have just read your account of the strike of the typefounders, and hereby send you a shilling towards a fund, to aid them in maintaining their just cause.—C. F. N., a City Shopocrat." [The shilling shall be handed to the Committee of the Typefounders.—Good luck to the "City Shopocrat."]

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—Julian Harney has received and paid over to the Fraternal Democrats 1s. from John Cassell, Cheltenham.

A FRIEND, Devonport, sending a contribution for the Refugees, acknowledged above, says—"I hope that these unfortunate sufferers may receive support as well as sympathy from the English Democrats; and I also hope the day is not distant when their assistance will be again required in fighting the glorious battle of liberty. I hope they may be enabled to remain in England so that, when the blast from the trumpet of Freedom shall again summon the people of Europe to arms, they may be near at hand, to fall like a crushing avalanche on their oppressors; their blows falling thicker and heavier, from a recollection of the sufferings they have endured. Good God! is it not sickening to hear these sentimental humbugs; these sham radicals; these mealy-mouthed sympathisers, recommending these noble fellows to "proceed to America!" Is it because they think, or hope, that America may prove a home for the wanderers? or is it that they desire the absence of these "fighting patriots?" Oh, ye "progressive reformers?" ye anti-anarchists, ye are they of whom it is written, they cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace." What? Peace! while the groans of millions of miserable slaves ascend to heaven, demanding justice—aye, and retributive justice, too? Peace! ye fools, ye hypocrites, what is it that gives you your boasted pre-eminence over the people? Is it your "moral force?" No, no, 'tis cannon balls, and bayonets, together with a large mixture of "moral humbug." My dear Sir, I get indignant when I read the philanthropic humbug of these respectable reformers, these wolves in sheep's clothing, and I hope my brother democrats will not allow the lesson that has been taught them by that prince of humbugs, Lamartine, to be lost by any pusillanimous "moderation," when again "it may please Almighty God to bless the arms of the democracy with a signal victory over their oppressors!"

PROGRESS OF REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES IN ENGLAND.—J. Athol Wood writes as follows:—"I am truly so disgusted with the crawling sycophancy displayed towards royalty in this country, by a certain M. Jules Lechevalier, in his correspondence with the editor of the "New York Tribune," that I cannot resist the inclination to seize my pen, and hurl the atrocious falsehood back into his teeth, when he dares have the presumption to assert:—"That a Republic in England is more impossible than in Russia." How dare he make this assertion. Has he held frequent communion with the working men in the workshop and the factory? I most emphatically say, No! and I can inform him, for his enlightenment, that the working men of this country are discontented with the extravagance of a ministry, who, instead of ministering to the wants of a starving population, minister only to their own inordinate rapacity and grasping selfishness. I can tell him that I, as a working man, mix much among my fellow toilers, who are great thinkers, and express their disapprobation regarding the conduct of Lord John and his co-swindlers in terms both loud and deep. I can also tell him that the majority of England's labour slaves are fast becoming deep thinkers, resolved that ere long they will throw off the mummy of monarchy, establishing upon its ruins an everlasting commonwealth, based upon the purest principles of popular justice. I can tell him that, among the most intelligent portion of the really productive classes, in connection with all trades, twenty out of every thirty acknowledge that monarchy is but a foul hot-bed of corruption; that they talk loudly of their wrongs, and the means of remedying the evil; and you may rely upon me that, as a "Democratic and Social Propagandist," I am nothing loth in urging them to their duty, which course I shall still continue to pursue, despite all obstacles. England, I maintain, is fast becoming Republican; her people are tiring of gaw-gaw shows, royal puppets, and aristocratic paupers,—even in large factories, where the men receive full wages, and are, therefore less likely to be discontented, they make the subject of our unjust legislation a general topic for discussion, wherein strictures are passed in no measured terms upon the expensiveness of a monarchical government, in comparison with the simplicity and economy of that in Republican America; and, in short, that if Eng-

land is not a Republic, she is decidedly Republican. I can also tell him that there are thousands of young brains and young willing hearts in England, panting to do their share in the great work of human redemption. Yours fraternally,

JOHN ATHOL WOOD.

THE METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL holding weekly communion on Sunday afternoons at the City Chartist Hall, 26, Golden-lane, Barbican, addressing their democratic brethren of the metropolis, assert "the great principle of self-government, that every man has a right to a voice in making those laws he is called on to obey, and that each and every man should be protected in the exercise of that privilege; that the suffrage and its concomitants are but the means to an end—viz., "social rights"—by which we mean, the nationalisation of land, mines, fisheries, railways, water and gas companies, &c., &c., giving a due compensation to their present holders—a graduated property tax, in lieu of all other taxes—a proper system of currency, credit and exchange—a humane provision for the destitute poor—employment for all who are able to labour—and last not least, a wise system of national secular education." "Such friends," observe the Delegates, "are the principles we meet to propagate, to extend, and which we trust to see carried into practical operation. Our means are—a wide system of public meetings, discussions, tracts, newspapers, and periodicals—in fine, to organise and direct public opinion on the subject.

We invite you to distribute our Chartist tracts, to spread the knowledge contained in our democratic newspapers and periodicals, to call public meetings, hold public discussions, and let not a single parish in 'the great metropolis' or its suburbs, be without its locality of the National Charter Association. We shall be at all times willing to aid you by deputations and otherwise, and seriously look forward to the day when London shall be proclaimed foremost in liberty's van—when, by her example, the rights of all shall be achieved—and then, in the ecstasy of our souls, whilst firmly resolved to hold dear rights hardly won, we shall proudly exclaim, 'Long live Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!'

THE LACEY FUND.—The Committee appointed to raise funds to enable Mrs. Lacey and her children to emigrate to Australia, have issued an excellent address, from which we extract the following:—William Lacey was one of the victims of the "Powell plot," in 1848, and with Fay, Cuffay, Dowling, and others, was sentenced to transportation for life. After passing one year's probation in various prisons in England, he was sent to Australia; and on arriving at Launceston he was presented with a ticket of leave, which left him without restraint to obtain his livelihood by following his occupation of a boot and shoemaker. At the time of his arrest he was in comfortable circumstances, carrying on business on his own account, and he also kept the "Charter Coffee-house," where the Chartists of the locality met. He had a family of six children—the eldest then about fourteen years of age, and the youngest only two months old. Deprived of a husband's protection, Mrs. Lacey has hitherto supported her large family by her own exertions, aided by the trifling sums afforded to the Victim Committee by the Chartist body. To add to her sorrows, she met with a severe loss, in the latter end of last month, by the death of her youngest child. We consider the re-union of this family to be but an act of simple justice on the part of our body and that they have a right to expect it at our hands. According to the rules of the Emigration Society, the cost of transmitting this family to Australia is as follows:—Passage money, £30; outfit £20. But this is independent of the expense of travelling to the seaport where the vessel might be stationed to receive them. Thus it will be seen that, at the least, £50 is required; and as £16 only has been collected, there is a deficiency of £34.

It is of the greatest importance that whatever is done should be done quickly, this being the best time of the year to secure a favourable voyage, and consequently a time when vessels are bound for Australia. In accordance with this expressed desire, Mrs. Lacey has made preparations for her departure by the adjustment of her affairs, and has given up the coffee-house, on the profits of which she has hitherto subsisted—another pressing reason for prompt and immediate action.

Brothers, we have laid this plain and simple statement of facts before you, in full confidence that you will do justice to the case. One halfpenny each from every professing Chartist would more than double the sum required. To the work, then, at once. Let subscriptions be commenced in every Chartist locality in the kingdom, and let the respective secretaries of each branch forward the monies, so collected, by post-office order, payable to Henry Wilks, 24, Rochester Street, Westminster, the secretary of this committee, to be made payable to him at the post-office, Broadway, Westminster.

EDWARD EWES.—We cannot speak as to the present state of Chartism in the south and south-west of England. We believe there is little or no organization.

We understand that Citizen Bezer having lectured at Northampton, Leicester, and other places on his route, will be at Nottingham this day, August 24th, and will address an open-air meeting to-morrow, Sunday the 25th. He purposes to visit Sutton in Ashfield early in the ensuing week, and will subsequently lecture at Derby, Belper, Swanwick, &c.; and will attend the camp-meeting on Holbrook Moor, on Sunday the 1st of September. Friends in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, wishing to communicate with him, may address their letters to Smith's Temperance Hotel, Low Pavement, Nottingham; or care of Mr. Moss, 81, Parker-street, Derby. Letters from other parts may be directed to Mr. Bezer's, London, address, 32, Bartholomew Close, Smithfield.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

Finding a demand for the "RED REPUBLICAN," in the shape of *Monthly Parts*, we have to announce that PART ONE, containing five numbers, in a handsome wrapper, price 6d., is now ready for delivery to the Trade. PART TWO will be ready with the *Magazines* for September.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every *Monday*, at twelve o'clock at noon.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

CONCLUSION OF THE ANNUAL FARCE.

WE congratulate our readers that the six months' sham, the annual farce performed in St. Stephens, is at an end. A "laborious session," the fruits of which are something worse than nothing, fitly concluded with a "laborious" piece of humbug—the "Royal Procession," and "Her Majesty's Speech." They do these things much better at the Italian Opera, and much cheaper at Astley's Amphitheatre. Though not a member of the "sporting fraternity," and not addicted to the "gentlemanly practice" of betting, we would wager the head of Nicholas against the brainless skull of Louis Napoleon, or, if preferred, the modesty of Bright against the sense of Sibthorpe, that any debating club in the metropolis if allowed a fair trial would "take the shine out" of the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world;" and that the "public spirited" Mr. Batty would undertake to get up a procession from the Marble Arch to the Westminster Tax-trap, including gilt coach, cream-coloured horses, a Queen, a "speech," (far better than the thing concocted by Russell and Co.,) killing-looking life-guards, perfect Peelers, and the rest of the "properties" necessary for "State occasions," at less than a hundredth part of the sum paid by John Bull for the maintenance of Royalty. We have no doubt, too, that Mr. Batty "with his usual liberality," would make the show still more attractive by throwing in "a scene from the circle"—Johnny Gilpin's gallop, or Dick Turpin's ride—and perhaps add a combat between a pirate and a "true British tar;" the whole to conclude with "A GRAND TABLEAU, BRILLIANTLY IL-

LUMINATED WITH RED FIRE," accompanied by "the entire company," singing "Britons never shall be slaves," &c., &c., "without any extra charge"!!

With becoming modesty we must add that the programme we have just sketched appears to us to be the best scheme of "financial reform"—at least so far as the "barbaric splendours of the Throne" are concerned—that has yet been suggested; and if carried out would, in our humble opinion, be an admirable substitute for the "three estates of the realm."

In sober seriousness, we demand of "the intelligent British people" how much longer do they mean to put up with this degrading farce? The session of 1850, was ushered in with a tremendous flourish of trumpets from all parties. Whig journals announced that ministers were maturing a comprehensive scheme of Parliamentary Reform, which would be introduced as soon as Parliament opened, to be accompanied, or immediately followed, by other important measures. The Protectionists had been still more lavish of promises as to what they would do, or force the government to do, for "the Agricultural Interest." The Radicals—the Parliamentary and Financial Reformers were, to say the least, equally loud-mouthed. The manifestations at Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, &c., gave promise of a bourgeois movement destined to complete "the grand series of reforms, commenced by the Anti-Corn Law League."

Such were the promises held out by the three factions to an admiring and gullible people. What of the performances? Tooth and nail the Whigs have as usual fought against every proposition which bore even the colour of reform. They have given a humbug sort of constitution to the Australian colonies, repealed the duty on bricks, carried the Mercantile Marine, and Metropolitan Interments Bills, made an addition to the long list of insults and outrages of which Ireland has been the victim, by passing a bill for miserable extension of the suffrage in that country and a new Coercion Act; and, finally, have passed the Duke of Cambridge's Annuity, and Marlborough House Bills. At least three-fourths of the measures introduced by the Government in the course of the session have been abandoned—a fact by no means to be deplored, seeing that the said measures were for the most part useless or mischievous. If the Whigs have been doing nothing the Tories, and Radicals have been helping them. The attacks made by the Protectionists on the Ministerial entrenchments have been mere sham fights. The Radicals, for the most part, have been content to play the part of lacquys to the Whigs. Those amongst them who have shown anything like independence—such as Cobden and two or three more—have neutralized themselves by neglecting to secure the sympathies of the masses—only to be obtained by would-be popular leaders coming out heartily as the champions of real reforms, especially reform of Parliament as provided for in the People's Charter.

The session having closed, "Her Majesty" is about to take her usual excursion—once more to the "land o' cakes;" and our Senators, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, are off to the moors, or to the Continent to enjoy themselves. In the meantime English

grievances remain unredressed, and the potatoe disease threatens Ireland with another famine.

In about two months' time the annual out-door farce, performed in the course of every Parliamentary recess, will recommence. The Chowlers will be again invited to listen to the captivating harangues of Disraeli and Co.; Cobden's "unadorned eloquence" will delight the intelligent and patriotic shopocracy; and Walmsley's Company will resume their itinerating performances. As the session of 1851 draws nigh, Whig hirelings will fabricate vague rumours, to be succeeded by explicit statements, of the wonderful reforms to be introduced the moment Parliament reopens. Need we add that the session of 1851 will produce results about as profitable to the public as those which have been produced in the course of the "laborious session" just terminated,—unless the people, the veritable people, rejecting schemers and humbugs of every description, determine, between now and February next, to take their affairs into their own hands.

HOLYROOD AND BANNOCKBURN.

THAT fawning Whig hack, the *Scotsman*, in announcing the preparations making at Holyrood Palace "for the reception of Her Majesty, in autumn," intimates the probable erection of a statue, "to mark the gratitude of the nation."

Gratitude for what, ye gods? For "Her Majesty's" "gracious condescension" in deigning to visit Scotland! This sycophantic *Scotsman* must be a relic of the crew of base idolators whose cringing servility to "Fum the Fourth," provoked the satirical outbreak of the Glasgow bard—

Sawney, noo your king's come!
Sawney, noo your king's come!
Fa' down an' kiss his royal ——
Sawney, noo your king's come!

The reader must excuse the incompleteness of the quotation, and take it for granted either that our memory is defective, or that the poet's song possesses more of loyalty than of delicacy, the latter being extremely natural under the circumstances; for with such a hero as George the Fourth, even the chastest muse might forget her native modesty.

If Victoria can find pleasure in the mouldering halls and dingy corridors of Holyrood, we can have no objection. If her soul can hold communion with the spirits of the regal and noble brigands, whose grim portraits will look down upon her, we can only pity her taste. But if we had any hope of our advice being taken, we would suggest to "Her Majesty" that, instead of visiting the ruined shrine of a worn-out faith—faith in the right divine of kings and nobles, she would spend her time much more profitably by taking her children on Monday next to the People's gathering on the immortal field of Bannockburn.

Of course, "Her Majesty" will not visit the scene of freedom's victory; but a greater Majesty will be there represented—the *Majesty of Labour*; the *Sovereignty of the People*. Courtiers and sycophants may sneer at both; but as sure as the sun is in the heavens, the day will come, is rapidly coming, when the *Majesty of Labour* shall be universally acknowledged, and the reign of privilege give way to the *Sovereignty of the People*.

In the preceding article we have said, that there is no hope for the people unless they take their affairs into their own hands. Let the gathering at Bannockburn be the commencement of that good work. From that field of undying glory, let the "fiery cross" go forth, northward to the Orkneys, and southward even to the Land's-end. Men of Scotland, your English brothers, though absent bodily, will be with you in spirit! In the days when Bannockburn achieved

"——— a name of fear,
Which Tyranny still quakes to hear,"

Our fathers and yours met only to engage in deadly conflict. Now we

"Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands,"

and from the southern side of the border, we add our voices to yours in pealing to heaven's dome the Anthem of Freedom:—

"By Oppression's woes and pains;
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be FREE!"

MORE TYRANNY.

STRIKE OF ENGINE DRIVERS, &c.

COMPELLED to go to press upwards of a week before the date on each number of the *Red Republican*, it is impossible for us to do more than notice the contest between the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway and their enginemen and firemen. A summary of the grievances complained of by the working men will be found in last Saturday's *Northern Star*. Unless in the meantime the Directors come to terms with their cruelly-wronged workmen, we shall comment on those grievances in our next number. For the present, we confine ourselves to observing, that the engine-drivers and firemen have been treated with the grossest oppression and insult by a petty tyrant of the name of Gooch, who is backed up and encouraged by the Directors. Justice is entirely on the side of the men, and their righteous requirements cannot fail to command the sympathy and support of the deeply-interested public.

REYNOLDS'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

WE have received No. I. of the new series of this thoroughly democratic and ably conducted journal—now the cheapest of cheap newspapers. Henceforth for TWO-PENCE HALF-PENNY the working-man may purchase a newspaper which, unlike the Three-penny trash of Holywell Street and Salisbury Square speculators, is really devoted to the interests of Labour. Of course the new series is not equal in size to the old, but so far as all the necessary features of a newspaper are concerned it is large enough. Indeed to our thinking, the reduced size is an improvement. It is now a handier paper, and more easily read. Mr. Reynolds has an admirable letter in the present number on "Capital, Labour, and the Land." The Editor's article on the "Economical Situation of France and England" is also excellent. We earnestly hope that the Working Classes will sustain this worthy champion of their rights and interests.

Ambition in idleness—meanness mixed with pride—desire of riches without industry—aversion to truth—flattery, perfidy, and contempt of civil duties, are, I think, the characteristics by which most courtiers have been constantly distinguished.—Montesquieu.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication,
(Continued from No. 8.)

CHAP. V.

CERTAIN FACTS IN REPLY TO SOME ODIOUS IMPUTATIONS.

WE could not believe that the Provisional Government, judged collectively, was ever equal to the enterprise. But since, for the sake of concord, we had accepted their programme of neutrality between the two political principles, we could not bring into power men openly republican, and throw down the gauntlet to the suspicions and irritations of the party opposed to ours. So the most influential among us drew close around the members of this Government, hoping, on the one hand, that their counsels might bear fruit, and on the other, that the country, seeing us united, would not let its enthusiasm be enfeebled—hoping, in fine, that our frequent contact would keep these men, were it only for shame, in the line they had so solemnly adopted. The first words I had uttered at Milan were words of encouragement for the Government; the second, proffered on the demand of one of the agents of the monarchy, were a prayer to Brescia, that it should sacrifice in its discussions with Milan any local right to that union and centralisation then indispensable to the success of the war.

We had no confidence either in Charles Albert or in his advisers. But Charles Albert was in Lombardy, and commanded the enterprise which above all things we had at heart. We could not make the fact other than it was; it was necessary therefore to come in aid of this fact, in order that it might arrive at some result. Behind the king was an Italian and brave army; and behind this army a people, the Piedmontese people, a people perhaps slow-natured, but virile and obstinate—a people worn-out in the capital by a corrupted aristocracy, but vivacious and virginal in the provinces, and in a great measure containing within them the destinies of Italy. The army and the people were our brothers; and to accuse us, as many did, of anti-Piedmontese propagandism was a calumny as wild as ridiculous.

However, in order that the divers Italian families might learn to esteem and love each other, to unite together fraternally on the same field of battle, in order that there might remain to the people, along with the consciousness of sacrifices, the consciousness also of their own rights—and lastly, because we mistrusted the chiefs, and whilst others were chaunting victory before the combat, we foresaw the possibility and even the probability of a defeat, we desired that the country should be armed, so as to be able in every case to defend itself: we desired that, by the side of the regular troops allied to us, should be maintained, in ever-increasing force, the armed representatives of this people, that is to say, the *voluntary* element; we desired the prompt formation of the Lombard army, under good regulations and good officers. The Provisional Government desired precisely the contrary.

Ignorant in fact of war, as of all things, firmly convinced that the royal army was sufficient for all; bound for the most part to the compact of monarchical fusion, and stupidly thinking that the only means of conducting the enterprise to a good haven was to contrive so that, the king having conquered alone, the people would be reduced to choose between him and the Austrians; not loyal, and consequently little disposed to believe in the loyalty of others; always inclined to political intrigues, from poverty of ideas, of heart, and intellect; the most influential among its members contrived with all their forces

to prepare opinion in favour of the Piedmontese monarchy, and to create enemies against our party. Of matters of war, of the arming of the people, of the conduct of affairs, of the care of entertaining the military ardour of the country, no one occupied himself. The better amongst them did not participate in the project, but they associated themselves to the action and to the inaction of their colleagues, either by feebleness of character or by ties of individual friendship.

The conduct of the republicans was frank and simple.

Before my arrival at Milan, during the days which followed the victory of the people, the young men of the barricades formed a public democratic association, the statutes of which were communicated to the Government. As it had been announced on the part of the authorities that, with the briefest delay possible, a national representation would be convoked, to the end that a vote freely given, and which should be the true expression of the popular power, might decide upon the future destinies of the country, it was natural and useful that the republican element should manifest its existence by a legal act. But this duty once accomplished, and the line of conduct remarked upon above adopted, the association put aside all political questions, and only occupied itself, in its rare and public meetings, in measures of war. For my own part, I interfered there but once before the 12th of May. This was to make an act of adhesion to my brothers in belief, and I proposed to stimulate the Government and to support it.

The *Voce del Popolo* (Voice of the People), a journal directed by the most influential among the republicans, acted conformably to this. It published excellent advice on the war and on the finances. It endeavoured to make the life of the people penetrate to the heart of the Government. The political question was touched there rapidly and transiently; the word *republic* carefully avoided. But the Government, though just born, was already become a corpse; and all the galvanism of republican counsels could not have infused life into it.

Attached, even before its birth, to a pact of servitude, the Government was distrustful of us, of the people, of the volunteers, of itself, of everything except the *magnanimous prince*. In its proclamations, its speeches, its emphatic bulletins, it paraded this in such a manner, that every one was accustomed to see nowhere, except in the king and in the army which followed him, the anchor of safety for the country. In the first days, it puffed up every skirmish which took place near to the fatal Mincio, to the height of making it almost a Napoleonic battle; and according to its calculations the Austrians, towards the half of the campaign, precisely when they commenced to be really menacing, ought to have been almost all exterminated.

War is death's feast.—Old Spanish Proverb.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated.—Burke.

He who makes war his profession can hardly be other-wise than vicious.

War makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows.—Machiavel.

A soldier is a being hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as he possibly can.—Swift.

Justice is as strictly due between neighbour nations as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang, as when single, and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang.—Franklin.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it speaks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.—

Scott of Amwell.

One murder makes a villain, millions a hero.—

Bishop Porteus.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

VI.

CONSTITUTIONS OF THE STATES.

"The tendency of the new constitutions is to deprive the executive of power. The various officers formerly appointed by governors are now elected directly by the people or their representatives. Corruption in head-quarters and undue influence are thus avoided, whilst the people in their various localities, being the dispensers of valuable patronage, are diligently made acquainted with political affairs. Each man feels his own importance in society, and it becomes the fashion to treat every voter with respect. Men feel an interest in political questions, when they can assist in their determination, but not otherwise.

"One of the principal objects of democratic government being to elevate the intellectual character of the nation, it is highly expedient to retain as much patronage and power as possible in the hands of the people, so that they may feel interested in all public questions, and study them thoroughly, and so that the more active and intelligent men in the several localities may be induced to instruct and enlighten the electors. These results are secured when the people directly choose those who are to fill the various offices of emolument and dignity. When these offices are filled by the legislature, the candidates are striving to ingratiate themselves into the favour of the representatives, instead of directly seeking the support of the people, and the latter feel comparatively but little interest in the election. But when a man's neighbour solicits his vote for a judgeship or other valuable office, the voter becomes sufficiently interested and excited to attend to the matter, and is thus drawn into the consideration of public affairs in general. It must be remembered that the voters are well educated, and that they not only hear plenty of political speeches and discussions, but also invariably read newspapers. And these newspapers, so vastly important as vehicles of general information, could not be sustained in thinly populated districts, if the people merely elected representatives to the general assembly; for the people would not then be of sufficient importance to warrant the establishment of newspapers to guide their political opinions, nor would the people expend their money on papers which contained little or nothing directly and practically interesting to them.

"For these various reasons, the true policy of a democracy is to have as much power as possible in the people, to take but little from the several localities, and to minimise the influence of the general assembly and central government. A tendency to this policy is evinced in all the modern constitutions; whereas, under monarchical and aristocratical governments, there is a great desire to keep the bulk of the people from interfering with public affairs, there is in democracies an anxious wish to attract the attention of the people to every measure of a public nature, and to keep them well exercised in the rights and duties of freemen."

"By the constitution of New York (the most important state in the Union) adopted in Nov. 1846, all the judges, superior and inferior, the sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, &c., are to be elected directly by the people in their several districts. They are elected for short periods only. The same constitution provides that every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who has resided five months in the county where he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote. Formerly the elector was required to be a tax-payer, and the governor and senators were required to possess a small property qualification. This restriction is also removed. Men of colour are allowed to vote if possessed of a freehold estate worth 250 dollars (about £50). This is the same as the old law. In some of the free States, negroes are allowed to vote; in others they are excluded; in most of them they are allowed to own land, but are subject to various disqualifications, the object of which is to prevent coloured people from being at-

tracted to those States. The enactments imposing these disqualifications are all bad in principle as well as impolitic, and calculated to keep the free coloured race in a state of comparative ignorance and viciousness, besides fostering barbarous prejudices and antipathies.

"The legislative power of the State of New York is vested in a senate and assembly; the former consists of thirty-two members chosen for two years. The house of assembly consists of 128 members, annually elected. All the members are paid for their services so much per day out of the funds of the Republic. There are equal electoral districts, and the voting is by ballot. So that the six points of the Charter, which are in England the subject of so many ignorant remarks in the daily press, are the law of this great Republic, as well as of most of the others; and under the Charter thus reduced to practice we have the sublimest specimens of free government. The governor of New York exercises the pardoning power, and has a suspensive veto, which may be overruled by two-thirds of both houses.

Universal Suffrage.

"We commonly hear the objection in England to universal suffrage, that the majority of the people are too ignorant to exercise the elective franchise for their own benefit or for the benefit of the country. The use of this argument betrays a woeful ignorance of the nature of the representative principle itself. That principle was never established on the hypothesis that the electors, whether few or many, would be likely to understand political questions better than the aristocracy, nor even to understand them as well.

"The single question is, whether the laws shall be made and the government administered for the benefit of the governed—the people at large—or for the purpose of enriching a few at the expense of the many.

"All men, not some men, every man, has a right to a vote, because he has interests which require to be represented and protected. Those who bear the burthens and perform the duties of citizens ought to be represented. It would be as wise to say that an ignorant man ought not to choose his own agent or physician, as that he ought to have no voice in the election of those who are to make laws affecting his life, liberty, and property. The ignorant man, in selecting his medical adviser, can do very well without medical knowledge; he is guided in his choice by general reputation, and by the opinion of others better informed than himself. And so it is with the man ignorant of politics who is called upon to vote for a representative.

"It has been observed by De Tocqueville, 'that although there are great numbers of men of talent in America but few of them become the people's representatives.' We venture to assert, on the contrary, that the representatives of the people in America are better acquainted with politics and the art of legislation in general, than the members of any other deliberative assemblies in the world. To be a representative of the American people, it is not sufficient for a man to be a poet, a linguist, or a man of science; he must be a politician. Again, it is the practice to choose for a representative an inhabitant of the district to be represented. Now it is true, that De Tocqueville, in comparing the plain members for agricultural districts with the polished gentlemen whom he met with in Philadelphia and Boston, may have supposed that the latter would have been the most suitable representatives; but then he should have known that they were not residents of the country districts, and were therefore incapable of becoming candidates for those districts, whatever might have been their superior qualifications as legislators. Moreover, it so happens, that the majority of the wealthier merchants and manufacturers of America have attached themselves to a political party, which is usually in the minority, and De Tocqueville chiefly saw this class in the society with which he mixed in America, and heard their complaints against the choice of the people which had not been favourable to their party.

"Let the legislation and diplomacy of a nation which governs itself be compared with those of a nation governed by an aristocracy, and the superior wisdom of the former will be at once made manifest. Let us take the statute-book of any one of the free Republics of America, and compare them with those of England. There is not a man living who would deny the immeasurable superiority of republican legislation. We shall in another part of this work have occasion to make this comparison.

"As to diplomacy, these questions will suffice,—when has American diplomacy failed?—When has the American diplomatist been foiled by the superior skill of his opponent?—And the democratic armaments of America, when have they appeared to be inferior to the aristocratically-led forces of England?

LIFE IN LONDON.

THE STREET EQUILIBRIST.

A spare wiry-looking man, and with an appearance of anything rather than surpassing strength in his body, stated the following:—

"My father was an equestrian, and brought me up to his business, but my ankles failed me eight years back from somersaulting, &c. I then took to the *equilibrist* line. I am 40 years old. I liked equestrianism. I knew Ducrow, and know Mr. Batty and others in the business, and have performed in Belgium and France. I have been an equilibrist for eight years now, playing in the open air or in-doors. I am a slack wire dancer as well. As an equilibrist I balance poles and an 18-foot deal plank on my chin. Formerly I balanced a donkey on the top of a ladder. It's dreadfully hard work; it pulls you all to pieces. Over 30 years of age you feel it more and more. The donkey was strapped tight to the ladder; there was no training needed for the donkey; any young donkey would do. It was frightened at first generally, but got accustomed to it after a time—use is a great thing. The papers attacked the performance, and I was taken to Union-hall for balancing my donkey in the streets. I was fined 7s. 6d., and they kept the donkey in default. I never let the donkey fall, and always put it down gently, for I have the use of my hands in that feat. I was the original of the saying, sir, 'Twopenny more, and up goes the donkey.' It's a saying still, and a part of the language now. I sometimes stand on my head on the top of a pole, without the assistance of my hands, and drink a glass of ale in that position, and go through all sorts of postures while on my head. It's more tiring than painful. I've fallen off the pole, for sometimes I am nervous; when I'm performing, I dare only take one glass of spirits and water. When I fell, I always lighted on my legs, though not so as to make it appear part of the performance—one can't. On the slack-wire I perform all kinds of balancing, spinning plates on sticks, and such like, and I stand on my head on the wire at full swing, holding it in my hands. The wire has broken with me—it was rusty. I fell and dislocated my hip; that was at Epping. It's dangerous work. I think that I am the only man now in London who is an equilibrist and slack-wire dancer, and there is only one in the country in my particular line. It's a bad trade; one day I may pick up 5s., that's a first-rate day for street work. In bad weather I can do nothing. It's all a casualty what I make. I could not undertake to depend upon 10s. 6d. a week if I confined myself to outdoor performances. My trade is a bad one, and badly paid; and the jewels and spangles worn by performers like me are a sort of mockery. We are in general poor; and it's difficult to get a rise, or even to leave the business, after you're once in it. When you're old you're like a worn-out horse, reckoned fit for nothing." *Morning Chronicle.*

When James I. at dinner proposed aloud this question, "Whether he might not take his subjects' money when he needed it, without all this formality of parliament?" Bishop Neile replied, "God forbid you should not: for you are the breath of our nostrils!"—*Lysons.*

Reviews.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. August.

THIS is a good number; full of varied and interesting matter. A review of "Wordsworth's Posthumous Poem" contains a goodly amount of extract from the work reviewed, sufficient to save us the trouble of reading the poem itself; a little of Wordsworth being for us as good as a feast. "A Chapter on our Political Relations with St. Domingo," is followed by an article on "Fly Fishing," of great interest, no doubt, to those addicted to the "gentle sport"—described by Dr. Johnson as "a silly pursuit, practised with a fool at one end of a rod and line and a worm at the other." "Strictures on a Pair of Public Structures," (the New Houses of Parliament and the British Museum) a continuation of the tale, entitled, "The Heirs of Gauntry," "Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist," and a lengthy review of the public life and character of "the late Sir R. Peel," are all ably written contributions. But to our fancy, the historical, biographical, and critical notice of "Madame de Pompadour," and the charming paper, headed "A Gossip about the Lakes," constitute the cream of the contents of this number of *Fraser*.

Judging by the description left by her contemporaries, as well as by the portraits handed down to the present generation, the Pompadour must be pronounced to have been perfection's self as regards womanly beauty. Her political supremacy—her war against the Jesuits—and her patronage of the philosophers, poets, and wits of her time, testify to her intellectual superiority. Beauty and intellect notwithstanding, she has left a name eternally infamous, as that of one of the most shameless women on record. Married to a man, young, amiable, and wealthy, by whom she was adored, her one thought was how to achieve the object of her ambition, that of becoming the *King's harlot*! She had recourse to almost every possible scheme to attract the attention and incite the desire of Louis XV.—for a considerable time in vain. At length, determined to attain by a *coup de main* her grand object, she came one morning to the palace demanded an audience of the king, and was conducted to the presence of Louis XV.

"'Sir!' she exclaimed, 'I am lost; my husband knows my *glory* (!) and my misfortune. I come to demand a refuge at your hands. If you shelter me not from his anger, he will kill me!'"

"From that hour she took up her residence at Versailles, to quit it no more."

And now behold the miserable slavery of this woman, at the height of the shameful eminence she had attained to.

"Twenty times a day would she change her dress, her appearance, and even her manner of walking and speaking. She would invent a thousand graceful blandishments for the amusement of her royal lover. At one time she would appear languishing and sentimental as a madonna—at another, lively, gay, and coquettish as a Spanish peasant girl. She possessed also, in a marvellous degree, the gift of tears; none knew better than she did when to weep, or how many tears it was necessary to shed.

"The king, however, grew tired at length of having but one comedian. In vain would she disguise herself, sometimes as a farm-girl—sometimes as a shepherdess—at one time as a peasant-

girl—at another as a nun, in order to surprise him, or rather, to allow herself to be surprised by him in some one or other of the many windings and turnings of the park of Versailles. The king had at first been charmed by the novelty of the amusement, but by degrees he discovered that it was always one and the same woman, under a thousand different disguises.

"Perceiving that the King began to grow tired of this species of comedy, she had a theatre constructed in the medal-room of the palace, she herself nominating the actors and actresses, whom she considered worthy of performing with her on a stage which was to have but the King and a few courtiers for audience.

"The position of Madame de Pompadour at Court, as first favourite was, by all accounts, far from being an enviable one; as years rolled on, she found herself necessitated to stoop to all kinds of meannesses, and to endure all sorts of humiliations to preserve her already tottering empire. In order to make friends for herself in the Parliament she suppressed the Jesuits; and she afterwards exiled the Parliament in order to conciliate the clergy. Again, to prevent her royal, but most fickle-minded lover, from choosing another mistress out of the ranks of the court ladies, she contrived that seraglio, the notorious *Parc-aux-cerfs*, 'the pillow of Louis the Fifteenth's debaucheries,' as Chateaubriand called it: at the last, hated and despised by all France, Madame de Pompadour said to Louis XV., 'For mercy's sake keep me near you; I protect you; I take upon myself all the hatred of France; evil times are come for Kings; so soon as I am gone, all the insults which are levelled at Madame de Pompadour will be addressed to the King.'

Madame de Pompadour passed her last days in a state of deep dejection. Every hour that struck seemed to toll the death-knell of all her hopes and joys.

"Some persons have stated that Madame de Pompadour died from the effects of poison, administered either by the Jesuits, who never ceased persecuting her with anonymous letters, or by her enemies at Versailles; but this story is not deserving of credit. Most persons are agreed that Madame de Pompadour died simply because she was five and forty years of age; and owing, as she did, all her power but to the charm of her beauty, its loss she was unable to survive. She suffered for a length of time in silence, hiding ever, under a pallid smile, the death she already felt in her heart. At length she took to her bed—that bed from which she was fated to rise no more."

As soon as she was dead, Louis the Fifteenth's only thought was to get rid of her remains, and he gave immediate orders for the removal of the body to Paris. "As the conveyance was about to start, the King, who was standing at one of the windows of the chateau, seeing a violent hailstorm breaking over Versailles, said with a smile, 'The Marchioness will have bad weather for her journey.'"

One reads with pleasure that while Voltaire, Montesquien, and other literary celebrities of the time, willingly paid their homage to Madame de Pompadour, she failed to attract the author of the *Social Contract*. Having attempted to win his good opinion by sending a hundred *louis* for copies of his works published at only twelve *francs*, Rousseau sent her a strongly-written letter, which prevented all further attempts of the kind.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine. August.

Not one article worthy of comment, not one line fitting for extract, can we find in this half-crown's worth of rubbish,—consisting in about equal parts of stupid twaddle and nauseating vulgarity.

Poetry for the People.

PROPERTY.—THE PEOPLE.—THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE.

(Extracted from "An Opposition Scene in the last century.")

BY THE HON. GEO. SYDNEY SMYTHE, M.P.

BOLINGBROKE.—Oh! Property! What art thou but a weight
To crush all soul, and paralyze all strength,
And grind all heart, and action, out of man!
Yes—Revolution! since you call it so.
But not a delicate and dainty trouble,
A ruffle in an ewer of milk of roses,
Made by a noble's finger; not a levee
Of dukes, earls, viscounts, barons, marquises,—
All pearls, brocades, and new-plucked strawberry-leaves,
All coronets and ermine;—not a plot
Where nothing vulgarer than peers conspired
That "glorious, pious, and immortal change,"
The Danbys, Halfaxes, Somersets,
Hydes, Sunderlands, Godolphins Churchills made,
With such peculiar profit to the poor.
That is not revolution.

WYNDHAM.—What then is?
BOLINGBROKE.—What you might know, were but the people wise!

What your sons' sons must some day know in England,
If the Few govern only for the Few,
As they will do. Their sway perchance may widen
This little knot of "seigneurs of a circle!"
Pelhams and Bedford's, Graftons, Townshends, Gowers,
This necklace round the throat of Royalty,
Will haply become larger, and at length
That greater middle-class will force its way
To power and dominion;—this may be.
But there shall come a day, when a yet greater,
The greatest class of all, shall know its strength;
And the poor trampled people rise at last.

O, Liberty! if for one little hour
In my wild youth, I faithless proved to thee,
To that instinctive truth, which is thy creed;
O hear me now! O hearken and forgive!
For thou too hast a judgment-day to come,—
Thy judgment-day, when justice shall be done,

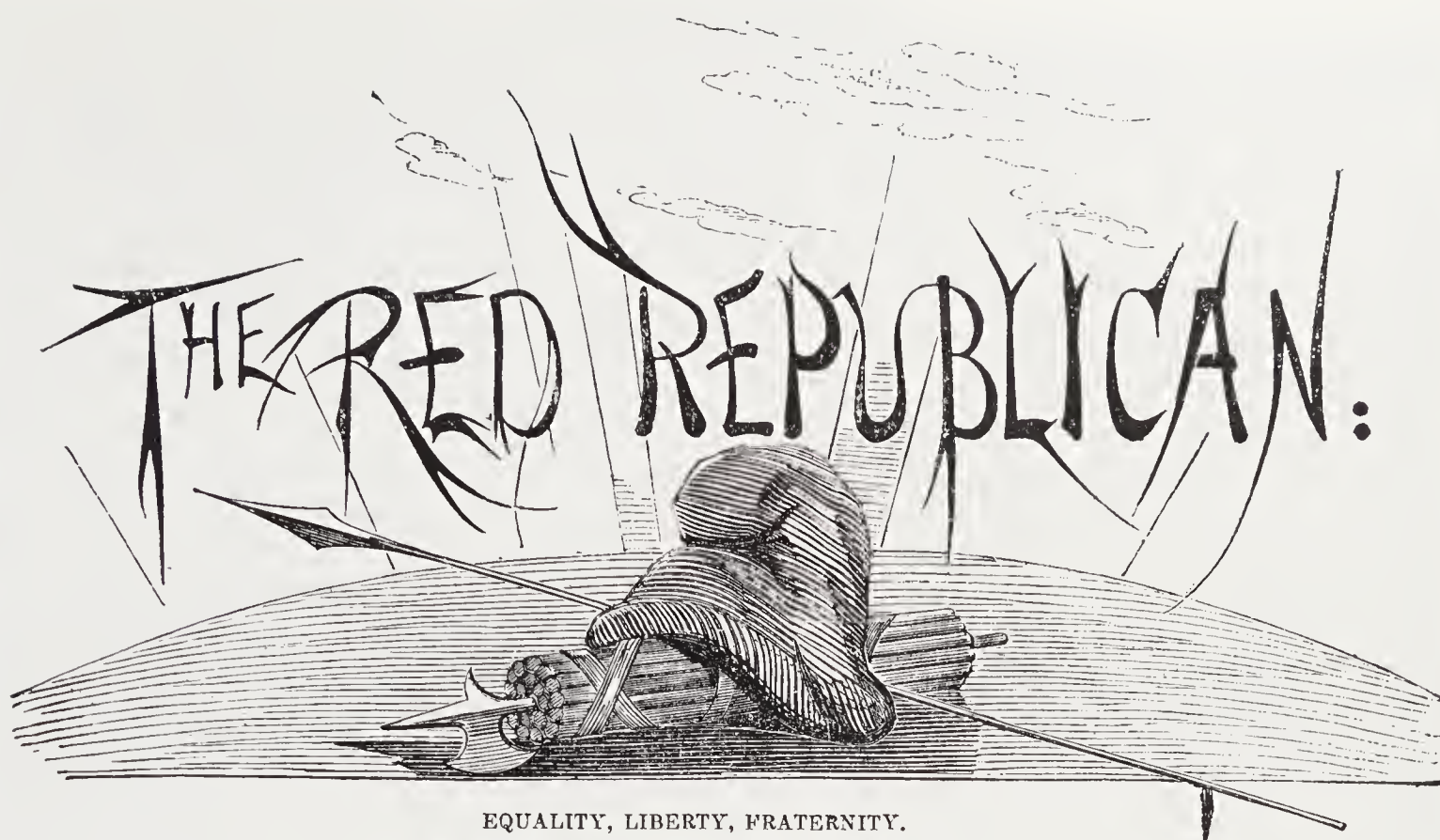
Thou mother of strong faith! whose strong convictions,
Shone on such lives as Galileo's was,
And upon Dante's exile, and his death,
Thou, whom the graveyard of the Past awaits,
With all its lost regenerative thoughts,
And fruitless indignations against wrongs,
And aspirations after distant truth,
Which thou shalt, in the course of coming ages,
Reach, gather, sanction, and confirm at last.
Thou mother of kind peace, whose final triumph
Shall be the resurrection of the poor,
In those last days, when all mankind shall live
In one fair confraternity of Love!
And that sweet legend of the younger world,
Shall come to pass, when at a freeman's voice,
The walls of prisons and of palaces,
Chains, scaffolds, frauds, monopolies, privileges,
Secret tribunals, aristocracies,
Armies, and constitutions, all shall fall
In shapeless dissolution, formless chaos;—
And strife and struggle shall have passed away,
Save where the young shall vie with one another
In offering gladness to their happy sires,
And strewing in their pleasant paths fair flowers
Of duty and affection—when their lives
Shall know no sorrow; save when gentle hearts,
May sometimes mourn for those who fought for Truth
Through scorn, and cold men's envy, and the loss
Of lukewarm friends, who shrunk from earnestness;—
Then they will not forget how Bolingbroke,
In those dark times of English history
Thought, counselled, acted, only lived for thee!

ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

"Frequent elections are necessary to secure full respect for the decision of the majority, and for this reason representatives should be chosen annually. A partial adoption of the democratic principle would lead to numberless evils; it must be fully and fairly adopted, or its principal advantages will be lost.

"Frequent elections should be had, in order that, when the representative differs from his constituents in opinion, they may be empowered to dismiss him, if, after hearing his arguments, they continue to entertain views essentially different from those which he is disposed to advocate."

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
 EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 11.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

VIII.

"If it be guilt—
 To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
 That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
 That privileged orders of society
 Are evil and oppressive: that the right
 Of property is a juggle to deceive
 The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

"OUR INDIAN AND COLONIAL EMPIRE."

I HAVE said and shown that the people of the "United Kingdom" are the possessors of an empire—apart from their own country—seventy-four times larger than the British Isles, and containing five times the number of the inhabitants of the sovereign islands. It is now my task to attempt an outline of the riches and beauties of that vast empire.

Reader, let us first glance at India—Hindustan, one of the earliest seats of civilization; a magnificent empire even in days far anterior to the time when the adventurous mariners of Phœnicia and Greece discovered the existence of these isles, then unknown to fame, and inhabited by disunited tribes of ignorant barbarians. I will not now attempt to narrate the means by which British enterprise first obtained a footing on the banks of the Ganges, and British supremacy became enthroned on the ruins of Hindoo and Mahomedan power. It were "long to tell and sad to trace" the history of fraud and force, by which the brigands of the Sword and of Commerce succeeded in reducing one hundred millions of the people of Hindostan to their sway. Suffice it for the present to observe, that over that India, which has been described as "an epitome of the whole earth, extending from the 8th to the 34th degrees of north

latitude, and from the 68th to the 92nd degree of east longitude," the British banner floats triumphant—the flag of sovereignty and dominion.

"Our Indian Empire" includes every variety of soil and climate; and abounds in the natural productions of the torrid, the temperate, and even the arctic zones. Measureless plains of waving grain, double harvests, rice, salt, cotton, silks, indigo, spices, ivory, pearls, and precious stones, are but a portion of the riches it supplies to profusion. Its tremendous mountains, mighty streams, immense forests, boundless vegetation, and luxuriant foliage, proclaim its grandeur and beauty. Never before did a European state enjoy so magnificent a possession. The "Macedonian madman" "came and saw," but could not add this wondrous realm to his gigantic but ephemeral conquests; and the chiefs of imperial Rome, from JULIUS to JULIAN, never planted their eagles on the soil of India. Ours is the long-coveted prize of European ambition. And what is *our* gain? Are the *People* of these islands the richer, the happier, for having despoiled and enslaved the millions of Hindostan? We shall see!

The neighbouring islands of Ceylon, and Pulo-Pinang, must be noticed. Lofty mountains and lovely valleys, forests and cataracts, a climate salubrious and delightful, "the finest harbour in the world," and a profusion of tropical productions, animal, vegetable, and mineral, attest the riches and beauties of Ceylon. Luxuriant vegetation, groves of spice, and picturesque scenery add to the value derived from the political importance of Pulo-Pinang.

Passing over Malacca, Siugapore, and "our Chinese possession"—Hong Kong, we turn from the India of the East to the Indies of the West. There is Jamaica with its majestic

mountains, dense woods, beautiful savannahs, rich mines, endless springs, and commodious bays; the home of the bread-fruit tree, the plantain, the tamarind, the coffee-tree, the sugar-cane; and rich in arrow-root, dye-stuffs, &c., &c. The rest of the West India Islands share these riches and charms, with the addition of productions and beauties peculiar to each. Trinidad for its magnificent position, its fruitful soil, its beautiful rivers, forests of palms, groves of citrons, hedges of spices, elastic atmosphere, azure skies, and deep blue seas, has obtained the title of the "The Indian Paradisc." Barbadoes—"The Land of Fig Trees;" Dominica—rich in coffee; Antigua, with its aromatic spices; Tobago, Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Montserrat, St. Christopher, Tortola, Anguilla, the Bermudas—in number exceeding three hundred islets—and the Bahamas—numbering several hundreds, it would be in vain to attempt to describe, as the merest outline would occupy far more space than I can devote to the entire of this letter.

In North America, the Canadas stand first on the list of British possessions. They contain lakes from one hundred and eighty to five hundred miles in length, and the largest, Lake Superior, is one hundred and forty miles wide—stupendous mountains, boundless forests to a vast extent yet untrodden by civilized man, wide stretching prairies, noble rivers, and magnificent cascades, are some of the features of a territory comprising at least three hundred thousand square miles, the resources of which are for the most part yet undeveloped. Nova Scotia contains ten millions of acres; and the harbour of Halifax affords safe anchorage for a thousand ships. Cape Breton and the Sable Islands contain exhaustless fields of coal. New Brunswick,

out of eighteen millions of acres of land capable of being richly productive, has but four millions cultivated. Prince Edward's Island is admirably designed for pasture, fishing, and commerce. Newfoundland is, at least, four hundred miles long, and in some parts three hundred broad. The interior is yet unexplored. Famous for its fisheries, Newfoundland exports nearly a million hundred weight of dried cod annually; and in the same time, half-a-million of seal skins are sent abroad. The Hudson's Bay territories, famous for furs, occupy an extent of not less than four thousand miles; for the most part uninhabited.

In South America, the province known under the name of British Guiana extends over a surface of one hundred thousand square miles. Sugar, coffee, and cotton grow in abundance. Honduras in Central America has a sea-coast of two hundred and seventy miles, studded with green isles, and produces in abundance mahogany, logwood, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, melons, cocoa nuts, oranges, pine apples, &c. The Falkland Islands are ninety in number, and the two largest are nearly one hundred miles in length, and fifty in breadth. A temperate climate, rapid vegetation, and herds of wild cattle, are the chief characteristics of these islands.

In Africa, the British possessions include the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, covering an area of two hundred thousand square miles, watered by upwards of one hundred rivers and streams, having a sea-coast of twelve hundred miles, a salubrious climate, and a fertile soil, capable of producing three crops of Indian corn in one year. The other African possessions include Gambia, Cape Coast Castle, and the islands of Mauritius, St. Helena, and Ascension.

Turning to the fifth division of the world, the vast island of New Holland contains an area of more than three millions of square miles, and a sea-coast of eight thousand miles. Van Dieman's Land is nearly the size of Ireland. These countries possess within themselves all the resources of a mighty empire. The island of New Zealand may yet rival the greatness of the "mother country."

The British possessions in Europe, though not numerous, are important. Only a few miles from the mouths of the Elbe and the Eyder stands Heligoland, to watch over the commerce of England in the German Ocean. Gibraltar, Malta, and Goza are fortresses by which, in conjunction with "our navy," "we" dominate over the Mediterranean; and the Ionian Isles enable "us" to watch over the Levant. Lastly, (not to speak of Socotra and Fernando Po,) there is the Gibraltar of the East—Aden on the Red Sea.

When Great Britain claims the proud title of "Mistress of the Isles, and Sovereign of the Seas," facts justify her imperial claim. It is true, too, that "the sun never sets on Britain's empire," because the dominions composing that empire "stud every part of the earth's surface, and when the sun sinks beneath the horizon in one possession, it is dawning in another."

And the creation of this empire has been the work of the veritable *People*. It is true that the middle-class have shared in and led the commercial progress of the mother country, but they could not have done so but for the labour and skill of our wealth-producers, and the hardihood of our mariners—all prolet-

arians. It is true that a portion of the sons of Privilege have commanded in our armies and on board our ships, but they owed their laurels to the dauntless heroism and obstinate valour of our sea and land warriors—the "common sailors and soldiers"—all proletarians. Well does the author of the *Popular Informant* observe, that "There is no privileged class in England as there was in Poland, and no castes as there are still in India, which said, 'We, and we only, have a right to fight the battles of the people.' On the contrary, our armies and our navies, in peace and war, are manned from the ranks of the poor. To secure this empire, they have perished twenty for one to the rich, and their bones bleach in every quarter of the world, from the regions of the Arctic snows to the foot of the Himalayan mountains, and lie scattered at the bottom of every sea, over which the flag of England has ever floated."

And what have the veritable *PEOPLE* gained for their unexampled outlay of labour, wealth, and blood? What, up to this time, has been their share of the commercial, political, naval, and military successes of the nation? What? What but stripes and hunger, bonds and degradation? "When," observes the author just quoted,—“we force an empire like that of China to pay ransom, when we subdue a territory as large and wealthy as a European kingdom, the only result to the poor is the expenditure of blood, and the increase of taxation. The part the rich and poor bear in our foreign empire truly resembles that of the giant and his friend the dwarf in the fable, the former receiving all the gains, and the latter all the blows.”

But because such has been the reward of the Proletarians thus far, is that a reason why the empire should be dismembered, and the colonies and possessions I have enumerated be cut adrift to sink into isolated insignificance, or become the prey of new conquerors? Not so. It may content the "Manchester School," to make England "the workshop of the world," regardless of all considerations save that of profit-making; and inspired by that one idea, it may suit that school to preach up "economy" at the cost even of a dissolution of the empire. But I trust the proletarians will not be misled by any such false "philosophy." The integrity of the British empire must be maintained; but the advantages of that empire must be no longer monopolized by privileged usurpers, and Moloch-like mammonites. It is high time the proletarians of Great Britain and Ireland came into possession of their rightful heritage. I have given them a bird's-eye view of that heritage, both home and foreign, and if they are not the veriest slaves and idiots that ever trod this earth, they will, ere long, in thunder tones, demand *their own*; and make good that demand by any and every means permitted by nature and sanctified by justice, to the *wronged*, in struggling for *right* against the *wrong-doer*.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THE RIGHT OF VOTING.—Want of property is no proof of wanting industry, talents, or virtue. Then why should a deficiency of fortune annihilate a man's political consequence? If an individual be without property, and not supported by public or private benefactions, he must, unless a robber, be considered industrious. But a man of property has no such assurance in his favour. A poor man, so circumstanced, has therefore a much better right to vote than a rich man, on the mere account of contributing to the state.—*Envor.*

Diogenes declared, when searching a charnel-house, that he could find no difference betwixt the skull of King Philip and another man's!

THE GREAT WANT OF THE TIME

Is union, unbounded union. It is by union, and union alone, that we can accomplish the emancipation of humanity, and the consummation of the people's proud destiny. With all the preaching of the priests—with all the effect wrought on the people—by their infernal dogmas and damnable "bo content" doctrine—with all the power for soul crushing of their Governmental-machine religion—with all the power of the aristocracy, and the middle classes to boot, against us—we, the workers, could bid defiance to them all, were we but united!—were we but bound up together, hand to hand, and heart to heart, as with hooks of steel in a phalanx of might. It is as great a truism to-day as it ever was, that for a people to become free, it is sufficient that they will it. Even as God said, let there be light, and there was light, so let the united people say, let there be freedom, and there shall be freedom! But we, the democracy of England, are disunited and fragmentary; we are broken up into sects and parties; we have no Moses to lead us out of bondage; we have no David to number the host; we have no Mazzini preaching and inspiring us with the grand idea of unity, a people "one and indivisible;" we have no Louis Blanc permeating the minds of the masses with the element of "*Solidarité*;" we are even at war among ourselves, and well may the tyrants and oppressors laugh us to scorn. They can afford to mock our puny efforts to free ourselves from their clutches; they know there is little cause for disquiet so long as *we are disunited*. Is the tramp of democracy's million feet, and the thunder-music of its million voices heard resounding through the nations—what fear they? *the People* (of this land) *are disunited*. Is it bruited abroad that France—that beating-heart of the world, which sends the pulse of liberty burning along the veins of the nations—will ere long awake the world with trumpet-voice of freedom. What matter? *The People are disunited*. Are the many heart-broken by reason of their long, hopeless toil and travail, wearing the harness of life which cuts into their very life-strings, and weeping the agony-sweat and bloody tears which are wrung out in poverty's hell of torture and grim combat with daily death—that eternal Gethsemane! And do the few noble hearts who mourn over their sufferings, cry out in the anguish of their tortured hearts? They must wear out their lives in exile or the felon's cell, there is no help—*the People are disunited*. Have these divine ideas of right and eternal justice which are stirring the world to its uttermost bounds, and beating and breathing in the bounding heart of universal humanity; have they permeated the barracks and the guard-room as well as the hut and the hovel; and does the soldier feel that he is one of the people, and that their cause is his; does he yearn to grasp them by the hand and tell them all his heart? It avails nothing. *The People are disunited*. We are isolated, divided, antagonistic; while those who oppose us and our demands have the very best organization and discipline in the world. We can accomplish little or nothing, going on as we are at present. What will the new organization of the Chartists effect—singly? Or what can the fraternal democrats do—isolated? or the "national" or "social" reformers? or any other body of reformers by themselves? Absolutely nothing toward arousing the mind of the country and combining it for action. It is not that the English people are cowards—that they bear on and still bear on though the furnace of their torture be heated seven times hotter! there is more courage, there is more heroism in one year's suffering, than would suffice to make ten revolutions; but it is the courage and the heroism of endurance, instead of the courage and heroism of action. It is courage and heroism employed in prolonging their misery, instead of being directed to end it: and there is none to direct this wasted bravery in the right direction; there is no party which the country recognizes as a national one. There is no combina-

tion of men at the summit of affairs in which the masses will put their trust. They see the leaders are at variance among themselves, and they hold aloof. There is in this country a young mind, a growing intelligence, created and surged onward by the startling events of the last two years, of which no present party is the whole exponent. It is more advanced and further-reaching than all the parties, save the "Reds," and it only needs a movement to be moulded and given the right direction, to embrace all this young mind, all this glorious intelligence, all this effervescent spirit of freedom, to make the next struggle the crowning effort of long years of agitation. Some unitary policy must be adopted, or I am bound to say, that we shall be no nearer the realization of our hopes in 1860 than we are in 1850.

I would advocate that the leaders of the people and the champions of their cause should come together willing to sacrifice something of prejudices and to suppress all bickering and cantankerousness, of spirit; wisely and brotherly to attain the grand object we all have in view. Let it be understood, that each man and party should be at perfect liberty to advance and work out their own particular views independently. But let there be some common ground of understanding, on which all might agree, as a basis for mutual action, and on the strength of that unity let a manifesto be issued to the country, and there would be a most glorious response; for there is an universal desire for the union of all the veritable democrats. We are all democrats; we are not all "reds," we are not all socialists, we are not all communists—we are not all chartists—but we are all democrats! There is not a member of any one of the above-mentioned, but would subscribe to that. We are all democrats! Let the grand principles of democracy be the basis of our union. Let us not quarrel about how we shall work them out in detail.

We are agreed upon democracy's wide and fundamental truths. We all entertain the same faith in progress. We all know that he who will not work should not eat. That all men are brothers (tyrants and slaves having given up their manhood, are not men, therefore should have no place in the family of men or in the world); that no one has a right to monopolize the fruits of the earth, while any lack the common things of life, nor afterward! That wherever there is not equality of right, liberty is impossible. That all laws are void which do not emanate from the people. That it is necessary for mankind to recognize an identity of interest. That all have an equal right to room and opportunity for the growth and development of their own unequal faculties. That association is the necessary form of equality. That the terms "employer" and "employed" must be abolished, and the workman be no longer an hireling. That land, railways, fisheries, mines, gas and water works, should not be held for individual aggrandizement, but for the benefit of the whole community. That no taxation should be delegated, but direct, and only what may be necessary for conducting the affairs of the state. We might also subscribe to the declaration, that in the present existing anarchy, it is the duty of every man who loves his country and his kind to become a revolutionist. Surely these and other general truths constitute ample room and verge enough for an amalgamation of all true democrats. We are all agreed that it is time to end this horrible state of things, which is killing us, man, woman, and child, by slow torture, which tears friends, brothers, sisters, wives, and little ones from our side to-day, and returns as hungry as ever to devour us tomorrow. We are all agreed, that as the present legislators and statesmen of the world's governments do not know how to meet the crying misery, except with the persuasive reasoning of bullets and bayonets, as they are shrinking terribly aghast at the iron logic of the nineteenth century, it is the people themselves who must give impulse and direction to their upward and onward march in the fulfilment of their destined redemption. We are all agreed,

that as this mighty problem of labour demands another solution than that of sabres and bayonets, it must be solved by the thinking brains and the hard hands of the workers. Let us then unite Red Republicans, Communists, Socialists, Chartists, and Reformers! Let us unite and be as one; nay, give the tyrants and oppressors a grand proof that their death-struggle is at hand. Let us no longer allow them to plunder us of the fruits of our industry. Let us no longer build wealth and establish power for others. Let us no longer till the fields, which yield us no harvest. Let us no longer weave robes of lordly splendour, and queenly silks and costliest merchandize, yet onshroud our own hearts darkly in the pall of misery. Let us no longer allow them to pauperize the people and curse the land; to rob us of all the pleasures of living, of all the wealth of intellect, and the sweet treasures of love. Let us no longer allow them to prosecute and imprison our noblest advocates, trample us into the mire of misery, and make us the living records of their cruel and bloody fame. Let us unite and get power. It is unity which is the great want of the time; and if the egotism of men, calling themselves "Leaders" should stand in the way of this federation, let the party behind each leader push on. He is no true man, no friend of the people, who will oppose this union. Of course, there will be some; because they may not be the great "I AM" of the movement. But it is the duty of the people, it is the urgent duty of the hour to release ourselves from the tyranny of leadership, as well as all other tyranny. The cause of the people must not be sacrificed at the shrine of any man. If there be any fearful—if there be any halting by the way—who dare not face the dark uncertain future—let them make way for younger and more daring spirits, who, inspired with a higher trust, and a more iron perseverance, will march on hopefully and gallantly in face of despot, death, or devil. We must not be frightened at the sound of mere names. Men become used up, and movements require more vigorous life; and with regard to leaders, he is the greatest among us who, working most, is large-heartedly willing to be accounted least. And not alone should the democrats of England be united in a federal bond, but we ought to be linked with all the men of progress and the champions of progression wherever they are found.

Our cause and our sympathies should be universal. Wherever humanity is yearning to cast off the execrable tyranny which crushes it—wherever there is a misery crying for redress—wherever there is a people groaning beneath the scorpion-lash of despotism—there is our cause; and if we cannot wield the strong arm of power, our hearts do battle for them, and all our sympathies fight for them. But if we were united, we should be able to wield the strong arm in that cause; we should not stand by and see a noble nation, like Poland, tortured and killed piecemeal by that grim giant of the north—the miscreant Nicholas. We should not permit a gallant-hearted people like the Hungarians to pour out their best and bravest blood in vain. We should not let the millions and millions of murdered martyrs that have gone down to death feed the fiery jaws of war, without a triumph in the present as well as in the future. All this we have done; all this has passed before our eyes; and we have helplessly looked on the bloody tragedy—because we were disunited.

Shall such scenes be re-enacted in the next grand struggle as in the last? Shall it be in the great day of the future as it was in 1848 and 1849? Shall we countenance the massacre of noble nations struggling for life and liberty as we did then? Shall our government be allowed in the dark to weave the same web as the spiders of Vienna, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, and the Elysee, for the purpose of murdering all who love liberty? Shall it be said that this land of ours, the country of Alfred, Sydney, Hampden, Milton, Cromwell, and the mighty men of the Commonwealth, the birthplace of Shakespeare, and the home of Shelley—the

nursing mother of heroic sons—shall it be said that this land, glorious in its thrilling associations; this land which once in history stood up amid the surrounding nations like Saul among his warriors, a head and shoulders above the rest, and foremost in the van of the world struck that battle-blow for freedom which abbreviated Charles the First by a head. Is it this land which shall be a stumbling-block in the way of the nations who are stirring in the cause of right with a seraphic purpose of good? No, no; by my soul, we richly merit the fiery hell which the ligot preaches, with its red jaws agape to grapple souls in the clutch of eternal horrors, if we do. It is wonderful what a few may accomplish with unity of purpose and will. Three hundred Spartans fought two million Persians in the gap of Thermopylae; and not more than three thousand formed the nucleus of the French Revolution of 1848. We must have unity; we must have organization; so that when France shall again call the people to do battle once more, and trumpet them on in the holy warfare against universal tyranny; when Kossuth shall return from exile, and awaken heroic Hungary; when Mazzini's battle burst of defiance shall be heard once more in Rome; then we may say we have measured our strength. We may be slaves, but each slave will unite with the weapon of a freeman's thought. Beside, we have truth, justice, and right on our side, and they who oppose us, do but fight against the Lord; and we will march with the fraternized peoples against the oppressors, determined to work out our mutual redemption manfully, or die together; for better were it we were rolled together in the darkness and the dust of death, than that we should bend God's living image longer at the shrine of tyranny.

Another Continental revolution will come; it is inevitable. The breathing-space between revolutions grows shorter each time. From 1793 to 1830 was 37 years; from 1830 to 1848 only 18 years. The next pause will be shorter still. And then, you murderers of the people—you liars and hypocrites—you Molochs and drinkers of human blood—the numberless agonies of the people will outweigh your lying promises, the cries of hunger, will drown the pleadings of the plague-stricken Mammonites who have crushed out of existence millions of the poor toilers. Not for nothing have you wrought us all this bloody hurting; not for nothing have we toiled and suffered without hope or interest in life; not for nothing have you scorned our petitions; and mocked all our pleadings. It is a bitter seed ye have sown. The harvest cometh.

ARMAND CARREL.

TYRANNY OF A MIXED GOVERNMENT THE GREATEST.—If all parts of the State do not, with their utmost power, promote the public good, if the prince have other aims than the safety and welfare of his country, if such as represent the people do not preserve their courage and integrity, if the national treasure is wasted, if ministers are allowed to undermine the constitution with impunity, if judges are suffered to pervert justice and to wrest the law, then is a mixed Government the greatest tyranny in the world—it is tyranny established by a law: it is authorized by consent; and such a people are bound by fetters of their own making. A tyranny that governs exclusively by the sword, has few friends but men of the sword; but a legal tyranny (where the people are only called to confirm iniquity with their own voices) has on its side the rich, the fearful, the lazy, those that know the law and get by it, ambitious churchmen, and all those whose livelihood depends on the quiet posture of affairs, and the persons here described, compose the influencing part of most nations; so that such a tyranny is hardly to be shaken off.—*Dr. Charles D'Avenant.*

With regard to my poverty, the king has indeed been justly informed. My whole estate consists of a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labour I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. Rome knows no qualifications for great offices, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion; she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen my weight and influence in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty, which King Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace.—*Speech of Fabricius to King Pyrrhus, who attempted to bribe him.—Plutarch.*

TO THE READERS AND FRIENDS OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

MANY enquiries having been addressed to me respecting the progress of the RED REPUBLICAN, my answer is that the success thus far achieved warrants the announcement that its continued publication may be counted upon as certain. My well-wishers will not be so well pleased to learn that thus far the income has barely sufficed to meet the expenditure of printing and publishing, leaving not one penny towards remunerating me for my labour. The subscriptions received have not sufficed to cover the expense of advertising, and printing and distributing placards, window-cards, &c., &c.

I must state that were I to print only about the number sold each week, the return would more than cover the cost of production. But to have stock to meet future demands I print a greater quantity of each number than is sold within the week; a course thus far justified by the steady call for "back numbers." I have no doubt that ultimately the whole of the "back numbers" will be sold off. In the meantime the laying in of "stock" occasions a heavy bill for printing which must be, or, rather, which I take care is settled weekly. Although I have gained nothing by the RED REPUBLICAN, I am proud to say that I have not incurred any debt.

But the labourer—whether brow or brain-sweater—is entitled to a just reward for his toil. To ensure me any reward, the present circulation of the RED REPUBLICAN must be doubled.

Of course under present circumstances I am unable to pay for the translations and valuable original articles supplied by friends and correspondents; much against my desire, for of all things I detest taking the labour of others without giving a just remuneration in return.

It may be as well to state that I am no longer connected with any other journal. My connexion with the *Northern Star* terminated on the 17th of August. The readers of that journal and of the *Democratic Review* know the circumstances which induced me to resign the editorship of the *Star*. It remains to be seen whether those who approve of a stern adherence to Principle are sufficiently numerous to sustain an independent democratic organ, and thereby enable me to succeed in the stormy career to which I have committed myself. I know that the RED REPUBLICAN has numerous and enthusiastic friends, and it is my belief that if they will only exhibit their enthusiasm in a practical shape the sale of the RED REPUBLICAN may be largely and steadily increased. Be it understood that I am not appealing for pecuniary aid; better assistance may be rendered by the friends of this publication adopting the course suggested in the following letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot refrain from expressing my satisfaction with the spirit and general sentiments which pervade your little journal. The homely and familiar way in which you make it speak the truth, and call things by their proper names, seems to be well calculated to dispel the delusion and humbug which have too long characterised the democratic cause. If ever it was necessary to attempt to conciliate our enemies by coaxing and cajolery, that time has gone by. We must now adopt the more

manly and honest course of boldly proclaiming our principles, and avowing that our object is, not 'to make the rich richer, and the poor rich,' but to destroy the cursed system which enables any portion of men to become rich at the expense of another. Not that we should unnecessarily give offence to any individuals, but if speaking the truth has that effect, I do not see that we should be either surprised or sorry at it. Truth is generally unpalatable to persons of perverse and depraved minds at first, and the only effectual way to overcome their stubbornness and unbelief is, not by practising deception with a view to please them, but by continuing to declare 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' I do not know of any publication that so thoroughly carries out this idea as the *Red Republican*, and therefore it is that I wish to throw out a suggestion or two regarding its increased circulation and more extensive usefulness.

I am not aware what the circulation of your journal is, but would suppose that it is pretty extensive, and that the greater part of those who purchase it are themselves 'Reds.' Suppose, then, that from and after this date, each subscriber purchased an additional copy, for the purpose of forwarding it to some person in his or her neighbourhood, with a request that the said person would also send it to some other after perusing it; a large increase would thereby be secured to its circulation, while the principles it advocates would be brought under the notice of many who might otherwise never know even of the existence of such a journal. It is well known that large numbers of the working classes are profoundly ignorant of political affairs, and never will take any interest in our movement until they are instructed. It is the duty of those who are informed on these matters to enlighten their less fortunate brethren, and how can they do this in a better way than by giving them a copy of the *Red Republican*? The middle and upper classes, as they are called, also stand greatly in need of becoming acquainted with the real grievances and demands of the Proletarians. Ah! but the 'Red' would frighten them. Well, that is what is required. Does any one expect that these parties will ever be reasoned into becoming honest men until they are afraid, *aye terribly afraid*? I, at least, do not. When the people in their might and majesty demand their rights, and show that they can no longer be trifled with, then, but not till then, will the day of their emancipation come. We have been trying to 'woo and to win,' these men into our ranks ever since the Chartist agitation started; and I believe they were just about as much in love with our cause twelve years ago as they are now. It is high time then that we ceased to act as 'fawning sycophants' and stood erect as men.

I would only add in closing, that if the foregoing hints are to be acted upon, they ought to be so systematically, and that each locality should at once adopt measures for carrying them out. I have myself been in the habit of enclosing a copy of the 'Red' to a clergyman in this city, who I believe is none the worse of the 'new light' he is getting.—I am, yours fraternally,

Glasgow.

S. B.

To the above suggestion, I will add another. The *Red Republican*, is to a very considerable extent, burked by hostile news agents. A person employed to deliver bills, &c., to the London booksellers, encountered numbers who refused to take the bills, and avowed that they did not, and would not, sell the *Red Republican*. On being asked their reason, they seldom deigned to give one; but it was easy to understand that they detested the *Red Republican* for its politics and proletarian character; it being, forsooth, not respectable enough for their shops. Mark! These "respectables" who turned with horror from the *Red Republican*, were found to be (nearly one and all) dealers in those penny broadsheets of filth, ribaldry, and obscenity which weekly overflow from the sinks and sewers of the London press. In many country

towns, not a news-agent can be found to obtain the *Red Republican*; and I am sorry to add, that I have information from some places, that even professing-Chartist news-agents do their best to burk rather than to push its circulation. My suggestion is, that where news-agents are found hostile to the publication, its friends should take the sale into their own hands, applying the profits to the furtherance of the democratic cause. The said profits might be employed either in strengthening the funds, local or general, of the Chartist Association, or in paying the local Chartist Secretary for his services, or in assisting the families of "Chartist victims," or in rendering fraternal aid to the democratic exiles cast upon these shores, or in aiding some worthy brother who had lost or was unable to find employment for his devotion to the democratic cause, and who might be employed in circulating the "Red" for the local committee. In every town where a news-agent is to be found who is a sterling democrat, and who will act impartially by all democratic publications, by all means let him be supported; but where no such news-agent exists, let the "Reds," and well-wishers of this publication, take the affair into their own hands.

Not merely for my own sake do I submit the above suggestions to the readers of the *Red Republican*, but mainly for the sake of the principles and the cause of which this publication is the advocate. Were the *Red Republican* consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets," I should not fear for myself as regards bread and cheese. But could I find any other journal in which I could as freely set forth my principles? We Red Republicans are the advanced guard of the Democratic Army, the pioneers of the mighty future. If we have faith in our mission we shall work with the zeal of apostles, the energy of heroes, and the faith of martyrs.

Long since I promised friends in numerous places to visit and talk to them; hitherto I have been unable to fulfil that promise, but now that I am my own master, I shall set about redeeming my pledge. I hope to commence my tour about the middle of September. In the course of my route I purpose to visit Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Bradford, Birstal, Hebden-bridge, Halifax, Todmorden, Burnley, Padiham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c. When at Newcastle-upon-Tyne I shall, if circumstances favour, extend my tour into Scotland. I shall not thrust myself upon any locality uninvited, and, therefore, shall only visit those places from whence I have received, or may receive, invitations in the course of the next two or three weeks.

During my tour I shall be happy to place myself in communication with the trades, and in the meantime shall be thankful to any friends who will favour me with accounts of strikes, and all matters affecting the employment and wages of the workers; it being my wish to make the *Red Republican* as efficient, as it is, and shall continue to be, the unflinching champion of the rights and interests of the working classes.

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

* * * Press of matter compels the postponement of notices to correspondents.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

PARTS ONE AND TWO,
Stitched in a handsome wrapper,
Price 6d. each,
 ARE NOW READY.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every *Monday*, at twelve o'clock at noon.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

LABOUR'S STRUGGLES.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE DRIVERS AND FIREMEN. — THE TYPE FOUNDERS.

UP to the time of penning these remarks, the struggle between the engine-drivers and firemen on the Eastern Counties Railway, and the directors of that line, still continues.

About three weeks ago, the directors "having determined to make a very important alteration in the management of the locomotive and carriage departments," accepted the resignation, that is, got rid of the late superintendent, Mr. John Hunter—a gentleman who appears to have been too high-minded to carry out the system of tyranny and cruelty resolved upon by "the board." In his stead there was appointed to be locomotive superintendent, a person named *Gooch*—one of the *Fagg* school, who speedily set to work in carrying out the "important alteration" of *robbing the engine-drivers and firemen of their wages, attempting to exact additional labour without remuneration, discharging long-trying and faithful servants, and enacting rules and regulations which might have graced the ukases of the Russian Autocrat.* These allegations we found upon the statement of the turn-outs, corroborated by the miserable attempts of *Gooch* and his masters to contradict that statement. If any one could have been even for a moment misled by the unblushing fabrications of *Gooch* and Co.; all misgivings as to the justice of the turn-out's cause must have been dispelled by a perusal of the crushing rejoinder, delivered by Mr. Hope, the chairman of the engineers and firemen. The temperate and lucid ad-

resses of that gentleman cannot be too highly praised. To his admirable expositions of the wrongs and grievances which occasioned the strike, the turn-outs are mainly indebted for the public sympathy manifested in their behalf.

A repetition of the statement of wrongs and grievances complained of by the engine-drivers and firemen, would occupy more space than we can spare in this small publication; and moreover would be understood only by the comparatively limited class of workmen belonging to the same callings. We will, therefore, merely observe that even to non-professional persons; the grievous injustice of fining men half-a-day's pay, a day's pay, and two day's pay, for accidents which in the very nature of things the drivers and firemen could not possibly prevent, must be "clear as the sun at noon-day." The tyranny and cruelty of discharging a man because he refused to do two men's work in one day—his own and a fitter's; of discharging two men because they were old, although they had been long employed servants, and were every way competent to perform their duties; of ordering a man to work an engine 260 miles in one day—a length of road double the length of a full day's work; of fining men for the faults of other persons, or upon false information, and then, though acknowledging the error, persisting in enforcing the fines because "having given his word," *Satrap Gooch* "would not alter it," and then, when the victims resisted this shameless injustice, discharging them; these acts of wicked oppression, must, we say, be understood, and being understood, must be execrated by all honest and sound-principled persons.

That the directors themselves were fully conscious of the unjustifiable conduct of *Gooch* was strikingly proved by the fact that on the morning of the strike commencing, the men who had been fined and suspended, were paid, in addition to their week's wages, the amount of fines exacted from them, and the pay lost during their terms of suspension. The directors excuse this concession on the ground that the men threatened legal proceedings to try the right of the board to exact the fines; and that not wishing to enter into any litigation, they returned the amount of the fines. The clearest possible admission that the directors knew that the robbery of the men's wages was as opposed to law as to justice.

In the first place, the men demanded the abolition of the fining system, and the dismissal of *Gooch*. Subsequently they made the following demands:—

1. All old hands to be reinstated that were discharged without just cause.

2. In the event of an excess of hands, the junior engine-men to return to firing, and junior firemen to return to the shed.

3. The maximum time to be stated for one day's work, namely, from 100 to 130 miles, and, where miles cannot be run, that 10 hours be considered as one day's work for all passenger trains; extras to be paid for. Goods and passenger trains but from 80 to 90 miles, or 10 hours, to be considered a day's work for goods trains.

4. If any engine man or fireman, through accident or otherwise, cause damage (previous to dismissal), to be brought before the officer's committee, so as to have a fair and impartial hearing.

5. In the event of any sudden change through

the excess of business on the line requiring the firemen to drive, then the prior time served as drivers in their rate of wages to be considered so as to entitle them to wages sanctioned by the directors.

The following scale of wages we beg to submit to and for the approval of the directors:—

Cleaners, promoted to be firemen, to receive 3s. 6d. per day for the first six months, and 4s. after they have been firemen 12 months.

Firemen promoted to be shedmen, to receive 5s. per day, and when promoted to be enginemens to receive 6s. per day for the first six months, 6s. 6d. for the second six months, and 7s. for the next two years, and after that time to be 7s. 6. per day.

Firemen of good character, previously employed on other railways, to receive for the first three months 3s. 6d. per day, after that time to be paid 4s. per day.

Enginemens of good character, previously employed on other railways, to receive 7s. per day for the first two years, after that time to receive 7s. 6d. per day.

All fines that have been unjustly inflicted by Mr. *Gooch* to be returned to the parties so fined.

That in no case shall a fine be inflicted without the party in question having a fair and impartial hearing before the officers' committee or before such committee as the directors may think proper to appoint.

Release from the sway of a petty but grinding oppressor, guarantees against a recurrence to the system of oppression complained of, and "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," comprise the sum and substance of the turn-outs' most righteous demands.

But when did purse-proud capitalists show any regard for the dictates of justice? The directors refused to yield to the above fair and honest requirements, and the engine-drivers and firemen—179 in all, struck work. "Knobsticks" and "black sheep" have been brought on to the line to fill the places of (at least a number of) the company's long-trying and competent servants; the most odious imputations have been launched against the old hands with the view of covering the incompetency of the new—imputations which we believe to be vile calumnies; "detectives" have been set to spy upon and track the steps of the turn-outs; travellers and men of business have been put to the greatest inconvenience, through the mismanagement of trains yet continued, and the total stoppage of others; accidents have taken place, and much of the company's property destroyed in consequence of the ignorance of the new drivers; and all this because it is the settled purpose of the board to carry out "a cutting-down system of economy." "The company," says Mr. E. L. Betts, the chairman, "ought to effect a saving in their establishment at Stratford of from £20,000 to £30,000 a year." In that declaration is disclosed the whole secret of this struggle. The public will see why *Gooch* was appointed locomotive superintendent, and why he is sustained and applauded both by the directors and shareholders. The chairman declares it to be of "the utmost importance to the railway world that such combinations should be put an end to," a declaration loudly cheered by the shareholders; the mention of the name of *Gooch* excites thunders of applause; and one worthy declares that the conduct of the directors raises them 50 per cent. in his estimation! It is evident that the more grinding the tyranny exercised by *Gooch*, the more

popular will be with this gang of pitiless profitmongers.

And mark the combination of the Capitalists to break up the defensive combination of the labourers. The Directors of other Companies have shown "the utmost kindness" in supplying the Eastern Counties' Board with drivers and firemen! Nor is this all, the tyranny of these soul-less blood-suckers is most strikingly manifested by their control of the prostituted press. The *Daily News*—the sham Liberal organ of the "Manchester School,"—has the unblushing impudence to declare that the demand made by the men for the dismissal of Gooch was a piece of "impertinent intolerance" "which the directors were bound to resent," adding, "It was impossible for the directors to yield any such tyrannical and unjust demands." That is to say, in the estimation of the *Daily News*, it is "impertinent intolerance," to resist insolent oppression, and "tyrannical" and "unjust" to demand to be freed from the rule of a tyrant and an unjust man. This is not the worst. The *News* adds, that

Disputes and strikes such as this ought, however, to teach railway directors the importance and necessity of increasing by every means in their power the supply of engine drivers: for it will never do to have companies and the public dependent on the whims and caprices of a peculiar class of railway servants, however excellent their general character, or however skilful and laborious they may be. The North Western, the Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the Eastern Counties, have all of late been subjected to strikes of engine-drivers; and so railways will continue to be subjected until the supply be equal to or in excess of the demand.

Here is the cloven foot fully exhibited. The great aim of the capitalists, the free traders, the "liberals," is to bring the entire of the working classes to that state of miserable degradation which shall force workmen at present (comparatively speaking) well-paid, into that struggle for bread, and worse than a dog's existence, witnessed daily at the docks of this metropolis. And the engine-drivers may be sure that the time will soon come when the "surplus labour" so much desired by the *Daily News*, will even in their calling exist to abundance, unless they unite with their fellowmen, already suffering, to entirely change the existing system—political and social.

In this affair the *Times*, unlike the *Daily News*, has exhibited humiliating baseness rather than brazen audacity, in taking the side of oppression. Fully conscious that justice was on the side of the men, the *Times*, though not daring to side with them, professed to act with something like impartiality. It admitted that under the circumstances of the case the workmen had no alternative but to resign in a body, for "single resignations would have been single suicides;" and "if the workmen had yielded to the Superintendent, that functionary might have made his appearance the following week with another code of rules even more oppressive than the first." This kind of fair play, so unusual on the part of the great organ of the money-mongers, roused the wrath of the Eastern Counties Shareholders. The *Times* was denounced for "taking the side of the men!" The very next number of that paper contained a repudiation of all sympathy with the men, half-admitted the slanders of their calumniators, and congratulated its readers that the triumph of the Directors was almost certain!

Did ever baseness exceed this? Behold the most unquestionable proof that the nameless scribes of the daily press are the body-and-soul bought tools of the mammon-mongers. Even the *Times*, the mighty thunderer of Puddle-dock, quails before the voice of a Cox, and crouches beneath the frown of a "board" of *Faggs*! Why so? Because the *Times* is the property of the pitiless plutocracy, and exists only to maintain the ascendancy of the Kings of Gold.

The strike of the Typefounders continues; Caslon, Fagg, and Co., turning a deaf ear to every attempt at conciliation. They have generously offered to take back sixty of the turn-outs on condition that the men will *beg pardon*, and express their *sorrow* for—defending the bread of their children! The other forty-six may starve, steal, or commit self-destruction, for anything. Messrs. Caslon and Fagg care. The "sixty," however, have not yet succumbed, and are not likely to crave "pardon" of their imperious High Mightinesses.

The Turn-outs have appealed to the Trades of London, through the medium of a public meeting, attended by a large and enthusiastic assembly. We trust that that appeal will meet with a generous response. On the subject of pecuniary assistance, we have received the following communication from a number of Typefounders:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

Sir,—We wish to thank the 'city shopocrat' for the shilling sent to the typefounders now on strike. If there were more of such 'city shopocrats' the course of labour would not be so frequently worsted in its contentions with the grasping capitalist.

Working men are just now called upon to subscribe their pence to raise a monument to Sir R. Peel—a man, who, nine times out of ten, opposed every measure calculated to benefit them;—would it not be more honourable, more like working men, to send their pence to the assistance of Labour contending for its rights—of labour demanding to live comfortably—fulfilling manfully all the duties becoming a man who works for his bread? If they did so working men could crush all the *Faggs* in the world.

If every reader of your periodical would send only one postage stamp it would go very far in aiding the turn-outs. Those who, like the 'city shopocrat' could afford more, would perform an act of humanity and true fraternity by sending help according to their means.

We had intended to have urged the Turn-outs to seriously consider the practicability of establishing an OPERATIVES' TYPE FOUNDRY; but time and space fail us, and for this week we must, very reluctantly, postpone the subject. In the meantime, we entreat our readers to agitate the claims of our brethren in their respective workshops, factories, and trades societies, with the view of obtaining that efficient pecuniary aid which will enable the Chiswell-street Typefounders to bring their righteous struggle to a speedy and triumphant issue.

THE TYPE FOUNDERS.—We beg leave to return our sincere thanks to O. F. N. the 'City Shopocrat' for his contributions, and shall be glad to find others follow his good example.—THE COMMITTEE OF TYPE FOUNDERS. 'The George,' Foster's Buildings, White-Cross Street, St. Luke's.

Our first step must be to compel the law-books to restore the ownership of the earth to its Creator. And as the reasons they give for taking away his title to this continent in particular, are not only not so "plenty as blackberries," but not so much to the purpose, I trust my fellow-citizens will not scruple to compel such restitution, not only from motives of policy, but also from their love of justice.—*John H. Hunt.*

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication,

CHAP. V.

CERTAIN FACTS IN REPLY TO SOME ODIOUS IMPUTATIONS.

(Continued from No. 10.)

THE movement of all Italy towards the Lombard plains and the lagunes of Venice was, according to the politics of the *fusion*, tardy and useless. The victory was certain, infallible. They heard our counsels with courtesy; they even provoked them sometimes; they never followed them. The people slumbered in confidence.

But they did yet worse. Whilst we were saying—"Succour the volunteers, animate them, push them to the Alps," the ruin of the republican volunteers was sworn; sworn from the last days of March, when Theodore Lecchi was nominated to the command of the future army. Left without arms; without clothes, without money; violently accused every time that necessity forced them to provide for themselves; driven back even to the Tyrol and in the passages of the Alps, then hindered from fighting, they saw themselves obliged to quit those places, and to abandon to their fate the nascent insurrections. Recalled at last, wounded, they, the conquerors of the five days, even to the bottom of their souls, they were dissolved.* While we were insisting, without ceasing, on the prompt formation of a Lombard army, and indicating its regulation, they procrastinated, they shackled the armament, they scattered the thousands of Italian soldiers who deserted the colours of Austria, and they confided the instruction of those who presented themselves to serve to Piedmontese officers out of service, of whom several had even been expelled from the ranks for bad conduct.

I recollect that, in reply to my reiterated instances to render the war more and more national, and to put at the head of the young army men already formed in the insurrectionary war, and for that to summon those of our exiles who had become officers in Greece, in Spain, and elsewhere, it was answered to me that they did not know where they were. I was not discouraged, however, and I obtained, since I knew, authority to summon them, and, to render my summons valid, the signature of the secretary Correnti. But when they had arrived, the Minister Collegno, alleging that circumstances were changed, repulsed them.† And whilst, on our part, to rally round our war the free thought of Europe, and create a feeling of emulation among our youth, we offered legions of French and Swiss volunteers, prohibitions came from the camp to the Government; and it, in order to obey these prohibitions, broke treaties already concluded with Berne and the Canton de Vaud. And was not Garibaldi, arriving from Monte Video, received coldly and in a mocking manner at the royal camp, and then sent to Turin, to see if and how he could be employed by the Minister of War?

Meanwhile, these things passing at Milan, the royal war, having avoided the Alps, remained confined in the idleness of fortresses. The Austrian army rallied, recovered, re-equipped, waited, and received its reinforcements. The Tyrol was closed to Charles-Albert by the diplomacy of 1815; and the defence of Venice was hindered in part by the secret managements of foreign governments, and by hopes of some remote agreement with Austria; in part, and even in great part, in unblushingly

* See Cattaneo's book. Also *The Volunteers in Lombardy and in the Tyrol*, by General Allemanni. Berne, 1849.

† Major Henry Cladini told Collegno—"That he would not make a voyage for nothing, and that before going back to Spain he would seek as a militia-man an Italian wound." He went, and was wounded.

avowed hatred of the flag of the Republic.* The Italian princes, in order to withdraw from the enterprise, and to chill men's minds, seized the pretext furnished to them by the ambitious views of the favourers of an Italy of the North, manifested without prudence, without shame, and everywhere. Pius IX. was opposed to the Romans passing the Po. Cardinal Soglia corresponded in cipher with Inspruck. Corboli-Bussi betook himself to the king's camp to exhort him to defection and to conspire.† The arrest of Italy was signed.

Sometimes the Government seemed to open its eyes to the real situation of affairs, and to its own duties; then, like a man who divines by instinct where energy is, it turned towards the republicans; but it betrayed its promises, and went to sleep again on the morrow. A secret message from the camp, a word from some intriguing courtier, sufficed to change its intentions. The poor people, already bewildered in a thousand ways by political charlatans, drew perhaps from this inefficacious contact between us and the Government new illusions for their security. I will cite a single example of it.

The news of the fall of Udine had struck men's minds with terror. I was summoned at midnight to the Government, where I found assembled several other influential republicans. It was necessary, said the members of the Government, to excite the country, to urge it to supreme efforts, to call upon it to save itself by its own forces; and they asked us to indicate the means to them. I wrote on a scrap of paper some of the resolutions which, in my opinion, might lead to the end they desired to attain; but I declared at the same time that none of them would succeed, if the Government charged itself with the execution. "God only," I continued, "gives death and life. Your Government is discredited, and it deserves it. Till now it has done everything to deaden enthusiasm, and to create by falsehood a fatal confidence; and you cannot all at once begin to preach a crusade and a war of the people, without rousing among the masses the fearful cry of treason. For new things new men. I do not ask of you resignations, which to-day would look like a desertion. Choose three men, whether monarchists or republicans matters little, who understand and are willing, and who, if they are not loved, are at least not despised by the people. Under pretext of the abundance of your labours, or under any other pretext that you will, lay upon them all the cares and all authority in matters of the war. From them, to-morrow, let all the acts which I propose to you emanate; we will serry ourselves around them, and will remain their guarantees to the people. One of the means proposed was the levy in mass of the whole of the five classes, whilst the Government believed they was doing too much in only calling out the three first, and deferred the calling out to the month of August, under the pretext that the peasants would so have leisure to get in their harvest. They added this blasphemy, that the peasants were Austrians at heart and by tendency; yet at the very time the poor peasants of the two first classes were mutinying against the surgeons, when these rejected some among them as unfit for service. I insisted that at least an appeal should be made to the volunteers; and I

* "The Undersigned, hastens to inform Mr. Abercromby that the order has been given to the commanders of the vessels of the State to allow free navigation to the merchant-vessels sailing under the Austrian flag which they may happen to meet.

"The commanders of vessels of the royal navy have also received orders not to commit any act of hostility against the Austrian vessels of war, except in case of provocation."

The Marquis of Pareto to Mr. Abercromby, Turin, 29th of March, 1848.

† "I learn from a source in which I can place entire faith, that the Pope gave his troops a positive order not to cross the Po.

"Mgr. Corboli-Bussi has passed through Florence, coming from Rome, and I am informed that he has received from the Pope the mission of recommending the King of Sardinia to retire with his troops behind his own frontiers."

Str George Hamilton to Viscount Palmerston, Florence, April 14, 1848.

pledged myself, sure that the example would be followed by all the towns, to the formation of a legion of a thousand volunteers at Milan, provided I should be allowed to advertise this appeal, and to inscribe my name the first. I withdrew, applauded, with a promise of agreement.

Two days later, the consent given to the enrolment of volunteers was revoked; and as to the Committee of War, it was transformed into a Committee of Defence for Venice, and immediately after into a Commission of Succour for Venice, and then it disappeared. The secretary, *factotum* of Charles-Albert, Castagneto, had said—"That it did not please the king to have an army of enemies at his back." If space permitted, I could quote many similar examples.

Institutions and Causes of Republican America.

VII.

CONSTITUTIONS OF THE STATES.

"*Equal Electoral Districts.*—In all the American States the representation is based on the population. There are no little towns called boroughs, sending as many members as cities ten times as large, but equal electoral districts are established throughout the whole Union; that is to say, so many representatives are allotted to so many people. This principle, which is so glaringly violated in England, is too obviously correct for us to undertake its defence.

"In England, a trumpery village town sends as many representatives as Manchester, Edinburgh, or Dublin; and the consequence is, that the landed aristocracy, who control the voters of the petty boroughs, do not care a straw about the voice of the great cities, which is drowned by the clamour of aristocratical nominees in the House of Commons, called representatives."

"*Property Qualification for Members.*—With respect to the absence of a property qualification for representatives in the American republics, but little need be said. In England and Ireland, a large property qualification is required (£600 per annum for the member of a county, £300 per annum for a borough member), because the institutions are designed to secure class legislation—i.e. law-making and government for the aggrandisement of aristocrats. The eldest sons of peers, and members for the English Universities, require no property qualification. We are aware that many of those who favour this system, have reasoned themselves into the belief that it is all for the benefit of the people.

"It was a favourite argument with Burko, and is a favourite argument with the champions of aristocracy, that it is necessary to sustain a pampered class by legislative enactments, and that the people ought to feel very grateful to that class. Suppose, say these reasoners, all the rich were deprived of their food, the poor man would not get half an ounce more meat than he now gets. But that is not the question; it is not how much the aristocracy eat, but what are the consequences, political, social, and moral, of their monopoly of the land, of legislation, government patronage, and all the power of the State.

"The argument in question assumes that it is a matter of perfect indifference to the welfare of a community what system of land tenure may prevail, and that it is utterly unimportant whether the institutions of a country are despotic, aristocratic, or founded on the popular will. On the contrary, it appears to us that these are all questions of paramount importance; and we find that all people who govern themselves are high-spirited, intelligent, moral, and prosperous, whilst those who are deprived of the first right of humanity, self-government, and governed by a set of men by fraud and force, are to a great extent grovelling, immoral, ignorant, wretched, and degenerate.

"In a democracy, the representative is not required to be a man of property, because it is not designed that the legislation of the country shall be effected for the especial benefit of the property-owning class. It is only required that the representative shall be a citizen of mature age, in whom the electors have chosen to place their confidence.

"When this principle was violated by the framers of some of the early American constitutions, democracy was not so thoroughly understood as it is now. But we have seen that the violation was only a nominal one, the qualification being very small in amount. It was a heedless imitation of the example set by the mother country.

There is no better reason for a law requiring a representative to be a man of property than there would be for requiring an admiral or a judge to own so many acres of land, or an attorney or a physician to have fixed property producing a specified income.

"*Voting by Ballot.*—This is the most convenient mode of voting, especially when a large number of officers are elected at the same time. It is almost universally adopted in the several Republics, but in Virginia and Kentucky, and perhaps in one or two other States, the balloting system is not used.

In England it is contended that the voting ought to be open, because the non-electors have a right to know how the electors exercise the franchise. This is a fallacy; no such right is claimed or recognised. The true reason for objecting to secret voting in England is that it would seriously diminish the influence of the landed aristocracy, who now control most of the electors. These aristocrats want to retain a check upon the voters, by retaining the means of ascertaining for whom they vote. It is important to have the vote by ballot in the present condition of society in Great Britain and Ireland, to prevent the employers in the rural districts from assuming to control the votes of the labourers."

"*Remuneration of Representatives.*—In all the States the representatives of the people in Congress, and in the State legislatures, are paid for their services. All governors, and other officers, are likewise paid. This is an important feature in the theory of democratic government.

"In England the members of parliament are not paid for their services.

"In ancient times, the members of the House of Commons were paid by their constituents, but now the Lords and Commons legislate gratuitously; and a member of the House of Commons usually has to expend large sums of money, to defray the expenses of his election. Each party employs lawyers to attend the registration courts, where hundreds of knotty questions of law and fact have to be disposed of every year in making out the list of voters. Here is another evil consequence of the present limited franchise. The battles fought in the registration courts require large supplies of the sinews of war, and each political party is usually compelled to select a candidate who can and will subscribe handsomely towards the expenses of the party in the registration courts, and at the election. All this has the tendency desired by the aristocratic party, namely, the exclusion of mere men of talent, in favour of men of money. In England one must belong to the independently wealthy classes, in order to be qualified to represent the people, for in addition to the direct qualification required by law (which does not apply to Scotland), the member must give up his time, must live in an expensive style in London, and, in addition to all that, must in most instances pay hundreds of pounds towards the expenses of the party to which he belongs, or his patron, friends, or relatives must pay for him.

Men are not naturally opulent, courtiers, nobles, or kings. We come into the world naked and poor. The rich have not better appetites than the poor, nor quicker digestion; the master has not longer arms, or stronger than the servant; a great man is no taller than the meanest artisan.—Rousseau

Poetry for the People.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

FROM MOORE'S "FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE."

Proem

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections
Rais'd to the throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have requir'd in Royalty.
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight—
Some wish'd them tall—some thought your dumpy
Dutch built the true Legitimate.
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head—†
Th' Egyptians wer'n't at all partic'lar
So that their Kings had not red hair—
This fault not ev'n the greatest stickler
For the blood royal well could bear.

A thousand more such illustrations
Might be addue'd from various nations.
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching th' acquir'd or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There's one, which I shall here recite:

Fable.

There was a land—to name the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they rul'd the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made on visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your common people gorgons!

Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
Or that the Queen (God save us) squinted—
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd.
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and he was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not know themselves.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, how'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We never half so earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing—
(As crowds well govern'd always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid there wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there,—
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties—
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out,
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, establish'd mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards—

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presum'd upon his antient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an antient line,
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phyzzes,
Compar'd them proudly with their own,
And cried, "how could such monstrous quizzes
In Beauty's name usurp the throne!"

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon Cosmical Economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improv'd his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court they levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations:—
Besides, what follows is the tale
Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

PROPOSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE, FOR THE PEACEFUL REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

Liberty in Right; Equality in Law; Fraternity in Interest.
(Concluded from No. 10 of the Red Republican.)

"7. That in order to facilitate the transfer of property or service, and the mutual interchange of wealth among the people; to equalise the demand and supply of commodities; to encourage consumption, as well as production, and to render it as easy to sell as to buy, it is an important duty of the State to institute, in every town and city, public marts or stores, for the reception of all kinds of exchangeable goods, to be valued by disinterested officers appointed for the purpose, either upon a corn or a labour standard; the depositors to receive symbolic notes representing the value of their deposits; such notes to be made legal currency throughout the country, enabling their owners to draw from the public stores, to an equivalent amount, thereby gradually displacing the present reckless system of competitive trading and shop-keeping—a system which, however necessary or unavoidable in the past, now produces a monstrous amount of evil, by maintaining a large class living on the profits made by the mere sale of goods, on the demoralising principle of buying cheap and selling dear, totally regardless of the ulterior effects of that policy upon society at large, and the true interests of humanity.

"It is not assumed that the foregoing Propositions comprise all the reforms needed in society. Doubtless, there are many other reforms required, beside those alluded to; doubtless, we want a sound system of national education for youth, made compulsory upon all parents and guardians; doubtless, we require a far less expensive system of military and naval defence than now obtains; doubtless, we require the expropriation of railways, canals, bridges, docks, gas-works, &c; and doubtless, we require a juster and more humane code of civil and penal law than we now possess. But these and all other needful reforms will be easy of accomplishment when those comprised in the foregoing propositions shall have been effected. Without these, indeed, justice cannot be done to humanity; society cannot be placed in the true path of improvement, never again to be turned aside or thrown back; nor can those natural checks and counterchecks be instituted without which the conflicting passions and propensities of man fail to produce a harmonious whole; but with which, as in the material world, all things are made to work together for good, reconciling man to his position in the universe, and exalting his hopes of future destiny."

[These propositions, embracing the plan of a complete reformation of Society through a few simple Acts of Parliament, have been adopted by large bodies of the people, as being at once calculated to save Society from violent revolutionary changes, and to establish the rights, liberties, and prosperity of the masses upon an imperishable basis. At the earnest desire of thousands who have adopted them, the National Reform League has had them stereotyped for extensive distribution among the working classes; and requests all friends of the people to aid in their circulation. Copies may be had at the Office of the League, 72, Newman Street, London: price, 2d. per dozen; 1s. per hundred; or 8s. per thousand.]

The remedy I propose for the increasing pauperism of the United States, and of New York in particular, is the location of the poor on the lands of the far west, which would not only afford permanent relief to our unhappy brethren, but would restore that self-respect and honourable principle inseparable from citizenship.—Rev. Wm. H. Channing.

LIFE IN LONDON.

THE WANDERING TROOPER.

Among the street dancers, or performers, may be enumerated a soldier who dances, and goes through the manual exercise with considerable spirit and gesticulation. His appearance is that of an ordinary foot-soldier, well sunburnt. His dress is an artilleryman's blue jacket, and a pair of (patched but clean) grey trowsers, with a dark blue undress military cap. His jacket, he told me, was not what he might be considered entitled wear by right of his military service, but it was given to him at — Barracks (he would not like it to be known where), by soldiers who had a feeling for a comrade. The lodging-house at which he lived was of the better kind; only adults were admitted. He could not bear, he declared, to live in a house where there was boys and girls, and all sorts—"there was such carryings on." He said "I was born in the town of Ballinrobe, county of Mayo, and when I was eighteen (I'm now thirty-six), I went to Liverpool to try to get work. My father was a carpenter, but I followed no trade. I think I could have given my mind to trade; but I don't know, for I was never tried, and I always thought of a soldier's life, and a roving one too. I used to look into the barracks at Ballinrobe to see the soldier's going to church; and I thought a soldier's life was a fine life; but God knows, then it isn't; for I have seen men drop in Leuchistan for want of water—that was in Sir Charles Napier's campaign in 1845. I have been as near to Sir Charles as I am to you now. He's a good man to a private soldier, and would talk to them as to a staff-officer; there's no pride in him. I marched 100 miles barefoot over the hills and through the desert. I was all through the Seikh campaign, and suffered a good deal in forced marches, with just reasonable to eat, but the water was the worst. I served in Spain three years before I went to India. I was with General Evans, and for two years didn't sleep on a bed. I came home with a good character and £9 2s 6d. to receive, but never received it, no nor a fraction of it. I then listed for India, where I was discharged at Sabatho; in the Himalaya Mountains, and came down the Ganges (three months of it in boats) to Calcutta. When I got to the India House, on my return here, I received 3s.—that was all, sir. I kicked up a row at the India House for some employment, and was taken before the Lord Mayor, who was very civil to me, and sent me to prison because I was turned into the streets to starve. I was ill three months after that, and was in the Free Hospital, ill of fever and want. I had to beg next with matches, and met with all kinds of insult and contempt, tell I thought dancing was better than begging, with a turn every now and then in prison for begging, for I never stole in my life. I was nervous the first time I tried it, but I've since done the soldier's exercise in the street, both broadsword and firelock. I dance anything that comes into my head. The exercise is better than the dancing; it pleases the people; they say, 'this poor man works hard, he deserves a half-penny, and he sells a few books, we'll buy one.' I always do it in this uniform. I reckon 1s. a very good day's work for my exercise, but oftener get 8d. or 9d. It's hard work. I'm heart-broken and foot-sore, for I walk from twenty to thirty miles every day, except Sunday, besides being hunted by the police to stop my gathering a crowd—I don't know why exactly; for if it's right to fight, it can't be so wrong to show how its done. I never eat idle bread in my life, and would do anything for an honest living.—Morning Chronicle.

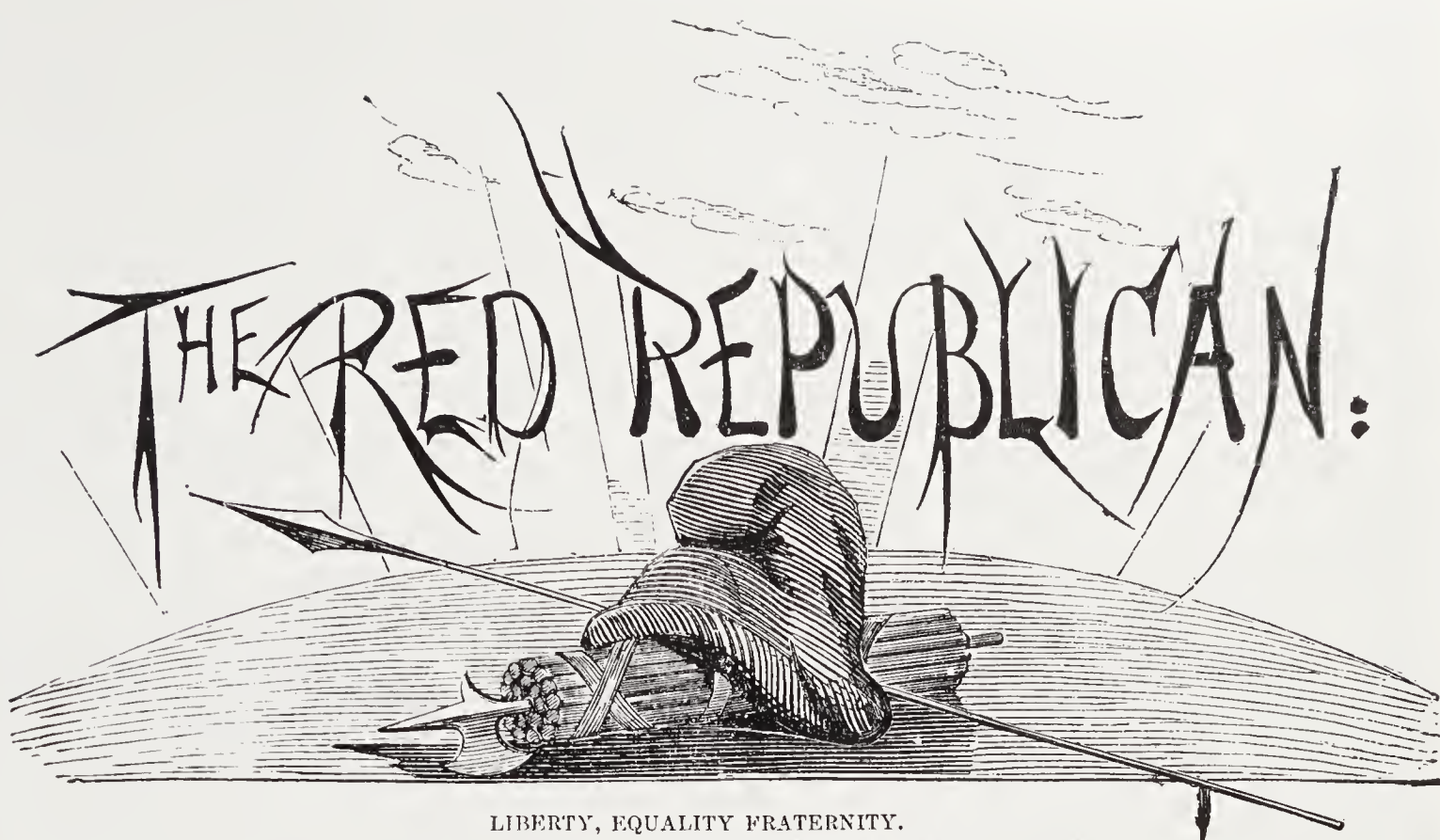
It has been learned that there is high poetry in common life, and before long, dignity will be discovered in labour.—Eclectic Review.

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* The Goths had a law to chose always a short, thick man for their King.—Munster, Cosmog. Lib. III. p. 164.

† In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable.

Oriental Field Sports.



LIBERTY, EQUALITY FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 12.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

IX.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHERN.

FINAL ABDICATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE — THE LEGITIMIST MUMMY — THE PRINCE PRESIDENT PRETENDER—THE 'PEACE' PALAVERERS.

I INTERRUPT the subject commenced in Letter 7, and continued in Letter 8, that I may offer the following remarks on certain topics of the day—topics which should not pass unnoticed by the *Red Republican*.

The mortal exit of the notorious LOUIS PHILIPPE, *alias* "Mr. Smith," has given occasion for some columns of fulsome fudgery on the part of "our daily contemporaries;" who have been amusing their readers with biographies of the departed "worthy," and editorial commentaries on his acts, personal and political. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has made the discovery that LOUIS PHILIPPE was "one of the benefactors" of his country! The ready writer who drew up the account of the death of the old gentleman, made the scarcely less astounding discoveries that the subject of his observations was at the period of his death "His Majesty, King Louis Philippe," and a noble example of "human greatness!" Lord, how some men are given to lying! For once, however, the Editor of that precious paper

seems to have had some qualms of conscience in attempting to whitewash the character of the moral Ethiopian of Royalty; and after a vain attempt to make black appear white, abandoned the hopeless task by acknowledging that Louis Philippe "rose without moral greatness, reigned without the affection of his people, and fell without the compassion of the world." A very pretty epitaph for the tomb of the "citizen-king."

The rule that "we should speak no ill of the dead" was probably given birth to by some scoundrel who had good reason to apprehend a severe judgment from his survivors. Such a rule may be permissible in the case of a private individual, whose deeds cannot have affected for good or for evil any great number of the human family, but should never be tolerated in the case of public characters. Rather should the wholesome usage of the Egyptians be acted upon, who subjected their dead to a rigid trial before admitting them even to the rites of burial. As soon as a man was dead he was brought to trial. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the deceased had led a bad life, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. If not convicted of any crime he was interred in an honourable manner. The throne itself was no protection from this public inquest. Some of the Egyptian kings were deprived of sepulture. "Each citizen," says Rollin, the historian, "struck with the disgrace inflicted on the dead person, was afraid to reflect dishonour on his own memory and family; and the people admired the power of the laws which extended judgment even beyond the grave." Enormous has been the evil amongst modern *Christian* nations through the want of this admirable though *heathen* institution.

How many lying eulogists of tyrants and tyrants' minions, would have had their mouths stopped, and their venal pens arrested, had this excellent usage been transplanted to Europe, and maintained till the present time!

Sometimes, indeed, in the case of outrageous rascals, public opinion has supplied the want of such an institution. For instance, I am old enough to remember that the day of the funeral of "Fum the Fourth"—that

"Charles to his country—Harry to his wife,"

was kept as a public holiday, not by order of the Lord Chamberlain, or any other Court flunkey, but by command of public opinion. My elders will also remember the "auspicious occasion" when, as the news flew over "the three kingdoms," men aroused their neighbours before the dawn of day to communicate the glad tidings—"Castlereagh has cut his throat! Hurrah!" Thousands in this metropolis are yet living who must remember the fearful and repeated yell of triumphant execration which burst from "the populace" over the remains of the suicide, as his coffin descended into the grave in Westminster Abbey. Those yells, "savage and sincere," proclaimed the justice of the uncorrupted masses. They were right. If a man has been the scourge of his race while living, in the name of inexorable justice, for the sake of humanity itself, let not even the grave shield him; let him be pursued with vengeance even to the gates of perdition.

It is not my purpose to attempt a biographical sketch of Louis Philippe, nor to sit in judgment on all the acts of his political career. I shall notice but a few of the most prominent points in the long history of his strangely chequered progress from the cradle to the grave.

Though any thing but a man of genius, the late tenant of Claremont had in the course of his time exhibited a degree of "cleverness" which led some people to doubt his legitimacy. The Bourbons have become so sunk in the scale of intellect, that Louis Philippe has been believed to have been too clever a fellow to belong to their kith and kin. The doubts cast upon his origin by the claims of Maria Stélla (afterwards Lady Newborough, and subsequently Baroness Steenberg), have never been cleared up; and when Duke of Orleans, his enemies did not scruple to declare that he had no legitimate claim to that title, being in reality a changeling, the son of the Italian jailor and executioner, Chiappini! Whether this story be true or false, matters little in the estimation of sensible men. Louis Philippe is to be judged by his acts, and the question of his parentage is not worthy of more than this passing notice. Certain it is, that he was brought up as the eldest son and heir to the Duke of Orleans (afterwards "Citizen Egalité"), by whom he was introduced to the Jacobin Club. It is said, that the subsequent "King of the French" deemed himself honoured by being appointed temporary *door-keeper* to that celebrated Assembly! His eulogists have boasted loudly of his military patriotism. Without disparaging his character for personal bravery, it should be borne in mind that he deserted the French colours in company with the traitor, Dumourier, with whom he had been intriguing to subvert the Republic. Summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, to answer for their treason, the guilty wretches took to flight, and had a narrow escape from the vengeance of their comrades; being, as they fled, pursued and fired on by Davoust's battalion. The discovery of his meditated treason and subsequent flight, sealed the fate of the wretched Egalité (his real or reputed father), who was led to the scaffold, and thereon met the reward of his enormous crimes. Subsequently, Louis Philippe offered to bear arms in the service of the enemies of his country. In 1808, 1809, and 1810, he was unceasing in his endeavours to obtain a command in the armies of Spain against the French, but was refused. In 1814, he again set foot on the soil of France; and on the return of Buonaparte from Elba, his dukedom accepted the command of the Army of the North, to combat the tri-colour under the white cockade. The hearts of the soldiers were, however, against the Bourbons; and, like his royal relative, Louis the Eighteenth, his Grace of Orleans had a second time to "cut and run." He once more returned to Twickenham. The "Hundred Days" over, Louis Philippe again found his way to France, and from that hour never ceased his intrigues until he had secured for himself the throne of that country, at the expense of its "legitimate" possessor.

Dumourier, Fouché, Talleyrand, each in turn, intrigued to establish an Orleans dynasty. The Grenoble conspiracy was designed to effect that object. The mass of the conspirators were Buonapartists; but Paul Didier and other chiefs were the ill-fated instruments of Louis Philippe's ambition.

But the long-coveted prize within his reach, he hesitated to snatch it—not through any "compunctious visitings," but because he feared to commit himself to the new revolution. Concealed at Raincy during the combat

of the "three days," he suggested to his confidants, that he should be carried with a show of force to Paris, in order to deceive his confiding relative, Charles the Tenth. Subsequently, on his way to the capital, his heart failed him, and he would have turned back but for the efforts of those who had committed themselves to his cause. At length his triumph was complete; dressed *en bourgeois*, and sporting a huge tri-coloured cockade, Louis Philippe was introduced to the Parisians by Lafayette, as "the best of Republics." The heir of Egalité performed his part in the comedy, by declaring, that he would "surround his throne with republican institutions," and was thereupon inaugurated as "Citizen King of the French."

His first act as a king was to write a secret letter to the autocrat NICHOLAS, in which he hypocritically spoke of the July Revolution as "a catastrophe," which he had sought "earnestly to avert." He concluded by cringingly imploring the favor of the Czar. The subsequent policy of his government was in accordance with this base beginning. Although the Polish insurrection saved France from a new Cossack invasion, and secured the throne thereof to LOUIS PHILIPPE, he abandoned Poland, and left her heroic sons to defeat, despair, and death. He betrayed the patriots of Germany, Italy, and Spain; and throughout his reign acted the part of chief policeman to the Holy Alliance. In the latter days of his power he yielded Cracow to Austria, and combined with that vulture power to foment civil war in Switzerland. His shameless and unnatural intrigues in the affair of the Spanish marriages must be fresh in the recollection of every one. There needs no clearer proof of the hellish character of his policy than the fact, that several of his vile instruments—ambassadors and diplomatic agents—were driven by remorse of conscience to madness and suicide!

He governed France by corruption and the sword. Under his rule the government officials amounted to four times the number of the electoral body. Votes in the electoral assemblies and the Chamber of Deputies were regularly bought and sold. He persecuted and chained the press, interdicted the right of the people to assemble and associate, and filled the land with an army of spies and Is-carriots.

The clemency of LOUIS PHILIPPE has been highly extolled by the base press-gang of this country. The *Times* declares that "It will be remembered when all his other acts are forgotten, that from the commencement to the end of his reign no blood was shed—but that of convicted assassins and of some few deluded insurgents in the heat of popular contests." There is a wide margin attached to that "*but*." Many of my readers must well remember the slaughter of the Proletarians of Lyons, who inscribed on their flags the glorious motto: "To live working or die fighting." At the funeral of General LAMARQUE, grape shot was poured upon the people, and more than six hundred victims slain. To maintain the throne of LOUIS PHILIPPE the guillotine reeked with blood, and the dungeons were filled with patriots. The military executioners of his will fired upon captives in their prisons, shot unarmed men for their amusement, slew pregnant women and infants at their mothers' breasts. Even the sanctuary of the church was not respected. The sup-

porters of the throne, the champions of "order," massacred their victims at the foot of the altar.

The *Times* avers that "an excessive reluctance to shed blood, was one cause of Louis Philippe's overthrow," and blames him for not having acted upon the advice of the "pure and sainted" Queen, who would have had him risk a murderous contest, rather than abdicate. *Saintly* advice, truly! Not from any aversion to blood-shedding, but because he saw that the game was up, LOUIS PHILIPPE rejected that advice. It has been said he was morally paralysed at a moment when an act of energy would have saved his throne. True he was paralysed, but it was because he saw that all hearts were turned against him. That the troops despised him; the National Guard had gone over to the insurgents, and that the bourgeoisie finding him a worn-out tool, had turned from him. Under those circumstances "an act of energy" would have been simply an act of folly, and would probably have cost him his life. The preparations made previous to the 22nd of February to crush the people, testified to LOUIS PHILIPPE's unabated resolution to maintain his evil ascendancy even by the bloodiest measures. If those measures were not fully carried out, it was not owing to any want of will on his part, but to want of power. His "faithful bourgeoisie" turned against him, and from that moment he was lost.

It may be urged by the apologists of LOUIS PHILIPPE, that the French people are at this moment subjected to a more damnable system of tyranny, than they suffered under his rule, and that the bourgeoisie (sham) Republican have shown themselves to be even more pitiless and bloody than the butchers of the Rue Transnonain. It is sufficient to answer that two blacks do not make a white. That the crimes of CHANGARNIER, CAVAIGNAC, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, do not absolve their predecessor from the infamy justly attached to the acts of his reign. Certainly the sham Republican traitors are a thousand-fold worse than LOUIS PHILIPPE, but he is not justified by their villainies. Let me add the hope that those traitors will not escape with a mere Egyptian trial, but on the contrary, will be brought to condign punishment while yet on this side of the River of Death.

It is true, that LOUIS PHILIPPE was the tool of the bourgeoisie, but he was a willing tool. In accepting the baseness of the middle-classes, he did so with an eye to "the main chance." He was worthy of his masters, and they of him. Perhaps it is well for humanity that he reigned. His mean, shuffling, huxtering rule—his reign of lies and chicanery has for ever damned that precious system of fraud denominated by its admirers, "the monarchy of the middle classes."

Hated and execrated by the great mass of the French people, and despised and deserted by those who had shared his evil supremacy, the Revolution of February thrust him from the soil of France, and as an outcast he again sought refuge on these shores. The conclusion of his public life was every way worthy of his antecedents. His whiskers shorn, attired in a pea-coat, and passing under the assumed name of "Smith" (!) he dodged out of France and dodged into England. Welcomed by a worthy squad of English shop-owners, the royal charlatan, laying his hand upon

his heart, said "I have nothing to tax my conscience with, and nothing to reflect upon." Could the force of humbug further go?

The last scene of all has just closed. LOUIS PHILIPPE has made his final abdication, and is no more of this world. By the acts of his life he will be judged, and although base hirelings may prostitute their pens to defend and applaud his career, their efforts to save his memory from infamy will be in vain. Associated with all that is base, selfish, and despicable, the name of LOUIS PHILIPPE will owe its rescue from oblivion chiefly to the fact of it having been borne by the last of the Royal pests of his native land.

While LOUIS PHILIPPE was passing to his tomb, the French Legitimists were amusing themselves with a pious pilgrimage to Wiesbaden, for the purpose of paying their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux, *alias*, the Count of Chambord, *alias* the (would-be) "HENRY the Fifth"—these royal vagrants sport as many aliases as a veteran thief at the Old Bailey. It is amusing to observe the ill-concealed disgust and vexation expressed in every line of LAROCHEJAQUELIN's letter, who evidently regards his precious prince as no better than an animated mummy—gifted with an exceedingly small amount of animation. Perhaps "the Legitimist Lama" would not be a bad title for the heir of the elder Bourbons, for like the sucking Lama, described in Turner's Embassy to Thibet, the descendant of St. Louis "though unable to speak a word, conducts himself with astonishing dignity and decorum"—and that is all! His followers demand a programme, a policy, a mode of action; in vain. The Right Divine Mummy is content to wait until Heaven shall move the hearts of "his people" to return to the good old way. Certainly miracles are yet possible; witness Italy, just now blessed with a full crop. Let the Legitimists not despair; "when the skies fall they shall catch larks."

Commenting on the popularity-hunting tour of the Imperial "Special," the *Times* observes, that "One conclusion is certainly confirmed by the results of the President's tour. France is unquestionably not Republican." Let me add, that one conclusion is certainly confirmed by reading the *Times*; that that "best possible instructor" is certainly not addicted to the truth, but, on the contrary, is most horribly given to lying. The mendacious support given by the *Times* to the Prince President Pretender, can only be explained on the supposition that, taking advantage of his dreadfully embarrassed position, the usurers of this country have their coil round him, and hence their organ is directed to support his pretensions to a throne; the plutocrats believing that they could better manage the "Special," than they could a king selected from either of the Bourbon branches. But they are out in their reckoning. Buonaparte's tour has called forth the most signal manifestations of popular devotion to the Republic. All the humbug of his expedition—his royal apeishness, his white charger, his speeches dished up to suit the varying circumstances connected with the several places visited, military displays, illuminations, &c. &c.—all these stage tricks have failed to excite the enthusiasm hoped for. The French are pre-eminently fond of spectacle, and LOUIS NAPOLEON's travelling exhibition naturally drew together an immense number of "sight"-seekers. By the Ordermongers

he was well received, and his police and military body-guard kept up an eternal shout of *Vive Napoleon! Vive le President!*—answered by the working men with thundering cries of *Vive la Republique*, and *Vive la Republique Democratique et Sociale!*—Cries which were also raised by large numbers of the National Guard. The scenes at Dijon, Besançon, and other places, must have satisfied the Prince President Pretender that any attempt on his part to overthrow the Republic will cost him his head.

The Peacemongers have been holding their annual *Palaver*. Frankfort has this year been the scene of their performances. The company consisted principally of the old hands, with the addition of a "star," in the person of an Ojibbeway Chief; Richard Cobden, chief manager, of course. Among the leading characters was — HINDLEY, M.P., who, only two or three weeks ago, stood up in the House of Commons as the defender of WARD, the Haynau of the Ionian Islands! A nice peace-preacher! This reminds me of another peace-monger, who defended the conduct of CAVAIGNAC, and averred that under similar circumstances he would mow down the "mob" with grape-shot. War is horrible, and peace—universal and eternal—is desirable, no doubt; but these humbugs begin at the wrong end. COBDEN and Co. know very well that armies are maintained solely for the purpose of enabling the tyrants to continue their accursed rule, and to help each other in crushing the people whenever the latter make an attempt to obtain possession of their political and social rights. To ask the tyrants to disband their armies, that is to say, to give up the only means they possess of enforcing their will and perpetuating their murderous supremacy, is as ridiculous as it would be to petition the shark to part with his teeth, or the wolf with his fangs. When the shark is hooked and cut to pieces, and the wolf knocked on the head, the dentist may be called in; until then, any attempt at drawing the teeth of such ugly customers would be not more dangerous than ridiculous.

The millenium, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, must be desired by every lover of his kind. But all but fools know, that before that day arrives, there will be fearful and bloody conflicts between the people and their oppressors. At present, the Peace Palaverers are crying, "Peace, peace! while there is no peace." War is still raging between the oppressors and the oppressed—the war of persecution in which the latter are the sole victims; but, ere long, the nations will again rise in their strength, and return blow for blow, with fearfully accumulated interest. The holy war which shall result in the complete and final overthrow of tyranny, can alone give birth to permanent and universal peace.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while,
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
Taste grief, need friends like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king.—*Shakespeare.*
Man is man, and who is more? — *English Proverb.*

Man o'er men,
God made not lord: such title to himself reserving.

Milton.

AN HONEST CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

To the EDITOR of the RED REPUBLICAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. George Smith, has replied to my letter, which appeared in No. 8 of *The Red Republican*, and I agree with him, that this is a question of great importance; and I do hope "that abler minds" will give to it that serious attention which the importance of this question so eminently demands. I entirely agree with Mr. S. as to the evils of our monetary system, and that "an intelligent people would require no circulating medium at all." But, I would ask, has society arrived at that point of intelligence to do without money altogether? If not, (and who will affirm that it has reached that important mark), why propose to do that which is impossible at the present time? I do not concur in opinion with him, that the "chaotic state of confusion" of "our social condition" is to be remedied by the "disuse of money." What is most to be desired at the present time is, the issuing of a just kind of money, *not* of intrinsic worth, but only a representative of true value, which money should be a legal tender for all debts, contracts, &c.

Will Mr. S. inform us what would be the effect upon our present societaian arrangements, if we were to abolish the use of money now, taking into consideration the education and habits of the people; and how it would prove to be the "shortest cut to the Charter, the Land plan, &c.?"

It must always be a source of pleasure to those who are in search of the truth, to discover where they can agree in a right cause. And here it gives me pleasure to find, that Mr. S. "would gladly help to bring about" an "issue of currency notes, because, were that done, *money would at once be abolished.*" I presume that Mr. S. meant the abolition of money of *intrinsic* worth.

I shall be glad if Mr. S. will explain the meaning of the following paragraph, as it contradicts that which I have quoted above:—"Strange, that in the nineteenth century, any *wages slave* should be found to advocate the continuance, in any *SHAPE*, of that which, whilst it shall last, must perpetuate HIS VASSALAGE to its fortunate possessors."

I am required to explain what I mean by an *equitable* circulating medium; and also, what is a just commercial system: I reply by stating, that an equitable circulating medium should represent the true value of all fixed and circulating capital;—that this representative should never be in excess, nor below the true amount of wealth existing in the nation;—that it should always be attainable when required, on depositing *real* value for it. By a *just commercial system*, I mean that every one should have equal opportunities to exchange their commodities;—that none should be compelled to sell at a loss, or in other words, than an honest system of *reciprocity* be established. If public marts were established for the reception of the people's manufactures, &c., so that it should be as easy to sell as to buy, I think there would be no difficulty for the wealth producers to overcome, in obtaining the full value of that which they produced.

For what chance would the fixed income people—the idlers—have, of abstracting more wealth from the working bees? On the contrary, as prices rose, would not the purchasing power of the idlers diminish? And so on continually at every successive rise in prices. In proportion as wealth rose in value, would not the wealth producer obtain the *utmost value* for his labour?

A WAGES SLAVE.

If man has a right to light, air, and water, which no one will attempt to question, he has a right also to the *land*, which is just as necessary for the maintenance of his subsistence. If every person had an equal share of the spoil, poverty would be unknown in the world, and crime would disappear. — *ant.—Mike Walsh.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

BROTHER DEMOCRATS,

Did the success of the "Red Republican" interest an individual merely—a few isolated persons only—there would be no necessity on the part of the committee to again appeal to their Brother Democrats for renewed exertions in its behalf; but the interest and the success of this journal are the interest and success of the principles cherished not only by its editor and by ourselves, but by thousands of our fellow-men.

The circulation acquired by the "Red Republican" from its commencement has been highly encouraging, but not sufficient to afford a return, so well deserved, by the proprietor and editor.

The contributions received, testify to the desire felt for the success of the "Red Republican," but the amount has been found insufficient to defray the expense attendant upon advertising alone. This cost has been greatly increased by the disposition on the part of too many booksellers to burke this publication.

Under these circumstances, we appeal to you for such further assistance as you may be able to render. We also particularly urge you to act upon the suggestions for promoting the sale of the "Red Republican," contained in No. 11. Let every reader and well-wisher do his best, and the establishment of this free and fearless organ of Democracy will be secured.

In behalf the Committee,

JAMES GRASSBY, *Treasurer.*

DANIEL WILLIAM RUFFY, *Secretary.*

13, Tottenham Court, New Road,
St. Pancras, London.

RASPAIL

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."

Selections from the writings of F. V. Raspail, written in the dungeon of Vincennes, 1848:—

I.

UTOPIANISM.

Socialism is the Gospel. Do you believe that? Everything which surpasses the limited understandings of those who govern is a Utopia; but they can bring no arguments to show its absurdity, because they do not know even the outline of the question. The Republic, the right of working, equality between citizens, fraternity, the alliance of nations, have all been treated as Utopias. There are people who are ready to devour a Utopian alive, as being a worse monster than either a Communist or a Socialist. Is a Utopian made in the image of a banker, who alone is made in the image of God? Bye the bye, I see I am speaking to you of the thing, without having first explained the word. Utopia is the name of a book, by Thomas More, Chancellor of England. It was published at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and treats of a new plan of government. This name is derived from two Greek words; *ou* no, *topos* place—and means, "There is no possibility of applying what I say: listen to me then without being alarmed;" people listened, but More had his head cut off in 1535. Jesus Christ, the greatest and gentlest of all Utopians, was treated no better; and, were he now on earth, would still be treated in the same way. For do you not see how infamously those who dare to call themselves His ministers, treat their brothers who proclaim the Holy Trinity of the Gospel, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—those who have the audacity, like the Apostles of old, to preach communism to the people.

God has made of one blood all the nations of men.—*Acts, ch. xvii, v. 26.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid. Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London." Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street." Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

J. Cowen, junior, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 10s. The Red Republicans of Padilham, per B. Pilling, 6s. J. C. Hulme, 6d. Red Republicans of Coventry, per A. Yates, 10s. "Alistair," 1s. Northampton, per Mr. Bezzer, Mr. R. Clark, 6d. M. Cherry, 6d., a Friend, 1d., James Rymill (2nd subscription), 1s. John Rymill (2nd subscription), 1s. G. Mantle (2nd subscription), 1s.

THE POLISH REFUGEES.—We have received and paid over to Colonel Oborski, member of the Polish Committee: From Hebben-Bridge, per J. Mann, 3s. 9d. J. Knight Manchester, 1s. 6d.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—We have received and paid over to the Type-founders Committee, 2s. from H. W. E., who writes as follows:—"I have read your articles on the strike of the Chiswell-street Type-founders, and can assure you that I greatly sympathize with them in their distress. Feeling satisfied I could not give my pecuniary aid to a more deserving object, I enclose 2s. in postage stamps for the fund being got up for their relief, to which I hope you will forward the same and oblige a young Red. H. W. E." May the "young Reds" increase and multiply!

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—Julian Harney has received for, and paid over to this society, from John Cameron, Glasgow, 1s.; J. Morgan, Deptford, 1s.; James Barrie, Ashford, 1s.; T. Winters, 6d. E. A. Jacobson, 1s.—Utting, 6d.; S. Guinaman, Tunbridge Wells, 2s.; J. Glover, Cheltenham 6d.; Messrs. Cameron, Black, and Wilson, Hulme, 1s. 6d.; W. J. Hatfield, Cambridge, 6d.; L. Gleave, Rochdale, 3d.; W. Sibly, 1s. J. Knight, Manchester, 6d.

S. GUINAMAN, suggests the propriety of each member of the Society of Fraternal Democrats subscribing 6d. per quarter to enable the Committee to keep a fund in hand.

T. WINTERS, Wolverhampton.—Received.

B. PILLING, Padilham, forwarding a subscription, acknowledged above, says:—"I can assure you that the labours of yourself and friends are well appreciated in this town. The Red Republican gives the greatest satisfaction."

J. C. writes—"I am proud of your little journal; there never was anything, at any price, so good in our time."

A. YATES, Coventry, forwarding a subscription acknowledged above, writes as follows:—"The principles enunciated in the Red Republican are just what the mass of the people require to be made thoroughly acquainted with, and without which I verily believe that if this country were to be revolutionized to-morrow, in twelve months hence our position would be little, if anything, superior to that which the brave but too confiding Proletarians of France is at the present time. The lords of the soil, the lords of the tall chimneys, the swindling usurers, profit-mongers, and priests, would combine and resort to any and every stratagem to cheat us out of the fruits of our victory; and if necessary for the accomplishment of their hellish designs, would like the bloodthirsty order-mongers of France, form pyramids of our dead bodies rather than yield one iota of that usurpation by which they are enabled to hoard up heaps of wealth, and wallow in luxurious idleness, at the cost of the sweat and blood of the toiling millions. The people have been so long accustomed to part with four-fifths of their earnings to tax-eaters and profit-mongers, that now they appear to bear it with the same indifference that a Jerusalem pony bears his burden; but once let their minds be stored with a knowledge of the evils under which they labour, and the remedies necessary to be applied, and the funeral dirge of kingcraft, priestcraft, lordcraft, and all the other devilish crafts that stand in the way of human progression, will speedily be sung. Yours, then, be the mission to impart the necessary instruction; and the honest democrats, from one end of the country to the other will, I feel convinced, use every exertion to extend the circulation of the Red Republican as widely as possible. It ought to circulate, at the very lowest, half a million copies a week.—Health and Fraternity, Alex. Yates."

CHESTER.—A friend writes from Chester,—"You will greatly oblige by sending Nos. 10 and 11 of the Red Republican. I cannot get them in this city. The news agent told me the publication was stopped. [Lord, how some men are given to lying!] I want them particularly to send to a friend in America." [The numbers have been forwarded; also a copy of No. 12.]

"REPUBLIC AND ROYALTY IN ITALY."—The translation of this work will be continued in our next number.

CITIZEN BEZZER.—We understand that our friend Bezzer has held highly successful meetings in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire. We are informed that he will attend the Camp-Meeting on Holbrook Moor, on Sunday (to-morrow). Localities in Yorkshire, &c., &c., wishing to have Citizen Bezzer's services must write immediately; address care of Mr. Moss, 81, Parke Street, Derby.

ERNEST JONES'S POEMS.—In answer to several correspondents, we have to state that, owing to the hostility of the publishing tribe, the publication of Mr. Jones's prison-penned poems is unavoidably postponed. Due notice as to the time of publishing, with all particulars as to price, &c., will be hereafter furnished by Mr. Jones.

J. N., Heywood.—In return for two postage-stamps, addressed to Mr. Arnott, 14, Southampton-street, Strand, London, you will receive, post-free, two or three copies of the Chartist tract. Only one tract has yet been published.

W. E. ADAMS.—Thanks for your letter; although the suggestion of giving to one man two votes we could not support, under any circumstances. There will, however be none of the difficulties you fear, if the several societies, amalgamate, and form an association—"one and indivisible."

POETRY.—"A Voice from the Loom" we may find room for. The "Acrostic," by our friend James French, Newcastle, Staffordshire (which we should have acknowledged earlier), is well-written, but we must decline its publication. We are not insensible to our friend's poetical eulogy, but its publication in the Red would savour of vanity, an offence we desire to steer clear of.

IMPORTANT TO SHOEMAKERS.—The Editor of the *Lawrence Courier* (U. S.) calls attention to a new and simple machine for pegging shoes, invented by Mr. Joel Robinson. It is calculated that the machine works with four times the speed of the most skilful workman, and will turn out one hundred and fifty pair of shoes in a day.

THE DOG TAX.—Can any friend learned in the law affecting the canine species inform "A Lover of Justice" why he is charged 8s. 9d. tax on his dog in Lancashire, whereas he never paid more than 8s. in London? Such an imposition (as it appears to us) would almost justify our correspondent, "letting slip the dogs of war," upon the tax-gatherer.

"VOTELESS TRAVELLER."—The article came to hand too late for the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW; we will, however, find a place for it in the RED REPUBLICAN as soon as possible.

R. LEWIS.—Received. The rules, &c., of the Association shall have notice as soon as we may be able to find room.

A. BATE.—Thanks for your good wishes. Your well-meant strictures we appreciate; but having full confidence in the integrity of the men you name, we cannot but regard them as earnestly devoted to the People's cause. We hold that they greatly exaggerate the good to be accomplished by their favourite scheme; but believing that exaggeration to be the consequence of their enthusiasm, and not of any wilfully wicked intention to mislead, our confidence in their patriotism is unshaken.

ALEXANDER BELL.—Received. No room this week.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—A correspondent who bears an appropriate name, for certainly he is wide awake, thus comments on the monster-humbog of 1851:—"As tremendous preparations are being made to collect the wonders of this world, to 'astonish the natives,' as a lover of the honour and glory of Great Britain (though, by the by, I never was fool enough to shoulder a musket for the said honour; &c.), and have little or nothing to do 'according to law' but toil and pay taxes, I cannot but be excited when I think of the coming event; and I am wonderfully gratified to learn that our great rulers, our mighty men of wisdom, have got hold of the great cannon, 41 tons in weight. Surely, that is a catch, that will secure the prize for the implements of war; but I fear we shall have to yield to the Otahetians, to the King of the Cannibal Islands, or some other of our distant cousins the prize for the implements of peace. But that Great Britain may maintain its pre-eminence even at the exhibition, I beg leave to suggest, that attention be directed to the following articles of British manufacture, which I am persuaded will 'defy competition.'—1. The greatest amount of luxury, extravagance, debauchery, and heartless inhumanity in any nation's royal paupers. 2. The greatest amount of destitution, starvation, death, and unmitigated misery in a nation's wealth producers. 3. The most expensive Government, requiring the greatest amount of taxation, from a proportionate number of people. 4. The greatest amount of chicanery, knavery, injustice, and treachery, in any nation's class legislation, for the advantage of a tyrannical aristocracy, and the oppression of the people at large. 5. The greatest amount of money squeezed from any nation's suffering people, to make extravagant livings for a set of idle drones, and uncalled-for nuisances, 'yclept, bishops, priests, deans, &c. 6. The greatest amount of any nation's stupidity, ignorance, and folly, in allowing such a state of things to exist. As the last-named set of articles would occupy more room than the area of the exhibition would admit, I beg to suggest that a sculptor be employed to make a huge stone figure of John Bull, with both hands in his breeches pockets, his eyes shut, and the impressive inscription engraven on his brow, 'The great John Bull; a blind and stupid fool!' N.B. John Bull may be easily induced to pay the expenses occasioned by carrying out these suggestions. It will not be the first time that he has been at the expense of making himself ridiculous.—JOHN WAKE.

To instruct mankind in things most excellent, and to honour and applaud those earned men who perform this service with industry and care, is a duty, the performance of which must procure the love of all good men.—*Xenophon.*

Man's natural rights in relation to things are, his right to the things produced by the exercise of his personal endowments, and his right to participate in those bounties which nature has equally given to all.—*F. Byrdall.*
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.

WE have been requested to publish the following :—
Type-founders Committee Rooms,
 30th August, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you, that a vote of thanks has been passed to you, and the other gentlemen who attended and rendered their valuable assistance at our public meeting.

I am, Sir, your's very faithfully,
 (For Committee,)

ROBT. Y'ILL.

Mr. Julian Harney.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

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Stitched in a handsome wrapper,
Price 6d. each,

ARE NOW READY.

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THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon.*

EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CELEBRATED HYENA.

THE German journals announce that Field Marshal HAYNAU has arrived at Cologne *on his way to England ! ! ! !*

Will he be permitted to desecrate England's soil?

Were the English people that which they should be; were they worthy of the manhood assigned to them by Nature, they would meet the arch-assassin with a front of hatred and a roar for justice and vengeance. They would meet him on the sea-beach, and warn him at his peril to turn back; and if he persisted in attempting to land, they would fling him back into the waves to seek the devil "somewhat ere his time."

But that will not be. Vast numbers know nothing of his evil reputation; others have been morally emasculated by the accursed cant of "amity," "charity," &c., &c. Moreover, there are those who will welcome HAYNAU, and be proud to have him for a guest—the ruling and (for the present) all-powerful classes.

In all probability, HAYNAU will be smiled upon by Royalty, and petted by Aristocracy. The royal and "noble" personages who abased themselves to lick the dust from the

feet of the misereant NICHOLAS, and delighted to play the shameful part of the Autocrat's parasites and flunkies, will, no doubt, be only too happy to testify their hatred of Democracy by paying homage to HAYNAU.

Everything after its kind. It is only natural that those whose unholy supremacy is upheld by fraud and force should delight to do honour to a successful champion of their system, a victorious combatant against Justice and Freedom.

For the people—at least for all the intelligent and professedly patriotic—there is a duty which they cannot evade the performance of without sinning against their own consciences. That duty is to protest against the presence of HAYNAU, should he dare to pollute England with his tread. Those who but twelve months ago met in their thousands to express their sympathy for the gallant Magyars, and to execrate HAYNAU and his brigand bands, owe it to themselves, their country, and their suffering brethren in Hungary, to assemble once more to protest against England being outraged by the presence of the Austrian Hyena.

Let the Fraternal Democrats see to this. It is peculiarly their work to take the initiative in providing the opportunity for a manifestation of public opinion, should Haynau attempt to curse us with his hateful presence. If the "noble" and the "respectable" friends of Hungary give evidence of their resolution to perform this duty; very good; the "Fraternalists" may join them. If not, then without loss of time the Fraternalists must do *their duty*.

Hurrah for KOSSUTH! Hurrah for BEM, DEMBINSKI, and GUYON! Hurrah for all the true and brave sons of Hungary! Eternally venerated be her fallen heroes and glorious martyrs! But may the world's execrations fall heavy on the pitiless murderer of unarmed prisoners; the shameless flogger of innocent, helpless women; the fiend-incarnate whose name is synonymous with murder, rapine, and a people's blood and tears!

THE INSOLENT TYRANNY OF CAPITAL.

WE observe with sorrow that the engine-drivers and firemen on the Eastern Counties Railway have felt themselves forced to make an acknowledgment of having been "much too precipitate" in committing themselves to a strike. We deplore this, because such an acknowledgment proclaims too plainly the weakness of the men and the strength of their oppressors. The turn-outs added to the above acknowledgment, an expression of their desire to come to "an honourable compromise" with the Directors, and to that end appointed a deputation from their body to wait upon "the board." The deputation failed to obtain an interview, and "the board" haughtily answered the offer of a compromise, with the intimation that "if any of the men applied to Mr. Gooch, their applications would be considered as vacancies offered; but the staff of engine-drivers and firemen was for the present complete." At the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders, the chairman of the company, Mr. E. L. BETTS, brought heavy charges against the turn-outs, imputing to them malicious acts, intended to injure the property of the company, and prevent the working of the trains. The men indignantly repudiated these charges

and wrote a respectful letter to the chairman, requesting him to furnish the numbers of the engines said to have been tampered with, &c., with the names of the men who had charge of such engines in the last journey previous to the commencement of the strike. The only answer his High Mightiness BETTS deigned to give was that as soon as the directors could obtain evidence against the guilty persons, they would inflict on them the just and severe punishment of the law, &c., &c. The request to be furnished with the numbers of the engines and the names of the drivers, was left altogether unnoticed. So much for Mr. BETTS's sense of justice! He seems to imagine that because he is rich enough to be chief of a railway board, that, therefore he may enjoy the gentlemanly privilege of calumniating and defaming the characters of men, who are vastly more valuable to society than he is, and probably his superiors in everything save that pride of purse which enables him to revel in oppression and injustice with impunity.

Thus far victory inclines to the side of the directors, because they are supported by a system of combination which enables the proprietors of any one railway to command the support of the proprietors of all other lines. Hence the boast of Betts that "with the greatest kindness other companies had taken first-rate men off the foot-plates of their own engines, and sent them to work on the Eastern Counties." He omitted to state that if the men sent from other lines had refused the odious mission, they would have been instantly dismissed from the service of the Company sending them. If this is not slavery, what is? Were men ever subjected to a more infernal species of tyranny than that of being compelled to cut the throats of their own brothers—men whose interests are identical with their own?

The engine-drivers are talking of a combination of their body throughout the country. They should have talked and acted earlier, and should have anticipated the combination of the companies. It appears that tyranny and consequent discontent are to be found on other lines, and the injured are threatening to strike. Let them be careful what they do. If they are not prepared to fight such a battle with a moral certainty of success, let them not engage in it. The engine-drivers and firemen ought to be so combined that they should be able to support each other by a simultaneous strike throughout the kingdom. Until they are masters of such a combination, it would be a mere waste of money, and a grievous addition to the present amount of suffering to follow the course taken by the men on the Eastern Counties Railway. A more powerful union of the engine-drivers and firemen must be established; an organization which shall knit them together as one man, from one end of the country to the other. Then they will be able to muzzle the Gooches and humble the insolent tyranny of Capital.

As regards the Type-founders still gallantly struggling for their rights, we are sorry to learn that CASLON and FAGG have succeeded in kidnapping six more Frenchmen and two Frenchwomen. We are sorry, not because we believe this addition to their working force will enable FAGG and Co. to triumph, for we have no such belief; but because of the feeling of bitterness towards the French generally which this "French invasion" is likely to

excite, at least amongst the unreflecting of the English working classes. Holding to the faith that all the peoples of the earth are brethren, and convinced that their interests are one and the same, we have ever advocated the fraternity of nations, and laboured to unite the proletarians of all lands in one grand movement for their common emancipation. If for no other reason than that of bringing over Frenchmen to take the bread from the mouths of their own workmen, and having thereby done their best to revive those hateful feelings of national prejudice and enmity which for years past all good men have laboured to extirpate, CASLON, FAGG, and Co. have entitled themselves to universal execration.

The prime curse of labour in the manufacturing districts is that there woman is un-womanized and torn from her home to perform the work which should be performed only by her helpmate. When once women are brought to the performance of men's work, farewell to independence and comfort for the working classes. This is the game being played by CASLON and FAGG. The French women are brought here to work in the foundry, as well as the men. Hitherto—at least in London—women's work has been unknown in type-founding. We have heard that women were for a time employed amongst the Sheffield type-founders, but that the men succeeded in nipping the evil in the bud. Should CASLON and FAGG be successful in their attempt to introduce French women into the trade, it will certainly come to pass that English women will follow. We need not picture what, under those circumstances, will be the position and ultimate fate of the typefounders. In their resistance to this dastardly attempt to demoralize and ruin their trade, the operative typefounders deserve, and have a right to clam and look for, the support of every trade in the "United Kingdom."

As though bent on proving that our blessed institutions exist not for the protection of the poor but the rich, not the weak but the powerful, CASLON and FAGG having been calling to their aid "the strong arm of the law." A man exhibiting a placard, denouncing the "French Invasion," has been pounced upon by the police, and ordered to find bail to keep the peace for three months. Another man who had the courage to protest against his fellow-workman being dragged to the station-house, has been, in addition to being also bound over to keep the peace, fined *forty shillings*, "for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty." The magistrate observed, that "there could be no doubt the placard was illegal, and calculated to inflame the minds of the mob, and produce infinite mischief." Working men, you observe *the law*. To publish your wrongs is "*illegal*!"—to make known the wicked oppression of your masters "is calculated to inflame the minds of the mob"—*offences* punishable by law! Justice would have decreed the fining and holding to bail of CASLON and FAGG, as the real promoters of the "illegal" exhibition. But for them, but for their injustice, JOHN SUTHERLAND would not have carried the obnoxious placard; but for them, JOHN RICHARDSON would not have had to protest against the tyrannical intervention of the police. Fortunately, printing is not confined to placards; and while the *Red Republican* lasts, we at least will do out utmost to inform—or, as Mr. HAMMILL would say—*inflame*, "the minds of the mob" on every act of

social oppression, and every violation of justice perpetrated in the name and by the administration of "the law."

We happen to know that CASLON and Co. have good reason to regret having engaged in this struggle. Being unable to execute orders, their trade is slipping through their fingers; and, if they do not bring this contest to a quick conclusion, they are very likely to find themselves in a position which will render advisable a speedy retirement from business. For their own sakes, they will do well to come to terms with their ill-used workmen. As, however, there is no telling how long their self-destructive obstinacy may last, we urge the type-founders—not merely the turn-outs, but the operatives of the trade generally—to seriously consider the practicability of starting an operative type-foundry. We remember that, six years ago, a project for such a foundry was set on foot, but, owing to various unfavourable circumstances, was not carried out. In many respects, surrounding circumstances are now much more favourable. If our memory does not mislead us, it was shown in the prospectus of the projected foundry, that a capital of £2,000 would amply suffice to enable the operatives to commence type-founding on their own account. Such a sum might be raised by loan. Many "master printers" are known to be favourable to the turn-outs, and they might be induced to subscribe largely towards the capital, on the understanding of being repaid in type (as they might require it), to the amount of their subscriptions. Want of space prevents us enlarging on this subject; to which, however, we will return, if we have reason to believe that the operatives are really anxious to take their affairs into their own hands, and by so doing, curb the insolent tyranny of Capital.

AN INN-KITCHEN ON THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

"Behold on one side of the ample room, a large oaken dresser extending from floor to ceiling, black with age, and bright with labour, carved and twisted enough to excite the envy of Wardour-street. Mugs and tankards of bright pewter, stand out against the dark back-ground, clearly as in a Dutch picture, and flash and glow dull again as the wood-fire leapt and glowed on the merry hearth. Hugo hams depended from the rafters, flanked by crisp and sad-coloured herbs and ropes of onions, shining jollily like gigantic strings of beads. Three or four lasses in snow white jackets and linsey-woolsey petticoats, wooden-soled shoes, and worsted stockings, clumped about their different vocations, reminding you of 'Landseer's Peasant Girl,' in his 'Bolton Abbey'; a weather-beaten guide, alternately plaguing the girls about their sweethearts, and drinking with the landlord; a fisherman from the lake; and a yachtsman from Bowness a little fresh: such were the company and the scene in the Ferry Inn kitchen as I entered, and such might be found in twenty other hotels of the Lake district, not yet utterly spoiled by dainty company. I confess I love such places, and would rather smoke my pipe in one of these warm ingles, than bury feet in the richest Persian rug, or loll upon a sofa of the best tamboret, in the correct saloon or gilded coffee-room.

"In such snuggeries you hear all the history of the country side; the old shepherd as he warms with the nutty ale, grows loquacious, and tells of his lonely watchings among the fells; the guide drops his tone professional, and gives the pedestrian hints worth knowing. The manner in which the mistress chats and works among her maids smacks of the age patriarchial—on every side the traveller sees about him character rough and direct from the great quarry of nature."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO THE PEOPLES,

ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY.

(From No. 2 of "*Le Proscrit*." Translated expressly for the "*Red Republican*.")

THE forces of Democracy are immense. God, and his providential law, the aspirations of thinkers, the instincts and the wants of the masses, the crimes and the faults of its adversaries, combat for it. At every instant it gains a new hearth; it rises like the tide. From Paris to Vienna, from Rome to Warsaw, it furrows the European soil, it directs and binds together the thought of nations. Everything comes to its aid: the progressive development of intelligence, insurrectional intuition, battle or martyrdom. Evidently the times are ripe for the practical realization of its principle. That which, sixty years ago, was only the prevision of genius, is to-day a fact, the characteristic, the predominant fact of the epoch. The life of humanity belongs henceforth, whatever may be done, to the faith which says, *Liberty, Association, Progress for all, through all*. The reaction well knows this; it no longer denies this holy device, but usurps it to lie to it; it no longer tears the flag, but sullies it; it no longer refutes its apostles, but culminates them.

What is wanting to Democracy in order to triumph, and by its accession to substitute truth for falsehood, right for arbitrary power, accord for anarchy, the pacific evolution of the common thought for the sad necessity of violent revolutions? There is only one thing wanting, but that thing is vital: it is called ORGANIZATION.

European Democracy is not constituted. The men of Democracy are everywhere; the general thought of Democracy has nowhere a collective and accepted representation. Democracy bears the word *Association* written upon its banner, and it is not associated. It announces to Europe a new life; and it has nothing which regularly and efficaciously incarnates this life in itself. It evangelizes the grand formula—*God and Humanity*—and it has no initiative centre whence the movement sets out towards this end, where lie at least the first-fruit of that alliance of peoples, without which humanity is but a name, and which only can conquer the league of kings.

Scattered loppings of the tree whose large branches could and ought to shadow the whole European name,—systems have divided and subdivided the parent-thought of the future; they have parted among them the fragments of the flag; they live an impotent life, each on a word taken from our synthetic formula. We have sects, but no church, incomplete and contradictory philosophies, but no religion—no collective belief rallying the faithful under one single sign, and harmonizing their labours. We are without chiefs, without plan, without order-word. As if detached bodies having already belonged to a great army dissolved by victory. Now, thanks to ourselves, the victory is yet with our enemies. Triumphant at first upon every point, the peoples turn by turn arisen, fall one by one under the concentration of hostile forces, applauded like the dying gladiator if succumbing bravely, branded if they sink without resistance, but almost always misunderstood, and always rapidly forgotten. They have forgotten Warsaw; they are forgetting Rome.

It is only through organization that this state of things will cease. The day that shall find us all united, marching altogether under the eye of the best among us—these who have fought the most and suffered the most will be the eve. On that day we shall have counted ourselves—we shall know who we are—we shall have the consciousness of our strength.

For that there are two great obstacles to surmount, two great errors to destroy: the exaggeration of the rights of individuality, the narrow exclusiveness of theories.

We are not the Democracy, we are not humanity; we are the precursors of the Democracy, the advance-guard of humanity. Church militant,

army destined to conquer the soil on which should be elevated the edifice of the new society—we must not say *I*, but must learn to say *we*. It must be understood that rights are only the results of accomplished duties, that the theory is a dead letter whenever we do not practically translate the principle in our every-day acts; that individuality represents before all a mission to fulfill; liberty, a means of conscientiously harmonizing our efforts with those of our brothers, of taking rank among the combatants without violation of our personal dignity. Those, who, following their individual susceptibilities, refuse the little sacrifice which organization and discipline exact, deny, in virtue of the habitudes of the past, the collective faith they preach. Besides, crushed by the organization of our enemies, they abandon to them that for which they had trafficked with the cause which they had sworn to serve.

Exclusiveness in theories is the negation of the very dogma we possess. Every man who says, *I have found the political truth*, and who makes the adoption of his system his condition of fraternal association, denies the people the sole progressive interpreter of the world's law, in order to assert only his own *I*. Every man who pretends by the isolated labour of his intelligence, however powerful it may be, to discover to-day a definitive solution to the problems which agitate the masses, condemns himself to error by incompleteness in renouncing one of the eternal sources of truth—the collective intuition of the people in action. The definitive solution is the secret of victory. Placed to-day under the influence of the medium we desire to transform, agitated in spite of ourselves by all the instincts—by all the reactionary feelings of the combat between persecution and the spectacle of egotism given us by a factitious society built upon material interest and mutilated in its most noble faculties, we can hardly seize what there is of most holy, most vast, and most energetic, in the aspiration in the soul of the Peoples. Drawn from the depth of our cabinets into the teaching of tradition—disinherited of the power which springs from the cry of actuality, from the *I*, the conscience of humanity, our systems cannot be, in great part, other than an anatomizing of corpses, discovering evil, analyzing death, but powerless to perceive or to comprehend life. Life, it is the People under emotion, it is the instinct of multitudes elevated to an exceptional power by the contact, the prophetic feeling of great things to do, by spontaneous, sudden, electrical association in the public place; it is action exciting to the highest all the faculties of hope, devotion, enthusiasm, and love which slumber now, and revealing man in the unity of his nature, in the plenitude of his realising powers. The grasp of a workman's hand in of those historic moments which begin an epoch, will perhaps teach us more of the organization of the future, than could be taught to-day by the cold and disheartened work of the intellect, or the knowledge of the illustrious dead of the last two thousand years.

Is this saying that we ought to march forward without a banner? Is it saying that we would inscribe on our banner only a negation? It is not upon us that such a suspicion can light. Men of the people, engaged long since in its struggles, we do not dream of leading it toward the void. We march to the realization of equality and association upon this earth. Every revolution which is not made for all, is to us a lie. Every political change which does not aim at transforming the medium, the element in which individuals are living radically, falsifies the educational tendency which alone can render it legitimate. But the point of departure and the point of arrival—the end—once established, ought we to delay our march to abdicate our conquest, and let our liberties be one by one taken from us, because all of us are not in accord as to the means which might realize our thought? Is it not rather our business to open the highways of progress for the nations, than minutely to assign to them their rations or to prejudge the details of every building under which they may

seek to shelter themselves? And ought we to submit to lose the ground which has cost so much of the blood of our heroes, so many tears of our mothers, because till now we have not altogether explored that which we have yet to conquer?

We say that this would be at once a crime and a folly. We say that, in the presence of the reaction every where and at every moment fortifying itself, beside the sufferings of the Peoples, and the insolence of their masters, beneath the weight of shame which attaches to every systematically undergone violation of right and human nature, the duty of all those who have given their name to the flag of progress in the truth, is to-day to establish the ground conquered by humanity and the general tendencies which characterize the epoch; that we must organize ourselves, choose our chiefs, and march with one common accord to overthrow all obstacles, and to open as rapidly as possible to the great realizer—the People—the way towards the end.

Let each thinker assiduously and conscientiously pursue his researches and his apostolate in favour of the special solution of which he has had a glimpse,—the emancipated peoples will know how to judge and to choose: but let him not ramble from the camp where all his brethren ought to be assembled; let him not divest himself of his active part in the accomplishment of the common mission; let him not desert the revolution for philosophy, action for solitary thought, Democracy for any democratic system. Man is one; thought and action ought to be indissolubly united in him. At the end of the day, each of us must be able to ask himself without blushing, not *what hast thou thought?* but *what hast thou done* to-day for the holy cause of truth and eternal justice?

Does this common ground exist?

It does exist. Surely we have not struggled for nearly a century, under the banner of progress, foreseen as the vital law of humanity, without having conquered a series of truths sufficient to establish for us all a rallying sign, a baptism of fraternity, a basis of organization.

We all believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us.

We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain the end.

We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress cannot be confided to a caste or to an individual, but ought to be to the people enlightened by national education, directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best.

We believe in the sacredness of both individuality and society, which ought not to be effaced, nor to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all.

We believe in Liberty, without which all human responsibility vanishes.

In Equality, without which liberty is only a deception.

In Fraternity, without which liberty and equality would be only means without end.

In Association, without which fraternity would be an unrealizable programme.

In Family, City, and Country, as so many progressive spheres in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association.

We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, in the property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit.

In the duty of society to furnish the element of material work by credit, of intellectual and moral work by education.

In the duty of the individual to make use of it with the utmost concurrence of his faculties for the common amelioration.

We believe—to resume—in a social state having God and his law at the summit, the people, the universality of the citizens free and equal at its base, progress for rule, association as means, de-

votion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way.

And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth: there is but one law of truth and justice for all who people it.

Inasmuch as we believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association, for the individuals composing the state, we believe also in the Liberty, equality, fraternity, and association of nations. Peoples are the individuals of humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality and the guarantee of their liberty: it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfill, it ought to harmonize itself with the whole, and assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of humanity.

We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be re-made, in accordance with these principles. We believe that a pact, a congress of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognised, having for mission to serry the holy alliance of Peoples and to formalize the common right and duty, are at the end of all our efforts.

We believe, in a word, in a general organization, having God and his law at the summit, Humanity, the universality of nations free and equal at its base, common progress for end, alliance for means, the example of those peoples who we most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way.

Is there, among us, a sane man who can contest these principles? Is there, among us, a man so exacting, so exclusive, as to declare that this collection of truths, theoretically conquered, does not afford a base advanced enough, and sufficiently defined to seat thereon,—with every reserve of independence as to the elaboration of special solutions,—a common organization having for its object to work actively for their practical realization, for the emancipation of the People and of the Peoples?

We have not now to say what this organization should be. It suffices to-day for us to establish its urgency and possibility. We are not giving a programme; we make an appeal.

To all men who share our faith.

To all the Peoples who have a nationality to conquer.

To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action, is fatal.

To all those who feel stirring within their hearts, a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of tyranny and falsehood,—

We say—come to us! Sacrifice to the one great object your secondary disagreements, and rally yourselves upon the ground we are pointing out to you.

The question is the constitution, the establishment of European democracy; the question is the foundation of the budget, the treasury of the Peoples; the question is the organization of the army of initiators. The emancipated Peoples will do the rest. For ourselves, we are to-day in their name upon the breach. Grasp hands with us, and to the combat!

London, July 22, 1850.

For the Central European Committee:

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

LEDRU ROLLIN.

ALBERT DARASZ,

(Delegate of the Polish Democratic Centralization.)

ARNOLD RUGE,

(Member of the National Assembly at Frankfurt.)

Man excepted, no creature is valued beyond its proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her gesses and bells. Why not, in like manner, esteem a man for what is properly his own.—*Montaigne*.

Worth makes the man; and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.—*Pope*.

Poetry for the People.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

FOR THE NEOPHYTES OF THE "PEACE SOCIETY."

Turn from that old Grecian story !
 Hide the page of Roman fame !
 Boast no more the Switzer's glory,
 ' Poland's hero name !
 Hint how blood-stained martyr earth is,
 Own that Tell a murderer was !
 Brand the first of Roman worthies !
 Curse Leonidas !

Boast no more of proud Plataea, (1)
 Salamis, or Marathon ;
 Suli's rock. (2) no longer be a
 Monumental stone !
 Fling we the red scroll behind us ;
 Let our dim eyes strain to see,
 The new glory that shall blind us
 To Thermopylae.

Brutus' never-swerving sentence, (3)
 Never more example us ;
 Let our peacefuller "expedience"
 Blame staunch Regulus. (4)
 Shamers of the modern Brennus !
 Doth not blood against you cry ?
 Thy reproach, beleaguery Venice !
 Cleaves to Hungary.

Toussaint, Kosciusko, Hofer,
 Blum, Liego,—warriors true !
 Saluted Peace forbids us love, or
 Praise, or copy you :
 Kossuth and Mazzini vainly
 Point where patriot duty leads ;
 Armed Truth looks so ungainly, (5)
 Laurels are but weeds.

Scoff at Cromwell's fervent passion !
 Doubt even Alfred really brave !
 Patriots of a smoother fashion,
 Trample Hampden's grave !
 England's grandest record—slur it !
 Break the high Miltonic vow !
 Cobden, Bright, Elihu Burritt,
 Be our heroes now ! ! !

SPARTACUS.

(1.) "The battle of Plataea was won by the Greeks, commanded by Pausanias, king of Lacedaemon, over Mardonius and 300,000 invading Persians. Had Pausanias been fortunate enough to live in later days, he might have proposed a peace convention to Persia, instead of following the barbarous precedents of Marathon and Salamis."

(New Peace Catechism.)

(2.) From the rocky promontory of Suli, a band of Greek warriors and their families (during the war of independence) precipitated themselves into the sea, rather than return under the dominion of Turkey. Who does not recollect Byron's noble song in "Don Juan," on "The isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung ?"

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, or Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line,
 Such as the Doric mothers bore :
 And there perchance some seed is sown,
 The blood of Hercules might own."

(3.) Brutus, the first of Roman freemen, condemned his own sons to death for conspiring against the Republic. But his whole life was a never-swerving sentence against tyranny, from his oath over Lucretia's glorious corpse, to his last battle in defence of his country, when he fell in single combat with Aruns, (Tarquin's son)—slaying him also.

(4.) Regulus was a Roman general, during the first war with Carthage. After numerous successes, being defeated and taken prisoner, the Carthaginians sent him to Rome with their ambassadors, to persuade the senate to make peace. Regulus (though he had bound himself to return to Carthage) urged the continuance of the war, for the advantage of Rome ; and, in vindication of his word, went back to torture and death at Carthage.

(5.) *Gainless* would not have suited the rhyme.

LOVE.

O Love ! love ! love !

A glory smites the gloom,
 And flow'r-like flush'd with life, the heart,
 Doth burgeon into bloom !
 Sweet, as the sunshine's golden kiss,
 When earth is crowned with spring ;
 Sweet, as in roses hearts of bliss.
 Star-dews drop, nourishing.

O Love ! love ! love !

Its very pain endears,
 For, weep we the beloved, it brings
 Rich blessings on our tears !
 And oh ! how exquisite it starts,
 The thoughts that bee-like cling,
 And drink the honey from our hearts,
 Then leave the bleeding sting.

ARMAND CARREL.

THE WORKMAN'S PRAYER.

Let me not perish beneath the thrall
 Of the tyrant lords of the pauper hall ;
 Let not the shade of the workhouse gloom
 Darken my soul as I pass to the tomb :

'Stead of hunger's slow pain,
 With a ball through my brain—
 Murmuring thy name,

Blest Liberty !—

May my spirit pass forth
 From this tyrant curs'd earth—
 A Death on the Barricades for me !

Why should we linger in famine slow,
 Surrounded by misery, squalor, and woe,
 Whilst our tyrants feast in their halls, and shout,
 And laugh us to scorn, as "the rabble rout ?"

In our famishing bands,
 With our toil-hardened hands,
 In blood and in flame

Let us end their glee—

Where the Red Banner streams,
 Where the palace-fire gleams—
 A Death on the Barricades for me !

JOHN, THE WORKMAN.

BRUTAL PERSECUTION OF PUBLIC WRITERS IN THE REIGN OF JAMES II.

The slavery of the press whilst James the Second held power in England, was further manifested in the case of the pious and exemplary Richard Baxter, who having written a Paraphrase on the New Testament, certain passages were culled from it (it is said by L'Estrange), and declared to be an attack on the bishops. The infamous Jeffreys sat as judge in the case, and his coarse brutality towards the pious divine has formed a subject of remark to every writer who has referred to the trial. Baxter was condemned, and fined £500., and ordered to lie in prison till the money was paid. A still more cruel case was that of the Rev. Samuel Johnson, who, publishing an address to the Protestants of the army, was arrested and tried at the King's Bench Bar at Westminster, 21st of June, 1686, on a charge of seditious and scandalous libel against the government. The address was far less severe than most of the leading articles of a modern morning paper, yet Johnson was ordered to be degraded from the church, to be pilloried, and to be flogged from Newgate to Tyburn. This abominable sentence was executed. The ceremony of degradation was performed by three supple and obedient churchmen, Dr. Crew, Bishop of Durham, Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. White, Bishop of Peterborough. These dignitaries had the prisoner taken to the Chapter House of St. Paul's, where they put a square cap upon his head, and then took it off ; they then pulled off his gown and girdle, and put a bible into his hands, "which he not parting with readily, they took from him by force." From the Cathedral Johnson was taken to Newgate, where the common hangman awaited him" and he was flogged from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, "which he endured with as firm a courage and as Christian behaviour as ever was discovered on any such occasion ; though, at the same time, he had a quick sense of every stripe which was given him, with a whip of nine cords, knotted to the number of 317." He was likewise put thrice in the pillory, and mulcted of 500 marks. When James's love of Popery had lost him the throne, the parliament was called upon to take Johnson's case into consideration ; and, so great was their sense of the injustice done him, that they declared the judgment to have been illegal and cruel, and the ecclesiastical proceedings against him to be null and void. They also solicited the new king to grant him some compensation,—which was done.

These attempts for the suppression of printed thought by James had, however, again the effect which was produced by similar tyranny in the times of his father, Charles the First. The printers of London dared not multiply the opinions of those who differed from the Crown ; but the printers of Holland had no such scruples, and

again the shores of England were invaded by pamphlets produced at the Hague. Nor censors, nor custom houses could stay the force of this inroad. The people *would* have Protestant books and news. The King issued two proclamations in support of his act of parliament. These manifestoes were declared to be for "restraining the spreading of false news." But in vain. The printed paper still poured in from Holland, and a king and queen soon followed from the same shores to occupy the throne from which the press-coercing James was compelled to flee.

Hunt's Fourth Estate.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

viii.

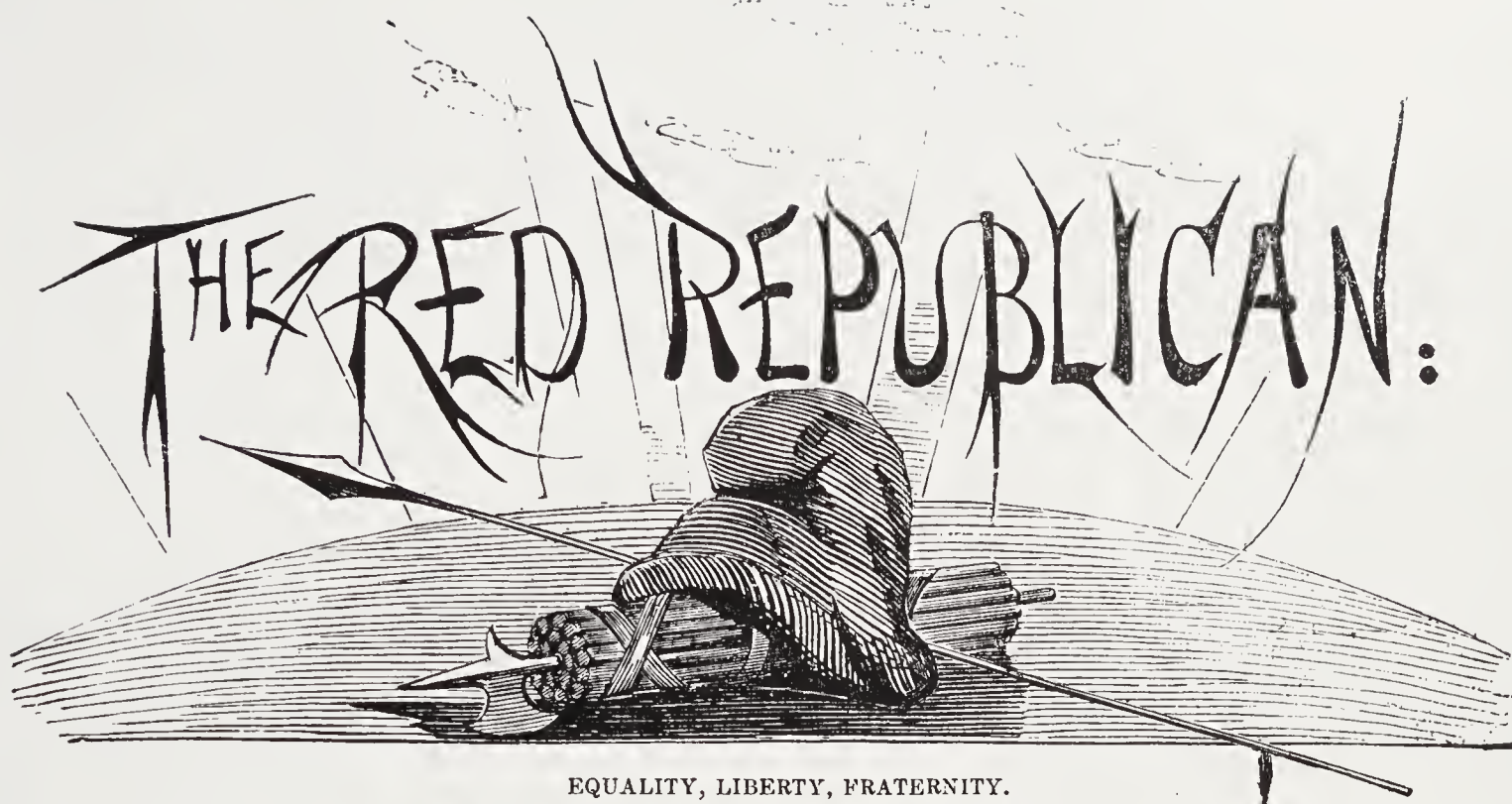
"Looking at the English electoral system, at the law requiring the member to be a man of large property, and to render his services gratuitously, and regarding also the social position of the member of parliament, and the enormous expenses attendant upon the registration of voters and the election, we need not be surprised at the absence of men of talent from the House of Commons, and the eternal presence there of arrogance and aristocratic insolence, with corresponding shallowness and stupidity.

"In a democracy, the representatives of the people are paid for their services, because it is desired to get men of talent to serve the country, irrespective of the question whether they are rich or poor. The democrat would as soon think of having unpaid generals and judges as unpaid representatives. The unpaid representative or officer is inefficient and comparatively negligent : no reliance can be placed upon him.

"The Americans regard all public functionaries as their servants, and they ought to be so regarded. Care is taken that the functionary shall not have too long a lease of power, nor too large a remuneration. He is thus prevented from becoming haughty and overbearing. The contrast between the behaviour of an English official and an American is very remarkable: the former is haughty towards his inferiors, and servile to his superiors, whilst the American is civil and courteous in his behaviour to all alike.

"The subject of office-seeking is one of importance in reference to the question,—What are the effects of democratic institutions in America? It is the practice for all the office-holders to be turned out when their political party loses the ascendancy. The office-holders are, consequently, the most active politicians. In England, on the contrary, most of the officers are appointed for an indefinite period hold their offices for life, and are prohibited from interfering in elections. A similar prohibition might in time have the effect in America of diminishing the number of office-seekers, by better securing those office-holders in their places who are appointed for an indefinite period. But it is becoming the practice to elect men to fill offices for a certain period, and that a short one, in order that they may be kept under due subjection to the public, and also in order that the public may frequently enjoy the disposal of patronage, and be kept constantly interested in public affairs. The evils attending the system are that a prodigious number of office-seekers is created, the vast majority of whom are doomed to disappointment, and these office-seekers introduce a great deal of acrimony and personality into political contests, and cause principle to be too much disregarded ; the great question with them being, not what is right, but what will keep the party together, and beat their opponents. It would seem to be right and expedient for the people to elect the judges and principal officers frequently, but the subordinates should hold their offices longer. A change to this effect would remedy a great and growing evil.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

X.

"Is there not some chosen curse;
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
That owes his greatness to a nation's ruin?"

HAYNAU HUNTED!—A LESSON TO TYRANTS!!

HONOUR to the good and true men and women who have saved England from the burning shame of permitting the accursed presence of HAYNAU, unchecked and unmolested! I confess I did not anticipate such an outburst of feeling in opposition to that sanguinary monster, as the past week has witnessed. Least of all did I imagine that the class of brewers' operatives, coal-heavers, &c., &c., would take the initiative in a work so holy. The hunt of HAYNAU from BARCLAY and PERKINS's brewery, along Bankside, proclaimed at once the progress of the working classes in political knowledge, their uncorrupted love of justice, and their intense hatred of tyranny and cruelty. The punishers of HAYNAU have done a deed which will disturb the rest of every tyrant in Europe, and call forth the acclamations of the democracy of every land on the face of the earth.

Through the daily and weekly papers my readers must already have been informed of the particulars of the affair under notice; nevertheless, it is well that the leading points should be recorded in the RED REPUBLICAN. On Wednesday, September 4th, HAYNAU (whose arrival in England had been carefully concealed by the daily press) presented himself at the vast brewing establishment of Messrs. BARCLAY, PERKINS, and Co.,

his introduction being a letter from "Baron" ROTHSCHILD, who had therein described the bearer as "*his friend*, Marshal HAYNAU." The Austrian savage was accompanied by an aide-de-camp and an interpreter. According to custom, the visitors signed their names in a book kept for the purpose. It was immediately seen that the ill-looking fellow with the very long moustachios was no other than the notorious and infamous commander of the Austrian forces during the latter part of the Hungarian war. News of the Marshal's infernal presence ran like wild-fire over the vast works. Immediately, inspired by one holy sentiment of hatred towards the wholesale man-butcher, the brewers, dray-men, and labourers turned out, crying, "Down with the Austrian butcher!" His assassinship perceiving that he was in ill odour, and remembering that his brutal battalions were not at hand to enable him to play the "hero," concluded discretion to be the better part of valour, and proceeded to beat a hasty retreat. This he found a somewhat difficult task. A truss of straw dropped upon his head was the signal for a shower of dirt, grains, &c. His hat was struck over his eyes, and he was hustled from all sides. His clothes were torn from his carcass, which, however, received a covering of dirt and filth instead. Meanwhile intelligence of the unwelcome presence of the military barbarian had spread through the neighbourhood, and on reaching the outside of the gates he encountered a new host of enemies, consisting of a new body of brewers' men, together with coal-heavers, wharf labourers, lightermen, &c. The assemblage included a great number of women, who naturally were foremost in assailing the shameless woman-flogger. Through this excited multitude the

"conqueror of Hungary" had to run the gauntlet, literally taking to his heels along Bankside. The women tore at his moustachios, and the miscreant whose stony heart never felt the throb of pity for the innumerable victims of his infernal rule; who, on the contrary, enjoyed with worse than savage delight the tortures he inflicted on thousands—including even helpless women—now felt in his own person a little of the pain he had so prodigally awarded to others. Much more intense must have been his mental tortures, for he could not but have believed that he was doomed to the fate of his friends LATOUR and LAMBERG; and doubtless, as he ran along Bankside, the shades of his victims, reeking in blood, and exulting in his fears, flitted before his mental vision, to add to and mock his agony! It is likely, too, that his worst fears would have been realised, that he would then and there have died a mad dog's death, had not the "George" public-house afforded a momentary refuge—in the dust-bin! Here being discovered, he was again belaboured, but broke from his assailants, and subsequently found a safer hiding-place, where he remained until the arrival of a strong body of police enabled him to get into a police-galley, in which, strongly guarded, he was rowed across the river to Somerset House, pursued by the shouts and execrations of the people.

Imagine the mental anguish of the hunted miscreant writhing under the mortification of having been hissed, hooted, cursed, cuffed, kicked, and pelted by a "mob"—an English "mob"—for whom military cut-throats affect such contempt! Glory to our countrymen! Although they are not used to build barricades, they are still moved by the spirit of manhood.

Their strong sense of justice commands them to loathe and strike down assassins, and woman-torturers. Imagine the impotent rage of the conqueror of Hungary at being driven by such assailants to take refuge in a dust-bin! See what these mighty murderers are, when wanting the support of their battalions! The strength they so vilely misuse is not their own; that strength is derived from the ranks of the people, though, horrible to reflect on, it is turned against the people. Were it not for the rank and file of their armies—drawn entirely from the body of the despised people—the haughty brigands, from NICHOLAS the great to (LOUIS) NAPOLEON the little, would be as weak, powerless, and contemptible as HAYNAU hiding in the dust-bin. Man is his own enemy,

"He fabricates
The sword which stabs his peace; he cherisheth
The snakes that gnaw his heart; he raiseth up
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,
Whose sport is in his agony!"

If HAYNAU can fairly blame any one in addition to himself for the reception he has encountered in this metropolis, that blame must attach to the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and the rest of the Russo-Austrian press of this country. During the Hungarian struggle those vile journals constantly took the side of the enemies of Hungary, and as constantly pretended that they represented the mind of England, in lending their aid to the tyrannical gang, of whom HAYNAU was so distinguished a member. If he believed those base journals, he has now discovered his mistake. He has now learned—and he is not likely to forget the lesson—that Printing-house-square is not England, and that the *Times* does not represent the sentiments of the veritable English people. Had he been killed on Bankside, the parties next to himself most responsible for his death, would have been the villainous journals, which, perhaps, misled him as to the actual sentiments of the English people.

Up to the time of penning this letter, the *Times* has maintained a judicious and significant silence with regard to this affair. The *Chronicle*, not so discreet, has with shameless audacity, ventured to constitute itself the apologist of HAYNAU, at the same time libelling and insulting the men by whom he was so justly punished. Slandering them as "cowardly assailants," the *Chronicle* goes on to ask, "How is it that the labouring class, once profoundly indifferent to what was taking place in foreign countries, because profoundly ignorant of them, have suddenly become so sensitive, &c., &c." It adds that the world has hitherto admired the SYLLAS, the NAPOLEONS, and such tremendous blood-shedders, and has even tolerated such ignoble men-killers as DON MIGUEL! It is too true that in days gone by the greatest man-slayer was the most popular. But that day is past. The people no longer believe that while "one murder makes a villain," "millions make a hero;" on the contrary, they believe that such wretches as the THURTELLS, GREENACRES, MANNINGS, &c., are not a thousandth part so guilty, or so deserving of the gallows as the HAYNAUS, WINDISCHGRATZS, and other wholesale homicides. It is too true that the working classes were not very long ago profoundly indifferent to what was taking place in foreign countries, and the *Chronicle* has supplied the reason, "because profoundly ignorant of them." But that ignorance is in course of being dispelled. Although yet only a small number of the people are acquainted with the geographical

situation and extent of foreign countries—their resources, history, political relations, &c., &c.,—vast numbers have learned the all-important truth that "All the peoples of the earth are brethren;" that a wrong inflicted upon one nation is an outrage done to all; a sort of knowledge the *Chronicle* has done nothing to disseminate, but very much the reverse; but which, nevertheless, has been disseminated by other publications not so "respectable" but more worthy than the *Chronicle*.

With unblushing mendacity the *Chronicle* speaks of HAYNAU as a "foreign exile" who has placed himself under the protection of the laws of this country. This is false. He has none of the claims of an exile. His visit to this country is perfectly voluntary. No sentence of proscription has forced him to obtrude his unwelcome presence upon the English people. The *Chronicle* avers that had the attack upon the savage ended fatally "the Court of London might have been called to a severe account and a heavy reckoning by the Court of Vienna." The base anti-English journal would frighten us with the bugbear of Austrian hostility; with the vengeance of a worn-out, bankrupt, divided power, the subjects of which pant for its destruction! Would to heaven that Austria, aye, and Russia too, would draw the sword against England, the English people would exultingly cry—

"Come on with every hireling, Slave, Croat, and Cossack,
We dare your war, beware of ours, we fling you freedom
back!"

for such a war would ensure freedom to Europe—England herself included.

The *Chronicle*, and a worthy correspondent thereof who defending HAYNAU has the impudence to sign himself Anti-Assassin (!), demand a strict investigation to ascertain who it was that set the workmen at BARCLAY and PERKINS's on to HAYNAU. Without waiting the offer of any reward for the discovery of the offender, I will at once name him. The instigator was HAYNAU himself! The people needed no other instigation than the recollection of his bloody deeds,—reported, more or less, in all the public prints, the *Chronicle* included. I will here sum up a few of his sanguinary enormities.

While holding a command in Italy he signalled himself beyond all the Austrian commanders by his ruthless treatment of the unfortunate Italians. Not content with subduing the insurrection of Brescia, he devoted that city to destruction, and multitudes of its unhappy inhabitants to immolation. Not satisfied with victory, he glutted his appetite for vengeance by the perpetration of the greatest atrocities.

This act of "vigour" at once elevated him to the first rank of favourites at the Court of Vienna, and after the successful bombardment of that city by WINDISCHGRATZ, HAYNAU was appointed military commander thereof. The Viennese were as they still are, under Martial Law, and HAYNAU delighted in fulminating decrees of death against the terrorised inhabitants of that capital—decrees which were rigidly acted up to. His name is yet held in horror by the people of Vienna.

Elevated to the command of the Austrian forces in Hungary, and the dictatorship of that country, HAYNAU more fortunate than his predecessors was enabled to boast himself a victor. He, however owed his success partly to the assistance of the Russian hordes,

but principally to the treason of the traitor GORGEY. At Pesth he thundered forth the most hellish proclamations ever conceived by a military despot. He declared that in his estimation the most trivial offence against the Austrian government merited death, and as there could be no heavier punishment for heavier offences, he would visit all offenders with the same penalty! Persons aiding the patriots—whom he styled "rebels"—concealing arms, uttering seditious cries, wearing revolutionary ribbons (the tricolor of Hungary), or assembling in groupes, were all alike to be punished with DEATH! In the field against the armed Hungarians he waged a war of extermination. Entire towns and villages he razed to the ground, and swept from the face of the earth. His mode of warfare comprised

"All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
All that the devil would do if run stark mad."

The war over, and the sword sheathed, HAYNAU proceeded to gratify his tiger-like thirst for blood by a series of MURDERS which excited the bitter reprobation of even the truculent *Times*. Let me here repeat the narrative of the MURDER of BATHYANI, and of the Hungarian commanders at Arad.

LOUIS (Count) BATHYANI, native of Presburg, 40 years of age, of the Catholic religion, one of the wealthiest of the Hungarian magnates, was executed at Pesth on the 6th of October, 1849. In politics BATHYANI was a "liberal" but no democrat. After the reformation of the Hungarian Constitution, he was for a short time Prime Minister of Hungary. When WINDISCHGRATZ invaded the country, and KOSSUTH with the democrats retired to Debreczin to organise the army of resistance, BATHYANI tried to negotiate a reconciliation, and while so engaged, although under the sacred protection of a parley, was seized by command of the bombardier of Prague and Vienna. Subsequently tried by a court-martial, he was acquitted. He was, however, again arrested, and by order of HAYNAU was again tried by court-martial and condemned to be HANGED, under the infamous pretext that he had infringed the Pragmatic Sanction by exceeding his duty as a minister. The tears and supplications of the victim's wife and friends were of no avail; he was ordered for instant execution. On his way to the gallows BATHYANI stabbed himself in the throat with a small dagger secretly conveyed to him by his wife. The wound was not mortal; but the execution was, for the moment, deferred. The count was taken back to prison. At six o'clock in the evening of the same day, or, as other accounts state, at twelve o'clock at night, he was again led forth to the place of execution. He was dressed in black, and wore a light blue cap embroidered with silver. His luxuriant beard, which appeared to have been grizzled by suffering hung wildly about his ghastly features. On the party halting, the count's eyes were bound with a white handkerchief, and on his requesting the executioners to use dispatch—"Allez! allez! jagers,"—three of them approached and fired almost close to him. Shouting with a loud clear voice, "Eljen a haza!"—"Long live my country!"—he received the charges in his bosom, and fell on the ground a corpse. It was reported at the time that the officer who substituted shooting for hanging, and who did so because

BATHVANI in trying to kill himself had frightfully lacerated his neck, was ordered before a court-martial, HAYNAU being furious that his victim was not murdered by the hangman's snipe.

On the same day at Arad, the following chiefs and generals of the late Hungarian army, condemned on trial by court-martial of being guilty of "high treason," were MURDERED by the order of HAYNAU:—

ERNEST KISS, native of Temesvar in the Banat, aged 49 years, catholic, widower without children, formerly colonel and commander of an Austrian Hussar regiment, &c., and subsequently general and lieutenant field-marshal in the Hungarian army, was SHOT. CHARLES (Count) VESCEY, native of Pesth, aged 42 years, catholic, married, without children, formerly major in an Austrian Hussar regiment, and subsequently general in the Hungarian army, was HANGED. LOUIS AULICH, native of Pesth, aged 57 years, catholic, single, formerly lieutenant-colonel in an Austrian regiment of foot;—IGNATIUS VON TOROK, native of Godollo, in the county of Pesth, aged 54 years, catholic, single, formerly lieutenant colonel of Austrian engineers;—GEORGE LAHNER native of Neusohl, of the Sohl county, in Hungary, aged 53, catholic, married, father of one child, formerly major in a foot regiment;—JOSEPH SCHWEIDEL, native of Zombor of the Bacs county, in Hungary, aged 53 years, catholic, married, father of five children, formerly major of Hussars;—ERNEST POLT VON POLTENBURG, native of Vienna, in Austria, aged 35 years, catholic, married, father of three children, formerly captain of Hussars;—JOSEPH VON NAGY-SANDOR, native of Grosswardein, of the Bihar county, in Hungary, aged 45, catholic, single, formerly captain on half-pay;—CHARLES KENZICH, native of Velike Gajovatz, in the Warasdin St. George boundary regiment, aged 41 years, catholic, married, father of two children, formerly captain of foot;—CHARLES (Count) LEININGEN VON WESTERBURG, native of Ilbenstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, aged 30 years, of the Lutheran religious persuasion, married, formerly captain of foot;—ARISTIDES VON DESEWFFY, native of Csakacz, in the county of Abanjar, in Hungary, aged 47 years, evangelical, married, formerly captain on half-pay;—JOHN DAMJANICH, (whom Georgey persuaded to yield up Arad), native of Stasa, in the 2nd Banat boundary regiment, aged 45, of the schismatic Greek religion, married, without children, formerly captain of foot;—WILLIAM LAZAR, native of Gross Beckskerck, in the Banat, aged 54, catholic, married, father of three children, formerly lieutenant;—convicted of having served as generals and commanders in the Hungarian army, were—AULICH, TOROK, LAHNER, POLTENBURG, NAGY-SANDOR, KENZICH, LEININGEN and DAMJANICH,—HANGED; and SCHWEIDEL, DESEWFFY, and LAZAR, SHOT. In the case of the two last-named victims, death by powder and lead instead of hanging was conceded by HAYNAU as a special favour!

On the 9th of October the Hungarian ex-minister CSANYI, and Baron JESSENAK, commissioner under the Hungarian Government, were HANGED at Pesth. Both the martyrs on arriving at the scaffold, attempted to address the spectators, "but the beat of the drum, and the rope of the hangman silenced for ever the voices of the victims."

To this list of horrible enormities I will add

but one more. The Austrian commanders have acquired an infamous notoriety for their indecent and cruel outrages upon women. The flogging of women at Milan has been an oft-repeated pastime of that grey-headed butcher, RADETSKY, who has found a worthy rival in HAYNAU. Without mentioning others it will be sufficient to allude to the case of that unhappy lady who was charged with having shown hospitality to some of the Hungarian fugitives, on their flight to Turkey. For this crime, in Austrian eyes, she was dragged into the midst of a square of brutal soldiers, stripped and flogged! Her son, torn from her and forced into the ranks, was transported to Italy. Her husband, abandoning himself to despair, blew out his brains!

What more need be said to justify the assassinations of HAYNAU? They would have been more than justified had they proceeded to the last extremity.

The pretence that HAYNAU is not to be held personally responsible, he having "simply executed the orders of his imperial master," is humbug. If it could be satisfactorily shown that he was an unwilling executioner, which I do not believe, it would but stamp him the greater villain, for performing deeds of blood in opposition to his own conscience.

I have ever held the agitation of the Jew question in the most sovereign contempt, because satisfied that the bawling about "religious liberty" was the vilest of cant. The liberalism of ROTHSCHILD is now made plain as a pikestaff. Notwithstanding that HAYNAU was a most bitter persecutor of the Jews, ROTHSCHILD acknowledges the persecutor as "his friend." Another proof that the men of the sword and of the money-bags, are all of one religion. They but carry on the game of humbug in pretending to divide themselves into Christians and Jews, Protestants and Catholics, &c.; the fact being that they are all of one religion: they believe that the people exist only to be fleeced, and to be dragged without mercy whenever they attempt to resist the fleecing.

It is stated that Messrs. BARCLAY and PERKINS profess to be very indignant at the conduct of their men, and have punished several by discharging them. Should this report prove true, Messrs. BARCLAY and PERKINS must be brought to their senses, which they very soon will be, if the working classes of the metropolis refuse to drink their beer, until such time as the discharged men are re-instated. More on this subject if need be. In the meantime, Messrs. BARCLAY and PERKINS will do well to ponder on the lesson given to COMBE, DELAFIELD and Co., some years ago by the Trades' Unionists; and to reflect that what has been done may be repeated. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The workmen in BARCLAY and PERKINS'S brewery, and all who took part in the anti-Hyena manifestation, deserve honour and applause; because

"THOSE WHO MAKE WAR ON A PEOPLE, TO ARREST THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY, AND TO ANNIHILATE THE RIGHTS OF MAN, OUGHT TO BE PURSUED EVERYWHERE, NOT AS ORDINARY CRIMINALS, BUT AS ASSASSINS AND BRIGAND REBELS."

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of others.—*De Witt*.

MONEY ITS USE AND ABUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

SIR, You have lately had several communications on the money question. In consideration of the importance of the subject, you will perhaps excuse my troubling you with the following remarks. It appears to me that none of your correspondents know exactly what is the proper remedy for what all of them allow to be a great evil. In order that we may be able to form a correct judgment as to where the evil really lies, let us consider the reasons which probably led to the adoption of a "circulating medium." We may, with great show and reason, presume that originally barter was the only means by which the producer could exchange the surplus of his own goods for that of the property of his neighbour, but by those whose property was bulky and difficult of removal this awkward mode of exchange must have been felt an inconvenience almost intolerable; and although, Mr. Editor, your productions are more valuable than bulky; yet I doubt not you would find it a serious inconvenience if, upon proceeding to the premises of the Tailors' Association for a garment, you found it necessary to take with you such a number of "Red Republicans" as would suffice to remunerate the worthy tailors for their labour. As men began to live more in communion with each other, and each individual directed his attention to some special craft, the inconvenience of barter was still more severely felt. To obviate this evil they appointed certain of their number agents for the exchange and distribution of their individual productions. But even this plan, although a considerable improvement on the old system, was found to be attended with numerous difficulties, and the invention of money, by means of which the "agents" or "traders" could at once, and in a convenient manner, give to the producer the value of the produce of his industry, was hailed by all concerned as a universal blessing. The "traders" have ever since their institution been increasing in numbers and in power, until those who were originally the servants of the people have become their masters; and a class of men, who were established for the convenience of the producers, have partly by their own cunning, but principally through the ignorance and perversity of working-men themselves, at length contrived to get the producers so completely into their power as to be enabled to use them just as so many pieces of living machinery to produce every luxury for the selfish gratification of those hellish worshippers of Mammon, whilst the toilers themselves die from starvation.

I certainly do not concur in the opinion of Mr. Smith, that our salvation depends upon the total and unconditional abolition of money; but I do agree with him when he says that our present monetary system is the basis of all those social evils under which we labour. Allow me to hint, to Mr. Smith, however, that the remedy he proposes, viz.—the unconditional abolition of money—is rather a coarse manner of disposing of the question. In my opinion, it is not the abolition of money that we want, but the prohibition of private trading. This might be done by the establishment of public marts or bazaars, the number of these bazaars in each district being regulated in accordance with the amount of population, and conducted and attended to by officers elected by universal suffrage. To work this plan effectually, a circulating medium would be indispensable, but this circulating medium should not, as at present, be property in itself, but merely the representation of property.

"Do this, and quickly we shall see,
Mankind from bondage and slavery free;
Yea, from earth's firm centre to ocean's brim,
Mankind shall be free in mind and limb."

I am, Sir, yours fraternally,

ALEXANDER BILL.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.—*Aristotle*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ All communications to be pre-paid.
Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

✉ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

Macclesfield Red Republicans, per J. West, 10s. 8d.; W. Welsh, 1s.; W. B. Rochdale, 6d.; William Brafeld, 1s.; Julian Harney Brafeld, 1s.; W. B. Robinson, 1s.; Matthew Roe, 6d.; R. Perry, 6d.; G. Corby, 6d.

FOR POLISH REFUGEES.—From Friends at Windhill, Yorkshire, per A. Deacon, 4s.; W. B. Rochdale, 6d.; A Friend, York, per C. Ernest, 6d.; T. Sharp, 6d.; W. E. Adams, 1s.; A Widow, 6d.; J. Forty, 3d.; W. Apperly, 3d.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—We have received and paid over to this society from T. Taylor, Stour Provost, 1s.; Sutcliffe Crabtree, Rochdale, 6d.; Richard Snuggs, Barmston, 1s.; Charles Herbert, 1s.; J. H. Ellis, 1s.; C. Franks (for card 1s. 1d., levy 1s.), 2s. 1d.; Andrew F. Bain, 1s.; William Brafeld, 6d.; W. L. Costine, 6d.; T. S., Liverpool, 6d.; Robert Windsor, 6d.; W. Amos, 6d.; John Doherty, Plymouth, 1s.; Edward Doherty, ditto, 1s.; W. B. Robinson, Manchester, 6d.; W. Bradsworth, Leicester, 6d.; T. Sharp, Royton, 1s.; J. B. Horsfall, Royton, (for card), 1s. 1d.; B. Isam, 6d.; C. W. Snuggs, 1s.; Samuel Saunders, New Radford, 6d.; Walter Sanderson, Gallashiels, 6d.; George Mawby, Chesterfield, 7d.; The following eight all of Cheltenham, —W. E. Adams, 6d.; J. Hemmin, 1s.; R. Buckingham, 1s.; C. Hiscox, 6d.; W. Knight, 6d.; E. Sharland, 6d.; J. P. Glenister, 1s.; J. Bullus, 6d.; E. Wilks, Cheltenham, (for Fraternal Fund), 6d.; W. Barker, Camberwell, 1s.; J. Horley, Bow Lane, 1s.; G. Corby, Northampton, 6d.; W. Symmonds, 6d.

THE TYPE-FOUNDER'S COMMITTEE return very sincere thanks to H. W. E. for his subscription. The committee also acknowledge 1s. from "Twelve Red Republicans of the fair sex, Little Clarendon-street, Euston-square." The contributors had subscribed a penny each for the Peel Monument, but by reading the RED REPUBLICAN they came to the conclusion that the money would be better applied by giving it to the Typefounders.

For Committee, R. YUITL, Secretary.

[Honour to our fair friends. Their noble example should make the blood rush to the cheeks of those craven misérables, who calling themselves *Men!* have contributed their pence to erect monuments to an enemy of their order, while they have treated the claims of their brothers, the Typefounders, and others similarly situated, with heartless indifference! Success to the fair "Reds." May their example be followed.—Ed. R. R.]

GREENWICH AND DEPTFORD.—We have handed to Mr. Arnott the following sums:—For the Chartist Executive, from the Walter's Arms, Deptford, 5s.; for Chartist Tracts, 2s. For the Polish Refugees: T. G. Floyd, 1s.; Davis, 6d.; W. Norman, 6d.; J. Robinson, 6d.; A. Cooper, 6d.

CHELTEHAM.—We have handed to Mr. Arnott the 2s. 3d. for the National Charter Association.

LACEY FUND.—We have received from Cheltenham, per Mr. Hemmin, and handed to Mr. Arnott, 8s., for the Lacey Fund.

THE NEWS-AGENTS.—A letter from a friend in Scotland informs us that many News-agents are afraid to exhibit the window-card and bills of the RED REPUBLICAN—afraid of offending their "respectable" customers, including "some milk-and-water Chartists!" We have similar information from other parts of the country. To prevent mistakes, we must add that Mr. Robinson, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Adams, of Glasgow, are not included in the list of agents aforesaid. They, on the contrary, give every publicity to the "RED." John Cameron, Manchester, writes:—"I have only got No. 11 this morning, Tuesday, 3rd September. My newsman says it is not his fault. He says there are three agents in Manchester—Heywood, Leggot, and another; and he, seeing that I will have it, sends every day, and they have always some excuse." We believe that Mr. Heywood and other agents received No. 11 on Tuesday, August 27; at all events, best part of a week previous to J. C. obtaining his copy. W. D. Cupar-of-Fife, writes:—"Myself and others were bitterly disappointed last week in not getting the RED REPUBLICAN, through the refusal of a middle-class bookseller to order it any longer. I shall try to get it from Dundee." John Hemmin, Cheltenham, writes:—"One Newsman here has discontinued taking the RED," although he recently admitted that it was selling well. He has been always opposed to our principles. Two other News-Agents have refused to supply *Reynold's Newspaper*.

CIRCULATION OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—Jonathan Barber, Nottingham, writes as follows:—"The RED REPUBLICAN is a most valuable periodical, more valuable, in my humble opinion, than any of so low a price which has before appeared. Besides containing real sterling democratic truths, it contains much very valuable information. The letters of 'L'Ami du Peuple' need only to be read to be appreciated. Those in Nos. 10 and 11, on 'The British Empire,' are especially excellent. I have heard several working men say they would not be without them for five shillings. The information they contain is important, and such as the working classes, as a body, do not meet with in any other paper. I have no doubt that the

whole of our villainous system of government will be laid bare in the columns of the RED REPUBLICAN; and if so, how important it is that it should be firmly established. Besides this, the proletarians owe you a debt of gratitude. You have battled for many years with oppression, and they ought not to see you sacrificed. May I be allowed to suggest to your readers a plan whereby, I have no doubt, the circulation might be extensively increased? I suggest that the present subscribers to the RED REPUBLICAN subscribe one halfpenny each for a few weeks, and purchase copies to that amount, and give them to parties who had never seen the work before. If two readers would club a halfpenny each to buy an additional copy to give away; and were this course acted upon for a few weeks, changing the recipients each week, I have not the least hesitation in saying that a great number to whom the RED REPUBLICAN had been given, would be induced to buy it for themselves. I have an earnest desire that the circulation should be increased, because I am a Red Republican, and believe faithfully in the IMMORTAL PRINCIPLES OF RED REPUBLICANISM; nothing short of which will destroy the inequality which is the curse of the human race, and nothing could so much advance those principles as the extensive circulation of the RED REPUBLICAN.—Yours fraternally, JONATHAN BARBER."

C. ERNEST, York.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We trust you will excuse its non-insertion. We think enough has been done in the way of "appeals" and "suggestions." "Where there's a will, there's a way."

W. D.—We regret we have not room for your literary contribution.

THOMAS GUPPEY, London; J. WILLIAMS, Stockport.—No room this week. Next week if possible.

W. WELSH.—Should the success of the RED REPUBLICAN be finally assured, the services of correspondents on the Continent and America will be engaged. Even under present circumstances, the "R. R." contains more valuable foreign information than any other existing journal, or any periodical ever before published in this country.

J. C., Manchester, and L. R., Stockton.—"Armand Carrel" will be gratified to learn that you so warmly appreciate his writings.

THE BASE PRESS-GANG.—"Sir, in reflecting upon the frequent exposures and denunciations of the corrupt and debased press, I feel surprised that so little notice is taken of a paper which I consider to be a more dangerous enemy to the working classes than even the blood-predaching *Times*. In choosing an enemy to contend with, I should say, 'Give me the open, manly foe,' and as far as the *Times* is concerned, it is an open foe, not professing to befriend or hold out any hope for us. Now, with regard to the *Weekly Dispatch* the case is widely different. Constantly boasting of its regard for the millions, I find it as constantly abusing and denouncing that portion of the people who are zealously labouring for the welfare of all, aye, even at the risk of liberty and life! It was destined for last Sunday to exhibit the climax of treachery and folly in the columns of the people's (?) paper. In a leading article it declares its acceptance of the semi-imperial mouthings of the imbecile who at present occupies the chief position in France, as gospel truths for the French people! Such conduct requires no comment; I shall, therefore, offer none, but having, with the rest of the readers of the 'RED,' the greatest confidence in your ability and disposition to enlighten the people concerning the many deceptions practised upon them, I think an article from your pen, exposing the real character of the *Dispatch*, would open the eyes of many an unthinking reader of that paper.—I remain your ardent admirer, August 31st, 1850." W. B.

We are not in the habit of reading the *Dispatch*, and did not see the article commented on by our correspondent. We have before now (in another journal) laid bare the real character of the *Dispatch*.

INSTITUTION OF PROGRESS.—We understand that a tea-party will take place at this institution, No. 1, George-street, Sloane Square, in aid of a fund to procure a larger institution. We trust there will be a full muster of friends; as from all we hear, we believe the managers are men who have both the will and ability to promote the intellectual advancement of the people. They deserve, and we trust will command success.

SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS AND THEY WILL SUPPORT YOU.—Are the Metropolitan Chartists aware that they may command a conveniently situated place of meeting for committees &c., at the Charter Coffee House 27, Newton-street, High Holborn, near the commencement of New Oxford-street. The proprietor is a young and enthusiastic democrat, who has sacrificed home and more than that to devote himself to the People's cause. Shame upon the democrats if by their neglect they chill his enthusiasm, and permit him to "drive like a wreck down the rough tide" of adversity. Such young men are the salt of the earth, they assure the immortality of democracy, and should be cherished and cheered on by all who profess adherence to the democratic cause.

If, indeed, he who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, be a benefactor of his species, how much greater is he who has planted the rich harvest of truth in the place of the rank weeds of ignorance and error, and engrafted thought upon a mind that would otherwise have been barren of speculation!—*Sydney Smith*.

The most compendious way of reforming mankind, is a good education; this may be an effectual prevention of evil, whereas all after ways are but remedies.—*Tillotson*.

Every heart contains perfection's germ.
The wisest of the sages of the earth,
That ever from the stores of reason drew
Science, and truth, and virtue's dreadless tone,
Were once but weak and inexperienced boys.—*Shelley*.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

PARTS ONE AND TWO,

Stitched in a handsome wrapper,

Price 6d. each,

ARE NOW READY.

"The Red Republican" is ready for delivery to the trade every *Monday*, at twelve o'clock at noon.

A handsome Card for Shop Windows, announcing "The Red Republican," may be had of the Publisher, Mr. S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.

✉ Should country booksellers and news-agents find any difficulty in obtaining "The Red Republican" from their regular London agent, they may be supplied by sending their orders direct to Mr. Collins. Mr. C. may be depended upon for promptness and regularity in procuring and forwarding all the weekly and monthly periodicals, magazines, newspapers, &c., &c., &c.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

THE MONEYMONGERS AND THE LABOURERS.

THE damnable doctrines lately propounded by certain of the organs of the moneymongers, must have opened the eyes of not a few working men to the real character of the *liberal* impostors who, on the strength of advocating what they term "Financial and Parliamentary Reform," attempt to pass muster as "the People's Friends!" We have always maintained that the yoke of our present rulers is light indeed, compared with that which the people would groan under were the mammonites the sole masters of the state. We have predicted that whereas the aristocracy have scourged the working classes with whips, the moneyocracy (in the event of consolidating their power) will scourge them with scorpions. For taking this course—for exposing the hypocrites and liars of *liberalism*, we have been conspired against by traffickers and calumniated by traitors. Not a week passes, however, but affords new proofs of the intense selfishness, and heartless tyranny of of the profitocracy; and consequently affirms the justice of our strictures, and the wisdom of the warnings we have from time to time addressed to the working classes. One week we have to record the wrongs of the Typefounders, another week the grievances of the engine-drivers, &c. Similar cases are constantly arising, and there can be no doubt that these local and isolated contests are but precursors to a general struggle between the men of Labour and the men of Money. It is evident that a wide-spread determination exists amongst the master-class to reduce wages, at least in proportion to the reduction in the prices of food. Unprincipled employers have but little or no hesitation in provoking

strikes, it being an article of their creed, as expressed in the choice language of one of their order, that "*the long purses can always beat the hungry guts!*"

We observe that the coal-miners are again complaining of suffering and oppression; are again making efforts to unite for their protection; and have convened a conference of delegates to assemble at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 14th of October next. Amongst other resolution adopted by the South Staffordshire miners, we observe one in favour of an Eight Hours' Bill. We anticipate an important movement on the part of these cruelly wronged men. Hereafter we shall discuss their grievances and examine the worth of the "remedies" suggested by their leaders and advisers. In the meantime, we earnestly hope that the conference will be well attended.

A number of weavers at Hyde, have been on strike since the 12th of July last, in consequence of an imposition on the part of the employer. A short time ago the "master" added to the length of the 'cut' without making an equal addition to the wages. Previous to the alteration the cut measured $37\frac{1}{2}$ yards, market length, for which the weaver received 1s. 3d. The "cut" was ordered to be increased to 41 yards, in return for which the "master" generously made an addition of $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to the 1s. 3d. From a statement of one of the turn outs, we gather that while a weaver weaving the old length at the old price could earn 20s. in a fortnight (!), with the new length and new price he can only earn 18s. $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the same time; being a loss of 1s. $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. A most serious loss to a man hitherto working for the miserable sum of 10s. weekly—a sum probably seldom realised in consequence of "fines" and "abatements."

There has been a strike of weavers and mill-hands employed at the Limefield Mill, near Bury, the property of Messrs. Rothwell and Grundy; also of the weavers and mill-hands of Townhouse Mill, near Littleborough, the property of Messrs. J. and B. Schofield. We are not informed of the particulars, except that the turn outs complain that they have been forced to do "more work for less wages"—a pretty general grievance amongst wages-slaves. After a strike of nine weeks' duration, the Limefield weavers have returned to work on their own terms, a proof that the brutal and insolent apothegm of the coal-king, concerning the omnipotence of "long-purses," does not always hold good, though unhappily it does in the majority of the conflicts between the workers and the capitalists. We are not informed as to the result of the struggle so far as the Townhouse workers are concerned. If that struggle is yet undecided, we trust that the turn outs will continue to receive the hearty support of their fellow operatives, until victory shall crown their efforts. On the subject of strikes, the above-named turn-outs express themselves in the following sensible terms:—"Strikes are tremendous evils, this fact we have ever conceded, but they are called, nay, forced into existence by evils of a still greater magnitude: we look upon them, indeed, in the same light as we look upon a defensive war. War is ever attended with suffering, a sacrifice of human life, a great waste of wealth; anxiety, sobs, sighs, and tears are ever its concomitants. But what can be done? A

daring foe has invaded our dominion, and threatens by force, fraud, or cunning, to destroy the last vestige of our most cherished rights. We have but this alternative, either cowardly to bend our necks beneath the yoke, or boldly face the aggressor, and stand the chance of war. What can be done? Is the labourer to be filched of the last farthing of his scanty earnings, and calmly, cowardly, meanly, and dastardly, submit without ever once raising his voice to oppose the wicked practice? Our very nature thunders—No!" A Factory Operatives' Association to comprise the factory workers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire, is in course of formation—a proof that the proletarians apprehend a general assault on the part of the millocracy.

To come to the "Damnable Doctrines" alluded to at the opening of these remarks—The reader will remember that the *Daily News*,—the newspaper representative of the "Manchester School," the chosen organ of "the Financial and Parliamentary Reformers,"—made a dead set at the Eastern Counties engine-drivers and firemen, denouncing their strike as "impertinent," tyrannical," and "unjust." Alarmed at the threat of a general strike on the railways, the *News*, throwing off all reserve, demands the subjection of the railway workers to a system of military discipline. "Several of the continental powers," observes the *Daily News*, "have placed their railways under military jurisdiction. * * * The chiefs of our army and navy declare that they cannot preserve discipline without the power of arrest, of the lash, and of court-martial, which consider disobedience to a superior as an almost capital crime." So that disobedience to a Gooch, the *Daily News* would punish with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and to prevent a strike would call in the military. These means of repression failing, court-martial would provide the adequate remedy for insubordination!!!

The *Spectator* too commends "some kind of military organization;" and adds, that "were the control exercised by officers responsible to the public, the coercion might be stringent without fear of injustice."

We answer, let the railways be declared national property, and we shall have no objection to the workers thereon being subjected to national regulations. Let the directors and superintendents be appointed by the public at large, or at least by a government elected by Universal Suffrage, and we will agree to accept their management. But against the monstrous system of managing railways by public officers and military discipline for the benefit of private companies, we protest; and we cry to the working classes to arouse themselves, and oppose with energy the despotic designs of the money mongers, and the damnable doctrines of their advocates.

Acknowledging that strikes are too often unavoidable, and admitting that "associations" may do something towards rescuing a few of the sons of toil from the slough of misery, we must add the expression of our conviction that by no such means can the working classes as a body be redeemed from their present state of slavery. For one strike that succeeds there are at least two that fail. And as regards "associations," is it possible for the weavers of Hyde to command the requisite capital to enable them to manufacture on their own account? Can the agricultural labourers

with eight shillings—or less per week, accumulate capital with which to purchase and cultivate the land? Can the coal-miners become (under the present system) *possessors* of coal mines to work for their own benefit? Can the railway-workers find the necessary capital with which to supersede the present owners of railways? If not, how can "associations" under existing circumstances secure the salvation of the wealth producers?

For the proletarians in the mass there is but one mode of escape from their present state of thralldom and misery, namely by transforming the entire country into one association, of which they—the workers—shall be the sole lords. To command that means of salvation they must become, the masters of the state. To secure that mastery, they must obtain Universal Suffrage.

We will plead the cause of every trade, or section of a trade, driven to a strike to resist an increase, or to obtain an abatement of suffering. We will wish good speed to every "association," and commend the same to popular support, though but a few units should be thereby saved from the general mass of misery. But we must and will warn the proletarians against the fatal delusion of trusting to any such means for their elevation as a class. The question of their deliverance lies in the compass of a nut-shell. They are miserable because they are robbed. They are robbed because they are destitute of power. They must acquire political power—the sovereignty of the state, to be enabled to put an end to the reign of the robbers. If they cannot, or will not pursue, the course hereby indicated, there is no hope for them; they will remain wretched and down-trodden while their race shall endure.

HAYNAU—THE TRUCULENT TIMES.

THE letter of L'AMI DU PEUPLE was already in type, when the *Times* of the 7th inst. was put into our hands. It contains, we see, article on the hunting of HAYNAU, which it speaks of as an act of "shameful brutality," and "cowardly atrocity," perpetrated by "infuriated savages," who have "exposed the character of Englishmen to the censure and contempt of the world."

The *Times* LIES. The "cowards" are those who are heroes only when at the head of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and who send their wretched tools into the jaws of death while they themselves keep out of harm's way. The "savages" are those who raze cities, devote entire populations to rapine, rape, and murder; and who enjoy the hours of returning peace by flogging helpless women and assassinating brave but unfortunate men—prisoners and disarmed. Such are the acts of "shameful brutality" and "cowardly atrocity" that excite "the censure and contempt" of all but bloody-minded kings, aristocrats, and stock-jobbers, represented by such papers as the truculent *Times*.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS' STRIKE.

FROM information received from Paris, we are enabled to state that the imported Frenchmen, both the first and the second lot, were exported from Paris by the firm of Torey and Co., Rue de Vangirard. In this establishment is a M. Noulfard, a Frenchman, and sort of co-partner with the firm. He is a

friend of CASLON and Co.'s, and to him the Chiswell-street bashaws are indebted (?) for their French mercenaries. Some years ago the Paris-typefounders were driven to strike on grounds similar to those on which the Chiswell street men have struck. That strike was continued during one hundred and seventy-five days, and cost the French founders 28,000 francs. In that struggle the hands at Torey's went in and worked, and the house has been a "rat" house ever since. Such are the men from whose ranks CASLON and FAGG have succeeded in getting some dozen recruits—men who are regarded as traitors and outcasts by their own countrymen.

Already sickened of the paternal rule of their friend FAGG, two of the first imported lot have returned to Paris. The rest, if not yet sick of their employers, will very soon sicken those worthy gentlemen. We know for a fact that they do not earn half the amount paid to them—a fact neither profitable nor agreeable to FAGG and Co.

We have much pleasure in translating, and giving publicity to the following letter addressed—

TO THE FRENCH WORKING MEN IN LONDON.
BRETHREN,

In consideration of the resolutions adopted unanimously by the typefounders of Paris, in special general meeting assembled on July 21st, 1850, resolutions published in the English newspapers, and purporting that under present circumstances no French type-founder should go to London and work there;

Considering that the motives enunciated in the decision of the above-named meeting are based upon a principle of eternal justice and reciprocity, and that several false brethren have gone to London to the injury of their English brethren, and notwithstanding all exhortations to the contrary:—

The Typefounders' Corporation of Paris invite their countrymen of all trades working in London to call immediately a general meeting, in order to protest energetically against the conduct of those men who have taken the places of the English typefounders, and to disavow all responsibility for, and solidarity in such an infamous action.

Safety and Fraternity,

For the Typefounders' Society,

BRUNELL	LEROY (LOUIS.)
GERBAUT,	BOSSON,
REZU,	A. F. DUFOUR,
F. GAUTHERON,	DEMEYRE,
DELCORD,	B. F. VIGUAY,
AUG. FIEVET	

We trust that the above letter will be immediately responded to, and that all honest Frenchmen residing in London, will, for the honour of their nationality—independent of higher and holier considerations—at once protest against, and repudiate the dastards who would bring shame upon the name of France, and ruin upon their brothers of England.

We observed in last week's REPUBLICAN that should CASLON and FAGG succeed in introducing French women into the trade, English women would follow. The fulfilment of our prediction has commenced. A young woman who six months ago was discharged from CASLON'S household service, has been taken into the foundry to do, or learn, one branch of the business. Perhaps Mr. CASLON will explain why the said female was discharged from his domestic service, and how it comes to pass that if she was not good enough for his house, she is good enough for the foundry? One reason assigned by the firm for robbing young men arrived at eighteen years of age of their fair wages, was to

save them from those temptations which a surplus stock of cash might lead them into. Very considerate on the part of the firm! Half-filling the foundry with discharged servants and other women (which the firm would like to do) would of course greatly conduce to the preservation of the morality of young men of eighteen!

Fortunately there is every prospect of the turn-outs achieving a complete and early victory. If "long purses" generally carry the day, it sometimes happens that the men as well as the "masters" can command a long purse. We are happy to say that thus far at least, the turn-outs have met with generous support from both their brother founders and other trades. Let this support be continued for only a short time longer, and CASLON and FAGG must succumb. The men on strike are in high spirits; and, strong in the justice of their cause and the support of their fellow operatives, are resolved to manfully continue the struggle, until they have obtained their just demands, and secured their just rights from further aggression.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MIDDLE-CLASS HUMBUGS.

RICHER specimens of twaddle than the reports furnished to satiety by all morning and evening newspapers touching the proceedings of the Peace Congress at Frankfort, it has never been my lot to read. A set of men (supposed to be *sane*) meet together and gravely pass sundry resolutions, all tending to show that, if the various European powers would only consent to adopt a system of international disarmament, and of settling their differences by arbitration, the golden age would descend immediately upon the earth, and the reign of God's saints be at hand. That is, I presume, the Cotton Age of the world, and the undisputed reign of profitmongers, railway kings, and other middle-class saints of modern mammon worship;—else we should not find shrewd, practical, Mr. Cobden, bringing up the whole force of his "unadorned eloquence" in support of such atrocious nonsense. In the third resolution, unanimously adopted by this sapient body, during the first two days of its session, I find the following words: "That the standing armies with which the government of Europe menace each other, impose intolerable burdens," and so forth, on the unhappy nations obliged to keep these governments and their armies. The resolution then recommends a "system of international disarmament, without prejudice to such measures as may be considered necessary for the maintenance of the security of the citizens, and the internal tranquillity of each state." Fudge! That is the plain English of this unadorned though eloquent sentence. Do the governments of Europe hold their power on any other tenure than that of brute force? If the French government were to disband the two hundred thousand soldiers encamped in and about Paris, how long would that disgrace to the very name of a Republic be suffered to exist by an indignant people? If the Hapsburgs were to disband any portion of their colossal standing army, how long would it be before the Hungarians, Italians, Croats, and Poles would reassert their independence, and the Viennese people plant the red flag on the dome of St. Stephen? I presume that the double rows of cannon placed on the ramparts of Vienna, so as to rake the town on the one side, and the suburbs on the other,—are intended to overawe Prussia, or perhaps England; seeing that the only use of all these warlike preparations is for "the governments of Europe" to "menace each other" withal! And the gigantic Bastille, now building on the Belvidere, a hill, commanding the most extensive and populous suburbs of the town, suburbs occupied by the revolutionary, Proletariat,—this bastille, bristling with cannon, is doubtless a fortification against the Turks, who

intend attacking Vienna forthwith! It is evident, too, that the Czar and the Prussian Despot have no other fear than that of foreign invasion; and that the reason which the English government has large barracks full of soldiers and artillery close beside all the manufacturing towns, and whole armies of constables and semi-military police, at every Chartist demonstration, is the imminent danger we run of an invasion by the Cossacks of the Don. It is not against the people that standing armies are kept. Oh, dear no! The English producers, for instance, are only too well off since we made bread so cheap. Suppose that a starving needlewoman can earn 4½d. by two days hard work at slopshirts, she can get a large brown loaf for that. As to clothing, lodging, washing, fire, candles, food and education for her children, if she have any,—she must do without. In fact, she has no business to have any children, Malthus says. Family ties and affections are quite unnecessary luxuries for the wages-slaves; and children are a drug in the labour-market. No, my Proletarian Brothers! Do not believe such stuff as that for a moment, even though all the middle-class leaders, with the eloquent Mr. Cobden—"when unadorned, adorned the most"—at their head, were to swear to it on their knees. If the bourgeois profitmongering quacks, can make you swallow a "Morrisonian pill" like that, even gilded with "unadorned eloquence,"—you are donkeys, and deserve to be flogged and overdriven to the end of time. It is a notorious fact that the governments of Europe do not keep standing armies for the purpose of menacing each other; but for the purpose of securing their own existence, which is everywhere menaced by the unfortunate people they have so long misgoverned; and who cannot be humbugged for ever into remaining quiet under so iniquitous a system of open robbery. "International disarmament," consistent with the "security of the citizens and the internal tranquillity of each State"! That is simply affirming the glaring absurdity, that the security of the ruling class, and the continuance of the present system of the using up of one class by another, rests upon any other foundation than that of physical force. It has no other foundation. Not one of the continental despots, from Sicily to the Baltic, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, durst dismiss a single soldier, or dismantle a single fortress. And the English government? Let them withdraw their garrisons from the manufacturing districts, and from Ireland,—let them disband their constables and dismiss their police spies,—and the "glorious British constitution" would not survive this suicidal policy a single week. We would have, what the perspicuous and luminous author of the Latterday pamphlets calls,—a Chartist parliament, and the deluge, in less than no time. One of the arguments employed by Mr. Cobden, against the present system of standing armies, was taken from a statistical letter by the Baron Von Reden, showing that the annual loss to the production of Europe, occasioned by this system, amounted to £117,150,000. Truly, a very grievous and distressing reflection for Messrs. Cobden & Co., that the greater part of this money might now have been in their pockets, instead of being squandered on useless armies and navies, whose labour cannot be applied to increase the capital of the middle-class profitmongers. That is the meaning of the whole question; the meaning of the Christian philanthropical and disinterested outcry about peace, and "international disarmament," made by these peace-at-any-price middle class humbugs. The question is a middle class question; and concerns the Proletarians, only in so far as it exposes the selfishness and absurdity of their pretended Middle Class friends, who leave no stone unturned to gull the producers into the belief, that the interests of labour and capital are the same. But they are not the same; they are directly contrary, and can never cease to be so, on the system of Wages-labour. A shocking loss to Messrs. Cobden, and Co., that of £117,150,000, on the production of Europe! But the proletarians need not care how much is lost on the production of Europe,

for devil a penny of that money would ever have found its way to them! But the extension of trade! The increase of production, and the consequent demand for labour! From 1839 to 1849 our trade was greatly extended, our production was greatly increased, our country advanced in wealth;—did the improvement in the condition of our working population, our *wealth-producers*, keep pace with this development of our resources, this increase of National wealth? Are *poor-rates* and *taxation* less now than they were ten years ago? It is notorious they are nothing of the kind;—and all the lamentations of these hypocritical humbugs at Frankfurt, about the evils of war establishments during peace, are merely the expressions of their selfish regret at so much hard cash having been diverted from its legitimate channel,—namely, the pockets of middle class blood-sucking profit-mongers. The commercial history of the last ten years, proves, that the condition of the producing class has become positively worse, with every successive development of the modern system of production and distribution. It proves, that when capital flourishes, labour perishes; it proves, that the interests of the employer and the employed are diametrically opposite interests, and that one can prosper only by using up the other. The increase in poor-rates during the last ten years, is alone sufficient to show that the condition of the wealth-producers, the veritable people, has become worse;—that misery and starvation are more busily at work than ever. Do not, therefore, believe any middle class humbug, who tells you that a decrease in any branch of the public expenditure, for example, in "the expense of our army and navy," would be accompanied by a proportionate increase of comfort to you; that your wages would thereby be increased. Every increase of national wealth, either by saving or by directly producing, goes to increase capital, not wages,—goes into the pockets of the middle class, not into those of the Proletariat. The proof of this is evident enough. Is not the condition of the working class infinitely worse now than it was forty or fifty years ago? Yet look at the difference between the capital and the productive power of to-day as compared with those possessed by us half a century ago. The means of comfort and happiness for all have greatly increased, but they are managed on so nefarious a system, that nine-tenths of the population of every civilised country are miserable, starving wretches; while the remaining tenth monopolises everything that can make life either desirable or endurable. That state of things, is Society arranged on middle class principles. Do you think the principles which produce such practical effects, are good, and just, and true principles? I think they are false, and unjust, and anti-Christian, and altogether damnable principles. But be they what they may, they will never be changed as long as political power remains in the hands of the middle class. Mr. Cobden then remarks that "you cannot have freedom and self-government unless you have also a spirit of order and tranquillity pervading all classes." A contradiction in terms. As long as Society is divided into classes, so long will the social system be founded on the distinction of a ruling class and a subordinate class,—the oppressed and the oppressor. Now, if there be "a spirit of order and tranquillity pervading" the oppressed class, it must be a remarkable stupid class indeed. But as far as my researches have extended into universal history, I have never yet found an instance of an oppressed class being what their rulers would call "orderly and tranquil." Had they been contented with their sad fate, they would have deserved it. No. The Slaves of all ages, the Helots of Sparta, the Roman bondmen, the serfs of the middle ages, the Negro and Proletarian Slaves of modern times, have amply and energetically protested against that atrocious system of one class using up another; a system which can only be enforced and continued in any country by the unlimited use of the whip and the bayonet. There is no danger of a European war? "That is not the danger:

the danger everywhere is financial. 'How can we get more money?' is the outcry." But a European war is the necessary consequence of this financial danger. Not a war between the governments of Europe, though they incessantly "menace each other," but a war of the European nations against their respective Governments, which I grieve to say is quite inevitable, and likewise near at hand,—in spite of the probable injury to the sale of Manchester cottons, and the virtuous indignation of Messrs. Cobden, and Co. The present system of physical force repression must naturally come to an end sooner or later. The finale will be hastened, in every country, by the pressure of a large national debt, and a grinding system of indirect taxation; in a word, by "financial danger." Mr. Cobden concludes his oration by an "appeal to Governments and kings, as well as tax-payers and the people, to keep a cause that will bless and benefit them all." This is assuming that the interest of governments and kings is the same as the interest of the subjects whom they scourge, imprison, and slaughter, to prevent being hurled from the thrones they have too long occupied. The "governments and kings" of whom he speaks, are not such fools as he takes them to be. Disband their armies, quotha! It is asking a drowning man to cast away his plank. I agree with Mr. Cobden that "the possession of enormous military power will not prevent revolutions." But what cannot be prevented may be postponed. That is precisely what "governments and kings" are now doing. Postponing the revolution by any and every means; and thereby prolonging their own lives. But the longer the next outbreak of the European revolution is delayed, the more terrible will it be when it does come. God grant it may be the last.

HOWARD MORTON.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

(Continued from No. 11 of the Red Republican.)

CHAP. VI.

THE FUSION.

Thus passed away the first period of the war. In the second the government changed its tactics. The moderates commenced, I believe, to foresee ruin near, and to establish a precedent, in sight perhaps of every uncertain future, they became furious for monarchic fusion. They dispersed themselves through the public places, promising that Milan should be the capital of the new kingdom; they fanaticized, by all sorts of lies, the ignorant masses against the republicans, leagued, they said, with Austria; and urged of the levy en masse; they teased the Provisional Government, which I did not hasten enough. And the members of the government, believing or not in their foolish promises, repeated through their agents to the people,—to that people which they had till then cooled and sent to sleep in confidence,—that the danger was become grave, that men, money, all things, in fact, were wanting for the defence of the country; but that for the price of a great confidence in the king, for the fusion, there would arrive from Genoa millions of crowns, from Piedmont millions of soldiers, and blessings from heaven, and that without

"Henry Cernuschi was menaced and imprisoned; so also was Agnelli, Terzaghi, Perego, and many others. One named Fava carried on, round Cattaneo, and the men who had directed the movement of Marob, an espionage worthy of Austria. Inscriptions on the walls and anonymous letters threatened me with death. One named Cerioli (I have forgotten if it was before or after the 19th of May,) placarded on all the street corners a long poster, whose conclusion was 'that I had refused to see my mother on account of the difference of our political opinions.' My poor mother at this very moment was journeying towards Milan to embrace me, and bless my faith. I do not know that a republican has ever stooped so low as to calumniate thus the private life of his political adversaries."

levies, without great sacrifices, Lombardy would see its work accomplished. With the republicans, whom they had already firmly resolved to betray, their faint friendship changed to coldness; they affected in presence of them suspicions of conspiracies which they did not feel. What conspiracies? If the fall of this pitiful phantom, which called itself a government, could have changed the chances of war, the republicans could have overturned it in two hours.

At the commencement of this second period, when the government had already decided to violate its programme, when I was attacked from all sides, on account of my silence, by calumnies and threats, thoro arrived at my house, dispatched from the camp, and the bearer of somewhat strange propositions, an old friend, a warm and loyal patriot. He came in the name of Castagneto, the king's secretary, of whom I have already spoken; he desired me to patronize the monarchial faction, and to gain over the republicans to the royalist party, in consideration of which, in the revision of the Constitution, there would be done what I wished for the democratic influence; he also proposed to me an interview with the king, and I know not what more.

Our first object, and the everlasting aspiration of our souls, was, at all times as to-day, Independence of the foreigner: the second the Unity of the country, without which independence is a falsehood: the third the Republic. On this last point, indifferent to what concerns us individually, sure of the future of our country, we had no need of showing ourselves intolerant. To whoever then would have insured me the independence and prompt unity of Italy, I would have sacrificed, not, my faith,—that was impossible,—but I would have given up my active propagandism, for the immediate triumph of that faith, for myself, sufficient to me solitude and the right, of which none could deprive me, of consigning to a book, to be published sooner or later, the ideas I might think useful to my country; and besides, in their love for national independence, the republicans had not waited for the prayer of a king to adjourn the republic. But then the whole question was in the war.

We regarded as fatal to the result of the war, as too ambitious for our princes and for diplomacy, as insufficient for the populations of Italy, the idea which was compromised in the federalism of a Northern Italy. Thanks to this conceit, the popular enthusiasm was already extinct, already the governments were showing themselves hostile, the resources of the country were stricken with inertness, and the chances of the war were become only too threatening. To render them favourable to us, to re-animate the ardour which breaks down all obstacles, there was only one means: the war, not of the Princes, but of the Nation. And for that was needed a man who would dare all, and who would engage not to recoil from the enterprise, either through egotism or weakness. Would Charles Albert be this man? he must forget his poor Savoyard crown and make himself really the sword of Italy. He must, since all the governments were hostile to him, break openly, irrevocably with them, and collect around him, united and exalted by one great thought, all the patriots whom Italy could count from the Alps even to the farthest confines of Sicily. We should have known then that he was speaking and that he would act seriously; and we should have been able to use all our endeavours to route, to the profit of his glory, all the revolutionary elements of Italy. Since he would not do this, it would have been better to leave us to ourselves. We could well, and indeed we ought to, have sacrificed for a time, to the safety of Italy, the banner which we had unfurled; but we could not, and we ought not, to have sacrificed it, and sacrificed with it all the influence we had gained over the destinies of our country; by the constancy of our faith, to a king who, not willing to risk anything on his own account, nor to enter into communion with the Italian idea, nor to ameliorate the conditions of the war, could, when it pleased him, have withdrawn

from the arena, and said to us:—"You too, believers, you have bargained."

Such was very nearly my reply to the messenger. Interrogated afterwards as to the guarantees which the king should give us for his concurrence in the work of unity: Let him sign, I replied, some lines in which his intentions are declared; and placed in a condition to dictate these lines, I took a pen and wrote them. They were, save some variations in the form, which I have forgotten, the same that I designedly had inserted, a short time after, in the programme of the "Italy of the People," published at Milan. I transcribe them here.

"I feel that the time is ripe for the unity of the country; I hear, O Italians! the emotion which oppresses your souls. Rise! I will go before you. See, I give you as pledge of my faith, the spectacle yet unknown to the world, of a king accepting the priesthood of a new era, the armed apostle of the people's idea, the architect of the temple of the nation. In the name of God and of Italy I tear up the old treaties which hold you divided, and which are written in your blood; I invite you to overthrow the barriers which even yet separate you, and to group yourselves, formed in legions of brothers, free and emancipated, round me, your guide, ready to fall or to conquer with you."

My friend left me. A few days after I read a billet of Castagneto, who said—"I see very well that there is nothing to be done on this side. A generous idea of potent love, bearing within it the future of a nation,—has it ever vibrated in the heart of a king?"

We continued to be silent upon political matters* and to second the action of the war in the best way we could, both with our concurrence and our counsels. But the war was no longer Italian; it was no longer even Lombard. It was the war of Piedmont, the war of a faction. Ministry, organization, administration,—all was in the hands of men devoted to this faction. The government had no other mission but to receive the bulletins of the camp, to magnify them, and to prepare the fatal decree of the 12th of May.†

And they, what did they? The programme of neutrality was violated even then, when sinister events, foreshadowing an approaching catastrophe, imposed more than ever the duty of refraining from throwing new germs of discord into the camp, from depriving the war of its character of neutrality, and of bequeathing at least a principle to the future insurrection. Our words, our prayers to the government,—all were useless. They wished for servitude.

Then—then only—we felt the necessity of protesting in the face of Italy. Those who were in Milan at this moment knew that this protest was not without peril. And this ought to be for all, friends or enemies, a new proof that we had kept silence so long only out of love for our country, and not to break an agreement, which, though only existing in appearance, might be definitively useful to the result of the war.

The force of education is seen in nothing more than that whole nations, from age to age, continue in the very same customs and manners; and to change these, especially to the better, is a difficulty beyond imagination.—Locke.

To instruct mankind in things most excellent, and to honour and applaud those learned men who perform this service with industry and care, is a duty, the performance of which, must procure the love of all good men.—Xenophon.

The acquisition of knowledge, by multiplying the mental resources, has a tendency to exalt the character, and in some measure to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. The man who has gained a taste for books, will, in all likelihood, become a thinking man; and when you have given the poor the habit of thought, you have conferred on them a much greater favour than the gift of money: since you have put them in possession of the principle of all legitimate prosperity.—Robert Hall.

* In all the series of Documents quoted, not one of the reports sent so frequently from Milan to Lord Palmerston speaks of republican agitation.

† The decree for taking the votes of Lombardy for its annexation to the Piedmontese monarchy.

Poetry for the People.

OVERTOIL!

"I was not made merely for money-making."
Toil! toil! till the spirit is crushed—
And the brain is wrecked in its weariness!
Till life turns grave-digger—and old Time—
Weaves nothing but shrouds of dreariness!
Coining the heart, blood, and sinew, to gold—
Till we sink in the dark on the Pauper's dole!
Feeling for ever the flowerless mould—
Growing about the uncrowned soul—
Oh God! oh God! must this evermore be—
The lot of the Children of Poverty?
The Spring is calling from brae and bower
In the twinkling sheen of the sunny hour,
Earth smiles in her golden green!
There's music below, in the diamonded leaves—
There's music above, where Heaven's blue bosom heaves
The silvery clouds between!
The boughs of the woodland are nodding in play
And wooingly beckon my spirit away.
I hear the dreamy hum—
Of bees in the lime tree and birds on the spray,
And they too are calling my thoughts away,
But I cannot, cannot, come!
Orisons of verdant and heart-cooling places—
Will steal on my soul like a golden spring-rain,
Bringing the lost light of dear brave faces,
Till memory blossoms with beauty again!
But oh! for a glimpse of the flower laden morning
That makes the heart leap up and knock at Heaven's door,
Oh! for the green fields, the green lanes, and green
woods
To take in by heartfuls their greenness once more!
How I yearn to lie in the cowslip meadows!
Mid honeyed leaves, and the sleep of the shadows,
To nestle at peace in the birds' leafy dwelling,
And hear their sweet voices of music upswelling.
To stretch on the green grass with heaven o'er me
blending,
And love for all things in my rapt-heart ascending—
Then sleep where young violets are waking
And let my soul burst from its cavern of clay
To float down the warm spring away and away,
For I was not made merely for money-making!
At my wearisome task, I oftentimes turn—
From my bride and my mistress, Duty,
Forgetting the strife, and the wrestle of life,
To talk with the spirit of Beauty!
The multitudes hum and the clinking of gold
Grow hush as it's a diving of Day—
For on wings of rapture with joy untold
My heart is up and away—
Glad as the bird in the tree-top chanting
Its anthem of liberty!
With its heart in its musical gratitude panting—
And oh! 'tis a bliss to be!
Once more to drink in the blessed pure air,
Lapped in luxurious flowers—
To recall again the pleasures that were
In infancy's innocent hours!
To wash the earth-stains and the dust from the soul,
In nature's reviving tears once more,
To feast at her banquet and drink from her bowl
Rich wine for the heart's thirsty core!
Ah me! ah me! it is heavenly then—
And hints of the spirit-world near away,
Are stirring and stirred at my heart again
Like leaves that turn to the kiss of May!
It is but a dream, yet 'tis passing sweet;
And when from its spells my spirit is waking,
Dark is my heart, and the wild tears start,
For I was not made merely for money-making.
My soul leans out to the whisperings
Of the mighty, the marvellous spirits of old,
And heaven-ward leapt to flap her wings!
When Labour relapseth her earthly hold!
And in breathless awe entranced it listens
To catch night's deep starry mystery,
Or in mine eyes dissolved glistens,
Big for the moan of Humanity—
Much that is written within its chamber,
Much that is shrined in the mind's amber,
Much of this thought of mine.
I fain would struggle and give to birth!
For I would not pass away from earth,
And make no sign.
I yearn to utter, what might live on
In the World's heart when I am gone—
Oh! I would not sink like thousands benighted,
Live in the World's shadows, and die in its gloom.
For whom the life-candle's but dimly lighted,
Thronging with spectres the path to the tomb.
I would not plod on like these slaves of gold,
Who shut up their souls in a dusky cave,
I would see the world better and men nobler-souled,
Ere I dream of heaven in my green-turf grave,
They tell me I've chosen the desolate part!
Muck-worms! I choose not! to me it was given—
This gift of song, free as love comes to the heart,
And I'll cherish it, ay, as a gift from Heaven.
I may toil till life is filled with dreariness!
Toil! till my heart is wrecked in its weariness!
Toil! for ever for tear-steeped bread—
Till I go down to the silent Dead!
But by this yearning, this hoping, this aching,
I was not made merely for money-making."

ALFRED CARREL.

RASPAIL

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."

Selections from the writings of F. V. Raspail, written in the dungeon of Vincennes, 1848:—

II.

GOVERNMENT.

A man must be extremely clever to govern badly, for he must be able to deceive everybody and enrich himself at the public expense, without exposing himself to the legal penalties awaiting thieves. To govern well is a matter requiring merely a little good sense. When a man has wisdom enough to conduct his own affairs with prudence and economy, what more does he want to enable him to regulate the affairs of his fellow-citizens with as much success? He has only to find assistants and subordinates enough. The question relates merely to the division of labour, but as to the work itself, the rule or guiding principle is already known.

DESOTISMS AND REPUBLICS.

I am acquainted only with two estimable and upright modes of government. Despotism in the hands of an honest man, for nations in a state of childhood; the Republic for nations who have reached manhood. Whether the Oriental nations be yet minors, I know not; but one thing is certain, that the western nations have grown a good deal since our first revolution, which made a missionary tour through Europe. With the fifty years which have elapsed since then, I believe we may consider ourselves come to years of discretion.

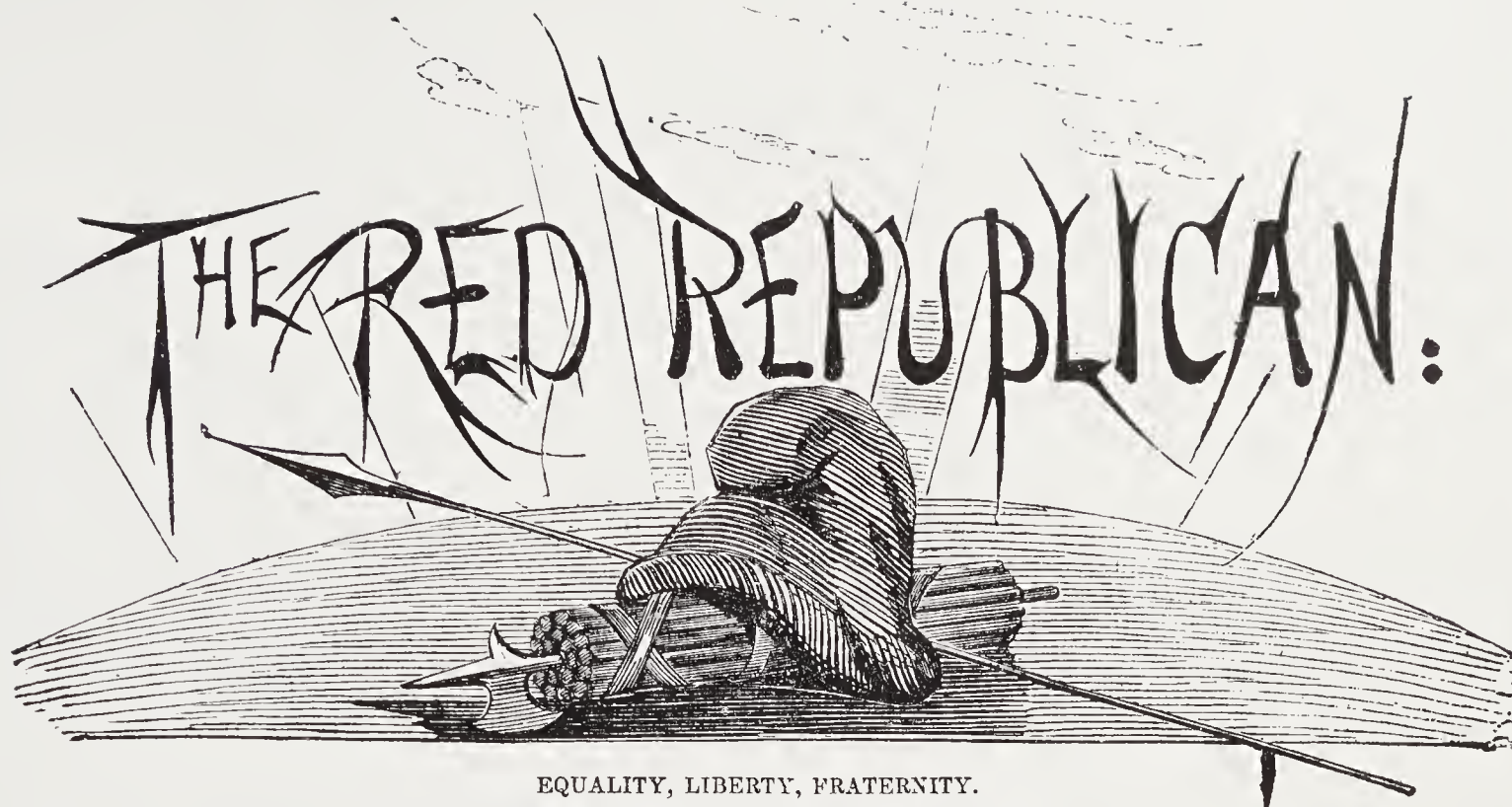
CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENTS THE MOST INFAMOUS OF ALL

The guardians of nations imagined a plan for reconciling the interests of their wards with their own cupidity and avarice: they invented constitutional governments. The most immoral of all forms of government, for it is based on lies, or what these gentlemen call constitutional fictions. The king acts, but the minister is responsible; the latter has been guilty of another man's acts; kick out the minister then, and cry, God save the king! Two Chambers legislate in concert with the king, who can pass no law without their consent. But there is nothing to hinder them from always giving that consent. The king names the members of the Upper house, and what is to hinder him from bribing the members of the Commons? When the budget every year provides the means of keeping some 500,000 soldiers, is it so difficult to find the means of bribing about 200,000 electors, once every five years? Are there no places for rewarding adherents, and a thousand means of intimidating and annoying independent electors? But the Republic, that government founded on morality and justice,—exists, and will at last destroy the reign of corruption and falsehood.

Whenever a nation is worthy of liberty, despotism must be abolished, were it by fire and sword. Whenever nations have the consciousness of morality and freedom, Constitutional governments may pack their trunks. Public disgust and contempt are sufficient to put an end to them. Liberty for a nation of slaves?—what use do you expect they will make of it? They will sell your gift to the highest bidder. A dog must have a master, and whoever flogs him most, is the surest of his obedience. But a time will come, when the deadliest insult that can be offered to a nation will be to tell them,—You are not Republicans.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often is hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education would have disinterred and have brought to light.—Addison.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XI.

"Wherever a despot treads the earth,
Let him know that his doom is fated.
We've loved our tyrants long enough;
Now hate them as we've been hated."

German Song.

THE HYENA HUNT.

FLIGHT OF HANGMAN HAYNAU—DISMAY OF THE CONTINENTAL DESPOTS—GLORIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF PUBLIC OPINION—CALUMNIES OF THE COSSACK PRESS-GANG—THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF PUNISHING TYRANTS.

THE noble conduct of BARCLAY and PERKINS'S workmen in thrashing the miscreant HAYNAU, has excited a sensation which, so far from having yet subsided is, day by day, becoming more intense and general. The calumnies and calls for persecution, circulated and raised against the men by the Cossack press-gang, have excited the enthusiasm of the general public more and more in favour of the punishers of HAYNAU. Abroad, too, the people though gagged, are giving unmistakable evidence of their enthusiastic approval of the conduct of the Bankside brewers.

It appears that HAYNAU'S visit to England was undertaken purposely to test the public opinion of this country. He purposed to also visit Paris, but London gave him a sufficient sickener of Western Europe. His Hyenaship "came and saw," but, unlike CÆSAR, found it necessary to turn tail, and—to use the vernacular of Bankside—"cut and run." Having taken a moment's breathing time, he continued his retreat back to the continent. The report of his departure from England was, at first, looked upon as a ruse, got up by his

friends to enable him to remain here a short time longer, protected from popular hatred. It turned out, however, that the report of his retreat was true. So alarmed was this assassin-hero, so much did his guilty conscience increase his terror, that imagining he would find in every Englishman of the "lower orders" an avenger of his victims, he "cut" from Morley's Hotel, as previously he had from the Brewery. The people of Cologne, hearing of his arrival in that city, assembled to complete the good work commenced by the London brewers. The Marshal gave himself, in charge to the police, by whom he was "protected." These humiliations have rendered him contemptible even in the eyes of ruffians of his own stamp—the WRANGELS, WELDENS, JELLACHIGHS, and RADETZSKYS.

The mingled wrath and dismay of the continental despots is beyond description. That the ruffian whom they have delighted to honour, upon whom they have showered "orders," "ribbons," and such like "child of murder's rattles," should be hunted like a mad dog, or other noxious animal, is a humiliation for the crowned brigands as well as for their infernal instrument. That the conqueror of Hungary should fly before draymen and coal-heavers, and from being all but a kingly dweller in the palaces of Pesth, should crouch for safety in a Bankside dust-bin, is for the potentates of sabre-sway, "horrible, most horrible." Ah! how they gnash their teeth with impotent rage! With what fiendish joy would they send their hordes to massacre the working classes of this metropolis, to slay men, women and children, to consign this capital to the horrors suffered by Warsaw and Brescia, if their power only

equalled their diabolical will! Happily, England can defy them. The torture of their ungratified rage is increased by their dismay. Of all countries in the world, England was the last to which they would have looked for any such manifestation as that of the Hyena hunt. Taking their notions of this country from the base *Times* and kindred journals, and seeing that England was an ark of safety for the wrecked tyrants during the deluge of 1848, HAYNAU'S patrons and comrogues could not have dreamt of the catastrophe which has brought that butcher's public career to so ignoble a termination. That catastrophe has left them no room for doubt, that whatever sympathy may be felt for tyrants by our aristocrats and money-mongers, the people hate all such enemies of humanity. A warning to NICHOLAS, FREDERICK WILLIAM, LOUIS NAPOLEON, WINDISCHGRATZ, WELDEN, WRANGEL, RADETZSKY, CAVAGNAC, CHANGARNIER, &c., &c., to stay at home; or if driven from thence by the peoples they oppress, to seek some other refuge than the land in which they are regarded with hatred and scorn.

Responding to the appeal in No. 12, of the RED REPUBLICAN, the Fraternal Democrats convened a public meeting, which unanimously voted that the workmen at BARCLAY and PERKINS'S had DESERVED WELL OF THEIR COUNTRY! Without a single advertisement or announcement in any journal, and with only fifty placards to convey the intelligence to mighty London, the meeting was "crowded to suffocation," and hundreds upon hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The resolution—passed with loud and long-continued cheering—is worthy of a place in the columns of the RED REPUBLICAN:—

RESOLVED.

That all the peoples of the earth are brethren; that tyranny and cruelty inflicted upon any one country is an outrage to all nations;—that the Italians and Hungarians command the sympathy, and their Austrian oppressors the hatred, of the people of the United Kingdom;—that foremost among the Austrian tyrants of Italy, and chief amongst the Austrian scourges of Hungary, stands Marshal Haynau, the military murderer, executioner, and woman-flogger;—that the aforesaid Haynau is the enemy of the human race, outlawed by the voice of the people, and amenable to popular justice; and that therefore the humiliating punishment inflicted upon that miscreant, on the occasion of his visit to Barclay and Perkins's brewery, was honourable and praiseworthy to the administrators thereof, and this meeting declares the brewery workmen, and the high-spirited men and women who assisted in chastising the Austrian assassin, deserve well of their country, and are entitled to the thanks of the friends of freedom and justice throughout the world.

Similar resolutions have been adopted at Manchester and other places; one at a meeting of twelve thousand democrats held in Nottingham Forest. Private letters, local journals, &c., combine to attest the universal hatred towards Haynau, and the joy of the people at his ignominious punishment.

The meeting at Farringdon Hall was gall and wormwood to the Cossack press-gang. The *Chronicle* is furious that the brewery workmen have not been punished, and demands an investigation by the police, and a prosecution by the Home Office. If the "authorities" are wise, they will refrain from provoking a national agitation, which would certainly result from any attempt to punish men for having performed an act of justice, sanctioned and applauded by public opinion.

The *Times*, true to its unscrupulous character, has been trying to excite odium against the Hungarians, and a reaction in favour of its pet HAYNAU, by publishing a list of executions said to have taken place in Hungary, by order of the Hungarian commissioners, tribunals, and courts-martial. This list the *Times* headed with the appalling words—"MAGYAR BLOODY ASSIZE." The *Times* forgets that its character for lying will be sufficient to induce thousands to conclude that the list is a mere Puddle-dock fabrication. According to the *Times*'s own story, the doubtful-looking list "has been drawn up by the Austrian Government." It is notorious that that government is as unprincipled as the *Times* itself—no less perfidious than bloody; and as capable of lying and forgery as of rapine and murder. The list has been manufactured to serve the interests of the Austrian government; while of course no one in Hungary dares to contest the authenticity of the statements contained therein, as any such proof of "disloyalty" would be immediately punished with torture and death. Even on the supposition that the list is really a statement of facts, it reflects no shame upon the Hungarian patriots, nor in any respect diminishes the atrocity of HAYNAU's crimes. Taking the list as it stands, the executions it records took place during the war; and the persons put to death were Austrian spies, traitors to Hungary, assassins, robbers, mutinous soldiers, and persons who having rendered themselves obnoxious to their neighbours were condemned by Lynch law. Take the following as samples of the saints of the Austrian

Book of Martyrs;

Ladislás Krisan, of Vilagos, in the county of Arad, was accused of having fired at a Hungarian ammunition car. Executed at Vilagos on the 24th of October, 1848.

Gyika Marian was shot at Koratzintz on the 20th of October, 1848, for attempting to strangle one of the insurgent magistrates.

Miga Gagy and Koston Tornus, of Csarno, in the county of Arad, were shot on the 1st of November, 1848, for having endeavoured to foment a rising against the insurgents.

Gligor Stank, justice of Dulese, Arad county, was shot for hunting the lady of the manor with dogs through the forest, with intent to kill her, or to do her some grievous bodily harm.

An Austrian soldier was murdered in the county of Gömör by the ex-justice Emerich Istok.

In the same county was murdered Ignaz Grossmann, of Liptau, contractor for the Russian Army.

A Russian soldier was murdered at Pusztá Kurincz, and an Austrian soldier at Kiraly.

John Kowatsch, Honved, of Worese, county of Crongrad, was hanged on the 7th October, 1848, for having assassinated one of his comrades.

Peter Murat, a merchant's clerk, and Joseph Klempner, at Waitzen, were, on the 12th of July, 1849, captured as spies and taken to Arad. It is said that they were tried and executed.

John N. Rusmanek convicted of high treason and espionage, was shot at Peterwardein on the 27th of July, 1849.

Szepzik, of Nagy-Banya, was shot at Comorn for having betrayed a partisan of the rebels into the hands of the Austrians.

From information of the district commissioner of Weissenburg it appears that a captured Austrian officer, apparently an aide-de-camp of Baron Haynau, was shot at Comorn.

The last on the list of these worthies turns out to be an assassin employed, in the first instance, to kill Kossuth. Failing to get at that patriot, he was next employed to kill Klapka. Being suspected he was arrested, and the evidences of his guilt found upon his person. He was thereupon tried, condemned, and very properly put to death. Such are the saints of the Austrian calendar; the objects of Printing House Square sympathy! In this country, even in a state of peace, murderers are put to death; and when nations are suffering war and invasion, it is the universal practice to consign proved traitors and spies to the same doom.

Sufficient has been said of HAYNAU's atrocities in Hungary. His crimes in Italy are not so well known. In my last letter, I merely alluded to the horrors attending upon his victory over the unhappy people of Brescia; let me now add a few details. On the occasion of the second march of the Piedmontese against Austria, Brescia hoisted the flag of Italy. The castle, armed with fourteen pieces of cannon, was held by an Austrian garrison of nine hundred men, and during a fortnight continually bombarded the city, which was also invested by a large Austrian force, under the command of General Nugent. Daily conflicts took place in which the Brescians successfully defended their city. At length HAYNAU, with strong reinforcements arrived, and took command of the siege. He demanded instant and unconditional surrender, on pain of assault, pillage, and entire ruin. In the meantime, CHARLES ALBERT had suffered his second defeat and had abdicated. Of these important events the Brescians had no certain knowledge; rumours of these sad reverses had reached the city, but were disbelieved. To strengthen that disbelief, information had been received of positive victories gained by the Italians, and a new armistice between the

contending armies. To ascertain the truth, the Brescians sent a deputation to HAYNAU. He answered:—"I know all; I am informed of everything; but I will not speak of these things,—the only question is the surrender of the city, which I have fixed for mid-day." Thus this tiger purposely kept the Brescians in ignorance of the true state of affairs, for fear they should surrender, and so deprive him of a pretext for indulging in the cruelty for which his heart lusted.

The great struggle now commenced. HAYNAU's heavy artillery "destroyed the external barricades, and the Brescians retreated within the gates, but still fighting and repulsing the enemy." After more fighting, the Brescians retreated to the heart of the city. There they made good their stand during the rest of that day. They performed prodigies of valour, and hundreds of the Croats perished in the conflict. During the night the Brescians "determined to defend themselves while hope and a single cartridge remained." On the following morning, the Brescians rushed to the combat, and at first drove the Austrians before them. Unhappily, fresh artillery and battalions arrived to the assistance of HAYNAU, and these reinforcements decided the fate of the city. The Brescians surrendered—a few excepted—who, determined not to survive the death of their hopes, refused to yield, and died fighting. Now commenced universal murder, rape, and rapine. Slaughter was organised, and neither age nor sex respected. Old people and infants were massacred; and women first violated were subsequently murdered. The following paragraph, copied from an authentic work on the Italian struggle, will give an idea of the horrible atrocities committed by HAYNAU's hellish hordes:—

"The sight of the horrible deeds committed by the imperialists, whether in drunkenness, or by command, or in consequence of their stupidly ferocious natures, was such as to overwhelm the mind and freeze the blood in men's veins: they were beyond the limits of imagination or belief. Not only were they ferocious towards women, children, and the sick, but the tortures they inflicted were refined in such a manner as to show how much the cruelty of man exceeds that of the most ferocious animals. Limbs torn from their victims were flung from the windows and the barricades as food for the dogs. The heads of young children cut from their bodies, women's arms, and fragments of human flesh, were thrown into the midst of the Brescian troops, to whom bombs then seemed merciful. Above all, the imperial cannibals delighted in the horrible convulsions of those whom they burnt to death; therefore they covered the prisoners with pitch, then set them on fire, and often compelled the women to assist at their husbands' martyrdom. Sometimes, to make game of the noble blood of the Brescians, which boiled with magnanimous wrath, they tightly bound the men, and then, before their eyes, they dishonoured and cut the throats of their wives and children; and sometimes (God forgive us if we remember such a horrid fact) they forced them to swallow the mangled entrails of their nearest friends. Many died of anguish, and many fell fainting with horror."

Long after resistance had ceased, when the entire of Lombardy was reduced to the quietude of despair, patriots were singled out and executed. On one occasion might be seen twelve of these martyrs hanging from as many gibbets erected on the bulwarks of the city.

Enough of these horrors—I have said enough, not merely to justify the brewers' treatment of HAYNAU, but to have justified

them had they stoned him to death, cut him to pieces, or torn him limb from limb.

The *Chronicle* affects to believe that the Banksian manifestation was excited by foreigners, because Lord TORRINGTON and Sir H. WARD, the Haynaus of Ceylon and the Ionian Isles have not been also brought to trial before Judge Lynch. The atrocities of these English hyenas are not so well known, or (were they in England) they might find it quite as unsafe to visit BARCLAY and PERKINS' brewery. For myself, I hope that the justice that was dealt to HAYNAU may be meted out to all like him, whether Austrians or English.

The *Chronicle* cannot believe that the masses are changed from what they were when they rejoiced in the burning of witches and the persecution of Jews and Catholics. Stupidly enough the *Chronicle* looks upon the working classes as being yet steeped in the ignorance and brutishness which led them to engage in the Gordon riots, the burning of Priestley's house, and the madness of the Reform-bill agitation! Because the *Chronicle* has "advanced backwards," its precious writers imagine the people cannot have progressed forwards. A grand mistake, as those who trust to such blind leaders as the *Chronicle* and *Times* will one day discover to their bitter cost.

When humanity is outraged and justice violated, and when the criminals either place themselves above the laws, or, worse still, give to their tyranny the form and attributes of law, there reverts to the people their natural right of avenging humanity and vindicating justice by the strong arm of popular force. And if a nation is so utterly crushed as to be itself unable to exercise that right, the duty of doing so devolves upon any other nation or any individual placed in a position to punish the oppressor. All but omnipotent in the midst of their battalions, arrogant and defiant of earth and heaven at the head of their armies, the royal and military scourges of the human race tremble at the bare thought of the tyrannicide's steel, and cower in abject submission if by chance they find themselves unprotected in the midst of a "mob." Well it is for the human race that sometimes the avenger brings the tyrant low, and that "mobs" have an instinctive love of justice unknown to their "betters!" BARCLAY and PERKINS' workmen nobly performed a great duty, and their country thanks them; all true men honour them; all women rejoice that in England was found the men to worthily punish the assassin of fallen patriots—the torturer of innocent helpless women.

That the hour may soon arrive when all the ruffians of HAYNAU's stamp will meet with that full measure of justice of which he has had a taste, is the heartfelt wish of

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THE "MORNING POST" AND THE WOMAN FLOGGER.

I HAVE been informed that the *Morning Post* has displayed great sympathy for the sad case of His Excellency the Herr Baron Von Haynau. A poor old man, nearly seventy years of age, is set upon and misused by a crowd of some hundred individuals! What a disgrace to England! And so forth, through infinite variations of lamentation and woe.

I say I was informed of this; for I never read the "Morning Post," having too much respect for my sanity to risk its loss, by rashly encountering un-

fathomable floods of twaddle. I believe the first civil engineer on record is Milton's Devil, who threw an elegant suspension bridge over Chaos, having first explored it by a new mode of locomotion, "half wading, half flying."—but the devil himself would stand aghast at the Chaos of fudge heaped together in the columns of the *Morning Post*. This paper having given one side of the picture, let us look a moment at the other side. A hoary-headed old ruffian orders women to be stripped naked and flogged till nearly dead, by a set of savage soldiers. And these executors of his lawless will were not half so brutal as this "noble and knightly gentleman."—this Austrian commander-in-chief, who, in some instances, personally superintended the civilized and refined operation; and, in all instances, would have tried and condemned any one venturing to remonstrate against such barbarity,—by a drum-head court martial. Of what terrible, revolting crime had these unhappy women been guilty? They had aided their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, in the Hungarian and Italian insurrections. They had aided those to whom they were bound by every natural and legal tie. They had committed the horrible crime of taking for granted, that those whom they had been taught from their infancy to respect, whom they had been sedulously instructed to reverence and obey, on whose judgment they had been accustomed to rely,—were better judges than they, as to the propriety of shaking off the Austrian despot's yoke. For this horrible crime against "family property, and order,"—these women were stripped naked and flogged, by order of the infamous, unmanly coward,—his excellency the Herr Baron Von Haynau. Do you dare to justify such brutality, editor though you be of the *Morning Post*, court lackey, and aristocratic toady, generally? Then you are about as great a brute as the wretch whose abominations you attempt to excuse. You are a fit eulogist and apologist for a woman-flogger. Had I been present, when those brave proletarians gave this ruffian his deserts, I should certainly have dissuaded "the mob from using violence," that is, from actually laying hands on him. I would have said, brothers, your hands are hardened and blackened with honourable toil. Do not pollute them by touching that beast. Take mops and brooms, sweep him out as you do other kinds of dirt. Like to like. Filth to filth. Haynau to the common sewer!—I do not wonder at the apology of the *Morning Post* having been echoed by the *Times*, the *Globe*, the *Chronicle*, and other papers—the organs of the "middle and higher classes,"—and that Baron Rothschild should be the friend of such a ruffian as this Austrian Woman-flogger. For the supremacy of the ruling class must be kept up at any and every price; and this stockbroking son of Israel found his financial operations a good deal hindered, his profits a good deal diminished, and the safety of his loans a good deal endangered, by the late disturbances in the Austrian empire. Perish the human race! Let Justice be a fiction, and Fraternity a delusion! What matter, if the coronetted Shylocks of the Stock-exchange thrive? "Oh my daughter and my ducats! My ducats and my daughter!" Some of the Austro-Russian prussgang have expressed their surprise that low people, like draymen, coalheavers, and so forth, should understand anything about continental affairs. Always the old story. Do they think, then, that the world is standing still, that even the "lowest class" of English Proletarians are now so ignorant as the besotted mob who were hounded on by the Tories to burn down Priestley's house and to persecute every Reformer in "the good old times." The besotted fools our fathers who believed whatever the landlord and the parson choose to tell them! Who proclaimed the important fact to an admiring universe, that "one Englishman could lick ten Frenchmen,"—"Britons never shall be slaves," and the like;—even when Pitt was saddling them and their children with a debt contracted for the purpose of stifling the germs of Liberty throughout Europe, and they were the veriest

slaves of a ruling class, of a vile oligarchy!—as much slaves as the Helots of Lacedemon, or the serfs of the middle ages. Thank God! that time has gone by. And the events of the last two years have done more to enlighten the people on their true position, than centuries of preaching. Universal History is the best "enlightener." Its lessons, you see, have reached even coalheavers, draymen, and costermongers,—about whose humanity, the readers of an enlightened press "conducted by able editors," have entertained doubts. Yet they are men, and thinking men too. I honour them, and congratulate them, from the bottom of my heart.

HOWARD MORTON.

AUSTRIA'S FELON "MARTYRS"—THE LAST LYING DODGE OF THE *TIMES* EXPOSED.

[The following letter is from the pen of an officer in the National Army of Hungary.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will grant a couple of columns in your periodical to some remarks on the list of the victims put to death by the "bloody Magyars," as published by the *Times* with so much self-satisfaction. I consider it a duty I owe to my countrymen, to expose this insidious and jesuitical feint, and to combat the calumny newly started by the unprincipled and un-English journal before named.

How merciful, how mild the Austrian "victors" are towards the Hungarian "rebels"! not to tax them with more than between 400 and 500 murders! What? Not more than this paltry number? A bagatelle!—I must help them a little; I must inform them better: more than 200,000 murders have been committed by the atrocious rebels. For this number, at least, of Austrians, Russians, Serbs, &c., perished in the Hungarian war. And why should the destruction in the field of battle be called by a more gentle name, than the execution of a mutineer, a traitor, or a spy? The latter is *Self-defence*, as well as the former; yea, it is of still greater importance, if you consider how much more mischief and harm a traitor or a spy is able to do, than a simple soldier.

And to that class, the *Times* confesses, with much amiable candour, belongs the greater portion of those victims, contained in the list. Does the *Times* mean to say, that we ought to have allowed such as mutineers, traitors, and spies, to escape punishment, or rewarded them for their good services? A pretty supposition this, indeed! and which cannot be surpassed by anything except the *naïveté* with which condemned runaways from our own ranks, nay, even common criminals, thieves, robbers, and murderers, are put down by the *Times* in the list of the victims fallen for their loyalty to the House of Hapsburg! As an example of one of these victims, I only mention that Rascian rascal, who "hunted a lady with his dogs through the forest, with intent to kill her, or to do her some grievous bodily harm." (Vide, No. 57 of the list.) What gross impudence—nay, even stupidity, to reproach the Hungarians for having punished such an inhuman monster.

The greatest part of the victims whose fate is so bewailed by the *Times*, consisted of Croats, Rascians, Serbs, and Wallachs. As a man of feeling and as a Christian, I myself rejoice,—but as a friend of right and justice, I rather ought to regret—that so small a number of these barbarous tribes have been annihilated. A feeling of horror pervades me at the remembrance of the infernal deeds committed in the unhappy war between the Hungarians and those cruel tribes who were instigated by the Austrian courts, and partly led on by imperial officers. Woe to the Hungarian who fell into the grasp of these savages! A simple death was seldom his lot. In most cases he was slowly tortured to death in the most horrid manner.

Numberless examples are given of captives being bound by these wretches to a bundle of straw which was then set fire to; of others who were crucified, impaled, skinned, and mutilated! It is well authenticated that burning coals were put upon the chest, tobacco leaves were cut on the brow of the victims, &c., &c. Now, if a troop of Hungarian soldiers, storming a village, found the gory corpses of some of their comrades mutilated in this horrible way,—who shall dare to accuse them of cruelty, if they fell furiously and with fearful revenge upon their enemies, and if they put to the bayonet every one they found with a weapon in his hand? And who shall dare to accuse the infuriated peasant, if here and there he killed some straggler of the Croatian gangs of robbers and incendiaries, as one would kill a wolf.

With such examples the list of the *Times* is filled! However, not on the heads of the Magyars,—not on this race, which perhaps least of all is disposed by nature to cruelty,—not on them rests the responsibility of the streams of blood shed in this unfortunate war; that terrible responsibility rests upon the heads of the seducers and deceivers of the miserable Slavonian tribes. If our revolutionary government can be blamed for anything, it must be for its exceeding humanity and forbearance, which almost amounted to weakness. Our governor Kossuth never signed a death-warrant; and let me add of our chief criminal court of justice, instituted after the capture of Buda, that its president, Alexins Fényes, had not one charge of cruelty or injustice brought against him, even by enemies after the conquest of the country.

Furthermore, the *Times* mentions several cases in which "lynch" justice was committed by infuriated "mobs," and even many crimes perpetrated by single individuals on their own account. How extremely unjust to charge a party, a whole nation, with such special offences! One might assert with the same justice, that the English are a cruel and blood-thirsty people, because mention is made in every weekly paper of atrocious murders. But during a war, and such an aggravated war as ours was, such offences naturally *must* be increased.

That no pains have been spared to make up such a list of "victims" as the *Times* has succeeded in getting hold of, may be perceived from several cases, where individuals are only believed to have been executed, (Vide No. 91), and from another case where some of the victims are said to have died in captivity, quite in a natural way. Notwithstanding the best treatment of the captives, it is quite natural that some of the 30,000 we had in our custody should die in the course of many months. That these captives were however treated in the most humane and honourable way (which treatment they frequently requited with mutiny and evil words) the most incarnate "Black-yellow" cannot deny. Never was any Imperialist compelled to enter the Hungarian army; only when freely enlisting, he was received. But how differently our people were treated in the Austrian camp! The captives were abused in the most infamous manner, and without any distinction as to rank and person, were enrolled as privates. Our envoys were taken prisoners against the natural laws of nations, so that we could not come to a friendly understanding, even if we had been disposed to do so.

With the exception of some individual acts of vengeance which cannot be honestly imputed to the whole nation, one must consider all the "victims" given in the *Times* to have been killed in *self-defence*. But if the *Times* pleases to stigmatize *self-defence* as a crime, then it must not be content to enumerate only 467 "victims," but as I said before, at least, the 200,000, who perished in the Hungarian war.

But it was no act of *self-defence*, it was mean and inhuman revenge, monstrous brutality, which caused Haynau to put the noblest of our nation to an ignominious death,—our gallant leaders, who so often saw the backs of the flying Imperialists and

who were delivered to him chained and helpless by the huge northern beast of prey. It is the old Spanish despotism which causes hundreds of our best men at this time to slowly perish in horrible dungeons. It is the height of Jesuitical cunning, by which the flower of our youth are MORALLY MURDERED, as they are now, writhing under the hazel-stick of the Austrian corporal. Fifty thousand young men, at least, and among them many of refined education, men of talents, of genius, are pining away far from their homes, in the most degraded situations. They are helplessly exposed to the brutality of their "superiors," given up soul and body to the despotism of their deadly foe, against whom they gloriously fought a short time since, and by whom they may be used a short time hence as wretched tools against their own brethren, against the people. Oh dreadful thought! How much more many of them would readily prefer death on the gallows to this unhappy fate!

I should like to ask the *Times*, which gives the Hungarians the name of "rebels," because they were opposed to their tyrant, and would not, in a humble and dog-like manner, let him strip them of their justly-acquired rights;—what title it would bestow on the dynasty which, with the most infamous perjury, kindled in the land the flame of civil war; which robbed the people of their ancient constitution, confirmed by the solemn oaths of a long race of kings; which, unprovoked, invaded the land, and covered it with slaughter and desolation? In truth, not on the Hungarian side, but on the other—in the "victorious" camp, must the "rebels" be looked for.

If all the circumstances be considered, one must surely regret that the list in the *Times* is not of still greater importance; that among the smaller felons there are not to be found the names of some greater criminals, as justly condemned by the "sovereignty of the people." Every upright and unprejudiced man would congratulate mankind on reading there the names of some archdukes, of an archduchess, and of some wretched aristocratic instruments of theirs. But be patient, O ye peoples! Haynau himself could not have a foreboding a year ago, that he would be cudgelled and kicked in so smart a manner by a jolly troop of honest English proletarians!

A HUNGARIAN RED.

HYENA HAYNAU.—Our friend, Ernest Jones, writes as follows:—"You will be glad to hear that everywhere I have been the principles of Democracy seem on the rapid rise,—and once more numbers and enthusiasm characterize the meetings for the Charter. Leicester, Derby, Northampton, Loughborough, Sutton, Nottingham, and Mount Sorrel, are striking instances. Yesterday, (Sep. 8,) at Nottingham Forrest, I addressed 12,000 people. We moved and carried by acclamation a vote of thanks to Barclay and Perkins's men for their noble conduct in thrashing Haynau!" We are requested to state that at a meeting of the Manchester Chartists, it was moved by Thomas Dickinson, seconded by George Mantle, and carried by acclamation, "That this meeting records with pleasure its admiration of the honest indignation and manly feeling exhibited by the men in the employ of Messrs. Barclay, in their recent dealing with the Austrian butcher,—the soulless slayer of women." E. E. expresses his enthusiastic admiration of "the noble-hearted brewers of Southwark" for chastising "his Austrian Satanship."

JOHN ARTHUR WOOD writes:—"I am proud of my fellow-toilers, when I am enabled to say with truth, that I have not found one working man in a hundred but justifies the deserved chastisement Haynau has received at the hands of the Bankside brewers." * * * A correspondent of the *Times* accuses the working men of violating the laws of hospitality. Hospitality, forsooth, to a villain of the blackest dye, who has violated every law of justice and mercy! should we not rather accord to him what he has done to others? Does not the soil of Hungary groan for vengeance on the incarnate demon who has left a track of death and desolation, deluging her bosom with the blood of her children? Such ruffians should be exterminated from the face of the earth."

PROPOSED DINNER TO BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S BREWERS.—It has been suggested that a Public Dinner be given to the brewers and draymen who so nobly gave expression to the feeling of detestation towards the monster Haynau felt by all true Englishmen. Highbury Barn has been named as the proposed scene of festivity. Let the tickets be at a low figure, and the assemblage of Anti-Austrian friends of justice and freedom cannot fail to be immense. Some place on the South side of the Thames would be preferable to Highbury Barn; but wherever held, there will no doubt be a tremendous muster of those who detest cruelty and oppression.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

✉ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

Thomas Guppy, 6d.; A "Red," Langport, 6d.; Alpha Beta, 1s.; J. Hirley, Manchester, 1s.; W. Mellor, Manchester (second subscription), 1s.; T. S. and J. H. Bacup, 5s.; Robert Wotton, 6d.; O. D., 1s.; Anglo Juvenal 1s.

FOR POLISH REFUGEES.—Robert Wotton, 6d.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—We have received and paid over to this society from Robert Wotton, 6d.; John Cutting, 1s.; M. W. Norman, Isle of Wight, 1s.; Christensen, Isle of Wight, 1s.; George Redrup, Uxbridge, 6d.; Joseph Coles, Uxbridge, 6d.; A Member (name forgotten), Husband-street, 6d.; Martin Jude, John Brown, and Nisbett, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2s. 6d.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—We have received from Alpha Beta, 6d.; from "An Englishman," 8d., who says—"I trust you will receive at least one postage stamp from each of your readers, to aid the Type-founders in their righteous struggle." O. D., 1s. The Committee desire to acknowledge 1s. 3d. received from "A Few Democrats;" and 8s. 6d. from the "City Lithographers."

EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE-DRIVERS AND FIREMEN.—We have received for this body of "turn outs," 9d., per John Davis, collected from a shop of nine men.

PROGRESS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—G. Corby, Northampton; and Samuel Saunders, New Radford.—We are happy to hear of the large and increasing sale of the RED REPUBLICAN in your localities. We hope that before long it will be as successful in other places. A Friend at Glasgow, whose social position compels us to withhold his name, expresses his regret that we selected for this publication the name of RED REPUBLICAN. He expresses his conviction that the name has jeopardised the success of our little journal, and will prevent it ever enjoying that immense circulation which he thinks it deserves, and would have, were it published under another name. He states that many news-agents refuse to offer it for sale, or to exhibit the window cards and bills of contents; giving, as their sole reason, the name of the publication. This is in direct opposition to the sentiment expressed by T. S. and J. H., of Bacup, who (forwarding a subscription acknowledged above) write as follows:—"Having carefully read your little journal ever since its commencement, we are bound to acknowledge it the best, and one which ought to be in the hands of every lover of his country and kind. We hail with pleasure the name of the RED REPUBLICAN; and regarding it as the fearless advocate of true democracy and social reform, we wish it the greatest success." Notwithstanding this flattering testimonial, we have reason to believe there is too much of truth in the observations of our Glasgow friend; we having received similar letters from other parts of the country. Even professing democrats, but enemies to democratic independence, make the name a pretext for their hostile intrigues. No matter. We shall persevere in the path of duty, thorny though it be. "Alpha Beta" writes,—"I enclose you a few stamps to assist the RED. I am sorry that I cannot give more at present, but will always consider it an imperative duty, as a sincere Republican, to give all the support in my power to a journal 'disreputable' enough to speak the truth. I am grieved to say that the complaints of your correspondents relative to the enmity of news-agents are far from being unfounded. In many booksellers' shops in London where I have inquired for democratic works, I have been sneeringly told that 'they did not sell such books,' although the vilest Holywell-street publications were shamelessly exposed to public view by those 'virtuous' and 'respectable' gentlemen! Shame on the democrats of Britain, if they allow the RED REPUBLICAN to be buried! Let each of its readers take two copies instead of one; and by giving a number weekly to a non-subscriber, he will assist in firmly establishing a free and fearless organ of democracy, and also constitute an efficient system of republican propaganda." William Mellor, Manchester, writes:—"I am sorry that the democrats of this country do not support you as they ought to do, in your noble struggle of making known to the world those principles which alone can make the people of this and all other countries happy and free. It is a disgrace to the professing democrats of this country, that the only monthly organ they had to truly represent their interests, and boldly and unflinchingly to proclaim those principles they professed so much to admire, should cease for want of that support they might and ought to have given it. Yes, Sir, it is a shame that the Democratic Review should have been given up for want of support. * * * I know some whose excuse for not taking the RED is, that they have not time to read it (a lame excuse); others, that they cannot afford to buy it. Now, if those who cannot find time to read it were what they profess to be, they would at least take one copy weekly, and try to make new converts by lending it to their neighbours. The others who cannot afford to take it are for the most part men who spend their money in drink. Yes, all their spare coppers go in

supporting those who are among their greatest enemies. I am no teetotaler, nor do I think ill of a man who takes a glass when he feels inclined, and can afford it without injury to himself and others. But when a man tells me he is a Red Republican, and proud of the name, and spends his spare pence in drink, not leaving a single one to support the only paper which truly and honestly advocates the principles he says he holds; I say such a man is unworthy the name of man, and should hang his head for shame. Hoping that the RED REPUBLICAN will succeed, and reward you for your invaluable services, I remain yours devotedly, WILLIAM MELLOR." Altogether averse to being made the subject of anything like begging appeals, we must decline publishing the letters from T. R., Birmingham, and J. C., Bristol. Somewhat reluctantly we consent to the publication of the following letter from our friend, R. G. GAMMAGE. We beg to thank him for his truly fraternal kindness, and also for his excellent suggestion. "Buckingham, Sept. 11th. Dear Sir,—Having watched with great interest the progress of the RED REPUBLICAN, and thinking that I can offer a suggestion for the extension of its sale, I request the insertion of the following in your next number. I am much gratified to learn that, despite the exertions of the burking fraternity, your little journal manages to keep its head above water, without yourself incurring any loss. But as it is well known that even an editor cannot live upon air, it is absolutely necessary to extend its sale. How, then, is the RED to be sustained? There are eighty-four counties in Great Britain. Now, suppose that in each of these counties there are six towns and villages, where in each there lives at least one friend of the RED REPUBLICAN; let that friend pledge himself to take of your journal twelve copies weekly, to dispose of as he best can. Six towns and villages in each of those eighty-four counties will amount to 504, and one dozen circulating weekly in each of these would, independent of its present circulation, give a weekly sale of upwards of 6,000 copies; and I feel certain that a very little exertion will effect this, if your 'friends' are in downright earnest in wishing for your success. I am aware that in many of these counties there are not six towns or villages where friends can be found to take the matter up; but I am also aware that in some of the counties there are scores of places where democracy is in the ascendant, so far as opinion goes, and the large number of places in these counties would make up for the deficiency in others. I do not recommend a plan upon which I do not act. I pledged myself to take one dozen weekly, and I have done so. At first I disposed of only three or four copies. Now I get rid of the dozen, and have got orders for more. Now, if this can be done in one of the most tyrant-ridden towns in England, surely other places need not lag behind. Let not the friends of the RED wait to see if this plan is acted upon. Let each begin, and the thing will be done at once; and if they will not, let them no longer boast of their devotion to the democratic cause. Yours fraternally, R. G. GAMMAGE."

FANCIFUL SIGNATURES.—We have received the following:—SIR,—May I ask if an article, in one of your recent numbers, signed "Armand Carrel," is really from the pen of the French patriot? If not, why do you allow a forgery to be foisted upon your readers? I can understand a modest writer calling himself "John, the Workman;" there may be plenty of Johns, and no harm in his taking the name whatever he was christened. Let a man call himself "Spartacus," if he will; meaning, I suppose, that being a slave himself, he would be a slave's leader. I will not even find fault with "Bandiera," though perhaps neither I nor the writer know why it is used. But "Armand Carrel" misleads. How am I to know whether he wrote it or not? And how am I to know when you sometimes give articles by great men, that they too are not forgeries. Was the article you gave with Mazzini's name to it really his? What would be thought of Stephen Robinson's impertinence if he put the name of "Thomas Carlyle," or of "Thomas Cooper," to his own crude workmanship. Why should Richard Smith then be tolerated in stealing the name of "Armand Carrel?" I am, Sir, yours sincerely, NAMELESS. In answer to the above, we beg to state that writings purporting to be from the pen of Mazzini, which have appeared in this publication, have been, really and truly, from the pen of the Roman Triumvir. As regards the article signed "Armand Carrel," we are sure that the writer thereof intended no forgery, nor do we see how any such construction can reasonably be put upon his use of the French journalist's name. Remembering that the original ARMAND CARREL has been dead some fifteen years, it is evident that he could not write the allusions to the events of 1848 and '49, thickly strewn over the article under notice. "Chartists," "Red Republicans," "Mazzini and Rome," "Kossuth and Hungary," could not be found in any article really written by the departed Editor of the *National*. We presume that when writers having reason to withhold their own names, take those of historical characters, they select their favourites; and hence the use of such signatures as "Bandiera," "Armand Carrel," &c. We hope our correspondents will exercise some discretion in this matter. This week we are in receipt of letters from "Marat" and "Robespierre." Of course the writers have no idea of passing muster as the mighty originals who made those names immortal. But we must confess we do not approve of any such fancy. Men of the loftiest minds and mightiest deeds might pause ere they did hold of such names. A choice more modest is to be recommended; or, still better, that when there is no good reason for having recourse to a disguise, each writer should affix to the expression of his thoughts his own proper name and signature.

THOMAS GREY.—Your communication will be inserted as soon as possible.

CORRECTION.—The signature to the communication headed—"Money: Its Use and Abuse," in No. 13 of the RED REPUBLICAN, should have been ALEXANDER BELL, not "Bill;" and the words "show and reason," in the twelfth line, should have been "show of reason."

MR. BEZER's London address is 32, Bartholomew Close, Smithfield. Our friend Bezer is now at Bradford. He will address the Democrats of Barnsley on Sunday next. We recommend his valuable services to our friends in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Other notices must stand over till our next number.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

PARTS ONE AND TWO,
Stitched in a handsome wrapper,
Price 6d. each,
ARE NOW READY.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—*St. Simon*.

CANDIDATES FOR LYNCH LAW.

THE *Morning Chronicle* is furious that HAYNAU should have been mobbed and lynched, seeing that other and worse delinquents have been allowed to play their murderous pranks unpunished by even a murmur of popular disapprobation. The delinquents alluded to are, "Lord" TORRINGTON ex-Governor of Ceylon, and "Sir" H. WARD, "Lord" High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

As we are not of the order of philanthropists whose virtuous indignation is excited only by the crimes of foreign tyrants; as we earnestly desire that even-handed justice should be dealt to all ruffians irrespective of their nationality; and as we shall always be happy to grant the *Chronicle* a favour when we can do so conscientiously; we shall follow up its efforts to establish the claims of TORRINGTON and WARD to share the honours showered upon HAYNAU by the brewers of Bankside.

According to the *Chronicle*, a sort of insurrection, occasioned by misgovernment, took place in the island of Ceylon in the year 1848. To suppress the rebellion, "as it was called," considerable districts were for many weeks subjected to martial law, "exercised in its worst form by individuals absolutely wanting in discretion and humanity." The Governor prescribed a system of oppression and cruelty; "pillage laid waste, and murder decimated whole villages." In spite of appeals for mercy in behalf of those believed to be innocent, "the Governor was obdurate, and refused to desist from the horrible executions which took place, under the name, but without the ordinary forms of martial law. Lord TORRINGTON did not recoil from bloodshed, however unnecessary and unjustifiable.

* * * Though he had been trained in the gentle luxury of a court, his government was conducted as if he had been brought up in the savage barbarism of a Cossack camp."

"Sir" HENRY WARD found himself, in 1849, obliged to deal with an insurrectionary movement in Cephalonia. Like "Lord" TORRINGTON, he at once adopted the severest

measures of repression. "He resorted to martial law without remorse, and encouraged the vilest system of espionage. Executions followed one another with fearful rapidity, and minor offenders, or *supposed* offenders, were punished by the lash. Indiscriminate floggings were inflicted without the preliminary forms of even a trial by court martial."

The *Chronicle* adds: "In the number and severity of the punishments with which these two colonial Governors vindicated the cause of order, they far exceeded, if we regard the relative magnitude of the insurrections, the vigour which political antagonists ascribe to the generals of the Austrian Government in Hungary."

Such is the substance of the indictment preferred by the *Chronicle* against TORRINGTON and WARD. Conversant with the evidence on which that indictment is founded, we are bound to pronounce it the truth, and nothing but the truth.

By the voice of Public Opinion the criminals are pronounced GUILTY.

What should be their punishment?

Justice points to their victims!

But how have these British Haynaus been treated. Have they writhed under the lash? Are they shivered for the gallows?

No! It is true that TORRINGTON has been recalled, or been allowed to "resign;" but, as the *Chronicle* observes, "no public censure has been pronounced upon him, nor has any expression of public indignation given him reason to dread his return to the country which he has so justly offended." WARD has been still more fortunate. "So far from being even reprimanded or superseded, he was honoured by *Her Majesty's* approbation, conveyed to him in a despatch of Lord GREY'S."

The *Chronicle* places the lenity with which these criminals have been treated to the account of the English people; as though the parliament represented the people! Were the people really represented in the House of Commons, the British Haynaus would long since have been brought to justice. There has however not been any expression of public indignation, argues the *Chronicle*, and thereupon proceeds to argue on the inconsistency of the English "populace" singling out HAYNAU for punishment. The *Chronicle* should remember that TORRINGTON has not yet tested the affections of his countrymen, and WARD is still snugly located in Corfu. As a partial administration of justice is our abhorrence, and as we should be sorry to see HAYNAU monopolise the punishment so justly due to many more of the same stamp, we beg the working classes to keep in mind the merits of TORRINGTON and WARD—a couple of worthy candidates for the tender mercies of Lynch Law.

EVILS OF THE TYPE-FOUNDING TRADE —DECLARATION OF BELGIAN COM- POSITORS AND TYPE-FOUNDERS.

In a penny pamphlet just issued by the Type-founders' Committee, containing a statement of the case of the "turn-outs," we find it set forth that "the trade of Type-founding is peculiarly unhealthy. Regulus of antimony, a rank poison, enters largely into the metal of which types are made. To cast the type, this metal must be almost red-hot; the head of the castor is within two feet of the crucible

containing the metal; the vapour partly poisonous, continually exhaling from this red-hot metal, largely impregnates the atmosphere he is compelled to breathe; add to this, that he stands not more than from four to six inches from the cast-iron furnace which heats the metal, and it will be easily perceived that his position at work is not very favourable to health and longevity."

The work of rubbing and dressing necessary to finish the type when cast, "causes a great deal of dust, which being very fine floats in the air, and is inhaled by every person in the shop," but more particularly by those engaged in the work of rubbing and dressing. The workshops are of the worst description—ill ventilated, dark, and comfortless. It is a significant fact that there are but very few old men (really so) amongst the Type-founders.

It might be taken for granted that men employed at a trade so pernicious to health and life, would be well-remunerated for their labour. Not so. "The trade of Type-founding, German in its origin, was, for a long time, German in its remuneration to workmen; but the repeated efforts of our immediate predecessors succeeded in raising wages to something like the level of Englishmen's necessities. Of late years, however, the tendency of wages has been in the opposite direction; and, perhaps, the most severe and sweeping reduction ever attempted at one time, by English manufacturers, was proposed to us in 1843. The principal houses in London, combined with those of Sheffield, simultaneously issued a notice of reduction of from 20 to 75 per cent. After a twelve weeks' contest, the Sheffield firms gave way, but those of London succeeded in breaking down our wages." In 1845 a new struggle took place, when after a five week's contest with the firm of CASLON and Co., the men succeeded in regaining from all the London firms a considerable portion of the ground lost in 1843.

The settlement then agreed upon between the employers and the employed, Messrs CASLON and FAGG conspire to subvert. Hence the strike; the circumstances connected with which our readers are already familiar with.

Press of matter prevents for the present any further quotations from the pamphlet under notice; which, however, we earnestly recommend to the careful perusal of our readers. We advise them to read it to their brother toilers in their workshops and trade societies. A couple of postage stamps sent from any part of the country will ensure the obtaining of a copy. Our friends should address to "Mr. Robert Yuill, Type-founders' Committee Room, 'the George,' Foster's Buildings, Whitecross Street, St. Luke's, London."

Our readers have seen the noble and truly fraternal spirit, by which the organized Type-founders of France are inspired. It affords us no small gratification to give the following proof of the equally good feeling and sound principles of both the Type-founders and compositors of Belgium:

(TRANSLATION.)

DECLARATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COMPOSITORS AND TYPEFOUNDERS OF BRUSSELS, AND ADDRESS TO THEIR FELLOW-WORKMEN IN BELOIUM.

THE Free and United Association of Type-founder and Compositors of Brussels:—

On the reading of the communication of the

Typographical committee of Paris, acting on the invitation of the Type-founders of London;—

Considering that the reasons expressed in the decision of the said committee are based on the principles of eternal justice;—

Seeing that the Compositors and Type-founders of Brussels completely participate in the views of their fellow workmen of Paris;—

DECLARE that they adhere, and will conform to the resolutions of the Paris committee.

(Signed)

For the Founders :	For the Compositors :
J. DELCORDE, Pres.	F. M. DYINCK, Pres.
L. CARKERINE, Sec.	F. VANDERSLAGHNADE, Sec.

BRETHREN, in the name of the society we request you to convoke immediately the 'Type-founders' of your town, in order to obtain a result similar to that obtained at Paris and Brussels.

In fine, to baffle the anti-social calculations of the master Type-founders of London, we earnestly entreat you to give the greatest possible publicity to the above resolutions.

These brotherly intercommunications of the oppressed proletarians of Europe, assure the fraternity of nations, and the ultimate and speedy salvation of the universal family of labour.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my humble opinion it is high time for the countrymen of Milton and Cromwell to ascertain what conquests have been made by or for them, and what they have yet to achieve for themselves or for Humanity. Englishmen have a part, a duty, in the world's work, a place to occupy in the holy alliance of the Peoples; and should prepare themselves for it. To this end a thorough knowledge of Republican principles is indispensable; and to assist in diffusing that vital knowledge, I shall be glad (with your allowance of space) to put before your readers some endeavour at an exposition of such principles. I propose doing this in a few familiar letters; and I will beg those who read them to unhesitatingly point out any insufficiency or want of clearness in my explanation, or any seeming incorrectness or want of keeping in the argument. My object is not dogmatically to expose my own opinions, but, if possible, to establish the basis of a really republican party, by rendering republican principles plain and easy of comprehension. My text-book will be Mazzini's manifesto—for, whatever names may be appended to it, there is no mistaking it for any writing but his).—given in No. 2 of "*Le Proscrit*" and translated in No. 12 of the "*Red Republican*."

Believe me,

Yours faithfully

W. J. LINTON.

Miteside, September 8th, 1850.

LETTER I.

"We believe in Liberty, without which all Human responsibility vanishes ;

In Equality, without which liberty is only a deception ;

In Fraternity (the brotherhood of humanity), "without which Liberty and Equality would be only means without end."

Equality—Liberty—Humanity (or Fraternity :) these words are the battle-cry of the Republican,—the formula of his faith, without the understanding whereof there is no political salvation. Equality—Liberty—Humanity,—each and all, indissolubly united. Any attempt to solve the problem of the government or regulation of society, without due regard to each of these three terms, must be a failure. I will explain presently why I use this form instead of the usual form of "Liberty—Equality—Fraternity."

Equality refers to the ground upon which we would build, not to the building: that is to say, Equality is a means, not an end.

Liberty may be defined as the unchecked opportunity of growth: a means, also, and not an end.

Humanity is the object: Humanity signifying the whole of human life, for which this equal freedom is desired; and implying organized association, without which equality and freedom can be neither assured nor perfected.

By Equality is not meant the equal condition of all men—as dreamed of by some of the Socialists. Equality as a result like that would be unjust and unequal. To take an easy example:—Two children are born with different faculties. (It matters not here to go into the much-vexed question of circumstances. Whatever weight may be attached to the force of circumstances after birth, it cannot be denied that circumstances before birth have also weight. No two children are absolutely alike; no two are born with precisely the same aptitude or capacity.) One child is born with a faculty or predisposition for painting. Another has no such faculty; his very organization is against it (he is perhaps too short-sighted to be a painter). What would be meant by the word Equality applied to those two children? Must both be painters, or neither? Would this be equality? Would it be equality to prohibit one from exercising a power of good or enjoyment naturally possessed by him? To prohibit only one, recollect! Republican equality is not any such prohibitory equality as this. The true equality would be to give each child the space, the material, the culture most fitted for his growth, and support, and improvement: that each might be nurtured and educated to the utmost capability of his nature, even though one should grow to be far greater than the other. Or again: Two children will not grow to the same height: must therefore the taller-growing be stunted? Two men have not the same appetite: one needs for health and sustenance twice as much meat as is needed by the other: must one starve while the other fattens to apoplexy; and because their daily rations are of the same weight, shall that be called equality? The equality we desire is at the starting point, and to keep the course,—not to check the career of the fleetest and make all reach the goal at once or not at all.

This is the equality which the Suffrage alone can give us. It is for this that we require the Suffrage as the public recognition and legal guarantee of our equality. For we cannot believe that we shall be treated equally (which means justly) by any who would hesitate to acknowledge and assure our equality. And this, spite of all that may be said in denial of rights, is the equality of birthright, the sense in which all men are born equal, and so should live equal. The tyrant, the aristocrat, the liberal utilitarian, deny that I have any right—even to my own life, to myself; and so they refuse me the suffrage—the public recognition and legal means of using that right. But if I have no right to my own life, who has? Some other man or men? Surely such a theory is too preposterous. Or is it the State alone in which all rights are vested? But what is the State? Am I a part of it? If not, what right can a foreign State have in me? If I am a part of it, only passive, what right have any to kidnap me and make me a passive part, a tool, a slave, of some collection of my fellow men, calling themselves a State? If I am recognized as an active part of the State—that is, conceding me the suffrage—the claim to stand upon equal ground before the law, that the law made by all may care for all—may care that all are treated equally: that is to say, that the nature of each shall have full room for development, the life of none be hindered or cleared away to foster or make room for the rankness of another. Without this, equality, liberty "is only a deception."

For the Liberty we want is for the growth of all. Liberty, except upon the ground of equality, would be only the liberty of the stronger,—the liberty which exists in France and England, and among savage tribes—the liberty which would satisfy Messrs. Proudhon, Girardin, Cobden, and others of the "Free-trade" and Anti-monopoly

school—the liberty which is not regulated, of the Arab kind, every-man's hand against every man, and the weakest going to the wall. We want not this liberty, but that diviner liberty which must be regulated by law, guaranteed upon the ground of human equality—the liberty which is unchecked opportunity of growth even for the least and weakest. The least, whose growth is stunted by the overshadowing of another, is a victim: there is liberty there for one, but not equality and liberty for both. The weakest whose growth must take the bent of another's stronger will, is a slave:—there is liberty there too for the stronger, but not equal liberty for both.

And as liberty fails without equality; so also equality fails without liberty. There may be equality under a despot, or in a well-ordered community, without liberty; but how then shall there be various growth, free growth, and progress?

We want equal liberty for all: because we want the various growth of all for the collective progress of *Humanity*. We do not believe that any man lives only for himself; or that a man's life is bounded by his family or his neighbours, or his parish, or his country. Family, parish, or city, country, these are but so many spheres in which the human life is perfected, in which it lives, from which it draws its growth, to which it therefore owes the product of its growth. Humanity, we believe to be one whole, which ought to be harmonized together, continually reciprocating all the advantages which commerce or science (physical or mental science) can procure,—which ought to be organized so that a physical victory once gained by a part of the race should be a triumph for the whole—so that a moral gain achieved by an individual should be a possession for the whole—mutual assurance and co-partnership, by means of which the whole world should uphold the weakest, through which the universal progress should step steadily on from aspiration to acquirement, higher and ever higher. The organization of Humanity is, therefore, the problem which the Republican proposes to himself. This is the meaning of his formula—Equality, Liberty, Humanity. The common brotherhood and equality of man as his starting point, freedom and organized association for his means, the progress of Humanity his end.

"Equal place whereon to build,
Fricest growth for every need,
And that faith to be fulfill'd—
All Humanity to lead,
In one onward life of man,
Organized, Republican."

Equality is placed first in the formula by Lamennais, who objects to the common French form as not logical: the "equal place" being the first thing necessary, the liberty to build (as, alas! only too many trials prove) being "only a deception," till the equal ground is clear. Mazzini, in his Italian programme substitutes *Humanity* for *Fraternity*. Wisely I think. *Fraternity* implies good feeling and some association of equals, but does not necessarily involve the solidarity, the oneness of organized life. An American slaveholder might subscribe to the *Fraternity*, not counting black men among his brothers; but he could not sign the creed of *Humanity*. Still *Fraternity* may be used by some with the same meaning as *Humanity*; but *Humanity* is exacter and more expressive.

W. J. L.

THE PEOPLE.—Shall it be, then, to cater for the enjoyments of its tyrants that our people sheds its blood on the frontiers, and that every family wears mourning for their children? No! Better recognise with me this principle—that he alone possesses rights in our country who has co-operated in emancipating it. Abolish mendicity, which dishonours a free state. Let the properties of patriots be sacred, but let the wealth of conspirators be given to the poor. The outcast poor are the great powers of the earth—they have a right to speak in the character of masters to all governments that neglect them.—*Sr Just.*

Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor on the French territory. Let this example fructify all over the earth—let there be propagated every where the love of virtue and happiness.—*Isid.*

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE. *Contributions towards a History of Newspapers and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. Bogue, 86, Fleet Street.

With the valuable materials at his command, and evident ability to turn those materials to account, it appears to us that Mr. Hunt might have written the history of the Newspaper Press had he taken the requisite time and trouble. This by the way, for we have no inclination to grumble at that which Mr. Hunt has done. We accept his "contributions" with pleasure, as constituting a work both informing and entertaining—one of the most valuable and interesting works published for some time past.

Amongst the "great men" who have testified to the importance of Newspapers and the blessing of a free Press, it is amusing to note the sayings of Canning and Thiers who could be grandiloquent enough in praise of the Press when it suited their purpose to spout mock-liberalism, but who are to be numbered amongst the bitterest persecutors the Press has had to encounter. Canning was one of the authors of the detestable "Six Acts;" and Thiers has rendered himself eternally infamous by his "Laws of September," and by his advocacy of still more atrocious laws enacted by the traitors at the head of the French Republic.

"When," says Mr. Hunt, "the reign of James the First was drawing to a close: when Ben Jonson was Poet Laureate, and the personal friends of Shakspeare were lamenting his then recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton was a youth of sixteen, just trying his pen at Latin verse, and Hampden was a quiet country gentleman in Buckinghamshire; London was first solicited to publish its first newspaper." The first English newspaper was published in the metropolis in 1622; its principal projector was one Nathaniel Butter, and its title "THE WEEKLY NEWS." What appears to be the earliest sheet bears date the 23rd of May, 1622. Butter's name is found in connection with Newspapers as late as the year 1640. Like many projectors and public benefactors, Butter gained more notoriety than profit by his invention. The wits laughed at, and the public gave but indifferent support to his paper.

The Revolution that beheaded Charles the First did much to promote the liberty of the press in England. The discovery of printing had been immediately followed by the Church of Rome establishing a censorship. The Reformation transferred to the King and the Bishops the power of censorship previously exercised by the Pope and Bishops. In the reign of Elizabeth, authors and printers were fined and imprisoned, and the pillory, the branding iron, &c., were employed to prevent the march of Free Thought.

The first newspapers were exclusively occupied with foreign news, for the most part translated from the Dutch. The exclusion of home affairs is easily to be accounted for, bearing in mind the horrible persecution to which public writers were in those days subjected. Dr. Alexander Leighton, for writing and publishing "An Appeal to Parliament against Prelacy," was sentenced to be imprisoned in the Fleet Prison for life; to be fined £10,000; to be degraded of his ministry; to stand in the pillory; to have his nose slit, and to have his ears cropped; and farther to be branded on the cheek. This hellish sentence was fully carried out, as the following extract from the Diary of the then bishop of London will show:—

"Leighton was degraded at the High Commission, Tuesday, the 9th of November, 1630.

* * * * * Friday, November the 16th, part of his sentence was executed upon him, in this manner, in the new palace at Westminster, in term time:

1. He was severely whipped before he was put into the pillory.

2. Being set in the pillory, he had one of his ears cut off.

3. One side of his nose slit.

4. Branded on one cheek with a red-hot iron with the letters S. S., signifying a Stirrer up of Sedition, and afterwards carried back again prisoner to the Fleet to be kept in close custody. And on that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ear, nose, and face being not cured, he was whipped again at the pillory in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and branding the other cheek."

The case of Prynne is better known. He had written a book against actors and acting, which book had been duly licensed by the regular licenser; notwithstanding which he was tried and condemned, on the ground that his book was intended to throw discredit on the Queen (wife of Charles the First), who had taken part in a masque at court. Prynne was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, and afterwards to suffer imprisonment for life. His book they directed to be burnt by the common hangman. The sentence, excepting the imprisonment, was carried into execution.

A few years afterwards Prynne was again tried in conjunction with John Bastwick, a Physician, and Henry Burton, Bachelor of Divinity, for writing and publishing books against the hierarchy. They were not permitted to defend themselves; they persisted, however, in addressing the court, and most manfully defended the cause for which they were to suffer. They were sentenced to have their ears cut off, to be fined £5,000 each, and to perpetual imprisonment in three remote places of the kingdom. Prynne was further condemned to be branded on the two cheeks with the letters S and L, for a *Seditious Libeller*. This horrible sentence was executed on the 30th of June, 1637. The sufferers exhibited the most dauntless courage. Standing on the pillory they addressed the people. In the course of his address Dr. Bastwick said—"Had I as much blood as would swell the Thames, I would shed it every drop in this cause."

The sentence was executed with the utmost severity. The hot irons burnt the letters into Prynne's cheeks, and he having previously had his ears cut off, the executioner cut away a piece of each side of his face. Burton's ears were cut off by the roots, "so that the blood ran streaming upon the scaffold." As an additional punishment to Prynne "his volumes were burnt by the hangman, so close under his nose as he stood in the pillory that he was nearly choked by the flames and smoke; yet from their ashes they rose again Phoenix-like, more vigorous in their power to offend the authorities." The obnoxious opinions of Prynne and his fellow-sufferers were re-printed in Holland and smuggled into this country. From the time of Henry the Eighth proclamation had followed proclamation against the importation of foreign works and works printed in the English language in foreign countries; and the Star Chamber persecuted with relentless severity, the violators of these tyrannical edicts. Amongst others, Wharton, eighty-five years of age was fined £500, put in the pillory and imprisoned; and John Lilburne—afterwards one of the most celebrated of the Roundhead heroes—was fined £500, put in the pillory, publicly whipped and imprisoned. Lilburne was whipped from the Fleet prison, along the Strand to Westminster Hall, where the pillory was erected. As the cart drew him along he talked enthusiastically to the people. While standing in the pillory he addressed the multitude until he was gagged, in which state he remained one hour and a half. A cruel imprisonment of more than two years followed. He was laid in irons and kept almost without food. Lilburne was one of the noblest of the patriots of that time. He fought on the side of the parliament in the chief battles of the civil war. He was opposed to Cromwell's usurpation, and was tried for accusing the Protector and Ireton of treason to the commonwealth, but his defence was so clever that he obtained an acquittal.

The progress of the parliamentary struggle led to the reversal of the sentence passed upon Prynne, Burtwick, and Burton, and their liberation from prison. They were met on their entrance into London by vast multitudes on foot and horseback, bearing boughs and flowers, and rending the air with shouts of joy. Prynne was elected M.P. for Newport, and in February, 1641, the Star Chamber was abolished.

At this time the newspapers began to print English news and discuss English affairs. The parliament, too, allowed the publication of their proceedings. The reports were regularly published under the title of "Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament," and were continued from November 3rd, 1641, till the Restoration "put an end, for a time to a custom so dangerous to despotism."

During the struggle between the King and Parliament the Newspapers abundantly multiplied. Milton published his immortal "Speech for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing." "He spoke in words worthy of the bard who was afterwards to sing of Paradise Lost. He brought classic scholarship, eloquent sentences, and sound logic to the task, and fought the battle for liberty of printed thought with the earnestness and warmth of one who felt strongly impressed with the importance of the cause he sought to establish." For a season Milton's arguments had not the desired effect; on the contrary, on the demand of Fairfax, the Parliament appointed a licenser, or censor, who seems, however, to have been but little regarded by those who were resolved to "speak out." During Cromwell's supremacy, Newspapers appear to have been but little interfered with. "The Restoration of Charles the Second, changed all this, and the return of a King to Whitehall, became the signal for very decided measures against the press." The printing of news was made a monopoly—a rigid censorship was established over all publications, and journalism became the privilege of a courtier. This courtier was Roger L'Estrange, who, besides being sole publisher of news, was the King's licenser over printers. The horrible tyranny to which the press was subjected, in the reign of Charles the Second, is set forth in the following extract:—

A PRINTER TORTURED, HANGED, AND QUARTERED.

Under the new law enforcing the censorship, L'Estrange, the journalist, became the chief executive officer; and, judging by facts that are on record, as a scholar and a man of proper feelings must often have blushed for his new occupation. The Star Chamber was gone beyond revival, and the Old Bailey became the court where sinners against the press-laws were arraigned. The new statute soon captured a few victims, and a Tyburn audience was assembled to witness the execution of a troublesome printer. On an October night in 1663, the Licensor L'Estrange, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickinson, Mabb, Wickham, and Story. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way, by L'Estrange's directions, to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton's hiding-place, when he had 'fall'n on evil days; and here now lived another heterodox thinker: a printer named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterwards to give evidence as to what happened, Wickham described how he met Mr. L'Estrange near Twyn's house, and how 'they knocked at least half-an-hour before they got in; and how they listened, and 'heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above, before they went up.' The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back door, whilst another stood in front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been cast into the next house. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness box to give evidence against his master, and the judges were ready to coincide with Mr. Serjeant Morton, who appeared for the Crown, and

declared Twyn's offence to be treason. The obnoxious book repeated the arguments often urged during the Commonwealth, 'that the execution of judgment and justice is as well the people's as the magistrate's duty; and, if the magistrates pervert judgment, the people are bound by the law of God to execute judgment without them, and upon them.' In his defence, Twyn said, he had certainly printed the sheets; he 'thought it was mettlesome stuff, but knew no hurt in it; that the copy had been brought him by one Calvert's maid-servant, and that he had got forty shillings by printing it. He pleaded, moreover, in excuse, that he was poor, and had a family dependent on his labour for their bread. Such replies were vain, and the jury found him guilty. 'I humbly beg mercy,' cried Twyn, when this terrible word was pronounced. 'I humbly beg mercy; I am a poor man, and have three small children; I never read a word of it.'—'I'll tell you what you shall do,' responded the Chief Justice Hyde, to whom this plea for clemency was addressed, 'ask mercy of them that can give it: that is, of God and the King.'—'I humbly beseech you to intercede with his Majesty for mercy,' piteously exclaimed the condemned printer. 'Tie him up, executioner,' was the only reply; and Hyde proceeded to pronounce sentence. To read the sentence in the record of the trial makes the blood run cold. 'I speak it from my soul,' said the sycophant Chief Justice, 'I think we have the greatest happiness in the world in enjoying what we do under so gracious and good a king,' (this was spoken of Charles the Second, he it remembered); 'yet you, Twyn, in the rancour of your heart thus to abuse him, deserve no mercy.' After some further expressions of loyalty, and a declaration that it was high time an example should be made to deter those who would avow the killing of kings, he ordered that Twyn should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that he be hanged by the neck, and, being alive, that he should be cut down, and that his body be mutilated in a way which decency now forbids the very mention of; that his entrails should afterwards be taken out, 'and, you still living, the same to be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, and your head and quarters to be disposed of, at the pleasure of the King's Majesty.'—'I humbly beseech your lordship,' again cried Twyn in his agony, 'to remember my condition, and intercede for me.'—'I would not intercede,' replied sanguinary Judge Hyde, in the cruelty of his heart, 'for my own father, in this case, if he were alive.' And the unhappy printer was led back into Newgate, only to leave it for Tyburn; where the sentence was soon afterwards carried out; his head and the quarters of his body being set up to fester and rot 'on Ludgate, Aldersgate, and the other gates of the City.'

Amongst the persecutors of the press in the reign of Charles the Second and James the Second, figures the eternally infamous Jeffreys, who laid down as law, that "no person whatsoever could expose to the public knowledge, anything that concerned the affairs of the public, without license from the King." The *London Gazette*, which still lives amongst us as the vehicle for bankrupt lists and other official notices, was started in the reign of Charles the Second, in the year 1665. This was the only newspaper allowed to be published, and is thus described by Macanlay:—"The contents generally were a Royal Proclamation; two or three Tory addresses; notices of two or three promotions; an account of a skirmish between the Imperial troops and the Janisaries on the Danube; a description of a highwayman; an announcement of a grand cock-fight between two persons of honour, and an advertisement offering a reward for a strayed dog. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. The most important parliamentary debates, the most important State trials recorded in our history, were passed over in silence." It is scarcely necessary to say that there were no Provincial newspapers. Indeed, except at the Capital and the two Universities, there was scarcely a printer in the king-

dom. The only press in England, north of Trent, appears to have been at York. We gave in No. 12 of the RED REPUBLICAN an extract, illustrating the brutal persecutions of public writers in the reign of James the Second. We shall return to these volumes.

Poetry for the People.

AWAKE! ARISE AT LIBERTY'S COMMAND!

(From Buonarroti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality.
Translated by J. Bronterre O'Brien.)

By tyrant codes enthralled, by knaves borne down,
Man stoops to man, and villains wear the crown:—
Where is the freeman's voice—the warrior's steel?—
Shall we not stoutly fight as well as keenly feel?
Awake! arise, at Liberty's command!—
Th' Aurora of our freedom is at hand,
And slavery's night is o'er, if we'll but bravely stand!
Oh Nature, or whatever power it be,
Which said to man, "Be happy and be free!"—
Say by what strange mischance thy laws o'erthrown,
Have yielded place to slavery and a throne?
Is there not one will dare assert the cause
Of outraged manhood, and thy broken laws?
How long shall man quail 'neath the despot rule
Of a usurper or a king-born fool?
Nations! arise, at Liberty's command,
Th' Aurora of your freedom is at hand,
And slavery's night is o'er, if you'll but bravely stand!

In ancient times, when yet our race was young,
Nor gold nor war the soul to madness stung,
Each in the land possessed an equal share,
No kingly luxury known, no gaunt despair;
Then peace and competence went hand in hand,
Unfear'd the assassin's knife, the foeman's brand—
These days are ours again, if we'll but bravely stand!

In those bless'd days when man, of man the friend,
Nor yet had learn'd to borrow or to lend,
Nature on all alike her bounty poured,
No starving wretch was seen, no pampered lord—
Till fraud and priestcraft, by ambition led,
Taught man his kind to hate, his blood to shed;
Then princes, subjects, masters, serfs were known,
And shuddering Freedom fled before—a Throne!
Then started into life the warrior's trade—
Then groan'd th' assassinated sire, the ravished maid!
Pillage and murder still the steps pursued
Of heroes, glorying in the path of blood.
Then first were heard the ravings of despair,
And dying wretches rent with shrieks the air,
Nations! arise, at Liberty's command,
Th' Aurora of your freedom is at hand—
And slavery's night is o'er, if you'll but bravely stand!

THE SOUTHWARK BREWERS AND THE "AUSTRIAN BUTCHER."

The following verses are being very generally chaunted through the streets in the neighbourhood of Barclay and Perkins's Brewery.

Jolly boys, who brew porter for Barclay and Perkins,
The prime London stout of our cans and our firkins,
Here's a health, English hearts, what'er may betide,
For the dose you gave Haynau along the Bankside.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

The deeds of this butcher we all have heard tell,
How died Bathyani, how Leiningen fell;
Gallant Aulich he hanged like a felon and slave,
Tho' he prayed like a soldier to go to his grave.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

And 'twas all in cold blood when the battle was won,
Was won by the Russians—for Austria had run;
When Gorgey had o'er to the enemy passed;
But brave English Guyon he fought to the last.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Oh, the cord for the neck, and the lash for the back,
When Haynau commanded, they never were slack;
And women he scourged, till the red blood ran down,
This chief of the armies of Austria's Crown.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

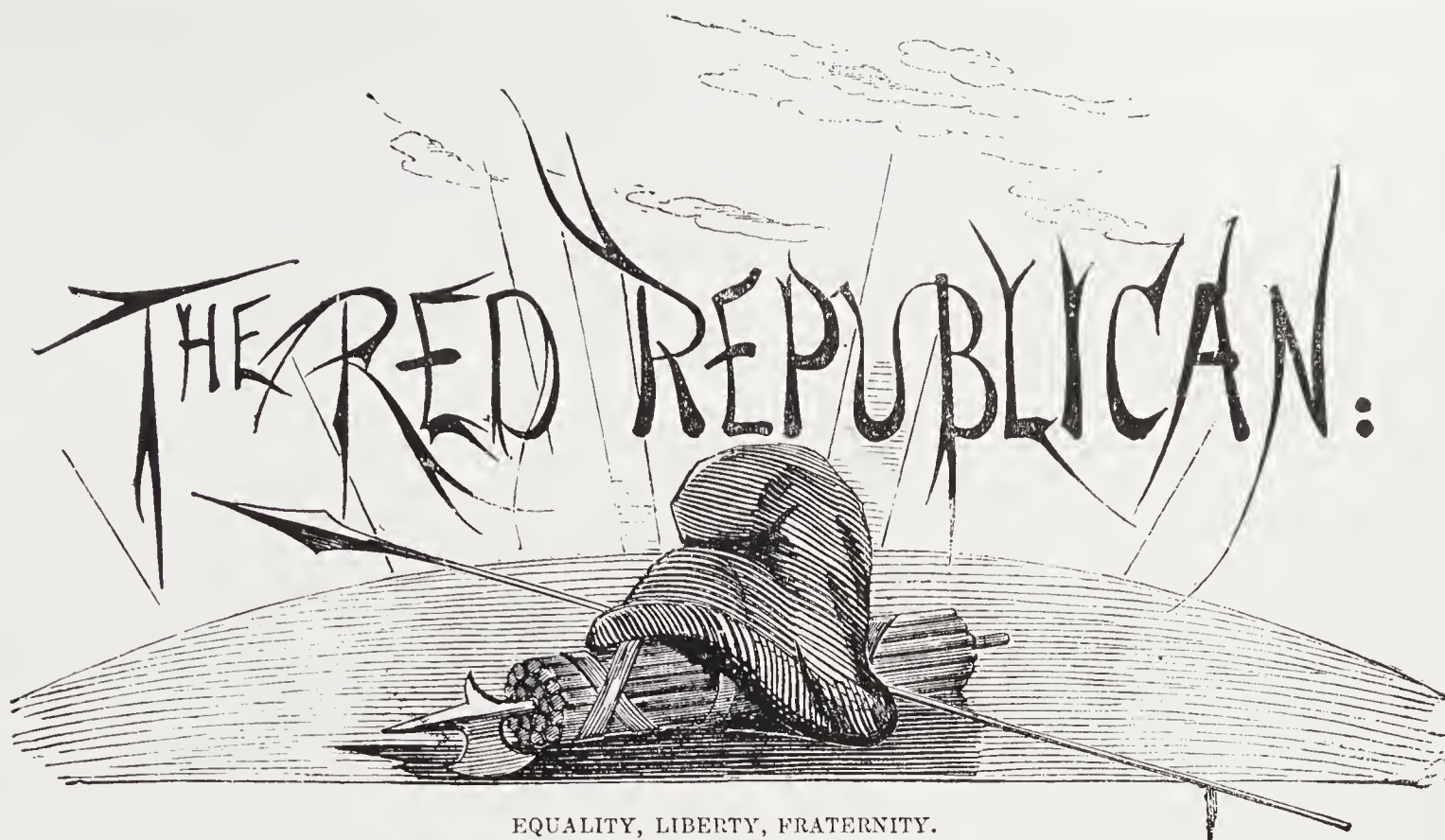
Ye lasses of Southwark, a health unto you,
Who aided to give Marshal Haynau his due,
The wretch who flogged women deserves well to meet
Rough welcome like yours, in each fair London street.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Turn him out, turn him out, from our side of the Thames,
Let him go to great Tories and high-titled dames:
He may walk the west-end, and parade in his pride,
But he'll not come again near the "George" in Bankside.

Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

London: Printed by the Proprietor, GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY
4, Brunswick Row, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, in the county of
Middlesex; and Published by S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street, in
the City of London.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

No. 15.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XII.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

I RETURN to the subject commenced in Letter VII. and continued in Letter VIII., but interrupted by the necessary comments on the death of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and the hunting of HAYNAU. In the Letters alluded to, I gave the reader a bird's-eye view of the "greatness" and "glory" of the "British Empire," and showed the boundless and inexhaustible resources of prosperity and happiness placed at the command of the people of these islands—partly the gift of all-bounteous Nature, and partly the result of the unrivalled industry and conquering heroism of the past and present generations of the British and Irish people.

Lord PALMERSTON, addressing his admirers and entertainers at the Reform Club, observed:—"We glory in our wealth, in our happiness, in our liberty; but we are not desirous to monopolise those blessings; and, as far as our efforts can be properly exercised, I think it is the duty of the Government of this country to assist other nations in following our example, and in endeavouring at least to attain the position which we occupy."—"Here," says the reporter, "the company rose from their seats and cheered for some minutes." Doubtless "the position" occupied by "the noble lord" (and "the rest of Her Majesty's ministers,") together with the

"right honourable" and "honourable" company who rose from their seats and cheered so lustily, is a rather enviable one. So also is that of the classes directly or indirectly represented by "Lord" PALMERSTON and Co.,—to wit the aristocracy, landed and commercial gentry, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, parsons, leviathan shopocrats, &c. It matters nothing that a large proportion of the persons belonging to these classes are opposed to the politics of the "noble lord," and his Reform Club friends, they were nevertheless in their social character sufficiently represented at the banquet given to the Foreign Affairs' Secretary. The party and factious differences of those who insolently term themselves "the higher orders," and "the respectable classes," do not prevent their social combination to live without working, and to rob the wealth-producers of the fruits of their toil. For the privileged and the propertied classes—whether "Reformers" or Anti-Reformers, Conservatives or Sham-Radicals—the existing System works wondrously well; and "Lord" PALMERSTON may with truth boast that those classes enjoy "wealth," "liberty," and other "blessings," the product of which should be "happiness." That, however, as a whole the people of this country have attained to the felicitous position described by the member for Tiverton, I take leave to deny. It will be my task to show that the blessings of superabundant wealth and national supremacy, are monopolised by the classes represented by "Lord" PALMERSTON and Co.; and that the masses are fully cheated out of those means of enjoyment, which are the result but not the reward of their sweat and blood, their toil and bravery.

The impudent charlatans who have lately been lecturing the Proletarians on their obligations to the late "Sir" ROBERT PEEL, and the duty of paying down their pence to build monuments to the memory of "the illustrious statesman," have—with characteristic audacity—ventured upon the assertion, that, thanks to Peel's measures, Crime and Pauperism are in course of expulsion from the land! The falsehood of this assertion is too notorious to need any laboured exposure. If it be true that here and there the inmates of workhouses have been slightly thinned, and the relief given to "out-door paupers" somewhat diminished in amount, it is not the less true that vast masses but a step above the pauper-roll, are in a state of poverty which assures their engulfment in the abyss of pauperism the moment a new glut and a new panic shall come to complete the now regularly recurring commercial cycle. As regards crime, the prisons are full to overflowing, and the papers teem with commitments and condemnations for "offences against person and property." Above all, strikes and combinations to obtain higher wages, and to prevent attempted reductions—direct or indirect—proclaim too plainly the hollowness of our much vaunted "prosperity."

The prosperity of the higher classes I do not question. Indeed their rapid progress in the attainment of wealth is indisputable—is even boasted of as showing "The Progress of the Nation." It has been recently shown in the *Leader*, on the authority of Porter's statistics, that the increase of personal property during the thirty years ending 1845, was £1,000,000,000. Estimating the possessors of this property as numbering not more than a quarter of a million, this increase

shows a gain of £4,000 per head in thirty years. The increase in the value of landed property is still more striking. Between the years 1803 and 1843 the amount of increase in the value of that species of property was no less a sum than £56,593,000, representing a capital, at twenty-five years' purchase, of £1,414,827,000—nearly double the amount of the National Debt! On the other hand, the savings of the working classes since the year 1800 amount to £11,300,000 in Friendly Societies, and £31,700,000 in Savings-banks. That is £42,000,000, against an increase of £2,414,827,575 gained by the "higher classes." Assuming that the whole of the investments in Savings-banks really belong to the working classes, it follows that while the wealth producers have saved about 30s. per head in fifty years, the idlers have contrived to accumulate not less, upon an average, than £10,000 per head in considerably less time.

In truth, however, the savings of the working classes have been very much less than the above figures indicate. The investments in the savings banks are to a considerable extent owned by small tradesmen and others, not of the working class. Those of the proletarian order who really have money in the savings banks, are chiefly domestic servants. The cold-blooded political economist will assert that the working classes might have saved much more but for their "idleness," "improvidence," and "intemperance." The charge of "idleness" is an insult and a lie. That of "improvidence" is a cruel mockery, when addressed to a class, a vast number of whom are unable with their scanty wages to supply their families with a sufficiency of the necessities of life. The alleged "intemperance" of the working classes is an exaggeration; the drinking habits of all classes being laid to their account. It is assumed that the sum of fifty or sixty millions sterling expended on intoxicating drinks and tobacco, is expended by the working classes; a monstrously impudent assumption! The rich man has his wine-cellar, and the respectable man his well-assorted stock of sherry, port, brandy, whisky, &c., and they may drink themselves "blin' fou" without patronising the tap-room, or being seen at the counter of a gin-palace. If when abroad they give way to beastly intoxication a philanthropic policeman is always ready to find a cab for "the gentleman," while the drunken labourer is hauled to the police station, and besides being punished, has his "intemperance" published to the world. The "saloons," the "wine and supper rooms," and other places of drunkenness and debauchery in the metropolis are patronised by the "higher orders." In the orgies carried on in those dens, aristocratic profligates expend in one night more than the same number of working men expend in six months in their drinking bouts. Undoubtedly drunkenness aggravates the evils suffered by working men; but drunkenness is not the cause, on the contrary, it is to a great extent the effect of those evils. Low wages, comfortless homes, the vagrant habits induced by tramping in search of employment, are to be included in the causes which largely contribute to drunkenness amongst the working-classes. Undoubtedly it is no proof of philosophy to make bad worse. But let not the moralist and the political economist presume to condemn their

erring brother, until at least they have themselves tried the heart-withering soul-blighting influence of toil without hope and labour unrequited by its legitimate reward.

A close examination of the condition of the Proletarians would show that immense masses are altogether unable to invest anything in Benefit Societies and Saving Banks. There can be no rational doubt that in the great majority of trades and occupations followed by the working class, the workers have retrograded, while the traffickers in their labour have been making fortunes. Agricultural labourers, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, printers, and, in short, the great majority of the trades agree that wages have been in a continual state of decline during the last thirty-five years. If in some trades, the wages claimed by the operatives are higher than they were eighty years ago, it must be borne in mind that only a comparative few obtain those wages. Every trade is over-stocked, and nine times out of ten, the man who stands out for the rate of wages fixed by the trade, is pushed aside to make way for one of a multitude eager to sell their labour on any terms, however degrading. The imposition of the income-tax caused reductions of wages in many callings, and it is notorious that the cheapened price of food is now being made a pretext for still further reductions. To the weavers, type-founders, engine-drivers, &c., it is said, "Food is much cheaper, you must therefore work for lower wages." The cab-men of Liverpool and London find their charges assailed on the same ground—the cheapness of "provision for man and horse."

As long as the present Social System shall endure the Proletarians will reap no benefit from mere reductions in the amount of taxation, or pretended shiftings of the burden from one class to another. Impose a direct tax upon the rich, and they will make up for it by increasing rents, and reducing wages. Cheapen food, and the benefit of the change will be snatched from the working classes by the cheapening of their labour.

It has been estimated that the veritable people of the "United Kingdom," that is to say, the agricultural labourers, small agricultural occupiers too poor to hire labour, artisans, and all kinds of town operatives, labourers, servants, sailors, soldiers, "paupers," and their families number about twenty-one millions. The remaining seven millions include the members of the "royal family," nobility, gentry, proprietors and annuitants, clergymen, placemen, pensioners, "professional men," manufacturers, merchants, speculators, farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, &c. The national income is supposed to amount to about Five Hundred Millions sterling. Of this amount the seven millions who produce nothing appropriate about two-thirds, leaving only one-third to be divided amongst the twenty-one millions who produce everything!

No wonder the country presents the astounding spectacle of being gorged with wealth, while at the same time three-fourths of the producers of that wealth are struggling with the ills of poverty, and menaced with (indeed hundreds of thousands are suffering under,) the curse of pauperism!

Yes, thou art right, PROUDHON, "thou reasonest well!" "Property is theft." PROPERTY, as acquired under the present System, is ROBBERY! Let the rich look to

it. They may make peace with the poor if they will. They may introduce a system of true order and liberty, based on justice; and may introduce that system by safe and gradual means, if they will at once set their hands to the work—as necessary for their own and their children's safety, as for the uplifting of the poor. Steady progress is, for all parties, infinitely preferable to violent revolutionary changes; but if the rich in their selfishness prevent the former, they may make up their minds to accept the latter. Come how it may, may the Reign of Justice come quickly!

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

POPULAR ORGANISATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

DEAR HARNEY,—In your little periodical I see repeated endeavours to bring about a combination of all honest reformers. Now, however desirable such union may be, I have no faith in the efficacy of general principles to accomplish any sterling good for the masses. Principles, unless wrought out in all their details, are but empty formulas; but in working out these details lies all the mischief to your projected centralisation. The very moment you descend to details, your centralised mass, however unanimous before, will break up into a thousand fragments.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the founder of the Christian system enunciated the great principle of "doing to others as we would that others should do unto us;" and which principle we should naturally assume would be the main guide in all the moral actions of his followers. I need not ask, is it so? or what good hath the principle effected? English constitutionalists assert that "taxation without representation is tyranny, and ought to be resisted;" and Magna Charta declares that no man shall be taxed, save by his own consent, or through his representative. But though you find all our church and king supporters from the premier downwards assenting to the inviolability of these principles, see the consequence of any attempt to bring them out in detail in any other way than as Russell and his coadjutors desire! When Robespierre brought forward his "Declaration of Rights," the whole assembly readily assented to his 'First principles of Government,' but the instant it was attempted to bring those principles into working order, all was confusion.

When long experience has, therefore, given but one invariably discordant result to all such declarations, it is time that we abandoned them, unless accompanied by all their necessary details. Not merely must the good to be obtained be held out on our banner, but the means to attain it also. The thing wanted is so simple that their needs no abstruse, or what is called "philosophic language" about it. What is it that is wanted? Why, simply to prevent robbery. To prevent this robbery, governments are professedly instituted, and laws are made. Suppose we had no government, some would hunt the wild animals, others would live by cultivating the ground, but there are others who would do neither, and who would only live by robbing those who did. To prevent such robberies societies organise themselves and governments are formed, or rather, to speak more properly, men associate, and form societies, with their respective heads to direct them. Well, now, what these heads have to do is plain and simple. Those who live by hunting, and those who live by tilling the ground, shall each enjoy all that they can procure by either, and any one attempting to take a particle from another without the free consent of the owner, shall be made to restore what he takes, and be punished also for the offence as a warning to others. Suppose other modes of living are discovered, such as by trade of some kind, there is nothing still to render the business of government a whit more complicated. I will show how it

simplicity still remains in a few words. Here is a man who cultivates the ground, and another who weaves, or makes shoes or raiment. The farmer has need of all the articles made by these different traders, and he agrees to give so much of his produce, either paid in kind or in a legal tender equivalent in value in exchange for the articles he wants. There is no necessity for the interference of government in these transactions; each party may be left perfectly free to make what bargain he pleases.

Just so simple is the pompously styled "science of government." Its present apparent complication has, however, but one origin, which mankind are fortunately beginning to perceive. Suppose you constitute the weavers the sole lawmakers. What will be the result? They will order that the farmer, the shoemaker, the tailor, and all the other trades, shall not be allowed to weave, and shall purchase cloth only from them. They would thus monopolise the trade to themselves, and be able to place what price they might please thereon. Through these means they would draw to themselves all the wealth which the others produced. Such, common sense will tell any man, would be the inevitable result of class made laws. Do, then, away with class legislation, and do not begin by enunciating a principle merely; enter into a full detail so that there may be no quibble about your meaning. Every man of twenty-one years of age have an equal vote; let there be no absurd brick and mortar, or poor rate qualifications; let the voters not be humbugged with the liberty to select only from one class, but be freely permitted, through the ballot, to select annually their paid representatives from whichever class they please. Do this, and you will not need to say one word more either on general principles, constitutions, or necessary laws connected with the land; with destitution or education. The nature and interests of mankind when allowed fair play will soon teach the mass what is right on all these matters.

Dear Harney,—I know that I shall not by these remarks have fully satisfied many honest reformers. Some will say we look for general principles which will unite all reformers for the purpose of bringing into working order the system here alluded to. Others will say, look at France, and then decide whether something more is not required. Some other time, if you judge that what I have written is in any way useful, I shall be happy to give you my views on these heads.

Yours, sincerely,

RICHARD MARSDEN.

THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

I PERCEIVE by the newspaper reports that a meeting has recently been held in London, having for its object the consolidation of the democratic mind of the country into one entire body. "This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished" could it be successfully and conclusively accomplished. But, I fear, the elements are not fusible, I fear that the attempt will but widen the breach, I trust I may be wrong; but the short reports which I have read of the proceedings of the meeting seems to confirm these doubts, for it is plainly shewn that there are to be separate funds; and how there can be an entire union of the democracy—one society of the oppressed and down trodden Proletarians, and yet three or four separate and distinct funds, I am at a loss to conjecture. I always find that where there are two purses there lies the seeds of dissension and strife, and as "prevention is better than cure," if there is to be an union let it be one in reality, and not in appearance only. I am aware that federalism is suggested, so that different societies may exist, and yet have a common understood mode of action. But why should federalism exist? We have a common enemy oppressing us, a common foe to conquer, and why should we be told that it is necessary to join this or that body as the best mode of making head against that enemy, when one

well organized association would answer the purpose infinitely better than a score? Union is desirable, and I think that if the leaders of the different democratic bodies would consult their consciences, they would be told that they are themselves the barriers to an entire union of the people; they would find, on a close examination, that pride, a desire of notoriety, a degree of self-sufficiency, are the invisible barricades, behind which they are fighting against the union which they desire. Let the leaders of the people conquer this human frailty, and they will soon find that that which they profess to seek, viz: a combination firm and lasting of the democracy will be easily accomplished. Let not false pride stand in the way of a nation's welfare. I think this is the common sense view of the question. It is the truth, no matter how unpalatable it may be. The leaders of the people have the power of creating an effective organization. How is it this union is not consummated? If I must answer the question, it is, that one and all desire to be the great I AM, and until this inordinate desire is conquered, the union of the democratic mind of the country is hopeless.

I have been thus plain, because I wished to be understood; and as yours is the only periodical which proclaims, in plain language, the rights and wants of the age, I thought truths, homely spoken would be suitable to the 'RED.'

I am, yours, fraternally,

JAMES WILLIAMS.

MONEY THE CURSE OF MAN,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I have no wish to occupy one single line of your valuable space unnecessarily, or to the exclusion of richer veins of thought from other quarters, and upon other subjects, still, perhaps, you will permit me briefly again to reply to a "Wages (?) Slave," who has appeared in No. 12 of the "RED" though not so much in opposition to, as in agreement with, my ideas on the subject under notice.

To render this discussion profitable, it would be more to the purpose if our friend would direct his efforts to disprove my facts and dislodge me from my position. As I dislike repetition of statements, because of their waste of space and time, I will merely refer to those two passages of mine last quoted by our friend, without recapitulating them, and observe that to my mind there is all the difference imaginable betwixt money *properly so called* (those were the words I used), and which has hitherto always been in use, and "LABOUR NOTES," the equitable circulating medium our friend would establish. Labour notes are *not* money, in the just commercial sense of that term, but simply *tickets or vouchers "for real value deposited;"* and though these notes should circulate, and "be legal tender for all debts, contracts &c," still they would not be money as I before said, bearing interest, and fructifying as real money does. Look to my words, and their is no contradiction.

Our friend asks, "has society arrived at that point of intelligence to do without money altogether?" I say no! would to heaven it had. Were it so, one portion of the human family would not be kept from generation to generation "*hewers of wood and drawers of water.*" No! were it so the people would not tolerate for one single moment the insult coming from any *puny diminutive lordling* that they were "too ignorant for the franchise." No! were it so they would extinguish for ever any newspaper which would hound on the government or commercial companies to establish the "POWER OF ARREST, THE LASH, AND COURTS MARTIAL" to reduce working men to "OBEDIENCE" to the will of tyrants.

Intelligence! what is it? Walker says intellect is "perception, understanding." Now, will my friend say that it is impossible for the intelligent to excite the perception of the, at present, ignorant, and give them understanding? Pray how do the communists of America—who are but

comparatively intelligent, manage without money—internally? And they only need money at all because the whole American population is not one huge co-operation. In those communities they need *not even labour notes*; and could not we do likewise, and thus take a short cut to the charter, the land plan, and "something more," and get quit of monarchy and every other incubus associated therewith.

Sir, the reason I want this question to be agitated is, that the worker may *see and understand* that so long as he "SELLS HIS LABOUR FOR MONEY" he will *always be cheated out of a large portion of his produce; his inequality of condition still continued, and himself and family enslaved.*

Our present social condition certainly could not be brought to the state I wish it, *simply* by the disuse of money. I told our friend in my first letter, that I was a Communist, so that he might have inferred the other conditions, viz: *the land as the base of a wise co-operation.*

I am satisfied with our friend's explanation of his circulating medium, and just commercial system, *as preliminary to a more rational arrangement of society*, but still I think he is too much saturated with *conventional influences, and too much in love with the institution of private property*, to agree readily to the entire disuse of money, because, I find he still clings to the idea of "*fixed property people*," or in other words, people of "*independent circumstances*," that is, lazy and crafty people, who live without working; but, let me ask my friend how could such exist if the *circulating medium* could only be obtained by depositing real value for it?

"Purchasing power," under our friend's system means to be consistent, *power and willingness to work and produce*; so that you see we should have no "*fixed income people*," which is what I want. Our friend reminds me of that huge GAMBLING LIST—the "*trade article*" of the *Manchester Guardian* when he speaks of "*rise in prices*," it appears to me that with every alteration in price of produce, his circulating medium must be altered too; then what confusion in the "*money market*!"

Sir, all that our friend has yet said on this subject still leaves me with the impression that money—*properly so called—and in any shape, is a CRAFTY AND HELLISH INVENTION.*

It is my firm conviction that from the earliest ages to the present time, the cause of the enslavement of the workers, under whatever name they may have existed, whether as chattle or wages slaves, or proletarians, may be traced to the use of money.

Yours in fraternity,

GEORGE SMITH.

Greengate, Salford.

P.S. Sir,—If praise be due to any man for doing his duty, it is pre-eminently due to you; permit me, therefore, to tender unto you my thanks for your articles on the "celebrated hyena" Haynau. Allow me to add the expression of my entire satisfaction at the noble and praiseworthy conduct of the Messrs. Barclay's men, in the reception they gave that monster. 'Tis a pity he did not find a grave in England, and in a Porter Butt!!! By the bye, what connection is there between his coming to this country and the advice of the *Daily News* with regard to the eastern counties strike? Would it not have been in keeping with the tyranny of the "Board of Directors," and the damnable doctrines of the *Daily News*, to have invited the Austrian monster to a banquet, presided over by Betts the chairman of "the Board," with Gooch for his worthy "Vice?"

There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest and suspicious of its own decisions.—*Sidney Smith.*

All men are born free; liberty is a gift which they receive from God himself, nor can they alienate the same by consent; though possibly they may forfeit it by crimes.—*Trenchard.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.
Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

Subscriptions for the RED REPUBLICAN will be acknowledged in next Saturday's number.

RECEIVED FOR THE POLISH REFUGEES.—From a few friends at Hayburst, per J. Bruckshaw, 2s. 6d.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—T. Saunders, jun., Blandford, 1s.; R. Mathison, Berwick, 6d.; William Shrimpton, Berwick, 6d. The following eighteen members are all of Leicester, and have forwarded 6d. each:—John Bent, W. Rivett, W. Goddard, E. Thompson, R. Bloomfield, J. Stodd, J. Simmons, T. Newton, John White, J. Goadby, H. Barrow, Joseph White, J. Smith, T. Wright, T. Goddard, G. Wray, S. Whilk, T. Young, total, 9s.

THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—Robert Mathison, Berwick, complains that the RED does not come into his hands until a fortnight beyond the proper time.—W. R. Luscombe. Your suggestion regarding the news-agents cannot be acted upon. Accept our thanks for your fraternal endeavours to advance the circulation of the RED.—"A Young Red," Oldham: We appreciate your fraternal kindness, but beg to decline the proposed periodical subscription. Once in a way may be very well, but we cannot consent that poor men should make a regular practice of mulcting their hard earnings to support this journal. We would rather sink it, and sink with it. The energetic efforts of our friend, Gammage, if generally imitated, would render subscriptions altogether unnecessary, and secure the successful establishment of the RED REPUBLICAN.

Our friends at Northampton, Barnsley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Hamilton, Edinburgh, Braco, Dundee, and Merthyr-Tydvil, shall hear from us through the post.

OUR HUNGARIAN CONTRIBUTOR.—We are sorry that the excellent letter from the "Hungarian Red" must stand over till our next number.

JOSEPH BRUCKSHAW.—Your questions concerning the Hungarian struggle will be answered in No. 16.

A REGULAR PURCHASER OF THE "RED."—Thanks. The smallness of the RED prevents the insertion of, or comment on, the articles pointed out in your letter.

JACOB J. SMITH.—A letter addressed to this friend from the Fraternal Democrats, "to Plymouth, near Merthyr Tydvil," has been returned by the Post Office; the envelope being endorsed with the words—"Not known."

POST-STAMPS AND POST-ORDERS.—In answer to several correspondents, we beg to state that sums sent for any purpose not exceeding five shillings, may be sent in post-stamps. It is desirable that sums exceeding that amount should be sent per post-order.

"A RED," Langport, Somersetshire.—Thanks for your good wishes. We fear we shall not at present be able to visit your part of the country.

E. E.—Allowance must be made for the excited feelings of men so grievously wronged. Louis Philippe did surround Paris with fortifications, in the vain hope of preventing a new revolution. We need not add how miserably he was out in his reckoning.

"MARAT," writing from Winton, complains that "a too large portion of the people are completely sunk in apathy, miserable, wretched, and degraded, they fawn before their self-imposed masters; they lick the hand that spurns them. The work before all true men is to create among the ignorant and the disaffected a yearning for political knowledge; and the only way to proceed is to purchase and circulate cheap publications among their fellow workmen. A really good and efficient press is half the battle; and the democrats should make every effort to establish the RED REPUBLICAN, and secure for it a triumphant circulation."

POETRY.—The lines headed "The Capitalist," "The Day of Vengeance," "On the Destruction of Universal Suffrage in France," and "An Answer to the 'Penitential Hymn,'" have been received.

ANGLO-JUVENAL.—Many thanks for your kindness. Your communication, though inadmissible in the shape forwarded, will not be lost. Soldiers' wrongs is a subject we intend to take up in the RED REPUBLICAN. P.S.—Thanks for the volumes. Their contents shall have our attention as soon as possible.

PETTY TYRANNY OF A MILL-OWNER.—"SIR, The insertion of the following may deter others from the like disgraceful conduct. When it is seen that the working man has a medium through which he can give publicity to the wrongs perpetrated upon him by the heartless LABOUR TYRANTS, the fear of being held up to public scorn will do more to make some men act justly than any moral principle they possess. One of the workmen of the Messrs. Stevenson, manufacturers, Stirling, having requested leave of absence from the works on the 26th August (before the Democratic camp-meeting at Bannockburn of that date was publicly announced), was answered by Mr. R. Stevenson that he had no objection to give a man a day at any time. He accordingly went to the meeting. The picnics, &c., left the works at breakfast time without leave; consequently the mill was stopped for the day. On the 27th, the workman before mentioned was called before his employers, and reprimanded for stopping the mill, and informed he might consider himself on his warning to leave the work. The

man explained, that to prevent others leaving the works without leave, he had avoided going near the mill that day. But without avail. He was a marked man, and leaves for the fearful crime of being an energetic Chartist! What makes the case appear in a worse light, is the fact that Mr. R. Stevenson professes to be a Complete Suffragist!!! Yours most truly, A WORKING MAN."

DONALD M'LEOD.—We have not room for your favour; but shall be happy to hear from you on a future occasion.

JOHN ATUOL WOOD complains of the profit-mongering in certain nameless publications of a foul and filthy character, with the connivance of those in authority. J. A. W. believes that the toleration of these literary abominations is for the purpose of degrading the working classes, and thereby rendering them the abject slaves of the "higher orders," who reason thus: "Keep the working classes from gaining sound knowledge, give them plenty of means for exciting the animal passions, let them grovel in the mire of bestiality and ignorance, and we shall be able to maintain our grinding rule. If, on the contrary, they should acquire the knowledge which would teach them their rights and dignity as men, away would go the fabric of imposture and injustice we have taken so much pains to raise." Hence, argues J. A. W., the underhand encouragement given to the mind-debasing publications before alluded to, and the opposition to journals like the RED REPUBLICAN.

JULES LECHEVALIER.—We take from the "New York Tribune," of August 28th, the rejoinder in full of Citizen Lechevalier to our answer to his strictures on the RED REPUBLICAN. We can afford to give the "Tribune's" correspondent the benefit of allowing his rejoinder to appear without note or comment on our part; any further notice of the following being quite uncalled for:—"Mr. Julian Harney has made a long reply in his journal to the letter which I addressed to the 'New York Tribune' on the subject of the RED REPUBLICAN. I must confess, gentlemen, that you are very kind to repose any confidence in a correspondent like myself. You are told by one that I am dull, because I am unwilling to take Free Trade as the last word of economical science, nor even for the last word of any science whatever. You are told by another that I am an accomplice in a conspiracy, which seeks to subject the working classes of England to the priesthood. A third affirms that the prospect of realising Socialism in connexion with established institutions is a dream, and that previous universal destruction is necessary. And, to crown all, Mr. Julian Harney asserts that you pay me a large amount of money, and that in order to gain this money, I tell you precisely that which must be the least flattering to your own ideas. He praises, and calls for your former correspondents, whom I would myself be glad to see at my side in your columns. But as to me, I am ridiculous and mystical, with only now and then a gleam of common sense.—Alas! gentlemen, if I have only a gleam of common sense—a thing which I hold to be very rare in our European world, especially among the revolutionary Socialists. I prefer to treat general questions, rather than to reply directly to Julian Harney. I have no time nor space to estimate, as I could wish, the value of a Republican attempt in England. I will revert to this at another time. I will finish to-day by explaining, in one word, what Mr. Julian Harney brings forward as an insult to the English people. I said that a republic was more possible in Russia than in England. This simply means that the institutions of the people who have obtained, through Parliament, the Reform Bill of 1832, the Tariff Reform of 1846, the vote of nearly sixty millions sterling for the abolition of the Slave Trade and of Slavery, are open to all the progress, and protected from the crisis which cause an extravagant democracy to succeed an unlimited despotism. If this is what can be called insulting the English people, I am a great blunderer, for I thought I was giving them the most flattering encomiums.—JULES LECHEVALIER."

G. BAKER, Worcester.—Received. Thanks.

H. ROBINSON, Edinburgh.—The extract has come to hand. Thanks.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE "RED REPUBLICAN."

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ARE NOW READY.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—St. Just.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—Rotespierre.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us."—St. Simon.

UNION!

THE union of all honest reformers in one grand consolidated body, has been zealously and

eloquently advocated by several contributors to this journal. The appeals of those writers have been warmly responded to in all parts of the country, and we have reason to believe that the suggested union is earnestly desired by the great majority of the British Democracy.

The letters from Messrs. WILLIAMS and MARSDEN on this subject, published in this day's *Republican*, demand a brief notice. Mr. WILLIAMS labours under a mistake in supposing that the recent conference decided that the projected union should be merely a federalisation of existing societies. All that the conference decided was, that the union of the several popular associations was desirable; and, further, appointed a committee to canvass and report on the means of accomplishing that union. The first act of the committee was to throw overboard the suggested federalisation, and to vote that the union should be effected by the fusion of existing societies into a new association—"one and indivisible." There is, therefore, only one point of Mr. WILLIAMS's letter calling for comment. He asserts, that the great obstacle to union is to be found in the selfish ambition of the "popular leaders" who "one and all desire to be the great I AM," and to gratify that ambition they sacrifice the people's welfare. We will not dispute that there is too much of truth in this charge; we cannot deny that inordinate personal vanity has had much to do with the frittering away of the democratic strength; but we protest against our friend's assertion that the "leaders" "one and all" are of this selfish order. We speak as we have seen, when we declare that those who are parties to the attempted fusion have exhibited a spirit of self-sacrifice and true fraternity, which entitles them at least to plead not guilty to Mr. WILLIAMS's accusation. If unhappily the said "leaders" should be unable to agree to merge all distinctions in one body, we feel assured that that disagreement will be the consequence of conscientious differences of opinion with regard to principles, and not the result of personal pride and petty ambition—at least so far as they are concerned.

If we understand Mr. MARSDEN aright, he would have all parties unite simply for the obtainment of the Charter. So would we; but with this difference, that we would have the people instructed in a knowledge of their social rights while struggling for the obtainment of political power. Mr. MARSDEN should bear in mind that in seeking to unite different parties, it is a difficult matter to get three out of four to entirely shelve their theories and schemes in favour of the object sought by the fourth party—and that object only. Mr. MARSDEN must know that thousands of honest reformers dissent from his theory of unlimited liberty, believing that the said liberty—liberty unaccompanied by regulation or association, would speedily lead to the renewed subjection of the weak to the cunning and the strong. These reformers demand that something besides the Charter should find place in the programme of the projected union. We think they would act wiser were they to agree to making the Charter the one grand object to be first sought for, at the same time propagating their social principles. Our view is not theirs; but nevertheless believing them to be sincerely desirous of uniting with their brother reformers, and ourselves earnestly seeking that union, we would counsel that all

possible means to effect that union should be taken; it being, of course, understood that those means shall not include any departure from democratic principles, or any violation of our cherished Charter.

Whether with or without the addition of social reforms, the obtainment of Universal Manhood Suffrage and the necessary adjuncts thereto, as embodied in the People's Charter, must be the great, the primary object of the projected union. At the same time, the union must guarantee to its members full freedom to expound, propagate, and agitate "first principles," Republicanism, Socialism, &c. On no other terms would union be practicable or even desirable. The liberty of opinion claimed against governments must be respected and faithfully guarded in our own ranks. We fervently hope that the committee, the conference, and the several societies, will agree upon some plan of organisation which will establish, instead of four weak and powerless bodies, one united, powerful, and conquering association for the speedy obtainment of the Charter, and the ultimate establishment of the Republic—Democratic and Social!

TRADES MOVEMENTS.

WE lately noticed certain strikes of weavers and mill-hands in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, at the same time intimating that we were uninformed as to the grievances of the turn-outs. A letter from a friend at Rochdale has supplied us with the following particulars. It seems that the work-people employed at Townhouse-mill, besides being paid wages 15 per cent. lower than the wages paid at other mills, were subjected to regulations which might have been framed by a Fagg, and which a Gooch would have delighted to carry into execution. If a loom-crank broke—an accident which the best weaver living could not prevent—the worker was fined 2s. Each weaver was required to weave a certain quantity per day, and if the quantity woven was only one pick short, there was a fine of one half-penny on the loom. After passing through the loom the pieces were examined, and on a tally-board opposite to each weaver's name, was regularly set down "dirty weft, 1d.," "an end down 1½d." &c.; the entire constituting a sweeping reduction at the end of the week, and a glorious haul of plunder for "the highly respectable firm" of Messrs. J. and B. SCHOFIELD.

This mode of plundering their "hands" is common, and has been long established throughout Lancashire, by the millocrats of that county. As a system of robbery, it is safer than a direct and avowed reduction of wages. The latter often induces strikes and creates more or less of public sympathy on the side of the workers. But the system of fines and abatements is but little known to the public at large. This system of villany is extending, and is largely imitated by the master-class in various parts of the country besides Lancashire.

Our Rochdale correspondent apprises us of more strikes in his neighbourhood, namely at the mills of Messrs. PILLING and Sons, Messrs. BRIERLY and Sons; and Messrs. HOWARD and Co. (two mills). The hands late in the employ of the first-named firm claim an advance from their late wages of 7s. 9d. to 8s. a week. At the other mills the turn-outs have been re-

ceiving but 7s. 6d. per week, and they now claim 8s.

It appears that the adult male workers in the iron trades, finding their labour invaded in consequence of the introduction of lads and women into foundries, are organising their body, to obtain, if possible, a remedy for this fast-growing evil.

The strike of the Type-founders is still undecided. The operatives continue firmly resolved not to submit to the unjust requirements of Fagg and Co. A Mr. OMBLER, commercial traveller to the firm, has been making himself unnecessarily busy in going amongst some of the workmen and trying to poison their minds against their brother turn-outs. This is monstrously dirty work, and Mr. OMBLER—who no doubt esteems himself a "gentleman"—would do well to wash his hands of any such occupation for the future.

We quote from the pamphlet noticed in our last some particulars relating to the origin of the strike not hitherto published in this journal. "The trade is a gradationary one. Boys enter at an early age—when they ought to be learning how to fulfil their duties as future citizens of their country rather than at work—and gradually progress from one branch to another; the boy as "Breaker Off," or "Setter Up," receiving from 3s. to 5s. per week; at 15 or 16 years of age he goes to the Rubbing, and according to the settlement of 1845, receives 2d. per 1000 types, until eighteen years old, when he should receive 2½d. per 1000. The morality of this arrangement was, that boys should not receive such high wages as men, and that old men who had become incapable of the physical exertion required in Casting could return to the simpler branch of Rubbing, and by earning 10s. or 12s. per week save themselves from the degradation of pauperism. Such were the principal reasons urged by the employers in 1845 when making the distinction of 2d. and 2½d. per 1000. We cannot say this law has been invariably acted up to. It has been with that, as with many of the laws of our country, advantage has been taken of it for selfish purposes."

"The Saturday previous to the strike the firm gave three high-priced (2½d. 1000) rubbers notice to quit, unless they would accept 2d. per 1000 for the future—adding that it was not their intention to pay 2½d. per 1000 any more. Representations were immediately made of the injustice of such a determination. In 1845, the firm of CASLON particularly assured us, on the honour of gentlemen, that no advantage should be taken of the two prices in this branch—when urging the reasons for the distinction between boys and men. Notwithstanding their pledged honour, we were now answered, *that we had consented to two prices, and they should henceforth pay which suited them best, and that was 2d.!!!*"

Before 1843 the general price for "Rubbing" was 3d. for 1000 types; it was then reduced to 2½d. and 2d. as stated. Since the strike commenced Fagg and Co. have intimated that henceforth they will only pay 1½d. Every working man—every honest man—in England, must admit that this strike was unavoidable, justifiable, and absolutely necessary. Let the trades see that the type-founders shall lack nothing necessary to enable them to obtain the full satisfaction of their righteous claims.

HAYNAU AND HIS FRIENDS.

ONE cheer more for BARCLAY and PERKINS's draymen! Inspired by their example, even the Hanoverians have driven HAYNAU from their country. On the news of the hunt along Bankside reaching Vienna, the inhabitants of that city, although under martial law, gave free expression to their heart-felt satisfaction; and "Cheers for Old England" and "the noble English brewers" were shouted in the *cafés* and other places of public entertainment. On the other hand, the wrath of the ruffians who had shared HAYNAU's atrocious crimes was manifested by the most fiendish expressions of rage. In the Café Daum, a Croatian officer drew his sabre, and with a volley of imprecations, valiantly smashed a portrait of Queen Victoria; while his brother ruffians cheered and cried "Bravo!" This is excellent fun! According to the Austrian journals the ambassador of that execrable power has demanded "satisfaction." We wish he may get it—hot and strong.

If we may believe the Vienna correspondents of the *Times* and *Chronicle*, there are certain creatures, calling themselves Englishmen, who having degraded themselves by taking commissions in the ruffianly army of Austria, have sunk themselves to a still lower depth of infamy by expressing their sorrow for Marshal Haynau. It is true that this statement is made by notorious liars. As a specimen of the hideous mendacity of the *Chronicle's* correspondent, it will suffice to state that he has the audacity to assert that the kicking and pelting of HAYNAU is deplored even by the relatives of the victims murdered by that hoary and impenitent assassin!!! Can the force of lying further go?

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has been playing his part in the congenial work of lying and slandering. According to this worthy, the hunting of HAYNAU was the result of a plot got up by the German refugees, who also are busied in carrying out a still more terrible conspiracy, the object of which is the destruction of "the time-honoured institutions" of England, to be effected by swamping the workshops and factories with hundreds and thousands of real, live, German revolutionists! The story of the one conspiracy is as true as the other. The fifth of November, we understand, has been fixed upon for the blow-up of "our glorious institutions." Rare fun for the boys next Guy Fawkes' day!

"Drunken savages," and "brewery brutes," are amongst the choice epithets showered upon the punishers of HAYNAU by the *Times* and *Chronicle*. Let these insults be remembered. It is remarkable that every one of the slanderers of the brave brewers, whether writing as editor, or correspondent, has taken very good care to conceal his name. One of these friends of HAYNAU, masquerading under the signature of "Aliquis," in the *Times* of Sept. 18th, vents his fury on the firm of BARCLAY and PERKINS, and demands to know who they are and where they reside? He adds with great fierceness, "The name and address of each of them we must have and shall have!" Suppose the people turn the tables and demand the name and address of "Aliquis," "Civis," "Nemo," "A true Friend of the People," "An Old Officer," "A Chartist," and the rest of the gang of

masked libellers? Suppose the people demand to know the names of those hired tools of tyrants—the foreign correspondents of the *Times* and *Chronicle*? Suppose that the people begin to say “the name and address” of each of the editorial writers in the *Times* and *Chronicle*, “we must have and shall have that we may know who are the un-English defenders of women-floggers and assassins?” How will the friends of HAYNAU like that? The hyena’s jackalls will act wisely to “shut up” and be silent.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

(Continued from No. 13 of the *Red Republican*.)

CHAP. VII.

PROTEST.

The morrow of the decree* we published the following document:—

To the Central Provisional Government of Lombardy.

“GENTLEMEN,—“When, the prodigies of five days† accomplished, sublimely victorious and trusting in the results of its victory, the people, sole sovereign of this land rebought with its blood, accepted you for chiefs, it confided to you a double mission: to provide for the entire deliverance of the country; and to clear the ground upon which the expression of its wishes concerning the future destinies of the country might spontaneously manifest itself, render itself clear by a fraternal discussion, make itself accepted by all parties, and which, assuming, in the face of Europe a character of legal solemnity, would have been pure from base hopes and cowardly fears, worthy of Italy and of us.

“And the peoples of Italy who, well knowing that they were our brothers, all sent us, as far as distance and particular circumstances permitted, soldiers for the holy war, easily confirmed this same mission. They well understood that here on this Lombard soil, where the revolution and the triumph had been the work of the people, the destinies of all Italy were in agitation; that here, in this so important part of the Italian land, the free and considered vote of some millions of generous men was appealed to to solve the great and decisive question of the real tendencies, the instincts and desires, which are fermented in the hearts of the masses, and which must decide their new life.

“You understood this mission then, Gentlemen, or you appeared to understand it. And because you could not find in yourselves either the power or the right of an initiative, you solemnly declared on several occasions that the initiative belonged entirely to the people, and that the people only, when once the territory should be delivered and the war at an end, would have to discuss and to decide, in a constituent assembly, what forms should rule its political life.

“And in formally declaring this, you certainly did not understand what was impossible, unjust, that a whole people should for an indefinite period remain mute upon the gravest questions, those most vital for it: you could not reasonably pretend that it should fight without knowing why; that it should conquer without seriously asking itself what would be the fruits of its victory; that it should make itself the soldier of liberty, and commence by renouncing it, and by refusing to itself even the right of peaceful and brotherly discussion.

“Little by little opinions were revealed. This was a good thing, it was the preparatory education which you did not give to the people, but which was offered to it by the best among its brethren, in order that on the day of the election of the assembly it might utter an enlightened and well considered vote; it was a proof given to attentive

Europe that the Lombard populations had not arisen through a blind spirit of revolt, but because they felt that the times were ripe for them to enter, with the consciousness of their rights and of their duties, into the great community of nations. You ought not to have been dismayed, but rejoiced; you should only have used your influence to keep the lists open equally to all, and to give the discussion free course, sheltered from intrigues and violences, within the terms of a peaceful and brotherly polemic.

“You know Gentlemen! which, among the different opinions put forth, was the first to break the accepted limits of the discussion. You know that, whilst the opinion to which the undersigned had the honour of belonging, confined itself calm and tranquil to the ground of persuasion,—whilst it alone kept itself within the legal limits determined by you, always, on every occasion and with all its power, supporting you,—whilst it exaggerated even to its own detriment the virtue of moderation,—others more impatient because they were less sure of having reason, heated themselves even to the extent of changing the discussion into a quarrel, and friendly words to menaces. It was for you, popular as you were, to interfere as conciliators, and you did not. A little while after some men of the provinces, led into illegal and dangerous resolutions, openly supported the dismemberment of the collective unity of the State, spoke of immediate surrender, without the consent of their brethren, opened the way, by violating the obedience due to your central Government, to anarchy in the country; formed lists, offered them, invested with the prestige of some secondary authorities to the deceived leaders of the people, to ignorant inhabitants of the country; hastily collected signatures, and in several places did so fraudulently and abusing names. These abuses, these frauds, have been pointed out to you, Gentlemen; you have had the complaints and the proofs; some of us can recollect your words on this subject, and will know, on occasion, to reveal them to history. It was your sacred duty to punish these attempts, to enlighten, by your official word, the deceived populations; to remind them, to remind all, of your programme, and the reasons which required its maintenance, to spread it everywhere, with all the means you had at hand, to appeal to the love of country and the good sense of your fellow citizens. You have not done this, and, whilst the agitation which such manoeuvres had produced among the people, required to be calmed by a word from you, whilst the honestest men of all parties sought this from you, you have refused it: you have shut yourselves up in a fatal and inexplicable silence; motionless, you have allowed this state of things to be aggravated; and now that, thanks to the patriotism and good sense of the Lombards, the danger is weakened, you make the most of it, exaggerating it to disinculpate yourselves from the violation of the programme which the nation had accepted.—Now, when from some of the deceived towns, there comence to come to you, without your having provoked them, proofs of a return to a juster sentiment, and of protestations of adhesion to the original programme,—your decree of the 12th of May tears it up, sanctioning these fatal precedents, and calling upon the unprepared citizens to decide at once upon the fate of the country, having recourse to a system illegal, illiberal, without dignity, and invented for the exclusive triumph of one opinion over the other.

“The system of registers is illegal, because it violates, on your own authority, the programme which was the condition with the country of your political existence, because it takes away from the *Constituent Assembly* the most vital, the most decisive of all questions.

“It is illiberal, because it suppresses discussion, the indispensable basis of the vote; because it suppresses one of the inalienable rights of the citizen, and substitutes for the public and natural expression of the conscience of the country, the silence and the servility of a command. It is shameful, because it is precipitate; because it

tends to change that which ought to be a proof of love and reasoned conviction into a capitulation dictated by fear; because the state of war in which we are, and the presence of an army which represents one opinion, deprive this vote of all dignity; because in the eyes of Italy and of Europe we shall appear to be, wrongly, guided by immediate interests and by fear; because those generous men who are our brothers and who by their fighting for us, have saluted us by the name of brothers, might be taken, wrongly, for our conquerors. This system is fabricated for the exclusive triumph of one opinion over the other, because it chooses, to impose itself, the moment in which that opinion has prepared its ground by all manner of means and manoeuvres; and because you do not confine yourselves to demanding of the people whether or not it will immediately make a decision, but you exclude from your registries one of the possible solutions of the problem, by suppressing every vote which might be its expression.

“Gentlemen! you have violated your mission.

“However painful it may be, we believe it to be our duty to tell you so. It should indeed be very painful, not because the future destinies of Italy are interested in it,—the destinies of Italy rest in a region far more elevated than that in which provisional governments hestir themselves,—but because we have long defended and loved you, and because—we believe—the decree of the 12th of May will long trouble the peace of your consciences.

“Gentlemen! the immediate consequences of this decree might lead to great dangers to the internal tranquillity and liberty of the country. You are thus furnishing a pretext for the foreign intervention which we all deplore. In leaving your neutrality to range yourselves all at once on the side of an exclusive opinion, you are flinging an imprudent defiance at the opinions sacrificed.

“May God come to the aid of Italy, and keep far from her the peril of the foreigner which you invoke on her head. As for us, we love our common country more than ourselves. We will not pick up your glove. We will not resist in defence of our rights, because such resistance would be the commencement of civil war, and civil war, always culpable, would be doubly so now while the foreigner yet invades our lands: but our fellow-citizens will, we are sure, keep account of our abrogation.

“It is sufficient for us now, Gentlemen! solemnly to protest in the face of Italy and of Europe, and for the satisfaction of our conscience. The good sense of the nation and the future will do the rest.”

Thus, the republican party, deceived by false promises, long abused by the jesuitically benevolent protestations of the provisional government, afterwards pursued by shameful accusations, foolish menaces, and perfidious insinuations spread among the people,—the republican party, betrayed all at once in its dearest hopes by a decree which, for the free, solemn, and peaceful discussion of a Constituent Assembly after victory, substituted the silent vote of registries, with the sword of Damocles suspended over the heads of the voters,—the republican party replied in words of dignified and severe sadness to the violators of public faith. It declared that in view of the agreement which it alone had observed even to the 12th of May, it would not take up the challenge. At Genoa the crowd of enraged moderates burnt this protest. We could have replied, like Crematius Cordus—“Burn also all the good citizens of Italy upon the same pyre, for they know by heart the truths which we have just proclaimed.”

A few days after we published the programme of the *Italy of the People*. Our language was still the language of conciliation. We said—“Our mission is a mission of peace. Brothers among brethren, we recognise and claim the right of free speech, without which there is no fraternity possible. Who could or would contest this right with us? Is not thought sacred in Italy? Does not truth leap out of the conflict of opinions? Where is he who possesses it infallable, entire?

* For deciding the form of Government.

† The five days of the Milan insurrection. E. T.

Ah, if brothers could ever impose silence upon their brothers, if the difference of convictions as to the means to be employed to make our country one, free, and great, could ever render us the enemies of each other, this presentiment of an Italy to come would be but a lie and an irony. Let us all bow down respectfully before the sovereign judgment of the people, legally manifested. Let us accept the facts which, accepted by the people, shall serve as links between the present and that ideal which shines before us, like the star of our soul. But who therefore would dare say to us—*Renounce this ideal?* In the name of God, in the name of the inviolability of thought, act so that our flag, which you yourselves call the flag of the future, shall float borne by pure hands in the sphere of the ideal, like a presage hovering over the cradle of a people which aspires to be a nation! We well know that even though you take another way now, you will one day come to lift this flag from our tombs. But you shall raise it, enlightened, thanks to us, as to its true signification, as to the worth of those sacred words—*God and the People*—which flame on our escutcheon. And meanwhile, we will embrace upon the common ground which circumstances assign to us: *Deliverance of the country, expulsion of the foreigner who threatens us.* We will study together what are the most active, the most efficacious means for war against the Austrian; together we will rouse our people to the common work; we will point out to governments the way they must take to conquer, and we will march thereon with them. Our first thought is the war; the second the unity of the country; the third the form, the institutions, which shall assure its liberty and facilitate its mission."

Such were our words. And notwithstanding we were everywhere accused of having, by substituting a political idea for the question of independence, shackled the war, and disunited the forces which should have serried themselves for the combat. This false accusation was so well propagated and repeated, that even to-day it circulates in Italy and abroad, hawked about by deceived or perverse men. *The Republicans ought to have fought and they discussed.* History, however, informed of the facts, says, and will say, that the republicans were the first to fight the last to discuss. It will say that the republicans fought upon the barricades while the moderates were conspiring with Turin; that republicans were almost all those who sprang forth in pursuit of the Austrians from Milan, or gone out from Como, stopped not till they reached the Tyrol, whilst the Provisional Government was making the first steps in order possibly to manage a capitulation. It will say that they were republicans, the volunteers, who on the 11th of April, seized the powder magazines of Peschiera,—republicans the most of those who fought for the safety of Treviso, and sustained during eighteen hours, on the 23rd of May, in Vicenza, the shock of eighteen thousand Austrians with forty cannon,—republicans the students who, assembled in a body, asked, begged that they would lead them against the enemy,—republicans the men who at the end of May formed the corps called the *Lombard battalion*, and marched to the defence of Venice, abandoned and betrayed by the royal war. It will say that it was a republican and the founder of the *Democratic Society*, that Joseph Sirtori who conquered more recently so just a military renown in the war of Venice. It will say the same of Maestre, a member of the committee of defence in the last days of the republican war, and of all those who followed him; of Garibaldi, and lastly of Medici, who were the last to abandon the soil of Lombardy without caring for treaties or armistices. And history will also tell that all the propositions emanating from the republican party, had no other end than the war; that all the agitations which after the 12th of May exploded on the square of *San Fedele** had no other end but to excite to war, and to jog the inertness of the Provisional Government. Urbino, the promoter of the only demonstration which had a poli-

tical character—that of the 24th of May,—had but lately arrived from France, he was unknown to the republicans, and I have but once seen him.

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE: *Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. BOOUE, 86, Fleet-Street.

(Continued from No. 14 of the RED REPUBLICAN.)

WE give another extract descriptive of the persecution of printers and public writers in the reign of Charles II:—

"Other printers were seized and tried, but escaped more lightly than Twyn. Simon Dover, Thomas Brewster, and Nathan Brooks, were indicted at the Old Bailey for printing the speeches and prayers of some of the regicides. Newspapers dared not, under the new regime, publish such things, and the accused printers had ventured on their issue in a separate pamphlet. For this they narrowly escaped the gallows, and their temerity was punished by the pillory, by long imprisonment, and ruinous fines. L'Estrange it was who became the instrument for the apprehension of all such offenders. His evidence, in one case, will show how he was obliged to proceed. 'I came to the house of Nathan Brooks,' said he, 'about October last, and knocking at the door, they made a difficulty about letting me in. At last, seeing not how to avoid it, Brooks opened the door, and I asked him what he was? He told me he was master of the house. By and by comes one that lodged in the house, and throws down this book' (showing a book,) 'in the kitchen, with this expression, I'll not be hanged for never a rogue of you all. Do you hide your books in my chamber? This book had the speeches in it, and other schismatical treatises. After this I searched the next house; and there I found more difficulty to get in. But after a long stay, I saw the second floor in a blaze; and then, with a smith's sledge, I endeavoured to force the door, and one comes down and opens the door. I went in, and up-stairs, where I found about two hundred copies of the Prelatick Preachers, and certain notes of Nathan Brooks, wherein he mentions the delivery of several of these speeches, and other seditious pamphlets.' A charming occupation this for a cavalier, a scholar, and a gentleman—a compound of spy, inquisitor, and policeman! Lord Hyde found another occasion for the display of loyal brutality in the case of Benjamin Keach, who was put on his trial at Aylesbury Assizes, in 1665, for having written a small book, in which it was urged that laymen might preach the gospel—an indictable doctrine. When brought into court, the accused was treated so shamefully by the judge, that, a century afterwards, the conduct of Hyde became the subject of severe comment in the House of Commons. Keach avowed the authorship of the publication, and would have spoken in defence of it, but the Chief Justice interrupted him, by loudly declaring that the prisoner 'should not preach in that court to seduce and infect his Majesty's subjects;' and added, 'he would try him before he slept.' He did try him, and sentenced him also, and Keach stood twice in the pillory, whilst his book was burnt by the hangman before his face. A fine and imprisonment were also inflicted upon him, which he suffered, 'but he was never brought to make a recantation.' Indeed the fortitude of the early martyrs of the press forms a prominently remarkable feature in what remains to us of their history."

"The press was emancipated from the censorship soon after the revolution (of 1688), and the government (as Macaulay says) immediately fell under the censorship of the press." The government set up the "*Orange Intelligencer*." Opposition journals soon appeared, in which the character and proceedings of the authorities were unsparingly criticised. The licensing act was continued till the end of the session of 1693, and then finally terminated.

The printing of parliamentary proceedings was still prohibited. Newspapers went on increasing, and the word "*Reform*" began to find a place in journalist literature; indeed one paper edited by Dr. J. Wellwood, was entitled the "*Mercurius Reformatus*."

Queen Anne came to the throne on the 6th of March, 1702, and her reign is memorable in the annals of the press. Amongst those who defended the freedom of the press in her reign stands, first on the list, John Tutchin, who had been persecuted by Jeffreys, and suffered much in his youth. In 1704 he was editor of a paper called the "*Observer*," and in that capacity drew down upon himself the wrath of Queen and parliament. He was tried for libel, but escaped on an inconclusive verdict. Finding that he had escaped the meshes of the law, his enemies waylaid him in the night, and beat him so cruelly that he died of his wounds.

It was in the beginning of Anne's reign that De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, was sentenced to imprisonment, fine, and the pillory. We must complain that Mr. Hunt's notice of this noble Englishman is miserably meagre, and unsatisfactory. We trust that something will be done to amend this sin of omission in a future edition.

We now come to the period when a daily paper was first established. "The victories of Marlborough, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift created a mental activity in the nation, which could not wait from week to week for its news. Hence the appearance of a morning paper in 1709, under the title of the "*Daily Courant*."

"Not only in frequency of appearance did the newspapers of Queen Anne's day surpass their predecessors: they began to assume a loftier political position, and to take on a better outward shape—though still poor enough in this respect. The very earliest newspapers only communicated intelligence without giving comment; subsequently we find papers giving political discussions without news. In the publications subsequent to 1700 we find these two elements of a journal more frequently united. Mr. Hallam is inclined to regard this as the period when what he terms 'regular newspapers' began to obtain political importance in our constitutional system. He says, 'The publication of regular newspapers partly designed for the communication of intelligence, partly for the discussion of political topics, may be referred upon the whole to the reign of Anne, when they obtained great circulation, and became the accredited organs of different factions.' The year that produced the first daily newspaper in England gave birth also to the first of a group of publications, which had many of the characteristic features of journals, and were at the time regarded as such, though they cannot now be called newspapers. They appeared at stated intervals, occasionally gave intelligence of passing events and comments thereon, contained advertisements, and, when the stamp was imposed on newspapers, suffered the infliction of that impost equally with their more political rivals. They were—the *Tatler*, started in 1709; the *Spectator*, in 1711; the *Guardian*, and the *Englishman*, 1713; and the *Freeholder*, in 1715. These, though now seen in compact volumes, were originally issued in separate sheets, as their numbering indicates; and they contained, in addition to the elegantly-written papers now preserved, various items of news and advertisements, as the originals in the British Museum library bear witness. A list of noble names is suggested by the mention of these works. Addison and Steele, Swift and Bolingbroke, come at once into the arena, as mental combatants in the written political strife of the period. Swift, when he took side with the Tories, used his power of language and ready pen in the paper started by that party under the title of the *Examiner*; Bolingbroke wrote in the same journal; while the more elegant and familiar Addison, and the ready and versatile Steele, devoted their efforts to the service of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*."

* Where was the seat of the Provisional Government.

Poetry for the People.

THE LAST OF THE QUEENS AND THE KINGS.

Like one in torture, the weary world turneth
To clasp Freedom's robe round her slavery's starkness,
With shame and with shudder, poor Mother! she yearneth
O'er Hell's red wrong done, in her dearth, and her
darkness!

She gathers her strength up to crush the abhorred,
Who murder her poor heart, and drain her life's
springs;—

And are crown'd to hide the Cain-brand on the forehead:
She willeth them *last of the Queens and the Kings!*

And oh, by the lovers and friends we have cherished,
Who made our cause soar up like flame at their breath;
Who struggled like gods met in fight, and have perished
In Poverty's battle with grim, daily death!

Oh! by all dear ones that bitterly plead for us,
Life's-flowers, tied up in the heart's breaking strings!
Sisters that weep for us! Mothers that bleed for us!
Let these be *the last of the Queens and the Kings!*

Sun and rain kindle greenly the grave of the Martyr,
Ye might not tell where the brave blood ran like rain;
But the footprints all red, upon Liberty's Charter,
Still burn in our souls with indelible stain:

Think of the dark, bloody hurting they've wrought us!
Then smite till each Despot's helm flashes and rings.
Death for death! Life for life! is the lesson they've
taught us!

And these be *the last of the Queens and the Kings!*

Ho! weary night-watch! is there light on the summit;—
Yeerner, up thro' the night! say, is there hope?
For, deeper in darkness than fathom of plummet,
Our bark plunges mad in the storm, with blind grope.

"To God's unforgiven, to catiff and craven—"
"To crown and to sceptre a cleaving curse clings!"
"Ye must fling them from deck, would ye steer into
heaven—"

For Death tracks *the last of the Queens and the Kings!*

The swift sword of the People smites sharper than steel,
And the Lord fights for all who are girt with its sweep;
Wounds deeper than dagger the tyrants shall feel
Other guerdon than blood, the rich harvest we'll reap!

Tremble,—Mammonites,—Hypocrites—see! there! up
heaven—

Our coming day rolls, and its dawn-splendour flings—
And the avalanche loosens, half-launched and half riven,
That shall swoop down *the last of the Queens and the
Kings!*

ARMAND CARREL.

LABOUR'S ANTHEM.

SHALL Labour's children perish
Beneath the hoof of Wrong,
Still plodding on, heart-weary,
How long, O God! how long?

Men, like common grass are sold,
Blood is alchemised to gold,
And power is with the strong!
Souls, like stars, in dust are rolled,
How long, O God! how long?

Shall man scorn still his brother,
Who groans beneath the thong,
Which crime inflicts upon him,
How long, O God! how long?

Shall Labour's sons and daughters,
As fair as singing waters,
Be carrion for the strong!
Food for the warrior's slaughters,
How long, O God! how long?

Shall Freedom's dawn be never
On Labour's heaving sea;
Shall Love, and Truth, and Beauty,
In toiling hearts ne'er be?

Shall god-like Action veil its eyes
Before Wealth's idle mockeries,
The weak bow to the strong?
O, when shall slaves like gods arise,
How long, O God! how long?

Shall virtue live in sorrow,
A world of joys among;
Shall genius eat blood-sodden bread,
How long, O God! how long?

Thy world is fair as heaven can be,
Make it happy, make it free,
And peaceful as a song!
Father, make it worthy thee,
How long, O God! how long?

They wait to see thy power,
To crush the proud and strong;
They toil and starve in madness,
How long, O God! how long?

Lightnings smite the iron crown!
Thunders strike the guilty throne,
Based on fraud and wrong!
Lay the tyrant stiff as stone!
How long, O God! how long?

SHELDON CHADWICK.

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William Whitelock, Esq. Francis Lydell, Esq.
John Boyd, Esq. G. M. Murray, Esq.
Isaac Halse, Esq.

BANKERS:

Messrs. Rogers, Olding, Sharpe, and Co., Clement's Lane,
Lombard Street.

AUDITORS:

W. Ord, Esq., M.D. | G. H. Holges, Esq. | H. Brooks, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT:

J. H. James, Esq., Actuary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT:

Geo. Wollett, Esq., Manager
SECRETARY:—George Angus, Esq.

There are few persons so ignorant as not to understand the general principle of Life Assurance. But hitherto the advantages thereof have been limited to the upper and middle classes, from the fact that yearly, half-yearly, or at least quarterly, payments have been required—with which conditions the working classes have necessarily been altogether unable to comply. The ENGLISH AND CAMBRIAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY now proposes to extend the benefits of Life Assurance in all its details to the millions generally, by allowing the requisite payments to be made *weekly*. For this purpose Four Offices have been opened in different parts of London, at which the weekly payments will be received either on the Saturday evening, from seven till ten, or on the Monday morning, from ten till three.

FAMILIAR EXAMPLES;

Showing what the principle of Life Assurance will do for the Working Classes.

It has been stated above that the benefits of Life Assurance, in all its details, are now extended to the millions by the present arrangements. A few illustrations will practically show the Working Classes the various means by which these arrangements can be made available.

1. For instance, suppose a man at the age of 25 insures his life, so that whenever his death may take place, his widow, children, or any one whom he chooses, may receive £100, he will have to pay 11d. every week as long as he lives. But if he dies the next day after making the first payment, his family or heirs will receive the £100. By reference to Table 1 in the Society's Prospectus,* the

* Prospectuses may be obtained at either of the Offices.
rates of weekly payments for every sum, and for all ages, may be ascertained.

2. But suppose this man, aged 25, should desire to ensure to himself the payment of the £100 on his attaining the age of 55,—still also ensuring it to his wife, children, or whom he pleases, should he himself die before the attainment of that age,—he would have to pay 1s. 4d. every week. This is called an ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE; and for the various rates and sums, see Table 2 in the Society's Prospectus.

3. Suppose a man at the age of 25, wishes to ensure for himself the enjoyment of an annual pension of £10, to commence on his 50th birth-day, and continue as long as he lives, he will have to pay 1s. 14d. per week until he attains that 50th birth-day, the date at which the pension is to commence. This is called a DEFERRED ANNUITY; and for the various rates, see Table 4 in the Society's Prospectus.

4. Suppose a husband and wife—the husband aged 30, and the wife 25—wish to assure the sum of £100, to be paid to the survivor of them (that is, on the death of husband or wife, as it may happen), this would require 1s. 7d. per week. This is called a JOINT ASSURANCE. See Table 3.

5. Suppose a man aged 25, wishes to ensure to his wife (if she survive him) a pension of £10 a year, commencing at his death, and to be enjoyed by her as long as she lives, he must pay 1s. 14d. every week. This is called a SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITY. See Table 5 in the Society's Prospectus.

6. Suppose a man, aged 25, wishes to ensure to himself a pension of £10 yearly during his life, in the event of paralysis, insanity, accidents, or other bodily or mental afflictions totally disabling him: he must pay 4d. every week. See Table 6 in the Society's Prospectus.

7. Suppose an individual, aged 21, just entering upon life as a working-man, entertains the hope of some day being enabled to set up in business for himself. But whence to obtain the necessary capital to do so? His wages are not high enough to permit adequate savings. Suppose, then, that he assures his life for £400; he must pay 3s. 7d. every week. But at the expiration of 10 years, when he is 31, the Society will advance him £23 7s. 7d. upon his policy; or with the addition of two approved sureties, at least £100, to be repaid in a given number of years by quarterly instalments.

8. Or again, suppose that a young man of 21, with good character and connexions, but no capital, wishes to set up in a little business: if he can give the security of two approved householders, he may borrow £100 of the Company, assuring his life as an additional guarantee for the repayment.

9. Suppose that a young tradesman, in the early struggles of business, becomes involved in difficulties, from which he is, however, confident of being enabled to extricate himself by means of his industry and his prospects, if time be allowed him; he will find that, by assuring his life for the benefit of his creditors, the time he requires, or the compromise he may wish to make, will be readily granted.

10. Suppose that the member of a Building Society requires a loan for a short period, for the purchase or erection of property previous to receiving any advances upon his shares; or suppose that such member requires money to maintain his share subscriptions: the English and Cambrian Assurance Society will entertain his application for the loans thus required.

INSTRUCTIONS

How to proceed to effect a Life Assurance, &c.

The moment an individual has made up his mind to avail himself of any of the advantages above set forth, he must apply at the Principal Office, or at either of the District Offices, for a Printed Form of Proposal, which he must return when filled up; and he must call upon the Medical Officer on the ensuing Monday, at the District Office, in Charlotte Street, or on Thursday, at the District Office in Trinity Street, between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. This is all the trouble which the initiative process will give him; and there are no entrance fees of any kind to pay. The first step being thus taken, the individual will have nothing more to do than make his payments regularly at the particular Office which he may select for the purpose.

INDISPUTABILITY OF LIFE ASSURANCES.

No Life Assurance, effected with this Society, can be disputed, except on the ground of Fraud.

FIRE ASSURANCE.

However small the personal property of the working-man may be, it is nevertheless as valuable to him as the contents of a palace are to its wealthy owner. For the most trifling amount paid ANNUALLY, he may assure against Fire his Wearing Apparel, Furniture, Tools, &c.; and the same advantage is extended to the Clerk, Shopman, or Domestic Servant. Assurances are granted for so low a sum as £10, for which a special table of premiums has been prepared, and can be obtained at any of the Offices.

The District Offices will be open for Receipt of Assurance Payments upon Saturday Evenings, from 7 till 10 o'clock; and upon Mondays from 10 till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Offices will also be open to receive proposals for Assurances, and to afford information upon the subject, upon Thursday Evenings, from 7 till 10 o'clock.

From the day a man loseth his liberty, he loseth one half of his antient virtue.—*Homer*.

—*Nothing brooks*

Confinement save degenerate man alone.—*Mason*.

As there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded on justice and honour; so there is nothing more shameful, and at the same time more pernicious, when obtained by bad measures, and purchased at the price of liberty.—*Folybius*.

It is mockery to call a man free whom you deprive of a voice in the making of the laws he is compelled to obey.—*Sir W. Jones*.

Let Erin remember the days of old,

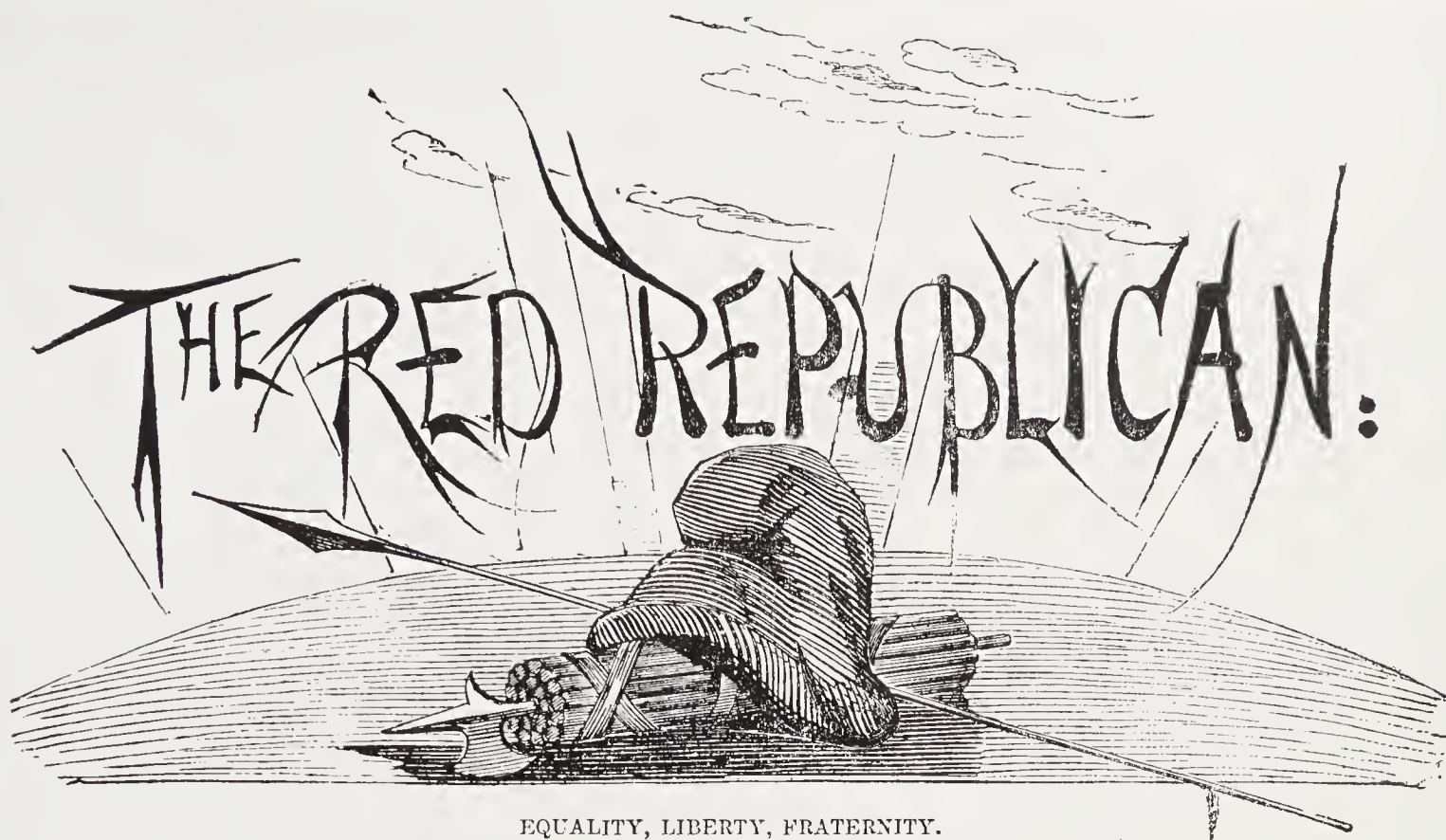
E're her faithless sons betrayed her.—*Moore*.

Brasidas, the famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "O, Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "what animal is so contemptible but may gain its liberty if it will contend for it."

The true foundation of republican government is the equal right of every citizen in his person and property, and in their management.—*Jefferson*.

To say that private men have nothing to do with government, is to say that private men have nothing to do with their own happiness or misery; that people ought not to concern themselves whether they be naked, or clothed, fed, or starved, deceived, or instructed, protected, or destroyed.—*Gordon*.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

No. 16.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XIII.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

THE ALLEGED "PROSPERITY" AND "IMMORALITY" OF THE WORK- ING CLASSES.

THE *Leeds Mercury*, the principal organ of the Yorkshire capitalists, has favoured its readers with a highly finished picture of the state of "The Working Classes"; the brightness of their "prosperity" being admirably contrasted with the blackness of their "immorality." I touched upon this subject in my last letter, but a few more words thereon will not be out of place in answer to the cant and humbug just now dealt in by those who assuming the air and tone of patrons and guides, are taking credit for philanthropy by graciously bestowing on the working classes—"advice gratis."

The *Leeds Mercury* asserts that "the working classes have it now in their power to raise themselves above the ordinary effects of bad trade and sickness; and to secure their future comfort and independence." It adds that if they fail to do this "they will only have themselves to blame for their future sufferings."

The *Mercury* omits to furnish its readers with a statement of the wages at present paid in Yorkshire, perhaps deeming such information superfluous; as it may be to its local readers. It contents itself with affirming that the working men are "almost uni-

versally employed" at wages "unusually good." It would be well if the cloth-workers, woolcombers, &c., would throw a little light on this subject so that we in the south might be able to judge whether the toilers in the north are really making fortunes without the trouble of taking a voyage to California.

Whatever may be the present rate of wages, it is notorious that the present season of "prosperity" was preceded by a lengthy period of adversity, during which the working classes suffered great privations, all of course, according to the *Mercury*, their own fault! Those privations occasioned both suffering during the time being, and a legacy of difficulties to contend with when brighter days should come. The working man cannot long suffer want of employment without finding himself and family reduced to "short commons." Presently the unwilling idler is constrained to get a few loaves of bread, and perhaps some few other necessities on credit. Time rolls on, and insensibly the debt enlarges. At length the petty shop-keeper begins to entertain fears that his unfortunate customer is doomed to remain some time longer without employment, refuses to give further credit. There is now no resource but the pawnshop. If the head of the family has a watch, that is usually the first article consigned to the clutches of the usurer. Next follows the man's Sunday suit of clothes, then—should the "hard times" continue,—articles of dress belonging to the wife, and little household comforts and ornaments the produce of long years of prudent management. In the meantime the rent has been unpaid; week by week the arrears have been fearfully accumulating, and if the family ultimately escapes

that crowning misery, the invasion of the "landlord," and broker, and seizure of the "goods," the father and mother bless their good fortune! Perhaps, too, during this trying time, the wife has been "confined," and one or two children have been "laid up;" perhaps, even there has been a death in the family. A doctor's bill, and not uncommonly an undertaker's bill in addition, await the workman's restoration to employment.

The cycle of trade recommences. The "glut has diminished, perhaps a new market has been opened; and there is "a return of confidence" to be ere long succeeded by renewed "speculation." The proletarian—who perhaps during a year or two has had but partial employment, and during several months no employment at all; who has been wandering the streets, and tramping through the country begging some "brother of the earth to give him leave to toil"—at last obtains work. Now his creditors beset him. By weekly instalments he must pay the debt owing to the baker, and the chandler. If the "landlord" has mercifully allowed the rent to accumulate without "distressing" his tenant the arrears must now be paid off. The doctor for the second or third time sends in his "bill"; and if the undertaker has been employed his account must also be liquidated. Months upon months must pass away before these pulls upon the weekly wage are even partly satisfied. New clothing must be had for the children, and if possible the articles of dress, &c., belonging to the parents must be redeemed from the pawnbroker. A new birth or a new fit of sickness is nearly sure to occur in the course of the first year of the "good times." Finally, supposing all things to have gone well; suppos-

ing the head of the family to have been constantly employed from the commencement of the revival of "good trade;" supposing him to have cancelled his debts to the baker, the chandler, the doctor, &c., and redeemed his clothing, &c., from the pawnbroker; supposing, too, that he has been enabled to purchase more or less of "new things" for his family;—by the time he finds himself in a position to commence "saving" the markets are again glutted, the reaction is commencing and "short time," reduction of wages, &c., herald the approach of a new season of adversity, and consequent repetition of all the evils just described.

This description of the working of the system may not apply to every individual member of the working class; but it is a true picture of the great mass. Perhaps it will be objected that working men do not burden themselves with the discharge of their debts as above stated. It may be that many do not, but I am persuaded that the vast majority do exhibit both a horror of getting into debt, and a conscientious desire to discharge any debts adversity may have forced upon them. Not amongst the aristocracy, not amongst the *bourgeoisie*, but amongst the proletarians is to be found a chivalric regard for honour thought linked with privations, in preference to enjoyment associated with debt. Doubtless there are too many unprincipled members of the working order, but taken as a class, the proletarians may, as regards a sense of honour, as well as in most other respects, safely defy comparison with the "respectable" and "superior" orders.

Want of employment with its necessary privations and difficulties is with great numbers of the working class a matter of yearly occurrence. For instance, the great majority of operatives employed in the building trades have either no employment, or but partial employment *every winter*. Other trades have their "slack seasons," and, consequently, without the more sweeping evil denominated "a commercial crisis," a large proportion are constantly engaged in a hard to mouth struggle to keep or redeem themselves from debt, and their children from absolute starvation. The "prosperity" of the working classes I have heard JAMES LEACH of Manchester happily describe, as very like the "prosperity" enjoyed by a mouse doomed to destruction by a cat. As is well known the feline species take a cruel delight in playing with their victims before administering the *coup de grace*. The mouse under the claws of the cat is unquestionably in a state of adversity. Presently the little creature is permitted to proceed a few inches unmolested by puss, that is the mouse's season of "prosperity;" but just as the victim is on the point of securing life and liberty, down come the heavy paws of the enemy, restoring the reign of adversity. Presently the mouse is again trifled with, and allowed a new gleam of "prosperity." Just such is the "prosperity" of the victimised proletarian.

The cotton-spinners, woolcombers, cloth-workers, &c., of Lancashire and Yorkshire may speak for themselves, and affirm or deny the "unusually good wages" they are said to be in the receipt of. I content myself with protesting against the assumption that the agricultural labourers; the ill-paid tailors, shoemakers, cabinet makers, &c., and the wretchedly-paid needlewomen, labourers,

&c., of the metropolis, have it in their power to raise themselves above the ordinary effects of bad trade and sickness; and that "if they fail to do so they will only have themselves to blame for their future sufferings." Disgust and indignation contend for pre-eminence in reflecting on the mocking insolence of the impudent charlatans, who advise labourers and slop-workers to invest their *spare cash* in the savings banks, "to secure their future comfort and independence!"

The *Leeds Mercury* in exhibiting the delights of "saving," shows that the man zealous in screwing and scraping, may have a trifle to spare "for his country, and for the cause of God." By the "country" the *Mercury* means "the state," that is the locust swarm of tax-gatherers and tax eaters who rob the poor man of nearly six-pence out of every shilling he earns. Does the *Mercury* recommend the working classes to "save," in order to give the government a pretext for levying new taxes? But "the cause of God;" surely that is a holy cause! The *Leeds Mercury* is the principal provincial organ of "the dissenting interest," and in advising the working man to "save," that he may have "a trifle for the cause of God," that journal means "a trifle" for the pockets of those precious maw-worms "who devour widows houses and for a pretence make long prayers." In these "good times" ministers and missionaries and all the rest of the canting horde (who take in the natives at home, and compass sea and land to "diffuse the blessings of English religion and civilization,") must plunge their claws deeper and deeper into the pockets of their dupes, or otherwise they would lack their share of the general "prosperity." Amongst the advantages of these "good times," the *Mercury* includes cheap Bibles. "The oldest and best of books, the Bible, may be purchased for one-fourth of its former price." The *Mercury* conceals the damning fact that the cheapness of bibles has been brought about by reducing the wages of printers, folders, stitchers, and binders, to the starvation level. The cheap bible constituting part and parcel of the "prosperity" of Leeds, indicates an increase in the want and prostitution so frightfully prevalent in London!

The *Leeds Mercury* repeats the canting charge against the working classes that "they voluntarily tax themselves to the enormous amount of fifty millions sterling, annually, in the consumption of intoxicating drinks." As much as any one can do, I regret that so many of the working people should injure and degrade themselves by drunkenness; but I protest against the falsehood and injustice of singling out the proletarians as the only consumers of intoxicating drinks. Still more strongly I protest against the insolence of those who dare to lecture the working classes on their "immorality" while they themselves live by the most immoral system that ever this earth was afflicted with—a system which bases the wealth, luxuries, and pleasures of the few, upon the poverty, crime, and misery of the many. The *Leeds Mercury* is horrified that the working classes should (as it alleges) tax themselves to the amount of fifty millions annually in exchange for alcoholic drinks; but it has not a word to say on the immorality of the wealth-producers being taxed to the amount of some THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS for the support of Royal Paupers, noble

pensioners, aristocratic land-robbers, labour-grinding capitalists, usurers, stock-brokers, money-jobbers, lawyers, parsons, soldiers and shopocrats, with their wives, children, (legitimate and otherwise), mistresses, flunkies, horses, dogs, &c., &c., *who all—horses and dogs excepted—consume intoxicating drinks, guzzle, gormandize, and delight in other pleasant sins, for the most part impossible for the working classes to be guilty of!* Why, thou psalm-singing censor of "Marsh Lane" and "Mabgate," why dost thou not carry thy preachings to those classes *who take their full swing of pleasant sins and sinful pleasures at the cost of the poor—the plundered and cheated children of Labour?*

Undoubtedly the working classes are far from being faultless. Ignorance, servility, and a want of self-respect are too widely visible, and a state of apathy in respect of their rights and interests, even amongst those who see through the villany of the present system, are evils deplored by their true friends. Let them reflect and resolve to forthwith turn over a new leaf, and begin a new and glorious chapter in their history. Whatever truth there may be in the alleged "good wages" at present enjoyed, by a portion of the working classes, even that lucky portion must know—their knowledge being the fruit of bitter experience—that days of depression will again come. The *Leeds Mercury* acknowledges that "these prosperous times cannot last for ever. Fluctuation seems to be a necessity of our trade as it is of our harvests. When prosperity is not checked by circumstances it spoils itself." An admission which should rouse even the most fortunate of the workers to a sense of the necessity of engaging in a determined struggle to change the present system. Not merely the fear of adversity, but adversity itself is even now crushing to the earth vast numbers of the sons and daughters of Industry. Surely they have sufficient reason to wish for a change that shall guarantee them labour and the full fruits thereof. Teetotalism for the reformation of drunkards is very good. Association for those who can save a little from their earnings to enable them to work for their own benefit, to the exclusion of sweaters and slave-drivers is also very good. But for the masses there is no salvation while the present political system endures. The Editor of the *Free-thinkers Magazine* lately observed, with great truth, that "The road to true society, or useful extended, and practicable association, lies through THE REPUBLIC. There is no royal road." I will only add that the road to THE REPUBLIC, lies through UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

If a man can bring his mind once to be positive and fierce for propositions, whose evidence he has never examined, and that in matters of the greatest concernment, he will naturally follow this short and easy way of judging and believing in cases of less moment, and build all his opinions upon insufficient grounds.—*Watts*.

Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator! and if time, of course, alter things to the worse; and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon*.

Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar? Where would be the atrocious guilt of an experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?—*Mackintosh*.

ON THE PAST FAILURES AND FUTURE POLICY OF DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS.

[The labours of the Committee appointed by the CONFERENCE OF DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL REFORMERS, lately held in London, has not been without fruits, which may interest our readers. At a recent meeting, Mr. Holyoake presented the basis of a Programme, which was entertained with interest, and the following correspondence between that gentleman and Mr. Thornton Hunt, eldest son of "Leigh Hunt," so long and widely known to the public, may prove of interest to the readers of the *Red Republican*, and lead to useful discussion.]

G. J. HOLYOAKE TO THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

"Leader Office," September 13, 1850.

MY DEAR THORNTON,—The discriminating spirit and capacity for action which I have reported to you as growing up among the Working Classes, you will be pleased to hear received confirmation last night in the proceedings of the Committee of the Democratic and Social Conference.

I enclose you the programme which those present unanimously resolved shall form the basis of a new Union. In its brevity, comprehensiveness, and purpose, you will see the result of the useful conversations I have had with you. Accustomed as you are to consider politics from that point which bears upon the large interests of men, you may see how it may be further adapted so as to include national parties and needs: if so I should be glad of your suggestions.

None know better than yourself the cumbrous and lifeless machinery hitherto current among political bodies, under the name of "organisations"—which may be defined as the contrivance by which political energy has been enabled to expire. It is to this matter we shall come next. If a form of organisation, having the capacity of articulation, occurs to you, I think others beside myself would be glad of your ideas on the subject.—Yours, ever affectionately.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Copy of Programme enclosed.

Resolved, that the Programme of the DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL UNION shall demand the following measures of the government:—

1. Manhood Suffrage, with all other enactments necessary to secure its full efficiency.
2. A Law of Partnership on the principle of limited responsibility, making the Association of Workmen possible.
3. Freer access of Labour to Land, making Home Colonisation possible, with such other regulations as shall secure the Independence of Industry.

THORNTON HUNT'S REPLY.

Hammersmith, September 17, 1850.

MY DEAR HOLYOAKE,—I received with the greatest satisfaction and hopefulness the account which you gave me of the proceedings in the Committee of the Democratic and Social Conference, and I do recognise in it that discriminating spirit and capacity of action which you have reported to me as growing up among the working classes. We know from the past, that the present stagnation in political affairs, is not a condition that will endure; but that it must pass away as the seasons do in their turn. And I am very glad to see the representatives of the working classes preparing such plans for the movement of future seasons, as may give to those movements more immediate and effective results than have been hitherto attained.

I am inclined to think that the comparatively small results attending the movements of the working classes may be ascribed to the fact, that the working classes have too generally striven for things that were not direct and immediate in their effects, but only measures instrumental to some ulterior and remoter measures; or if they were otherwise, then beneficial, not to the working classes, but only to the employing classes, or the governing classes. The Chartist movement might have had more tangible consequences if it had promised such immediate and material benefits to the working

classes. It would have kept the whole body of the working and labouring classes of this country united and active in its support. But it would seem from the result, that the strictly political character of that movement, which aimed at obtaining a political instrument for the future use of the working classes, failed to inspire the great masses of the entire country with that ardent wish for its realisation, and perfect faith in its advantages, which might be called forth by measures of a more immediate kind and tangible promise. It is for that reason that I am glad to see the programme of the Democratic and Social Union. It appears to be far more calculated than the Charter to include, as you say, national parties and needs.

I think it might be further shaped to attain those ends; but if I were addressing any one but yourself, I should hesitate to make the suggestions which occur to me; because, wholly unknown as I must be to the members of the Democratic and Social Committee, having as yet done nothing that can have earned their confidence, there would be the grossest presumption, if I were to make any move in the nature of suggesting alterations in their deliberate resolve. I cannot suppose, in the first place, that I have any claim on their attention; in the second place, that I can have half so much knowledge as they of the programme which might attract support among the working classes. Nevertheless, viewing the whole subject in the broadest point of view,—looking to the actual state of the country, of the people, and the times, I am disposed to think, that a programme might be constructed both more comprehensive and more attractive to the largest body of the people.

I observe, that in all classes of society—from those whose whole political energy is devoted to the defence of the immense wealth and privileges that they have, down to the poorest,—there are three subjects just now that engage a very active attention; an attention which variously takes the forms of apprehension or hopefulness—of a determination to move, or a determination to resist movement. The apprehension, and the determination to resist, however, possess a very small fraction of the whole number—a wealthy and privileged faction; that class erroneously fearing that its interests are pledged to maintain a bad state of society in which an exalted condition, by contrast, seems happiness. As if to be exalted above general discontent or misery, were better than to share the general happiness of all: as if it were better to be the few saved in a deluge, than to have the whole race on dry land and fertile.

The three subjects that so much occupy discussion, not only in public, but in every sort of private circle, are the totally unsatisfactory state of the suffrage, the sense of which is accompanied by a further sense that universal suffrage is not the dangerous thing which it was supposed to be, less than five years ago; secondly, the excessively vitiated state of our taxation, with its enormously oppressive amount, and the unjust burthen of the national debt—you can scarcely have a conception of the extent to which free discussion on this subject proceeds, even among the 'respectable' classes; thirdly, the impropropriation of the land of England to the comparatively small class, who have by gradual encroachment, converted their feudal position of landlords into the commercial position of land-owners. Whatever the different views of policy and expediency may be, society is very largely imbued with the conviction, that it is unjust to withhold the suffrage from any man of decent honesty and intelligence,—which is as much as to say from any but idiots and criminals. The financial reformers who stand before the public very imperfectly represent the feeling, now spreading rapidly and widely throughout society, against the burdensome arrangement of our taxation, and the absurdity of continuing for ever the spendthrift blunders of our forefathers. It is very remarkable that this feeling should be so widely extended and so strong in society at large, and be represented in so feeble and abstract a manner by the so-called Financial Re-

formers; and I am convinced that if the representatives of the working classes were to set forth the principle of a measure applying to this subject, they would "take the wind out of the sails," of the Financial Reformers, and receive a very hearty response even amongst the middle class; for this subject may be said to be, at present, the political idea of the middle class. The signs of the attention bestowed on the subject of land, are far too numerous and palpable for me to enlarge upon them. I need only mention the unceasing talk about Home Colonisation; Mr. O'Connor's measures, and his large list of subscribers; the Freehold Land Societies; such societies as the Redemption Society of Leeds; such books as those of Kay, the brother of the pet of the Privy Council; of Laing; of John Stuart Mill; and I can assure you that the word catches the ear in every variety of social circle.

As a further element in this consideration, I survey on the map of society, the political condition of its several circles. I see the party, which I do not know how to designate better than as the "Radical" party, very much at a loss for some measure of sufficient breadth and weight to bring its members together, and therefore they are acting for the most part as a kind of auxiliary legion, paid for a precarious subserviency to government, with the half sneering, half earnest compliments of ministers. I see the middle classes showing a very general disposition to move for an amended taxing system, but unable to produce from among themselves an effective organisation to that end. The self-appointed leaders seem either to go off into abstractions, like the Liverpool Reformers, or to flinch from effective action, like many of the Financial Reformers; whilst among them are men who, like Walmsley and Bright, show a strong disposition for an ambitious and energetic activity; from which they are kept back by the pusillanimity of their party, or the selfish doubts of some clever leading men. I see that the politically active section of the working classes in towns adhere to their standing idea of universal suffrage. I see that the people of Ireland, much chastened in their political action by the calamities and mistakes which they have suffered, are fastening upon the idea of the land. I see that throughout recent history, the labouring classes of the English rural districts, have never been brought into effective action, or into union with their brethren of the towns, although on critical occasions, they have shown, by flaming signs, their disposition to very energetic action; and already in some districts, as among the men of Wiltshire, a very striking ability to grapple with political subjects.

I take all these elements of the consideration into view; I also keep in mind that any popular programme must be in its nature very simple, and, I think, limited to three points, like that which you sent me,—since the members of a triunity are borne in mind with almost as much ease as unity. I think, then, that your programme should include the leading political idea of the working classes in towns; the leading idea of the middle classes—one also having the very greatest importance for the working classes; the leading idea of the Irish population, one already engaging the attention of every class in this country, and calculated instantly to call forth the activities of the rural population.

I would make the programme, therefore, include manhood suffrage, taxation reform, and land.

Now all these, I think, strike at once at the fundamental principles of government. By means of universal suffrage, we attain the sanction of the people. Under the present financial system, not only is taxation a very serious element in the outlay of every man,—on an average, about £12 a-year for every father of a family, exclusively of local taxation,—but it is also the great lever for regulating the state of commerce, and therefore of the employment market; first of all, by its action on the revenue, and then by being, in the shape of funding, the most powerful and intractable form of accumulated capital that ever existed in the

world. The finance question is one, therefore, of incalculable importance; at the same time that, in a political point of view, it has the advantage of already engaging the attention of a very large part of the population, a very influential part, and one that for all sakes had better be on the side of the working classes than against them. Not that I would ever flinch where resistance is necessary. You know me.

Land is the basis of all industry; proper land tenure, with political freedom in the towns, would almost determine the nature of the labour laws. Because free access to the land, with political freedom in the towns, would give to the working classes both a test and an instrument of freedom. I would, indeed, include in the programme a separate section on the subject of emancipating industry and facilitating association, but that I see the necessity of limiting it, as the democratic and social committee have done, to a trinity; and I feel convinced that all classes of social reformers are now alive to the idea that their efforts must take the land for their basis. The land, then, if its relation be properly indicated by the wording of the programme, may stand as the test and natural representative of the Communistic idea.

To furnish you, therefore, my dear Holyoake, with the suggestions which you invite, and placing them in your hands for use, at your own discretion, I would draw out a programme somewhat in the following form:—

1. Manhood suffrage; with the enactments necessary to secure its full freedom and efficiency.

2. Financial reform; with a full revision of the taxing system, and measures for the extinction of the national debt.

3. Industrial security upon the land; comprising measures to secure the free access of labour, home colonisation, associations of workmen, and a genuine poor-law.

The first head of this programme would secure the working politicians of the towns.

The second head would conciliate, in a more or less explicit form, the support of the middle classes, including the farmers and most payers of the income tax; it would secure the whole mass of the working classes throughout the three kingdoms, by offering a measure which might at once relieve them from the terror of that incubus of our day, the tax-gatherer.

The third head, properly expounded, would secure concurrence from the scattered circle of social reformers, whether you call them Christian socialists, Owenites, Fourierists, or Communists; it would draw into our union the effective alliance of the Irish population; it would make the hitherto disengaged population of the English rural districts feel that popular political agitation was now coming home to their own miserable hovels—restoring them to the land from which they are being exiled, or on which they starve; securing to their declining years the prospect of provision, instead of imprisonment, and to their present industry an immediate improvement of condition, with a rise of wages.

I feel that I must too much extend this letter, already gigantic in its proportions, to do justice to the items of such a programme. I wish it could have been possible for me to attend at your meetings, but I was not sooner aware that I should be permitted to do so; and on Sunday next I shall be out of town. It is useless, of course, to refer you or the committee to the progress of my letters on social reform; which will set forth these points more fully and distinctly. In the meantime, however, come what may, I can foresee that I shall give a very hearty support to the programme which has been adopted by the social and democratic committee.

I have not yet reflected sufficiently on the subject of organization, to suggest anything specific, worth your notice. It is evident, from the great extension of any national party, that it must have within it many sects, and each one of those sects ought to find its representative in the general or-

ganization. The plan, therefore, should be at once simple and elastic, capable of adaptation to the varying circumstances of the several districts. It success would depend mainly upon the structure and efficiency of the central body. Three points, however, have struck me in all that has been done hitherto in the service of a popular party. First, the ruling body of the organization has been a great deal too exclusive; so that, instead of offering the means of uniting such outlying persons of several classes as might have combined with the people, it has had the effect of isolating the working classes from other classes, not so numerous, but still of much political importance. I do not know whether some sort of jealousy was mingled with this exclusiveness. A still more serious want, was the absence of sufficient faith in the popular body, to endow the managing body with full powers, and to maintain those powers under varying circumstances. The deficient faith was caused in some degree, I have no doubt, by the transparently mercenary conduct of some able officers of the Chartist body. But, even mercenary motives would not always destroy the value of a public servant; and, in any case, it is better to depose a public servant, than to continue his employment, and at the same time to mistrust him. His employment should not outlast the trust reposed in him. A third neglect was that of taking no pains to obtain social and political influence. The Chartists never possessed any influence, excepting with the Chartists; a fact which indicates a remarkable want of judgment among those who managed their affairs, since no body comprising such great numbers, so much personal ability, and such political earnestness, could have failed to obtain very considerable influence with the whole body of the people, unless the energies of the party had been perverted by proceedings which tended positively to diminish influence. I am not now criticising the conduct of the Chartist body and its managers; I believe myself to be simply stating historical facts, which are before you and your friends; and it is those facts, not I, that suggest the necessity of repealing that error in any future movement, by taking some pains to obtain a genuine political and social influence for the popular body. That process would not be difficult, if it were tried through the medium of a well-constructed staff. This object, however, implies a good deal of grave consideration, and zealous work in the next stage, after you have settled your programme.

Were all the conditions fulfilled which I have so hastily indicated, I believe it would be quite possible for the working classes to construct a national party, and to take the lead in establishing a national policy; in which they must be followed by other classes, whose interests are already engaged in favour of the objects which I have named, but who do not possess the zeal or the courage to make the necessary advance.

Believe me, my dear Holyoake,

Yours affectionately,

THORNTON HUNT.

Natural rights are a man's rights to his life, limbs, and liberty; his right to the produce of his labour; to the use in common with others, of air, light, water. If a thousand different persons, from a thousand different corners of the world, were cast together upon a desert island, they would from the first be every one entitled to these rights.

Adventitious rights are the rights of a king over his subjects: of a general over his soldiers; of a judge over the life and liberty of a prisoner; a right to elect or appoint magistrates, to impose taxes, decide disputes, direct the descent or disposition of property; a right, in a word, in any one man, or particular body of men, to make laws and regulations for the rest. For none of these rights would exist in the newly inhabited island.—*Paley.*

The lowest condition of life, with freedom attending it, is better than the most exalted station under restraint. Indeed, a state of slavery, with whatever seeming grandeur and happiness it may be attended, is yet so precarious a thing, that he must want sense, honour, courage, and all manner of virtue, who can endure to prefer it by choice.—*Dr. Croxall.*

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER II.

"We believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us."

We cannot be said to believe in Humanity unless we believe in its progressive development. Deny progress and development, and Humanity is but an idle word. It would mean only the men and women of the present generation, to whom any one might dispute his owing any duty, if he choose to live secluded and severed from them, helping and hurting none, refusing to receive or give, to have any dealings, to make any bargains with them. For cut off the past and the future, and one may well consider all connection with mankind as matter of bargain, and be not in any wise his "brother's keeper," but as careless of his next neighbour as of one at the antipodes.

But Humanity means the whole, the totality of human kind: not only the men and women of this "present generation," but of all ages, past, present, and to come. You cannot confine yourself to the present generation. What, indeed, is the "present generation," when every day adds and takes away a thousand lives in this little corner of Britain alone? Every minute many of the "present generation" becoming numbered with the past—every minute the future generation coming into presence.

Here is the basis of duty toward Humanity—the duty which is imposed upon us as a moral law, a law of God—the duty which is the relation of a part of the whole. As well might the atoms of a diamond, or the several parts of a flower, deny their position with relation to the perfect diamond or the flower, as man deny his position as a part of humanity,—disclaiming the duties which such position entails, refusing the service to which he is so bound, with the poor current excuse, "that it is not his place" to perform such dutiful service. The common expression intimates the common duty. It is a man's "place" to serve humanity. The place of the part, in subservience to the whole.

What shall he serve except this progressive development? What is the meaning of all history, if it is not this?—that the struggles and sacrifices of one generation are made for another; that the triumphs of the past are inherited by the future; that a gain in any corner of the world spreads, slowly or rapidly, over the whole globe; and that to-day stores all the harvest of the former ages, not for its own consuming, but for transmission to the Future—borrowing the sustenance and support needful for its own brief journey, and repaying with the interest of whatever its own exertions can accumulate. To-day is but the steward, who hands the wealth of the Past to the real heir—the Future. Let us mount never so high over the piled-up treasures of the Past, the summit of our achievement will be only a vantage ground, from which the Future shall start in quest of loftier worth.

How shall one isolate himself from the future or from the past? How from the future when not a deed he may do, nor a word he may utter, nor a thought that stirs his innermost soul, but is as the first touch upon the electric wire, repeating its consequences to countless ages? How from the Past? Take any Englishman among us; is not his nature and organization, his very conformation the result of ages? Is he nothing changed, in no way advanced from the first savage of the world? Have not Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, each and all, contributed to form him such as he is? Nor only Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, but also all who had previously helped to form them. Is not his very physical structure, a growth and combination, fed and collected from nearly every portion of the world? Is not his mind somewhat richer for the thoughts of all time; his knowledge the sum of the acquirements of all times? Be he never so poor, is he not a debtor to the past? Have not the religions of the past done something for him; has not the science of the past done something too? Which of us taught himself to till

the earth? Which of us has discovered, for his own behoof, the whole art and mystery of clothing? Which of us crosses the ocean without aid from those who have gone before? Which of us is not indebted for some of those high-soaring and holy thoughts, which light even the darkest hearts, and brighten even the dullest eyes, to the buried poets and prophets of Humanity? In infancy, youth, sickness, accident, and age, we depend upon the services of others: in vigorous manhood we are no more independent though sometimes we compel the contribution without which we should scarcely exist. What more argument is needed to prove that man is a part of humanity—a debtor to humanity; that the part must bear relation to the whole, that the debtor owes—his duties. Let the honest man pay his debt! This is the moral law imposed upon us; and the fulfilment of this consists in aiding to our uttermost by thought, and word, and act, “the progressive development of human faculties and forces.”

“We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain this end.”

How else? If men would navigate a ship they associate. If they would work a mine or reclaim a waste land they associate. If they would build a town they associate. If they would make war, for conquest or in self-defence, still they must associate. The *Laissez-faire* (the *let-alone*) system can only suit those who have no recognition of humanity as a whole, nor knowledge of any relation between men except that of buyers and sellers, whose sole business is personal gain. Yet even in the market there is association, though it be only of some few over-crafty men, to monopolise, to steal an exaggerated price. If buying and selling be the end of society, the purpose and religion of life, and no matter how many of God's creatures are naked, starved, stunted, or trodden into the dust, then association may be of little consequence. But the human world has higher destinies than this. Yet the very wolves hunt in packs. The old fable of the bundle of sticks still retains its significance: woe to the disunited; strength only to the combined.

But the association we require is not a compulsory association. That was the way they built the pyramids; that has ever been the mode in which tyrants have used the masses—their slaves. We need the willing association of equals.

Not chance association either. We would not trust to the accidental partnerships of men combining for some special end: an East India Company, or a class-government, associating to rob the world. We need the regular association of all classes, the organized association of the people—“the universality of the citizens, free and equal in the several spheres of family, city, and country; and the association of countries. And we need this in order to develop, to economise, and to direct all the faculties and forces of Humanity—to make the whole one strong life, healthily educated, naturally wise, self-sustained, and self-collected, surely aimed. Association would leave no powers unused, no efforts undirected. Without association men either bury themselves in miserable egotisms, or, but too often, waste valuable energies in foolish—albeit generous—endeavours to serve their race. Without association the fraternity of Humanity would be an “an unrealizable programme,” and the progression of Humanity a never-accomplished dream. W. J. L.

ERRATA IN LETTER I. ON REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

Page 110, column 3, line from bottom 16, “If I am recognized as an active part of the State—that is, conceding me the suffrage—”

Strike out the comma. The sense is, that the recognition is equal to a concession.

Same page and column, line from bottom 9, strike out the comma after “this,” and read—Without this equality, liberty is “only a deception.” The comma alters the sense.

Longinus calls servitude a kind of imprisonment, wherein a man's soul may be said to grow little and contracted.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

☞ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”

T. E. Graham, 2s. 6d.; Attercliffe, per S. Jackson, 1s. 9d.; “Alister,” 6d.; A Democrat, Berwick, 5d.; Mr. Adams, Northampton, 6d.; C. Grampus, 4d.; J. Gibson, Kilbarchan, 1s.; J. Pattison, 6d.

FOR THE POLISH REFUGEES.—C. Grampus, 4d.
FOR THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—Charles Siddell, Alva, 1s.

FOR THE TYPE FOUNDERS.—E. Thompson, Leicester, 1s. 2d.

EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE DRIVERS. We have received a second sum of nine-pence from a shop of nine men, per John Davis, for the “turn outs.” We know not where to send these monies to.

G. J. MANTLE, Manchester, writes as follows—Believing that the *Red Republican* only wanted advertising to ensure its triumphant success, and concluding that it would best advertise itself, I have raised among my friends 10s. 6d. as follows.—Howard Morton, (the veritable “Howard Morton”) 5s.; John Knight 2s. 6d.; J. H. Q. 1s.; Mrs. George J. Mantle 2s. This sum I intend to employ in placing the *Red Republican* upon the tables of popular resort. Thus bringing the publication under popular notice, in Manchester I hope to increase its circulation; and before my present funds are exhausted, I believe I shall be provided with more—*Sans sollicitation.*

T. E. GRAHAM, forwarding a subscription acknowledged above, writes as follows:—“The *Red Republican* is the most fearless and unflinching issue of the British Press of the present day. God prosper you and the holy cause; and may speedy destruction light upon the despots who prey on the vitals of every nation in Europe. The day of their doom is nearer than many think.”

W. Z. BOWLEY, Malmesbury.—The postage of the present number finishes the stamps.

SINGING AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.—“Voteless Traveller,” forwarding the song given in our eighth page, says—“If I knew any composer of the Republic school, I would request his assistance in the adaptation of a suitable tune. I have long held the opinion that our public meetings ought to close with appropriate songs, suited to the genius and aspirations of the English people. The “Marsallaise” is very effective; but more suited to a French than an English audience. If popular words could be married to popular tunes, and a few singers were selected in each district (an easy affair in Lancashire and Yorkshire), we could make the welkin ring with our songs to liberty.”

STOCKPORT.—The letter on “Money versus Labour,” must stand over. We have more than one letter on the currency question, for which at present we cannot find room.

W. T. MATSON.—The poetry is inadmissible.

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S BREWERS.—T. G. Smith, Birmingham, is informed that the following is a copy of the words of the toast proposed by the celebrated PIERRE LEROUX, at the Printers' Democratic Banquet at Paris, on Sunday, September 15th:—

“To the brewers of London, not for having committed violence, as the calumniators of the people say, but for having respected the life of a man who never respected the lives of his fellow-creatures, and for having contented themselves with marking him with infamy, and manifesting spontaneously the horror and disgust with which his crimes had inspired them.”

THE EX-HUNGARIAN GENERAL GUYON.—An erroneous statement has been going the round of the press, to the effect that the gallant General Guyon, late of the Hungarian army, “has forgotten his faith, and has become a Moslem, to gain a pachalic.” This is not true. The general, in accepting an appointment in the Ottoman service at Damascus, was not compelled to change his faith. General Guyon is a native of Bath.

JAMES GIBSON, Kilbarchan.—Your kind letter shall have our attention in No. 17.

JOSEPH BRUCKSHAW, Haybehurst, will find his questions on the Hungarian War, answered in the letter of “A Hungarian Red,” in this day's *REPUBLICAN*.

POETRY.—“Now cometh the Storm,” and “The poor pig's” song on “Little Vic” came too late for publication this week. They shall both appear in the *RED*.

THE “RED REPUBLICAN” IN THE WEST.—We extract the following from a letter received just as we were going to press:—Bath, September, 26, 1850. Dear Sir, I am happy to inform you that in my excursions in the counties of Wiltshire and Somersetshire, I have met with gladdening proofs of the spread of the glorious principles of Democracy among the Agricultural population. It is true that the publication of the *RED REPUBLICAN* was quite unknown to them, but I procured some copies of No. 14, and distributed them among as many as I could, and I can assure you they were quite delighted with them. Several said they should very much like to undertake the sale of a quantity in their respective districts if they knew how to procure them. I have succeeded in getting one news-vender in Bath to sell them weekly. He began with No. 15 and had them on Tuesday; he is a very intelligent young man, and deserves the support of our friends. His name is Nash, Union Passage, Union Street, Bath. I have not the least doubt that this part of the country will soon become a hot-bed of Red Republicanism.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”

NOW READY,

PART III OF THE RED REPUBLICAN, STITCHED IN A HANDSOME WRAPPER, PRICE SIXPENCE. NOTICES OF PARTS I AND 2—“This publication is better written and better got up than any similar one of the same school which has appeared in this country before. The red wrapper with its emblematical design is both characteristic and picturesque. The articles are written with energy, and the translations from Mazzini and Ledru Rollin add both to the variety and interest of the paper. The circumstances under which Mr. Harney succeeded from the *Northern Star* do him great credit, and we hope that the approvers of political consistency will not fail to give the Editor of the *Red Republican* that support to which he has established an unqualified claim.”—*The Leader*, September 7th, 1850.

“We earnestly recommend these valuable additions [Parts I and 2] to any democratic library.” “In every respect this periodical is worthy of the name it bears.”—*Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper*—September 1st and 22nd, 1850.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

“LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor.”—*St Just*.

“Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state.”—*Robespierre*. “The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us.”—*St. Simon*.

PROPOSED UNION OF THE POPULAR FORCES.

THORNTON HUNT'S LETTER.

WE direct the attention of our readers—“Reds,” Communists, Socialists, Democrats, Chartists, &c., to the lengthy and very interesting letter from THORNTON HUNT, “On the Past Failures and Future Policy of Democratic Politicians.” We commend that letter to the members of the Democratic and Social Conference, in particular, believing that it contains much that is worthy of their most serious consideration.

Pressed for room, the comments we shall offer on Mr. HUNT's letter will be brief—at least on the present occasion.

We must first set right some matters of fact in connection with “the programme,” which has formed the basis of Mr. HUNT's letter.

The programme appended to Mr. HOLYOAKE's letter was sanctioned by the members of the Committee present at a meeting of that body on the 12th of September. At subsequent meetings some alterations and additions were made in the said programme. Exception having been taken to the name of “Democratic and Social Union,” it was finally resolved to present the following names to the Conference, leaving to the majority of that body to determine on one of the five to be recommended for adoption to the several existing societies as the name of the one grand association:—

1. “National Union of Democratic and Social Reformers.”
2. “Charter Union of Democratic and Social Reformers.”
3. “Democratic Union of Chartists and Social Reformers.”
4. “National Charter and Social Union.”
5. “Democratic and Social Union.”

Much may be said in favour of each of these names, but, speaking for ourselves, the desire to see due prominence given to the

term "Charter," or "Chartist," will dictate our choice. While we consider "National Charter Association" to be a name "used up," and consigned to the limbo of political failures and popular impotencies. We hold it to be imperative for reasons we need not enumerate, that the *Charter*, in some shape or other should be set forth in the name of the association, as well as in the list of its objects.

Since the meeting on the 12th of September the first clause in the programme has been altered from—

"Manhood Suffrage, with all other enactments necessary to secure its full efficiency." to

"Universal Manhood Suffrage, with the necessary adjuncts thereto, as embodied in the People's Charter."

The second and third clauses as given in Mr. HOLYOAKE'S letter, remain unaltered. Since the meeting on the 12th of September, the following clauses have been added:—

4. "The establishment of a just and industrial Poor Law, such as would provide profitable employment for the able-bodied, unemployed poor; and a comfortable maintenance for the aged and infirm."

5. "The abolition of all legal restrictions on the freedom of speaking and the publication of opinion."

6. The establishment of a National System of Secular Education.

These additions destroy Mr HUNT'S favourite idea of a "trinity," unless he is content to take two "trinities" instead of one. The omission of "Financial Reform"—"the present political idea of the middle class"—will no doubt excite discussion at the forthcoming meeting of the Conference.

As regards "organization," we will not anticipate the committee's report to the Conference, we will merely express the hope that the latter body may see the propriety of adopting a plan as brief and simple as possible. Experience has fully shown the folly of enacting a multitude of disregarded rules and dead letter regulations.

Mr. HUNT'S strictures on the past policy and proceedings of the Chartists contain truth, but not all the truth. Apparently the "isolating of the working classes from other classes," has been caused by the Chartist movement; but in reality the cause is to be traced to the ingratitude, the treason, and bitter hostility of those "other classes" towards the working class. Remembering how their energies had been used and abused for bourgeois purposes in 1831-32, the proletarians became inspired with a natural mistrust of the middle-class, and very properly required that professing friends belonging to the latter body should give proof of their sincerity by accepting the Charter—"name and all." The repulse of JOSEPH STURGE and his friends was the necessary consequence of the dishonest or pedantic course taken by that party. True the Sturgeites professed to adopt the principles of the Charter while they repudiated the name; but coupling that repudiation with the antecedents of the repudiators, the Chartists naturally feared a snare behind the proposition to adopt a new name and a new embodiment of their principles. We beg Mr. THORNTON HUNT and his friends to reflect on the mistake of the Sturgeites. The name of the Charter may be odious to the "waiting gentlewomen" of politics, but, on the other hand, it is the talisman to move

hundreds of thousands whose support is indispensable, and without whom there can be nothing like a national movement.

If the Chartists have been cursed with some "mercenary" leaders, it is consoling to reflect that that is an evil from which the party has been pretty well purged. Some of the mercenaries perished of the ripeness of their own rottenness, and others have been drummed out of the ranks to the tune of "The Rogues' March." Freed from the corruption of trafficking leaders, the Chartist body, though at present in a state of comparative inertness, is really in a more healthy condition, and more fitted for effective action than when it was making more noise and attracting a proportionate amount of public intention.

Want of room prevents any further comment on Mr. Hunt's letter, at present. Again we commend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

The Democratic and Social Conference will re-assemble to-morrow, (Sunday, October 8,) at 3 o'clock, at the John-street Institution. We trust that every member will be at his post; and that all will come together animated by one common aim:—that of deciding on the best means to effect the union of all honest reformers; of all who will join in one band of brotherhood to agitate for "the Charter and something more!"

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.

CASLON, FAGG, and Co. still persist in playing a losing game rather than give way to the dictates of justice. Forced idleness is, no doubt, felt by the turn-outs. But they are so used to the hardships common to their order, that a little additional suffering is borne with cheerfulness, especially as they are strengthened by the consciousness of suffering in a good cause. The firm, on the other hand, conscious of having a bad cause, can bear with little of equanimity, present losses with the prospect of ultimate ruin.

To still further darken the already gloomy prospects of the "masters," a new type-foundry is one the eve of being called into existence by a portion of the turn-outs! We are not yet in possession of the particulars, but we may state as a positive fact, that within a few days upwards of twenty of the men at present on strike, will be at work at the new foundry. The proprietors of the new concern have been supplied with ample capital, and have a number of orders in advance! This is most cheering for the "turn-outs" and their friends. Should the strike continue, and the new foundry be successful, it is not unlikely that most of the men will find employment without recommitting themselves to the tender mercies of FAGG and Co. It would be a signal example of what writers call "poetical justice," if CASLON and FAGG should live to see the greater part of their business transferred to the "turn-outs" foundry! For their own sake we advise those "gentlemen" to bring this contest to a finish by yielding to the just requirements of the men.

The many pressing demands upon our space prevent any further remarks at present; especially as we desire to make room for the following passage from the "Statement,"—noticed in our two last numbers.

"Working men! If we are conquered, what prospect lies before you? Of what use will be your Trades' Unions—your National Associations? Of what avail will be your

combinations to maintain an honest livelihood for hard toil? If the capitalist in Type-founding succeed in reducing wages by bringing over foreigners, what security have you that the capitalist in your business will not do the same under similar circumstances? and where is the reduction to end? In the branch that was the immediate cause of our strike, namely, the "rubbing," the general price before 1843 was 3d. per 1000 types; it was then reduced to 2½ and 2d. as above stated; and during the strike they have offered 1½d. Our trade is not like many others; there is no competition but such as the existing manufacturers themselves may induce. We export types—supply India and China; and, in fact, almost every country out of Europe, except America—and, indeed some parts of that vast continent—and if, under such circumstances, we are to be reduced to Slop Tailorism, or to the condition of six shillings-a-week Weavers, what will become of those trades less favourably circumstanced? But no; we do not intend to be beaten. We have stood together for twelve weeks; and we are prepared to stand twelve more; and longer still if necessary."

The turn-outs have stood three weeks since the above was written; and are now *firmer than ever*. Their brightening prospects should stimulate their friends throughout the country to renewed exertions, and induce them to resolve that their brothers shall be sustained to the end of the struggle.

THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

[The following letter is from the pen of an Exile—an Officer in the National Army of Hungary.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

DEAR SIR,—With the greatest pleasure I hasten to perform the task you had the kindness to entrust me with, viz. to answer the following questions respecting the Hungarian war, addressed to you by a brother democrat, from the country.

1. What was the true motive and the real object, the Hungarians had in their war?
2. If there was any split or division, among the Hungarians, what was the cause of it, and of what nature was the division?
3. What were the motives of the surrender of Georgey, and is his conduct to be blamed?
4. What is the present state of the Hungarian people, and what are the rights and liberties granted by the Austrian government?
5. How far were Kossuth, Bem, Dembinszky, Guyon &c. true Democrats?
6. What will probably be the future of these men?

These questions I will try to answer as satisfactorily, as my slight ability and the limits of this article allow.

The Hungarian war from its beginning, was only a defensive one. The people arose to oppose the treacherous hostility of the Austrian army, and to suppress the sedition of the Slavonian tribes, excited in the south of the country by the machinations of the Austrian Court. The object of this jesuitical Court or "*Camarilla*," as called by the liberal party, was to subjugate the nation, and to deprive it, not only of the rights and liberties freely granted by the late King, Ferdinand VIIth., in March 1848, but also of the ancient constitution, which, previously, was based on aristocratic principles, but by the reform just mentioned, became the most liberal constitution in Europe.

The most disgraceful means were employed by the *Camarilla*, to attain its detestable purpose. These conspirators showing at first the most benevolent face towards the Hungarians, clandestinely excited the hatred of the different Slavonian nations in the country against the

liberal party. Emissaries were sent out and ringleaders employed to mystify those ignorant and barbarous tribes, the Croats, Rascians, Serbs, and Wallachs, as to the real designs of the new government—which, as they insidiously suggested, were nothing else, than to keep the newly acquired rights exclusively for the “Magyar” nation, and to force all the nations of other languages in the country to change their nationality and to become also Magyars.

This was nothing but a gross *lie*, which originated from former “antediluvian” times, when the Magyar language was introduced in the Diet, and made the official one throughout the country, instead of the Latin language, which was used before. At that time some animosities arose between the Magyars and Croats, the latter refusing to agree with the majority in the Diet, to speak the newly established language, and insisting to speak either in their own maternal “patois,” or in Latin. Now, what would you say, if a Member of Parliament of an Irish or Welsh community would insist to speak the language of Erin or of Wales in your House of Commons? Would not you call him a fool? Of such a nature, however, were the jealousies of the different nations in Hungary before the great Reform (March, 1848) which jealousies were diligently fostered by the Austrian Court, the natural enemy of the liberal Hungarian party. In former times, the Austrian policy had kept the different sects of religion in constant enmity against each other, but mankind getting more tolerant, the difference of language was used for the same purpose, that is, to disunite the people, who, had they been in harmony with each other, might have become dangerous to an unprincipled government.

After the Reform, these petty animosities were, by the insidious intrigues of the tools of the Camarilla, excited to open hatred and to armed opposition, and reaction against the liberal Hungarian party, whose glorious achievements, were purely based on the principles of “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,” in the widest sense, without the least distinction as to individuals, sects, or nations.

At first the Austrian Court, hypocritically affected to support the Hungarian government, declaring the Croatian and Rascian insurgents traitors, and ordering the Imperial troops to march against them; but subsequently after the fall of Italy and Vienna the Camarilla dropped its mask, openly joining those rebels, and attacking the Hungarian patriots from all sides.

Resistance to this treacherous aggression was the true motive, and the maintenance of their justly and honorably acquired rights the real object of the Hungarians in the subsequent war.

As to the second question:—There never existed a party so unanimous and without factions as the liberal Hungarian party was, or the party of “Kossuth,” as it was rightly called, because he was the soul of it, from its glorious beginning to its lamentable end. Some single individuals and small coteries, whose views and principles differed from the general opinion cannot be regarded as factions or parties. The seduced fanatics mentioned before, altogether belonged to the opposite and reactionary party.

As to the conduct of Georgey, the opinions about this remarkable man are very discrepant, and his character is as yet an historical enigma. I cannot plainly pronounce him a despicable, downright traitor, who basely sold his native land to the enemy; but I view him as a vain and ambitious man, who strove to direct the national affairs after his own notions and for the furtherance of his own ambition, and who, seeing the bankruptcy of our cause inevitably approaching, tried to make the best of it after his own persuasion, and to save, as much as possible, from the sinking wreck, the catastrophe certainly having been accelerated, perhaps entirely caused, by his damnable capriciousness. He surrendered to the

Russians; duped as he was by their illusive promises of a good result, but I do not think him guilty of having had previously any secret understanding with the Austrians. Notwithstanding all these considerations, he surely must be pronounced a TRAITOR, for his unjustifiable presumption, his head-strong opposition to the government and Kossuth, and his aspiration to the dictatorship of the country.

The present state of the Hungarian people is that of a conquered nation, which by the insolent victor is treated with the most offensive tyranny. The country is in a “state of siege,” and this state will last till it shall please the vindictive oppressor to grant a “constitution” after his own fancy. You may imagine what a “constitution” it will be! But it is my fervent hope, it is the hope of many millions that this pitiable condition will not last long; I firmly believe the prophecy of your immortal poet, who says:—

“I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger;
The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job.”

With regard to the character of Kossuth, I cannot enter here into a minute description of this extraordinary man, nor do I think it necessary. I will only mention as the fairest proof of the purity of his sentiments, of the liberality of his principles, and the vastness of his genius: that all the Hungarian people, (which denomination here not only includes the nation of the Magyars, but also almost all the German and Slovak inhabitants of Hungary):—and especially the poorer classes, the peasants, who being serfs previously, were mostly by his influence, made proprietors of their farms,—called him their “Messiah.” Now I sincerely believe Jesus Christ was a democrat and one of the deepest dye, a Socialist, a Red; who in spite of all the Pharisees and heathens surrounding him, dared to preach:—

“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

And if there can be drawn a parallel between the Saviour and Kossuth, the latter certainly must have been also a true democrat, as well as his faithful partizans and disciples Bem, Dembinsky, Gayon and the others who followed him in his flight and share now his sad confinement on a distant barbarous shore.

As to the future destiny of these men: the year of their confinement in Turkey is now almost at its end, and I fervently hope they will be permitted in a short time to land on the hospitable territory of Old England. But whether they will have another opportunity of entering the lists of combat for the freedom of the people who can say? I only can assure you that the poor oppressed people of Hungary, have not yet given up the hope of better days, the days when Kossuth, “their Saviour,” with his followers will come again to finally deliver them from their odious, heavy yoke. I read in a letter from my country, recently received, that on the last “name-day” of Kossuth, Lewis, (in August) people silently touched each others glasses, in the public houses of Pesth, drinking the health of the adored exile. They understood each other quite well, without uttering a word, fearing the presence of some Austrian spy. And such are the feelings, through the whole country, in spite of all the exertions of the creatures of the present government to persuade the nation that Kossuth had been the principal author of all its misfortunes. Instead of being weakened by such sophistical insinuations, the attachment of the people is growing stronger every day towards the illustrious Exile, who, if he had been as successful in his designs, as they were blamelessly pure, would have secured to himself, no less a character in history, than that gained by the immortal Washington.

A HUNGARIAN RED.

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE: *Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. BOGUE, 86, Fleet-Street.

(Continued from No. 15 of the RED REPUBLICAN.)

Provincial newspapers arose in the reign of Anne; and in the course of a few years so great had been the progress of political enlightenment, that we find Addison remarking in the “Freeholder” that “There is scarce any man in England, of what denomination so ever, that is not a free-thinker in politics, and hath not some particular notions of his own by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of the community. Our island, which was formerly called a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen.” This state of freedom was not, however, allowed to continue.

“When Anne had been ten years on the throne she sent a message to the parliament which, amongst other things, stated that great license was taken ‘in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government,’ and recommending the parliament to find a remedy equal to the mischief.” The “faithful Commons” set to work, and not daring to re-establish the censorship, proposed a more crafty and fatal means of fettering the press. To a long act which relates to soap, paper, parchment, linens, silks, calicos, lotteries, &c., certain clauses were added imposing a stamp-duty of one halfpenny on every printed half-sheet or less, the tax rising to a penny on a whole sheet; and imposed besides a duty of twelve pence on every advertisement. These taxes, together with the duty on paper have never been repealed.

“The effect of the halfpenny stamp upon the papers of Queen Anne’s day was remarkable. Many were immediately stopped; whilst several of the survivors were united into one publication. Amongst those that suffered under the pressure of the new tax must be included the “Spectator”—the price of which was necessarily increased. This change diminished its sale, and the following year (1713) it was discontinued.” In the same year Steele was expelled from the House of Commons for a political libel.

In the year 1719 John Matthews, a youth only nineteen years of age, was tried for publishing a Jacobite paper in favour of hereditary right. He was found guilty and hanged at Tyburn.

At this period caricatures began to find their way into England. The earliest English caricature on the South Sea Company is advertised in the “Post Boy” of June 21st, 1720, under the title of “The Bubbles Bubbled, or the Devil take the Hindmost.”

About the years 1720—3, Thomas Gordon, and Thomas Trenchard gained considerable popularity, by their democratic contributions to the newspapers. These articles were afterwards collected into volumes and ran through several editions, under the title of “Cato’s Letters.” Another of their productions was “The Independent Whig.” Bolingbroke contributed to the freedom of public discussion, by his letters in the “Craftsman,” &c.—afterwards published under the title of “Letters by Humphrey Oldcastle.”

“In the reign of George the First, we find that the number of daily papers had increased to three, whilst there were ten issued three times a week in the evening, besides weekly journals.”

“Eleven years after George the First obtained the throne, his government passed a law which rendered more exact the taxes upon newspapers.” Several of the journals having evaded the stamp by printing upon paper which was neither a whole sheet nor a half sheet; the new act of parliament put a stop to that evasion.

In George the Second’s reign numerous unstamped publications appeared, and in 1743 the parliament enacted that all hawkers might be seized by any person and committed to gaol for three months. The law offered a reward of twenty shillings to the informer who secured a conviction. This law soon

tenanted the gaols with the dealers in unstamped journals. Nearly a hundred years later the publishers and hawkers of a new series of unstamped newspapers successfully defied the government, and compelled a very important alteration in the amount of the taxes levied upon the vehicles of public information.

Fielding, the celebrated novelist, was a journalist for a short period. In the beginning of the reign of George the Third the Bute ministry set up a newspaper called "*The Briton*," which was edited by Smollett. Its appearance was immediately followed by the celebrated "*North Briton*," set up by Wilkes, Lord Temple, and Churchill the poet. It lasted not quite a year, when it was violently extinguished.

"In the celebrated *Number Forty-Five*, Wilkes declared that falsehood had been uttered in a Royal Speech, upon which a general warrant was issued against the authors of the libel. The officers entrusted with the warrant had received orders to seize the printer of the "*North Briton*," but contrived first to apprehend the wrong man. They were soon put upon a more correct scent; Balfe and Kearsley, the printer and publisher of the offending paper, were taken into custody, and both declaring Wilkes to be the author of *Number Forty-Five*, he was seized, and, after an examination before the Secretary of State, was committed prisoner to the Tower. * * * * * A vote of the House of Commons released Wilkes for a while, only to visit him with an adverse vote on a subsequent occasion. The popularity of the writer was distasteful to the majority in both Houses of Parliament. *Number Forty-Five* of the "*North Briton*" was ordered to be burnt by the hangman at Cheapside, and a resolution was adopted, 'That the privilege of parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the laws in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence.' Wilkes was further ordered to attend at the bar, but having been wounded in a duel—the second he had fought since he started the '*North Briton*'—he was unable to attend. His expulsion from parliament, and subsequent proceedings, belong to the history of the period. General warrants, after a long debate, were declared to be illegal, and heavy damages were given in the courts of law against those who had arrested Wilkes, and his printer and publisher, under the insufficient authority of a ministerial order. * * *

* * * * * Walpole, in one of his letters says:—"Williams the re-printer of the '*North Briton*,' stood in the pillory to-day, (February 14, 1765,) in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite him, on which they hung a ~~boot~~ * with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams which amounted to nearly £200. The money was placed in a blue-purse trimmed with orange, the colour of the revolution in opposition to the Stuarts."

The unhappy Chatterton contributed to the newspapers, both before and after his arrival in London. He appears to have been wretchedly paid. Starvation and suicide soon closed the scene.

The "*North Briton*" newspaper excitement was followed, a few years afterwards, by the intense feeling raised by the letters of Junius. Several trials arose out of the publication of these political strictures. In 1771 took place the memorable contest between the House of Commons and the journalists and printers on the question of printing the parliamentary debates; in which contest the lord Mayor and principal magistrates of the city of London acquitted themselves so nobly. Mr. Hunt gives a spirited account of this struggle, but the narrative is far too lengthy for us to give entire, and its abridgment would be unjust to the author. Suffice it to say, that the contest resulted in the complete defeat of the parliament, and the triumph of the printers and journalists. *The Debates have been printed ever since.*

* A Jack-boot, in allusion to the christian-name and title of Lord Bute.

"As time progressed the papers increased in size as well as number. Four pages of type began to be given; and in the files at the British Museum, we find amongst a crowd of by-gone names, many familiar titles. There are *Posts, Herald's, Chronicles, and Advertisers. Post and Advertiser* seem to have long been favourite headings for papers. One facetious journalist headed his paper, '*All Alive and Merry, or the London Daily Post!*' At length appeared '*The Times*.' The first number of the *Times* is dated January, 1788; the heading being, '*The Times or Daily Universal Register*, printed logographically.' Its price is marked threepence, and its imprint runs, 'Printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic press, Printing House-square, near Apothecaries Hall, Blackfriars, where Advertisements, Essays, Letters, and Articles of Intelligence will be taken in. Also at Mr. Mettenus's, confectioner, Charing-cross; Mr. White-eaves's, watchmaker, No. 30, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street; Mr. Axtell's, No. 1, Finch-lane, Cornhill; at Mr. Bashby's, No. 1, Catherine-street, Strand; Mr. Rose's, silk dyer, Spring-gardens; and Mr. Grives's, stationer, No. 103, corner of Fountain-court, Strand. In appearance, size, and contents, the first number of the *Times* shows the great advance which a century had enabled the newspapers to make. Compared with the first number of the *Intelligencer* of 1688, the number one of the new journal, the *Times* of 1788 is a giant. It contains certainly ten times as much matter; it has four pages, each of four columns somewhat smaller than the *Globe* or *Standard* now present; it has sixty-three advertisements, amongst which are announcements of a play, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, at Drury-lane; of a concert, by his Majesty's command, 'at the concert-room in Tottenham-court-road;' and of lottery tickets to be had at offices open for the sale of those then attractive documents. Mr. Walter also had many naval and other government advertisements. In the columns of this infant number of a journal now so famous in the world, there is foreign as well as home intelligence; poetry; shipping news; and paragraphs of gossip, some of them rather doubtful in character. In the prospectus or address to the readers of the candidate for public support, is explained that the *Times* was a title assumed as better adapted to the paper than the heading by which it had been previously known; for the *Times* was a continuation of the *London Daily Universal Register*, started on the 13th of January, 1785."

In June, 1789, Pitt proposed to inflict an additional half-penny tax on the newspapers, and an additional sixpence upon each advertisement. Of course the venal Parliament assented. Many prosecutions of the press took place during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sampson Perry, printer of the *Argus*, was found guilty, December 10, 1792, of publishing a libel on the House of Commons, in stating that "the House of Commons were not the real representatives of the people." In the preceding May a Royal Proclamation had been issued against "Seditious Writings." A multitude of prosecutions were instituted against journalists and printers. "Never did any monarch find a more able and willing legal functionary, to promote a crusade against the press, than George the Third found in Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. During a debate in 1795, this indefatigable lawyer said, 'the House should remember that there had been more prosecutions for libel within the last two years, than there had been for twenty years before.' He evidently prided himself on the efforts taken to subdue the press."

In the year 1792, took place the ever-memorable trial of the immortal THOMAS PAINE for publishing his admirable and unanswerable attack on Kingcraft—"The Rights of Man." Of this celebrated work, one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in a marvellously short time. The case came on for trial in the King's Bench, on the 18th of December. Erskine was the

leading counsel for the defence and his speech—which was pretty good for a lawyer—created, at the time, an immense sensation. The eloquence of Erskine was in vain, the jury immediately returned a verdict of Guilty. Fortunately PAINE was beyond the reach of his enemies.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and Daniel Isaac Eaton, the former in the year 1794, and the latter in the year 1796 were severely punished for "libels on Kingly Government." In the year 1799 the "*Evening Courier*" was prosecuted for asserting that "the Emperor of Russia was a tyrant among his subjects, and ridiculous to the rest of Europe." On the 30th of May John Parry the proprietor was found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned six months, to pay a fine of £100, and to find securities for his good behaviour for five years; the printer and publisher were also sentenced to one month's imprisonment each.

Poetry for the People.

THE POOR MAN'S SINS.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL.")

The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of the overt act—
Buying greens on a Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station,
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And a cook to dress his dinner;
The poor, who would roast,
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer,
Where the Saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of Piety!

SONG OF THE VOTELESS.

(To be sung at Political Gatherings).

BY A VOTELESS TRAVELLER.

Sons of the Mountain and Sons of the Vale!
Sons of the Workshop and Sons of the Flail!
Come, come, from the South, from the East and the West
And bring from the North the choicest and best!

CHORUS.

Come, muster your forces ten thousand and more!
And banish Oppression from Albion's shore!

Old England shall yet be the happy and free!
The hope of the Nations, the pride of the Flail!
Were foes thrice ten thousand, our Rights and the Soil
Shall Labour reward with the fruit of its toil.

CHORUS.

Come, muster your forces ten thousand and more!
And banish Oppression from Albion's shore!

Ye mould the rude metals and weave the warm woof—
And fell the tall tree, and raise high the proud roof—
Kind Nature has taught you the use of the earth,
To sow the rich corn; but ah! what are ye worth?

CHORUS.

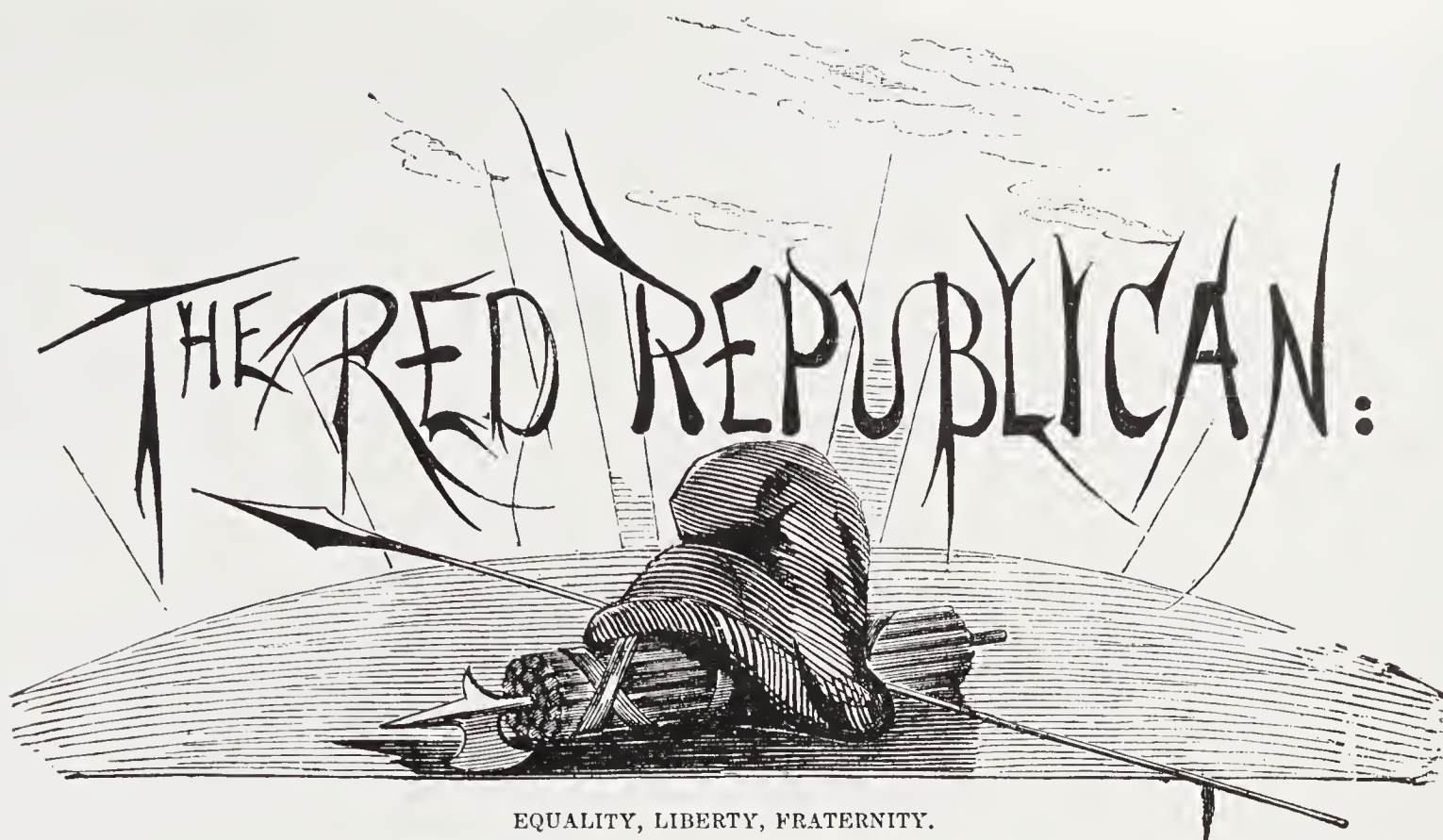
A People united, with banner unfurled,
Brings Freedom and Justice and Peace to the world!

Get Votes on the Mountain! get Votes in the Vale!
Get Freedom of Thought, and Truth shall prevail
'Gainst Tyranny's laws—and, like Saxons of Yore,
Stand firm as the rock of your old island shore!

CHORUS.

A People united, with banner unfurled,
Brings Freedom and Justice and Peace to the world!

London: Printed by the Proprietor, GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY, 4, Brunswick Row, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, in the county of Middlesex; and Published by S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street, in the City of London.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 17.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XIV.

"If it be guilt—
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY.

INADEQUATE REMEDIES FOR SOCIAL EVILS.

HISTORY attests that hitherto the strength—moral and physical—of the working classes, has been used and abused to subserve the selfishness, the ambition, and the rapacity of the "higher" and "middle" classes. Hitherto the Proletarians have been regarded as so much "raw material," to be "used up" by place-hunting knaves and mercenary agitators, masquerading in the character of "patriots,"—as "the pressure from without," useful for carrying "Reform," "Free-Trade," &c., seating Whigs in power, and building up middle-class ascendancy;—as "explosive masses to blow-up bastilles," for the glory of the LAMETHS, LAFAYETTES and LAMARTINES, and the profit of the *bourgeoisie*. To guard the working classes against being again made the prey of designing adventurers and political charlatans, is the duty of every true friend of the people.

When a band of men come before the public in the character of "Reformers," it is necessary that the grounds on which they lay claim to that title should be closely examined, in order that the millions may not be victimised in the future as they have been in the past. And when these "Reformers" are seen peddling and pottering over a few millions of taxes, at the same time shrinking aghast from any proposition to "settle" that huge swindle, the falsely-termed "national debt;" when they propound a scheme of "parliamentary reform," artfully concocted

to exclude the poorest, the weakest, the most oppressed, from their right of representation in the Legislature; when these "gentlemen" are detected in the dirty work of hiring mercenary apostates to sow division in the ranks of the Chartists; when, lastly, the great majority of these precious *reformers*, including all their men of influence, are the bitter opponents of every project devised to promote the emancipation of the wages-slaves of Capital—there can be no difficulty in estimating the value of their patriotic professions. Honest men must repudiate them as "humbugs, and something more,"—the enemies, rather than the friends of the people.

Of late, another band of "Reformers" has been gradually acquiring a position before the public. I allude to the social reformers—some of whom take to themselves the title of "Christian Socialists"—the promoters of the "Working-men's (Co-operative) Associations." This party has for its organ the *Leader* newspaper. Mr. THORNTON HUNT is understood to be the principal editor of that journal.

The careful getting-up of the "*Leader*," and the talent displayed in its leading articles—political and literary—entitle it to rank as a first-class journal. Its "sympathies" are entirely with the people. But hitherto its politics have been of a very undecided, and therefore unsatisfactory character. The letter from THORNTON HUNT, published in last week's "*Red Republican*," though inferior in mere writing to his articles in the "*Leader*," possesses the decided advantage of revealing in plain terms the author's sentiments on the all-important question of representative reform—a question which must be disposed of, before any other kind of reform can have any chance of succeeding, to the extent of benefiting the great body of the people.

Whatever may be thought of THORNTON HUNT's ideas on other questions, his voluntary and hearty adoption of the principle of "Manhood Suffrage, with the enactments necessary to secure its full freedom and efficiency," is sufficient to warrant the people hailing him as their friend. Having taken so important a stride in the right direction, he can hardly refuse to go the little step further, of avowing himself a "Chartist." I know the odium attached to the name in "respectable circles;" but I imagine the editor of the "*Leader*" to be a man, who, had he been a citizen of old Rome, and become convinced of the truth and goodness of Christianity, would not have hesitated to avow himself a "Christian"—despite the dread penalty of that avowal. Surely, then, the mere sneer of "good society" will not hinder him from taking a like course in relation to Chartism.

THORNTON HUNT's adhesion to the principles of Chartism (call them by what name he will) is important, because of what he is, and what he is not. He is a man of talent and a social reformer; he is *not* a mere platform agitator and cold-blooded Malthusian. Whether he speaks only for himself, or speaks also the sentiments of some or the whole of his associates, in declaring for Universal Suffrage, remains to be seen.

Notwithstanding the date of this number of the "*Red Republican*," I am compelled to write this letter some days in advance of the adjourned meeting of the Democratic and Social Conference. I, therefore, while penning these remarks, am ignorant as to how far the tendencies to union, recently exhibited by men of various opinions, may result in a combination of all, for the good of all. I can only hope that, however diverse the sentiments of the parties alluded to may be, on

other questions, agreement on the one primary question of the people's political emancipation, will induce a fraternization—heart and hand—of all societies and individuals, *honestly* acknowledging the justice of the principles embodied in the People's Charter.

That one test will satisfy me. To obtain the Charter, I will work with Owenites, O'Brienites, and O'Connorites; with Socialists—Christian and anti-Christian; and with the apostles of every *ism*—political, social, or theological. The political sovereignty of the majority, is the one thing needful. Let us have *that*, and not a reform of any kind but may be gained by "legal" and "peaceable" means, provided the educators and leaders of the people labour to enlighten the uninformed, and make plain the justice and utility of their plans and projects for the public welfare.

But while I will unite with all who will unite with me for the political elevation of my order, I consider it a duty to remonstrate with those of our friends who, with the best intentions, are advocating what they look upon as "social reforms," but which I regard as but mere palliatives, at the best, and altogether inadequate for the extirpation of social evils.

"Association" is just now the favourite idea of most social reformers. A few benevolent men, possessing more or less of wealth, advance a few hundred pounds to enable a score of tailors to commence working on their own account, under the guidance of a manager, instead of the rapacious rule of a "master." The shop is patronised by "lords and draymen—marquises and masons—clubs and costermongers—earls and bricklayers—Catholics and Protestants," and, I may add, Royalists and Republicans. "It has now been in operation six months, and its success has thus far been signal." Eight other associations have been started. Whether they have enjoyed the like success is not stated. I earnestly trust they have. It is announced that a central association is about to be opened, as a sort of "Labour Exchange." Co-operative provision stores have existed—few and far between—for some years past, in different parts of the country, chiefly in Scotland. Similar associations are likely to be called into existence in places where they have hitherto been unknown. May they increase and multiply.

I say so because even though but ten men out of ten thousand should be redeemed from the bondage of wages-slavery, it is so much good done, and so much evil dispelled. Again, if a man's wages are but six, sixteen, or twenty-six shillings a week, it is good that that man and his family should be enabled to purchase their provisions free from the taxes levied by the petty shopkeeper in the shape of "profit," adulteration, and deficient weight and measure. But do I believe that these associations can be made instrumental to redeem the great body of the people from their bondage to the capitalists? Nothing of the sort. Before I can be brought to that belief, the advocates of association under existing political arrangements, must show me how the twenty or thirty thousand needlewomen, earning from a sixpence, down to a fourth of that sum daily, are to save money to free themselves from their bondage to their Jew and Gentile devourers. I must be shown how working men are to procure

the capital necessary to enable them to become proprietors of land, mines, railways, factories, foundries, and establishments like those of the great builders of the metropolis. I do not believe that with the continuance of the existing system, it is possible for the working classes, even by the most rigid economy, and the best regulated combination of their resources, to redeem themselves from poverty and slavery. Quite as little faith have I in any considerable number of the possessors of property imitating the generous conduct of the promoters of the Tailors' Association.

Admitting that the success of the association just named has thus far been "signal," the greatest enthusiast, if he will but open his eyes, must see that neither Regent-street nor Oxford-street exhibit any signs of decay. On the contrary, a walk along New Oxford-street will show the pedestrian that the profitmongers' palaces are amazingly multiplying. The finest house in the very best situation in that street is on the eve of being opened as a West-end branch of the establishment of the notorious "Moses and Son."

The Tailors' Association is forced to be content with a very modest mansion in a back street; while Moses and Son can flaunt their wares in an edifice which, as far as external appearances go, far excels the town-houses of nine-tenths of our haughtiest aristocrats. Confident of "the highest patronage," MOSES advertises special arrangements to suit "the nobility and gentry," including "a separate private entrance," "standing room for carriages," and "distinct accommodation for servants in attendance." No doubt in reading an advertisement of the Whitechapel crucifer it is necessary to allow a considerable margin for lying, that being necessarily a part of puffing; but that allowance being made, the extension of the business of the slop-selling slaughterer is a "great fact," which the friends of association must not shut their eyes to.

I may be told that the friends of association do not look merely to co-operative workshops and provision stores, they look likewise to the land—to "the land as the basis of association."

THORNTON HUNT, in his letters on "Social Reform," published in the *Leader*, is most eloquent in his denunciation of the iniquitous order of things which has exiled the people of England from the soil of England. "The land," he observes in his sixth letter, "belongs not to the English, and they must not trespass upon it, nor take its fruits, under pain of imprisonment and transportation. Even the starving must not turn to the earth on which they are born. * * * The sons of the soil, most of them, are sent to toil in dark unwholesome streets; and the 'chaw-bacon' that actually works the 'trust' of the landowner is a laughing-stock, an opprobrium, the butt of sarcastic toasts about 'a bold peasantry.' Such is the actual condition of society under the circumstance of the divorce between people and land."

True! But the remedy?

This is only indirectly set forth in the *Leader* letters. Mr. HUNT speaks approvingly of the "main idea" of Mr. O'CONNOR's experiments; and expresses his desire to aid "that same process of gradual restoration which dictates the efforts of the Chartist founding his little colonies, of the freehold

associations, of the new economists, [STUART MILL and others,] and even of Lord CAMPBELL and the crown lawyers facilitating the 'transfer of land.' In his letter in last week's *Republican*, Mr. HUNT gives prominence in his suggested programme to what he terms "industrial security upon the land;" and once or twice in the course of that letter advises the taking up of the land question, in order that the democrats of this country may be in harmony with; and have the alliance of "the Irish population,"—that is, I presume, the "tenant-right agitators." In one of his letters in the *Leader*, Mr. HUNT says emphatically, "Do not suppose that I would seek to arouse the labouring classes to a seizure of the land, or would incite a revolution for the purpose of general confiscation."

To make land easier of access to those who may have money to buy it; to re-establish upon the soil the "surplus population" of the towns; to give to tenants such a tenure as shall ensure them possession in perpetuity of their holdings—these seem to be the ideas of Mr. HUNT and his friends in conjunction with the Irish agitators. As regards the intent and object of the "tenant-right" agitation there can be no mistake. The aim of the getters-up of that agitation is to transfer the actual ownership of the soil from the landlords to the tenant-farmers and their heirs for ever, on the understanding that the farmers are to pay an annual corn-rent to the present proprietors and their heirs. I confess that so far from regarding this "transfer" in the light of a desirable change, I look upon it as one of the greatest curses that could befall the veritable people of Ireland; for the consequence would be that they would have to struggle against two landed aristocracies, instead of one as at present; and the chances of their social emancipation would be proportionably lessened. By mere surface reformers it is considered a terrible thing that the soil of England should be possessed by only some few thousands of persons. In the year 1770 there were 250,000 freehold estates in England, in the hands of as many families. In 1815 the number of proprietors had dwindled down to 32,000. It is probable that the present body of landlords number considerably fewer than 20,000. The fewer the better! I should rejoice if the usurpers of England's soil numbered but 1,000; I should still more rejoice if they numbered but 100; of course their usurpation would be soon brought to a close. But increase the number of landowners, and you postpone indefinitely that agrarian revolution wanting which there can be no salvation for the people. The man who possesses five pounds in the savings' bank, or is the owner of two acres of land is a conservative, and an enemy to his poor proletarian brother, who has nothing but the miserable stipend given him as wages in return for toiling in the factory or the mine. Mr. O'CONNOR has often declared that a man possessed of two acres of his mother earth would fight for its protection against all invaders. Some of his pupils have bettered his instruction. Although they have not complied with the conditions which were to accompany the occupancy of their allotments, they have refused to yield possession, defied the law, and on more than one occasion met force with force, declaring "they would manure the land with their blood before they would abandon it!" Why were the French peasants of '89

revolutionists? Because they were landless. Why were those of '48 conservatives? Because they were landowners. It is a noteworthy fact that the most extreme of French Reformers dare not preach the nationalization of landed property, for they know if they did so they would have the peasant-proprietors in arms against them. A radical revolution in the ownership of land is more difficult in France than in England.

Any description of Land Reform which falls short of entirely abolishing private property in the soil, can at the best but benefit a few at the expense of the many; at the same time rendering the pariahship of the many even more hopeless than it is under existing circumstances.

The homœopathic system may or may not be the most efficacious for "the ills that flesh is heir to." I pronounce no opinion thereon. But sure I am that the terrible evils afflicting the body-politic are not to be cured by "infinitesimal doses" of Social Reform.

Considering their education and position in society, it says much for the large-heartedness of THORNTON HUNT and his friends, that they feel for, and desire to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Believing in their good intentions and the sincerity of their sympathy, I thank them. But I say for the Proletarians, of whom I am one, "It is not any amelioration of the condition of the most miserable that will satisfy us; it is justice to all we demand. It is not the mere improvement of the social life of our class that we seek; but the abolition of classes and the destruction of those wicked distinctions which have divided the human race into princes and paupers, landlords and labourers, masters and slaves. It is not any patching and cobbling of the present system we aspire to accomplish; but the annihilation of that system, and the substitution in its stead of an order of things in which all shall labour and all enjoy, and the happiness of each guarantee the welfare of the entire community."

Have the majority of the Proletarians authorised me to speak thus for them? No! Am I sure that I speak the sentiments of even a minority formidable in numbers? No! Sneer not, thou doubter. My words herald the future. The mutterings of the present but presage the hurricane-roar of the coming time!

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THE DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL REPUBLIC

WE, who rally round the Red flag, are reproached with entertaining the nefarious design of completely destroying the existing order of things; with the desire of totally abolishing the present system of society;—for the purpose, it is said, of putting some fantastic dream, some wild Utopia of our own, in the place of long established and venerable institutions. Truly a terrible accusation, this! No wonder that bankers, cottonspinners, landowners, and other "practical" persons, should sneer at such a design; or that, "promising young men" should look down upon us with contempt from Treasury benches, and other official heights; or that "superior women," educated according to the recipes of Mrs. Ellis for making "admirable wives and mothers," should not be able to conceal their disgust. "What! you, who have neither wealth nor learning, nor position in society, who are a low rabble without a single respectable man among you,—pretend to accomplish a social revolution in this country!" It is true we intend doing this very thing. And what our adversaries consider

as a reproach,—we consider the greatest praise that could be given us. We are low people certainly; disreputable vagabonds without doubt. In ancient times we were accounted "the enemies of the human race," accused of setting fire to Rome, and of doing other things deserving the severest punishments.

I am happy to say that we still retain our old reputation; we are now the "enemies of family, property, and order," and have not failed to follow the laudable example of our precursors in Roman times, by making ourselves obnoxious to "principalities and powers, to spiritual wickedness in high places." We are chiefly proletarians. I find it fitting that the work of realising the democratic idea should be entrusted to working men; seeing that this idea first dawned upon the mind of a working man, who meditated upon it for thirty years, and then threw aside his joiner's tools, to go forth and teach it to other proletarians, "fishermen, publicans, sinners,"—in fact, a low rabble with not a single respectable man among them. Yet, even in England,—this shopkeeping country of middleclass respectability—there are a few amongst us belonging to the "better sort;" men who have relinquished all claim to be considered respectable, because for them the words Justice and Love are not mere empty sounds without a meaning; because they say,—like Antigone in Sophocles,—the laws of God are not of to-day, nor of yesterday, they exist from all eternity. Yes, we will change the existing order of things. For we are heartily tired of a society founded upon constitutional lies, and the basest selfishness. We are sick to death of hearing that the jails and hulks are recruited from the starving ranks of labour; that nine-tenths of the women in the streets are driven to that fearful life by hunger; that hundreds upon hundreds of men, toiling day and night at carpentry and other trades, can make about 5s. a week for the support of themselves and families; that the workhouses are filled to overflowing with *able-bodied men*; that human beings die every now and then of hunger in the streets, without any special notice being taken of so common an occurrence; that thousands upon thousands of men and women have no other home than filthy dens and cellars, where a rich man would not put his pigs; that thirty thousand women, *in London alone*, are starving at shirtmaking; that men work 18 hours a day, baking bread in hot, unhealthy places, for a pittance hardly sufficient to keep soul and body together.

We are disgusted at seeing priests of Baal, professing the religion of fraternity, standing up in pulpits and audaciously blaspheming this holy idea. Professing it with their lips, reading it aloud at altars, while their whole lives give it the lie; while they defend a social system, which is based on the principle that one man, or one class, has a right to enslave and trample on another.

We have heard long enough of the misery pervading distracted, unhappy Ireland,—where the "rights of property" are so well protected that whole families are almost daily turned out to starve on the roadside, at the will and pleasure of the land owning class. We are ashamed of living in comparative comfort when so many of our fellow creatures are dragging out so miserable an existence.

We feel humiliated and pained when a beggar stretches out his hand to us for "*charity*,"—that insult and indignity offered to human nature, to our nature; that word invented by tyrants and slave-drivers,—an infamous word, which we desire to see erased from the language of every civilised people. Surely a social system which produces such fruits as these, cannot be a good one. We believe, that unless God be a fiction, justice a chimera, truth a lie,—it is possible to find social arrangements in virtue of which all the inhabitants of a given country could obtain a fair share, not only of the necessities, but of the comforts and luxuries of life,—*in exchange for the honest labour of their own hands*. In other words, we believe it is quite possible to enact laws whereby the rights of every man might be secured, without encroaching on the rights of his fellows. That is our dream, that is our Utopia; it is the democratic and social republic. We are the friends

of the poor, the suffering, the oppressed,—a sufficient reason for being hated by the dominant classes, and calumniated by the base press-gang which supports them. A mad dog is a joke compared to a Red Republican. We consider that the duty of working and the right to a comfortable existence resulting from that duty, are common to all mankind,—the primeval duty and right inherent in human nature. But he who does not fulfil this duty has no just claim to its reward; he is a thief who lives by robbing his fellows. We recognise the justice of that wise saying of an ancient leader amongst us, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

To prevent any person from living on the labour of others,—to prevent any one from being used up as a wage-slave; to put an end at once and for ever to the iniquitous system of class-supremacy and class legislation, which is simply the sway of a horde of bandits and murderers, veiled under legal and constitutional forms;—to abolish the distinction existing between tax-payers and tax-eaters, between producers and non-producers, is the aim of the Democratic and Social Republic. We call by this name, a system of social arrangements based on the principles,—Equality, Liberty, Fraternity. A social system which recognises the equal rights of every rational human being,—which ignores frivolous and superficial distinctions, as of rank, colour, sex, country, and the like. Just laws which say—*one man shall not be allowed to starve while another has more food than he can eat; one woman shall not be left to die by inches, making slopshirts at 2d. a piece, while another, whose brow is encircled by a crown or coronet, does not know what it is to have a caprice ungratified; one child shall not be left to grow up in dirt and rags and brutalising ignorance, in the filthy lanes and gutters of our manufacturing towns, while another is clothed in purple and fine linen,—pampered and spoiled by a host of obsequious servants, tutors, and governesses*. Do you understand now the meaning of the words, Democratic and Social Republic? They are the embodiment of that dying prayer of our first Martyr, "That all may be one, even as we are one." They re-echo the dying prophecy of another of our glorious Martyrs, the Saxon Blum, who gave his breast to the bullets of the Austrian assassin, rather than renounce the religion of fraternity. You ask, my Proletarian brothers—in what do these social arrangements consist? and in what manner can they be realised? The first step towards their realisation is the enactment of the Charter. I affirm that no really democratic arrangement of society is possible, except on the really democratic foundation of Universal Suffrage. Anything short of this is fudge. If you leave political power in the hands of any *part* of a nation, instead of extending its possession to the *whole* people, you immediately have the distinction of a ruling and a subordinate class; of one class which makes laws—of course for its own advantage, and another, which must obey those class-laws, whether it find them just or not. On one hand, you have the master; on the other, the slave. Do not, therefore, be humbugged by that set of political quacks who now offer you "Household Suffrage,"—a "moderate extension of the Suffrage," as a Middle-class nostrum to cure your social miseries. That is a *cheat*, like all Middle class measures: like the Reform Bill and Free Trade. Has that Morisonian pill of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, &c., delivered us from pauperism? from the fear of over-production, glut in the market, commercial crisis, short time, reduction of wages, want of work?—pleasant little peculiarities of the Middle-class system of production and distribution, which simply mean, *for the Working Class*, starvation, ruin and death? No,—it has done nothing of the kind. Whenever that set of brazen-faced charlatans come again before you with their stereotype cry, "listen to us, follow our guidance, and all will go well." Do not listen to them. You have done so twice too often already. Hiss them off the platforms whence they delight to spout "unadorned eloquence and thoroughly liberal speeches" as hypocrites and imposters; if they dare any

longer to call themselves your friends, while refusing you the franchise in order to use you up as wages slaves. The Charter once enacted, the delegates of the people will form the government. The first thing to be done then will be to pass a series of measures calculated to serve as a means of transition from the old to the new epoch. For example; the land will be declared national property. Agricultural colonies will be founded in every country parish. A great proportion of the population will be at once withdrawn from the crowded streets of our manufacturing towns, to form industrial armies organised for agricultural purposes, under competent chiefs, appointed at first by the state; afterwards to be elected by the members of each colony. Then the houses left vacant in the towns, by this means, will be pulled down; and wide, clean, well-ventilated streets will take the place of the present filthy holes and corners, the fitting habitus for disease and crime. The state will constitute itself the national banker, fire and life insurer, railway and canal, gas and waterwork proprietor. From these sources, the enormous profits formerly made by private companies being reduced to a very moderate rate—a large public revenue will be derived and applied at once to the organisation of labour; the labour-budget being the only budget under the new regime. Indirect taxation will be abolished: a temporary, direct, and progressive poll-tax will be substituted for the purpose of defraying the most pressing public expenses, as—the administration of justice and a national system, of secular education, both gratuitous. Simultaneous with the organisation of agricultural labour will be the organisation of commerce and manufactures, on the principles of association and solidarity. The property of the state churches will be confiscated for the benefit of the labour-budget. The state, engaging, at the same time, to give such of the priests as cannot find congregations willing to pay them on the voluntary principle, a sum sufficient to supply them with the necessaries of life, until they can be absorbed in the ranks of labour. Let them learn trades, like Paul of Tarsus, who “worked with his own hands as a tent maker,” who did not merely preach and prate about the text, “he that will not work, neither shall he eat,” but acted up to his own maxim like an honest man. What a hideous outcry of robbery, sacrilege &c., &c., would be raised by these idolatrous Mammon worshippers, these fat priests of Baal—bishops, deans, canons, rectors, vicars, whose name is legion.—when they saw themselves reduced to this state of Apostolic simplicity! But the state might justly ask, “Of what do you complain, good people?” You threaten us with the consequences of this sacrilegious act. Well, then—we shall act upon the text which says, “With whatever measure you mete unto others, shall it be meted unto you again.” We shall treat you precisely as you treated the Catholics in the 16th century. We will kick you out of that property without giving you any means of subsistence at all. Thank your stars that you get leave to rave and rage and grumble as much as you like, without being burned alive at Smithfield, or set in the pillory with your noses slit and your ears cut off; these things being, as you well know, Church of England receipts to cure Roman Catholic grumblers, much used in the time of two enlightened Protestant sovereigns, Elizabeth and James.” These, and similar measures, my Proletarian brothers, will constitute the means of transition from the present state of things into quite another state, which we call the Democratic and Social Republic. From the above slight sketch you will see that the stereotyped cry of the reactionists, the leave-alone, the leave-to-suffer, leave-to-die, gentry—is absurd. We do not wish to make the rich man poor; to deprive the capitalist of his unjust gains. Let them, in God’s name, keep what they have already got, under a vicious system which has victimised us all nearly alike. Victimised the Proletarian, by ignorance, physical suffering—and the degradation consequent upon this neglect of both soul and body. Victimised the

capitalist, by blunting the moral sentiment in him to such a degree, that he has become incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood; he has renounced reason the birthright of humanity, and is content to be—not a man, but a cotton-spinner. He has no soul, only a bank bill. His moral law, ten commandments, thirty-nine articles, and confession of faith, are all comprised in the words, cash payments. He is a greater brute than the miserable, ragged, drunken, ignorant serf, that he uses up in his mills and factories. But one thing is quite certain, when political power is once fairly placed in our hands by means of the Charter, we will use that power to prevent any further accumulations of capital in the hands of individuals. For the principle which is at the bottom of our system is, that property is a Social right, not an Individual one. If you acknowledge the validity of the principles—Equality, Liberty, Fraternity, by what process of logic will you grant the right of access to the instruments of labour, namely,—land and capital, to one individual and deny it to another? We will make no “half-revolution.” We will have a social revolution, or none at all. Justice for all, or justice for none. Political power is the means—the reign of Equality, Liberty, Fraternity, is the end. Let us work for the possession of this power, then, for the enactment of the Charter, with courage and hope for our companions. For the Democratic and Social Republic, the El Dorado, or golden age of the world, does not lie in the past, it lies in the future history of humanity.

HOWARD MORTON.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER III.

“We believe in family, city, and country, as so many progressive spheres in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association.”

THE first sphere of association is the family,—the first step out of self, the first phase in the practical education of the mature human being.

The child lives for itself; is, (or should be) employed, not for Humanity, but for itself. The natural course of a child’s life, is the perception, the search, and the gathering, of good for itself, in order to perfect its own nature, to prepare it for securing humanity. To this end parents and friends wait upon it, and minister to it, requiring no return. Hope sings to it his sweetest songs, furling his vast wings, and walking, as if he were an earthly playmate, with the inexperienced young one. All great and joyous influences are but its playthings, the world its foot-ball, and delights its proper food. For the child’s business is not to do, nor to suffer, (truly, it must both do and suffer, but that is not its business) but to be fostered, and so enabled to grow to its full strength and stature. Childhood over, the world claims the fresh worker, God calls his martyr. Self-perfected, the sacrifice of self, (that is to say—service) is next. The child enjoys—the adult loves. For enjoyment is neither the object nor the end of love. Ask of any man who has truly loved,—or rather ask of any woman who has loved (not merely accepted a husband) whether the passion meant possession—enjoyment; whether it was not utterly independent of possession or enjoyment, an adoration rather than a desire: whether it was not a sublime soaring out of self, the first endeavour to realize a good not necessarily to be shared, and rather strengthened than diminished if bringing suffering instead of joy. God has given us love to lead us from the narrowness of self to the divine width and grandeur of the unselfish spirit of the true worker—the worshipper and realizer of beauty. The lovers are united, and the two becoming one, in their very union is danger of stepping back to selfishness; but now children preach the doctrine of sacrifice, of duty and service. In these two relations of life are the types

of the present and future, in which is involved the whole of human duty.

The Beloved,—it is the present life, the beautiful Humanity of our own age, to be loved and laboured for even as one would love and labour for a mistress. The Child,—it is the future, for which the present toils and accumulates, for which it freely gives its restless days and sleepless nights, for which, if needful, in harness, on Liberty’s battle field, or on that most holy altar, kings call the scaffold, it would cheerfully render up its life. In one’s own family are first learned the lessons of true Republicanism: the equality between the loving,—the equal rights of the young souls which we call our children, but which are God’s children, even as ourselves, not property, but unpossessable human lives as important as our own, by whose cradles we kneel to proffer homage, foreseeing that they shall be greater than ourselves, that we are but their ministers; the freedom of growth which we see to be so needful for them (alas! one cannot forget the poor factory children when one speaks of the free growth which children ought to have), without which the very race deteriorates, and God’s promise of the progression of Humanity through them is made a lie and an impossibility: and the fraternal association which is prophesied in the days of simple childhood,—the parents themselves but as elder children in a blessed hierarchy, reverently looked up to, loved, and freely and gladly obeyed, not merely because they are called parents, but because they are felt and believed to be the wisest and the best.

Equality, Liberty, and brotherly association, must have their first seeds planted in the Family. Whoever would destroy this would destroy the very nursery of Republican virtue.

But the family is only the nursery. We may not bound our sympathies within the walls of home. Though we need not our fellows’ help, yet they need us. In the continual battle of life not one soldier can be spared; in the world’s work the labourers are ever few (spite of Malthus and the like) compared with the harvest that awaits them. Is Humanity only to be served by those who have no family? Can Society afford that they who have had the best opportunities of learning the worth of Equality, Liberty, and Association, shall be excused from teaching what they have learned, by the example of an extended practice? But our special question here is not so much the duty of the individual to Humanity as the spheres in which that duty can most advantageously be fulfilled.

We say that the first sphere, or inner circle, is the family; the next the city—the village, parish, or commune; and the country next.

The family is the simplest method of association, the most natural, the easiest, and the most binding. We do not believe that it could be loosened without violating the best instincts of our nature, without a loss of influence for good which no other method of association could replace. The association of locality and common occupation we hold to be also worth preserving. A fishing community, a shipping community, a manufacturing community, an agricultural community,—either of these will naturally grow up on the spot where its work may be best done. The peculiar habits of their lives impress a peculiarity of character. That and the identity of occupation beget a spirit of companionship, and the brotherly feeling has a wider extension through that growth of natural circumstances than from any arbitrary arrangement for mere economical purposes. We believe in the worth of such local attachments, of such local schools, in whose narrow precincts men may first learn something of the fervour, the devotedness, the intense passion of patriotism. Let the hamlet or the township be a rallying-point, a larger home, and a pride to its inhabitants; let them toil for the increase of its importance and its renown, jealous of it as a child of the honour of its family. Let the family be the nursery of republican virtue, the village or the city the first public school

for the republican life. Each is the republic in miniature, complete in itself. Complete, but not incapable of expansion. As each individual is but a part of the family, so each family is but a member of the township, parish, or commune; and so again each township, parish, or commune, is but a member of the country. There, on that broad scale, the value of local sympathies, the force of similarity of nature, habit and idea, are more plainly discernible. and little need be said to prove their importance. History and tradition, habits of thought, modes of life, difference of aim—all these stamp the men of one country as better fitted to work together than to work with the men of another country; all these indicate the essential differences in human character, which help to preserve variety, necessary for the improvement of the race. Language itself, which is but the outward manifestation of character, is not so different as the character beneath. These are the spheres of human work, not necessarily of disunion. Because the men of one craft labour in one workshop, and those of another craft in another, their different work being so best performed, is that any reason why they should be at variance, or any hindrance to their meeting on any common ground to do together that which requires their combined efforts, or that for which one has no more special aptitude than the other? Need Italy and England be less close in the brotherhood of nations, because each shall be distinct as a nation, each having its special task to accomplish in the world's work, each having something to do which can be better done by each in its own sphere, than through any cosmopolitan fusion or confusion of the two? We believe that family, city, and country, have not been arbitrarily-established spheres of human activity; but that they are the natural, the God-appointed modes of human organization, which through republican institutions shall be harmonised together. And we believe this none the less though, under patriarchal despotism the family has been abused, children treated as property, as if they were for the parents and not the parents for them; though in the hard and foolish competition of an untaught and unorganised individualism, the city has been walled up, town contending against town, even to the destruction of a common nationality; and though kings and diplomatic apes have made the sacred name of a country a mere bye-word of unpatriotic antagonism. Such is the power of the false principle of *monarchy*, which perverts the truest means of life. In the Republic it shall be otherwise. The nation of many families shall be as a brother in the great family of the world, as a loyal township in the human commonwealth.

W. J. L.

THE POLISH REFUGEES.—Accompanying a subscription (see next column,) we have received the following:—“Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a post-office order for the sum of £1 10s. 4d., being the amount of a subscription of the Democrats of Kilbarchan, for their suffering brethren, the Polish Refugees. I am happy, with the assistance of my brother democrats, to have been enabled to send a little aid to those unfortunate, but noble men; who are always ready to draw the sword against the enemies of democratic progress, without respect to nation or country—in fact they have been the true soldiers of the people—and as such they deserve the support and sympathy of the people of this country. If a few good and true men in each town and village in the kingdom, imbued with the glorious principles of Humanity, were to take the trouble of calling on their brother workmen, in their several localities, for their assistance, they would raise as much money as would place the Refugees above the fear of want until such time as they obtained employment to support themselves. It is very unfair that the working men of London should have all the burden of supporting our suffering brethren. Let all the places who have done nothing hitherto, take up the subject at once, and I have no fear for the result. Is it not a pity, Sir, that such noble soldiers of democracy should require the assistance of the people of any country, when they might be living in comfort and happiness in their own beloved fatherland, were it not for the *Hyenas* and *Haynaws* of Northern Europe. That the great principles of Liberty, Equality, and Humanity may speedily triumph and result in the restoration of our Polish brethren to the land they love so well, is the sincerest wish of your humble brother in the cause of Humanity.”

JAMES GIBSON.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

☞ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

☞ Subscriptions for the “Red Republican” will be acknowledged in a future number.

THE POLISH REFUGEES.—Received and paid over to Captain J. B. Rola Bartochowski, member of the Polish committee, from the Democrats of Kilbarchan, per James Gibson, £1 10s. 4d.—Received, subsequent to the above being paid over to Captain Rola Bartochowski, T. Haslape, Cheltenham, 1s.; and 7s. the amount of a collection made at the close of a lecture delivered by Mr. Thomas Cooper to the Democrats of Cheltenham, total 8s., per John Hemmim—L. G., Rochdale, 3d.—Mr. Monks, 6d.—A. Rushton, 6d.—J. Sheldon, 6d.

FOR THE TYPEFOUNDERS.—“An Enemy to Tyranny, 6d.—J. C. Hulme, 2d.—“A Young Red,” 1s.—Collected at Deuridin's Pipe-maker's Shop, Bell Street, Paddington, 1s. 3d.

J. ARNOLD WOOD.—The lines shall appear as soon as possible.

VERITAS.—We gratefully acknowledge your compliments and good wishes. The many demands upon our very limited space prevent the publication of your letter.

“A YOUNG RED” writes as follows:—

“Dear Sir,—I read your little journal every week with increased interest. I am quite sure that it will spread Republican principles to a very great extent, and will teach the working classes to think and unite. Seeing how you defend their cause, as evidenced by your advocacy of the claims of the Typefounders, Weavers, &c., must satisfy them that the *Red Republican* deserves all the support they can give it. I send 1s. with this for the ‘Red,’ and one for the Typefounders.

EASTERN COUNTIES' DRIVERS, &c.—The secretary to the men on strike will oblige by forwarding his address to the Editor of the *Red Republican*.

“THE SCOTTISH PRESS.”—Although tolerably well acquainted with the journals published north of the Tweed, we never heard tell of the *Scottish Press*, until a few days ago some friend forwarded to us a copy of the great obscure. In a wretchedly written article, some anonymous scribbler, who, judging his style of writing by the specimen before us, is never likely to earn salt to his crowdy, has presumed to install himself Censor of “The Literature of the People.” He begins his onslaught by attacking the *Red Republican*, after the following terrible manner:—“These penny newspapers are dangerous in so far as they promote and foster those wild political or social theories of the worst kind, which have taken such root in France, and in which the seeds of discontent and disorder are continually germinating. Their existence proves that the opinions they profess to promulgate are held by a large body of the people. . . . Take up any one of them, and you will invariably find that the topics they discuss are such as to widen the breach between the working classes and the other portions of the community, not by any sound statements of the relative duties of these classes, or by encouraging the working man to prosecute that work of self-elevation which must be—as it has ever been—the surest and quickest mode of enforcing and obtaining his rights; but by wild and fierce invectives against all who prove to be his best friends, by their enlightened liberality, and the well-tested worth of their counsels.” It is clear that this wretched driveller must have had at least half-a-mutchkin of the “real Glenlivet,” unpolluted by water, under his waistcoat when he penned the precious sentence, just quoted. Mark, he complains that we “widen the breach between the working classes and the other portions of the community, not by any sound statements, &c., &c.” What does he mean? Does he wish us to understand that he would approve of “widening the breach,” if effected by “sound statements, &c.?” If so, he is “an enemy to property and order,”—a nice man to write in a respectable and loyal Scotch newspaper! Our Censor proceeds:—“The revolutions and revolutionary heroes of France, of which her truest and purest Republicans feel ashamed, are brought continually forward as objects of admiration and imitation. Her Raspails and Barbes—the wildest chiefs of disorder and disorganization—rather than her Cavaignacs, Lamartines, Duponts, are set before us as the men in likeness to whom we must seek for those who are to improve the condition of the working men of Great Britain.” O dear! O, deary me! “Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.” “We have ascertained from inquiries recently made, that in Edinburgh one of these penny newspapers, the front page of which is adorned with the pike and the liberty cap, circulates by hundreds.” “Well I never!” Only to think of the gracious Queen, and the dear Prince, and the blessed babies, passing an entire night in a city wherein a penny paper, “adorned with the pike and the liberty cap, circulates by hundreds!” “Wae's me!” “One good turn deserves another.” We have glanced over the *Scottish Press*, and can conscientiously pronounce it the most unmitigated “take in” ever palmed upon the public in the shape of a newspaper.

J. W., MANCHESTER.—The translation of “Republic and Royalty in Italy,” will be completed in two or three more numbers.

J. F.—Thanks for the newspaper: We have addressed a copy of the *RED* to the writer of the letter marked for our notice, in the hope of converting him to the true faith of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”

NOW READY,

PART III. OF THE RED REPUBLICAN,

STITCHED IN A HANDSOME WRAPPER, PRICE SIXPENCE.

NOTICES OF PARTS 1 AND 2.—“This publication is better written and better got up than any similar one of the same school which has appeared in this country before. The red wrapper with its emblematical design is both characteristic and picturesque. The articles are written with energy, and the translations from Mazzini and Ledru Rollin add both to the variety and interest of the paper. The circumstances under which Mr. Harney succeeded from the *Northern Star* do him great credit, and we hope that the approvers of political consistency will not fail to give the Editor of the *Red Republican* that support to which he has established an unqualified claim.”—*The Leader*, September 7th, 1850.

“We earnestly recommend these valuable additions [Parts 1 and 2] to any democratic library.”

“In every respect this periodical is worthy of the name it bears.”—*Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper*.—September 1st and 22nd, 1850.

We have ascertained from inquiries recently made, that in Edinburgh one of these penny newspapers, the front page of which is adorned with the pike and the liberty cap, circulates by hundreds.—*The Scottish Press*, Sept. 18, 1850.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850.

“Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor.”—*St. Just*.

“Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state.”—*Robespierre*.

“The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us.”—*St. Simon*.

PROOFS OF “PROSPERITY.”

THE prosperity-mongers who would fain make the world believe that the working classes are revelling in a very elysium of “cheap bread, high wages, and plenty to do,” are beginning to make some ugly-looking admissions as to the actual state of things—to wit—

The *Times* of September 28th, giving an account of the progress of the works in Hyde Park, in connection with the forthcoming monster exhibition, states that between 250 and 300 workmen are employed in preparing the “palace of iron and glass.” The *Times* adds: “At the main entrance crowds of labourers are collected in the hope of employment!” Poor fellows, they are likely to experience the force of the sad truth that “hope deferred maketh the heart sick.”

The same day's *Times* contains an account of a meeting of “ironmasters” at Wolverhampton on the 26th of September. The reports of the state of business were of the most gloomy description. It appears that the iron-trade has been over-done, and “over-production” has led to general “depression” throughout Staffordshire and Wales. “Scarcely any of the forges are working more than half their capabilities, and by far the greater portion not to that extent.” The reporter significantly adds:—“A further reduction of the manufacture of iron will of necessity produce greater additional suffering among the iron men of South Staffordshire already ill-employed and impoverished.” The ironmen, it appears, even under “the reign of prosperity” are ill-employed and impoverished! What then will be the extent of their additional suffering when “the reign of adversity” comes!

Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, are reported

to be thriving, but there is already another tale to tell of the Millocrats' capital. The *Manchester Guardian* of Sept. 30th reports a "depressed" state of business, adding:—"With a *losing* trade manufacturers are generally inclined to reduce their productions rather than go on as they have done for *some time back*." The same paper of October 2nd, reports a continuance of bad markets, and adds,—"Manufacturers appear to be brought to the point at which the present range of prices can be no longer borne, but must be met by bringing a diminished quantity into the market. We accordingly hear that the *stoppage of looms*, or the placing them on *short time*, is extending in this district." Of course with their "unusually good wages" the Manchester workers have saved enough to keep themselves "independent" for the rest of their days! If not, the *Leeds Mercury*, will demonstrate that the fault is wholly, solely, and entirely their own. Ah! we can never be too thankful for that chief of blessings; a "free press;" and especially for such truth-loving journals as the *Leeds Mercury*. What a misfortune that so exemplary a paper should have been christened after the god of liars!

THE TYPEFOUNDERS' STRIKE.

THIS strike has now continued four months, and, up to this time, neither the men nor the firm exhibit signs of yielding. As regards the former, they are more than ever confident of a successful issue; and are proportionably determined to stand their ground. The gentlemen of the "firm," we have reason to believe, are less firm; but persist in their suicidal obstinacy, rather than confess themselves in the wrong. It is easy to see whither this obstinacy tends. Basinghall-street is not any great distance from Chiswell-street, and we should not be at all surprised should the sequel to this strike be performed under the patronage of Commissioner FANE or FOND-LE-ROUGE!

We last week intimated that a new foundry was about to commence operations. We have since heard that the proprietors have had some difficulty in finding suitable premises; that delay is now overcome. Premises, in every way adapted to the business, have been secured; and, within a week or two, work will commence at the new foundry. The following circular will throw some additional light on this undertaking:—

"GEORGE CHAMBERS and Co. (from CASLON and Co's) respectfully inform the printing profession of the United Kingdom, that they are about to commence business as Letter Founders; and, having devoted many years to a practical acquaintance of the art, in all its departments, they are determined to offer to the trade such a series of new founts and choice assortments of letter, which for superior workmanship and beauty of face, cannot be equalled by any foundry at present established. Messrs. Chambers and Co., will shortly have the honour of submitting for the inspection of master printers, a specimen book, containing the prices and proofs of the founts already cut, to which they respectfully invite consideration, as it will ever be their constant study, by diligence and punctuality in the execution of all orders entrusted to them, to merit a continuance of the favours of those employing them. Orders for specimens, &c. will be duly acknowledged, if forwarded to the

temporary residence of Messrs. CHAMBERS and Co., 5, Adelaide-place, Forest-row, Dalston.

When we state that Mr. CHAMBERS has been for many years the foreman or manager over the Chiswell-street foundry, we have said sufficient to assure the public that the undertaking is in excellent hands. Some twenty of the turn-outs will be immediately employed, with the prospect of a speedy addition to that number.

We had the pleasure of taking part in a meeting of the Trade, on the evening of Wednesday, October 3rd. The assemblage was large and enthusiastic; and was addressed in several able speeches, particularly by Mr. EDWARDS, compositor. The men on strike declared their stern determination to persevere bravely to the end. The men in employ as unanimously and zealously declared they would unflinchingly support their brothers. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1st.—That it is the opinion of this meeting, that great praise is due to the men out on strike, for the noble and spirited manner in which they have maintained their stand; and that we encourage them to remain steadfast, assuring them that we will stand by them to the end, and subscribe to the utmost of our ability toward their support.

2nd.—That this meeting expresses its warmest thanks to the public, and those friends who have rendered the workmen assistance during their protracted struggle; and while this meeting is in no way apprehensive as to the termination of this strike, it recommends that a further appeal be made to the public feeling, confident that the public will assist those who have for 16 weeks shown such a decided determination to assist themselves.

It is to be hoped that this confidence in public support will prove to be well founded. The Type-founders are altogether an exceedingly limited body, and, therefore, anything but well circumstanced to support so many of their brethren during so many weeks. They have, however acted most gallantly, and are earnest as ever in their determination to stand by the turn-outs. But the burden should not be left to rest entirely on the shoulders of a body of men so weak in numbers. The trades generally and the public at large should give their aid. Let that be done, and the victory of the men will be complete and lasting.

HEREBY HANGS A TALE!—A recent number of the *United Service Gazette* contains the following:—"Military Desertions Abroad.—We are informed that no less than eleven men of the 59th Regiment deserted from the Regiment whilst encamped at Ille Grand, coast of Brazil, during the period that her Majesty's ship *Apollo* was being cleared out and fumigated, previously to pursuing her voyage to China, and that, too, notwithstanding that the troops were repeatedly warned that any man discovered beyond the boundary assigned to the troops by the Brazilians, would immediately be shot. The deserters are reported to have asserted that they would rather march to "Chayney" than go on ship board again. We are also informed that fifteen men of the 95th deserted at the Cape, on the homeward voyage of the *Apollo*." We should like to know something of the treatment of the 59th and 95th, at the hands of the epauleted dons of said regiments.

TO BARCLAY AND PERKINS' DRAYMEN.—Fellow Countrymen!—Since your whips have become pre-eminently celebrated, both for their avenging the Hungarian martyrs, and inflicting well-merited punishment upon the miserable body of one of their executioners—*Haynau*, the woman-flogger, clearly demonstrating that your hearts are in their right places, I would suggest to you a means of perpetuating the remembrance of your just indignation by henceforward calling your whips "*Haynau's*." What a reflective, as well as perpetual monument to the ever memorable event of flogging the *hay-nocked* marshal to take shelter under the bed of Mrs. Benfield. What an example, of "poetical justice"—the flogger of the fair sex, seeking protection under the bed of a woman! Do not hesitate giving the living man a monument dedicated to his memory, whilst still in the enjoyment of his earthly life.

AN ARCHIOLOGIST.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

(Continued from No. 15 of the *Red Republican*.)

CHAP. VIII.

DIPLOMATIC INTRIGUES.

THE vote given, the registers were closed on the 29th of May. As if some national misfortune was to correspond with every triumph of the moderates, on this very day, on the redoubts of Montanara and Curtatone, perished the flower of the Tuscan youth, victim of the incapacity or treason of its chiefs.*

The 8th of June they published the result of the votes. The 13th, two days after the fall of Vicenza, a deputation, having at its head Casati, the president of the provisional government, betook itself to the king's camp to carry there the solemn act of *fusion*. The faction was triumphant; the end of the war was obtained; every possibility of the republic was for the time destroyed, and a PRECEDENT, as the diplomatists call it, was acquired for the dynasty of Savoy. The royalists, at this period, dared not yet reckon on a complete victory; and a precedent, a title to be held in reserve and to be made the most of in future congresses and political tacks, was, for most of them, the utmost of their hope. Hence this precipitate fusion in spite of promises and to the detriment of the Lombard cause. At Venice, the sainted, the heroic Venice, it was still worse. Already the bases of the odious cession to Austria were signed; when on the 6th of August the two commissioners, Colli and Cibrario, arrived in the city to take possession of it in the name of Charles Albert. Ah! may our exile yet long endure, may oppression yet long weigh upon our brother's rather than a second time see our great Italian cause profaned by such infamies; rather than see the enthusiasm and the blood of our brave so delivered to the trafficking of dynastic ambition! For as virtue is sanctified by tears, even so nations are purified by the sufferings of servitude. The artifices of falsehood and the calculations of egotism do not teach the peoples to become free; they enervate them in the inertness which distrust produces, and condemn their noble faculties, their generous sentiments to an agony which long causes mothers to weep on earth, and the angels in heaven.

And it was indeed an agony!—We who, more unhappy than all others, interrogated without illusions the increasing symptoms of evil, we who counted the beatings of the pulse of the great one dying, we could not cry out—*The liberty of Italy is dying*, without others crying out in their turn—You are terrorists, allies of Austria.

From the month of April, to spite the volunteers, and in obedience to diplomacy, the enterprise of the Tyrol had been abandoned. Friule was lost and remained open to the enemy. Lost also the Venetian States, when Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo, fell one after the other, and not a soldier from the king budged to their aid. The fact is, it was important to the royalists not to save the Venetian States, but to wring from Venice, by the fear of approaching ruin and by false hopes of deliverance, the vote of the 5th of July. Promises given to foreign governments paralysed every operation, and yet that against Trieste might have been crowned with complete success. The Sardinian fleet, in virtue of repeated and inexplicable orders, remained inactive. The 11th of June, to support at Venice the partisans of the fusion, it had been announced that, in concert with the Venetians some Sardinian vessels would attempt an enterprise; but, the object once attained, the order was revoked.

* The Tuscans and Neapolitans together counted in all five thousand, who, by prodigies of valour, made head against sixteen thousand Austrians a whole day. General Bava, informed of the movement of the enemy, promised aid; but the king deemed it prudent to remain moveless at Volta.

The Austrians, who had had leisure to collect new forces, ripened their definitive plans. A little after the decree of the 12th of May the king of Naples had recalled his troops. The declarations of the Pope and of General Duraudo had rendered almost useless the succours come from the Roman States. The act of fusion, by revealing new perils to the governments of Italy, through the ambition of the house of Savoy, had annihilated every hope of co-operation on their part; while at the same time the phantom of a Sardo-Lombard constituent had roused more than ever the terrors, the hatreds, and the secret intrigues of the aristocracy of Turin. The sad necessities of a dynastic war, which we have pointed out above, had made a void and a desolation round the camp of Charles Albert.

Thus, to isolate himself in Europe, to deprive himself of all hope of assistance on the part of his neighbours,—to this end tended the compelled consequences of the royal diplomacy; a diplomacy, for the rest, tortuous as ever was the policy of the house of Savoy, uncertain and tacking with every wind like the mind of the king.

The diplomatic history of this period is therefore very mysterious, and will for a long time remain so. Those who directed it live yet, and are almost all in power; it is important to them to subtract the documents concerning it from the unfortunate populations which they have fascinated. It is remarkable that even the English collection, several times quoted, is *visibly defective in the most essential part*; but the principal traits pierce, spite of that, through the veil which covers them, and one of the objects of this work is to point them out.

The war between the two principles was general in Europe: the enthusiasm excited by the Italian movements, specially by the Lombard insurrection and the prodigies of the five days, was immense; and Italy could, if she had known how and desired, have drawn from it all the strength necessary to annul all the efforts of the hostile reaction. But it was necessary for that, however the crafty policy of the *moderates* might fear it, to give these movements a character so openly and so audaciously national that it should frighten the enemy, and offer a powerful support to friends. Both one and the other felt that the times were ripe, and began to believe that at last Italy was about to be; but Italy, and not the *kingdom of the North*. I recollect these consolatory words which Lamartine addressed to me one day in his house: it was on the eve of my departure for Italy, and in the presence of some witnesses, notably of Alfred de Vigny and of that Forbin de Janson, whom I afterwards found preaching the papal restoration, and managing at Rome some petty conspiracies brewed out of foolish intrigues.

"Your hour has struck," said the minister to me, "and I am so firmly convinced of it, that the first words with which I have charged M. d'Harcourt for the Pope, to whom I have dispatched him, are these:—*Holy Father, you know that you ought to be president of the Italian Republic.*" M. d'Harcourt had very different things to say to the Pope, on account of the faction which Lamartine imagined he governed the while it was enveloping him in its meshes. As for me, I did not attach importance, except as a symptom, to the words of Lamartine, a man of impulse and of noble instincts, but loose in his beliefs, without energy for a determined end, and without real knowledge of men or things. In him, nevertheless, was personified, in these moments of exaltation, a tendency then all-powerful over French minds; and every renaissance nation which had unfurled its flag, every programme which, without being decidedly republican, should have been so only as much as the Italian Constituent, would have compelled, in France, the hand of the most undecided government.

From great things great things are born. The *dwarfish* conception of the moderates chilled men's souls everywhere, and dictated a change of policy to France. The Italian people was an ally more than sufficient to preserve the republic from all dangers of a foreign war; but a *kingdom of the North*, in the hand of princes less sure, and hostile, by traditional aversion, to the republicans of France, added a dangerous element to the league of kings. Setting out from this day, the French nation kept itself silent, and left its government free to be without foreign policy, and to deliver the destinies of the republic to the decrees of the impenetrable future.

England, albeit the idea of an *Italy* might cause some jealousy to her government, was not disposed to be contrary to a solemn national manifestation. From all time the policy of England has been to create obstacles to the advent of whatever fact could introduce a new element into the situation of Europe, and then to accept the fact so soon as it is solemnly accomplished.

Two motives rendered England less hostile to the formation of a new state: the hope that a barrier would be raised against the conquests of France, and the necessity which would result from that for Austria to seek a compensation in the Turkish provinces, and so become an obstacle on that side to the projects of Russia: these motives militated powerfully in favour of Italian nationality. As to Austria, she perceived the danger, and could not even guess at any possibility of defending herself.

"If to-morrow," wrote Baron Hummelauer at London to Lord Palmerston,—"*if to-morrow the French were to pass the Alps and make a descent in Lombardy, we should not stir to go to meet them; we should remain first in our position at Verona and on the Adige; and if the French came to seek us there, we should retire toward the Alps and on Isonzo; but we should not accept a battle. We should make no opposition either to the entry or to the march of the French in Italy. Those who shall have called them will have only once to make experience, at their leisure, of French domination. No one would come to seek us behind the Alps; and we could remain there spectators of the struggles which they would excite in Italy.*"

I do not say that they would have done well or ill in calling the French armies into Italy. I believed then, and I have several times written in the *Italy of the People*,—although the same gang who called us, us *Republicans*, the allies of Austria, flung also incessantly in our faces, the accusation that we wished to have our quarrels decided by foreigners,—that we, *Italians*, provided we had been united and resolute, had more force than was needed for our emancipation. I still believe it now. But I say, that to cut the knot, it was necessary either to profit by foreign succours, or else immediately to call out all the active forces of the nation. I add that, at this period, the succour of France, if we had invoked it, would have been certain and unailing.

The *moderates* repulsed the aid of France: they sent to sleep and stifled the eager courage of Italy. It was both folly and treason.

To us, whose sentiments were doubtless not less Italian than those of the *moderates*,—to us who desired to free our country by our arms, in calling it to a crusade; it nevertheless appeared useful and just that the fraternity of peoples should receive its consecration on the fields of our first battles, and that we should accept with gratitude the offer of a numerous legion of French volunteers. It was enough to cement, at the outset, the moral alliance of the two peoples, and to give a glimpse in the distance of the probability of aid to be offered by the government. But what was to be hoped of men, who, from fear of blame from St. Petersburg, did not blush to condemn to idleness in a barrack at Milan, Miskiewicz and his Poles, even to the day when, with the intention of hindering their departure for Venice (which, at my advice, had called them within her walls), they were at last summoned to the camp,

If Charles Albert and his party repulsed the

succours of the French, it was not from national pride, nor because they had the conviction of a certain victory; it was from the same motive which made them repulse the Swiss and the volunteers,—the fear of the republican idea and the republican flag. An address, timid enough and which contained no formal demand of help, was made at the commencement of the war by the provisional government of Lombardy to the French government, and drew upon it a severe reprimand. The instructions given to the Sardinian agents expressly enjoined them to bar the way to French intervention.

"The French Army," proudly exclaimed Pareto on the 12th of May, in the Chamber at Turin, "*will not enter unless called by us; and as we shall not call it, it will not enter.*" And towards the end of July, they menaced to oppose an open resistance to any endeavour at intervention on the part of France. At the same time, in order to maintain good diplomatic relations with the French government, and to wring from it promises of agreement to the *kingdom of the north* when the moment should be come for making it accepted by the European powers, the *moderates* secretly engaged to cede Savoy. I have the certainty of what I advance, to such a point that Savoy does not figure on the map of the future kingdom,—a map which they had had drawn up at this period, at Turin, for the use of some of the Sardinian agents, and of which a copy is in my hands. Thanks to this shameful bargain, Lamartine entirely forgot his first republican aspirations; and while the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Bastide, was declaring to me and to whoever would hear him, that France was inexorably hostile to the ambitious projects of Charles Albert, the French envoy at Turin, M. Bixio was porrating without rest in favour of the fusion, and dispatched his secretary to me at Milan, to endeavour to convince me. To-day France is suffering the chastisement of all these diplomatic turpitudes, of this constant forgetfulness of the principle inscribed upon her flag, in the degradation of her name abroad, and in the anarchy which galls her at home.

The *Correspondence** makes no mention of the political intrigues brewed between the king's emissaries and England. But Austria, perhaps sincerely, on the principle,—frightened as she was at her own situation both at home and abroad,—and later with the manifest intention of gaining time, more than once solicited the English cabinet to intervene as mediator and peacemaker between the insurrection and the empire.

From the 5th of April, Fiquelmont, writing from Vienna to Count Dietrichstein, the Austrian ambassador at London, announced the sending to Italy of an imperial commissioner charged to negotiate a reconciliation on the largest possible bases, and prayed Lord Palmerston to support his propositions. I do not know whether the commissioner arrived in Italy, nor with whom he conferred; but the large bases never went beyond the limits of administrative independence. However, in another dispatch forwarded the same day to Fiquelmont by Baron Brenner, Austrian chargé d'affaires at Munich, there is visible a first indication, attempt, or desire, of re-establishing an exchange of courtesies between the two enemies; and it is the court of Turin that takes the initiative in this bargain: this piece deserves to be remarked. It was a written communication of the intentions of his Sardinian Majesty, touching the pacific relations to be maintained at sea; but the form of the communication itself, certain accessories, and the interpretation given to the good offices of Austria, might leave something else to be suspected. The Marquis Pallavicini,† charged with this communication, addressed himself to Severine, the Russian minister at Munich, in order that he might as mediator manifest to Austria the desire

* Published by the English Government.—E. T.

† Not to be confounded with the marquis George Pallavicini, who was at Spielberg, one of the most honourable men of Italy.

of the court of Turin, and obtain for him an interview with Brenner.

The interview took place on the 5th, not, as might have seemed natural, in the house of Severine, *because that could not fail to rouse the attention of the curious idlers of the city of Munich*; but in the house of a certain Voillier, legal adviser of the Russian legation. A choice determined by the convenience of the place, and because the house of Voillier was situated in a remote and little-frequented quarter. Pallavicini was urgent that he might not be delayed an hour. The note was transmitted by him to Brenner, with this annexed, which may be read in the despatch,—“That by this communication the Sardinian government desired to get rid as much as possible of the direful consequences which this conflict in which Piedmont found itself unhappily engaged with Austria, might have for the interests of the maritime commerce of the two countries.” Perhaps other things were also annexed, which are not to be read in the despatch.—the same note sent by Pallavicini, addressed to Fiquelmont, and of which this latter forwarded a copy to Dietrichstein at London, is not to be found among the documents.* Be it as it may, the conversation which took place between the two diplomatists on the affairs of the hour, inspires Brenner with this remark:—“That the marquis did not seem very sure of the ulterior consequences of the enterprise into which King Charles Albert had suffered himself to be led,” but that believing, “that in case of collision between the two armies the advantage would remain with Marshal Radetzky, he appeared to found all his hopes on the internal difficulties of the empire.” “*I did not think*,” writes Brenner to his chief, “*I did not think I ought to repel an overture which might perhaps in the intention of the Sardinian government be equivalent to a first attempt to bring about an agreement with the Imperial cabinet.*”

Pallavicini, as it appeared, was afterwards disavowed by his government as having overstepped the limits of his orders. In all respects this affair has rather the air of a plot than of a frank and loyal communication from government to government. The suspicion grows, if we confront it with the unprovoked declaration made by Fiquelmont to Lord Palmerston “that if Austria succeeded in repulsing the Piedmontese to their own territory,

we can offer to England the anticipated assurance that we will not pursue our success beyond the provinces that belong to us.† Such an assurance given in advance to an inactive enemy might become fatal—and perhaps did become.

Dating from this period, the requests of good offices, projects of peace, communications on the part of Austria to the British cabinet are frequently met with among the documents. A first project drawn up by some one not named in the collection (I believe it is Colledredo), was discussed on the 11th of May in the Council of Ministers at Vienna, and forwarded on the 12th, by Ponsonby to Palmerston. It is the only reasonable project which could have proceeded from Vienna. It sets out with the avowal of the all-powerfulness of the national idea in Italy,‡ and proposes that so soon as the mediation of England and the pope should be accepted, and an armistice agreed upon, in virtue of which the Austrians should hold the line of the Adige, they should cause the communal councils to be convoked in the Lombard-Venetian state; to ask of them whether they would enter into an Italian confederation of which Austria would constitute herself promoter, under her own sovereignty, with an archduke for Viceroy, a national representation, a constitution and a special code, or

whether they would prefer absolute independence at the price of a financial and commercial indemnity. In commencing by openly announcing the great principle of Italian nationality, and putting herself forward at the same moment almost as the founder of an Italian confederation, on condition that it should engage to maintain permanent and absolute neutrality toward Europe, and that on the other hand, Europe should be constituted its protector, as already of Switzerland, Austria kept, according to the author of the project, a strong chance of success in this vote, and in every way established her influence over the confederation, detached Italy from the always so much dreaded French influence, and condemned to the feebleness inherent in every country that the will of the powers confines to neutrality. It was in effect the only way of safety open to Austria, the only means she had of taking a new position in Europe. And the author of the project pointed out to her so clearly the impotence of victory, that his words deserve to be recorded as a precious confession wrung from the penetrating mind of a man who is not one of ours. “Even if the victory be ours,” said he, “what result could it bring to Austria? the possession of some impoverished provinces, incapable, during a length of years, to reimburse the cost of the military occupation indispensable to hold them; the enfeebling of the Austrian monarchy (in all questions relating to France or Russia), in consequence of the necessity of keeping up a standing army of 100,000 men in the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, and of guarding against the attacks of enemies, as much within as without, the provinces of the Tyrol, the coast, and Carniola. Thence politically, financially, militarily, and especially morally, diminution of real forces, complication of interests, and a struggle, sometimes hidden, sometimes open, but incessant, against a nation of more than 20 millions of men, united by the same language, by the same religion, by the same hopes.”

The project, were it only because it was the sole reasonable one, did not go beyond discussion. Others less plausible were successively communicated by Austria to the British cabinet, on the 12th of May, the 23rd of May, and the 9th of June: all based upon the separation of Lombardy and Venice. Lombardy was to be emancipated, sometimes with an hereditary viceroy (the second brother of the Duke of Modena was proposed) independent of the Vienna government, though submitted to the supreme suzerainty of the emperor; sometimes with a lieutenant of the emperor and an Italian minister, already residing at Vienna. The second (Venice) was to be endowed, more or less, with liberal laws, without ceasing on that account to be an Austrian province; because the defence of the Tyrol, the watching of the communications between Vienna and Trieste required the servitude of Venice. The emancipation of Lombardy was, in the meantime, to be bought at the price of an annual tribute of four millions of florins to the Empire; of the annual payment of rent of about ten millions of florins, transferred to the Lombard-Venetian funds, as our portion of the public debt of the empire; and of the obligation to lead our troops to Austria for her wars. Without Venice, and with the enemy at Verona and on the line of the Adige, at the first moment favourable for the kings, Lombardy would have perceived that all these conditions were illusory. I do not see, however, that they were ever seriously proposed; and one would say that so much expansion towards the English minister in the pacific intentions of Austria, had no other object, when once the first fears had vanished, but to lure Piedmont without compromising itself by direct communications. Only on the 13th of June an armistice was proposed by Wessenberg to Count Cásati, which stipulated for certain bases for the peace, with relation to Lombardy alone, but which really aimed only at giving time for the arrival of reinforcements; so clearly that on the 15th, a despatch from Ponsonby advertised Palmerston that Radetzky, who, according to the instructions of Wessenberg should

have *proposed* an armistice, but not *concluded* one, but in fact refuse his adhesion to it, doubtless flattering himself that he should obtain more by arms.

And see to what the history of the diplomacy of this time is reduced, so much of it at least as is known to us up to now. Crafty as is its wont, on the part of Austria, null on the part of Piedmont, but here and there allowing indications to appear which some day time will perhaps unveil. The only incident which comes to console one's spirit, shining like a diamond in the mud, in the midst of this abject chancery prose, is the generous and sudden transport which moved the Lombard population every time there was any question of the abandonment of Venice and of peace on the Adige. It leaped, it roared then, like a slumbering lion that feels a red-hot iron touching its forehead. “War for all, liberty for all or none,” such was in those moments the universal cry proffered with an energy to cause the recoiling of any government, provisional or royal, which had dreamed of covenanting with the enemy. The national idea woke up as powerful as in the first days of the insurrection.—The French journalists who made, not long since, so much noise—apropos of some of the dispatches quoted above, and who reproached the Lombards for not having seized the offer of peace on the Adige as an anchor of safety, proved both their profound ignorance of Austrian policy, and the absence of every generous sentiment in their souls. For the future of our people this refusal alone is worth more than ten constitutional kingdoms founded by the good pleasure of Austria, between the Adige and the Po.

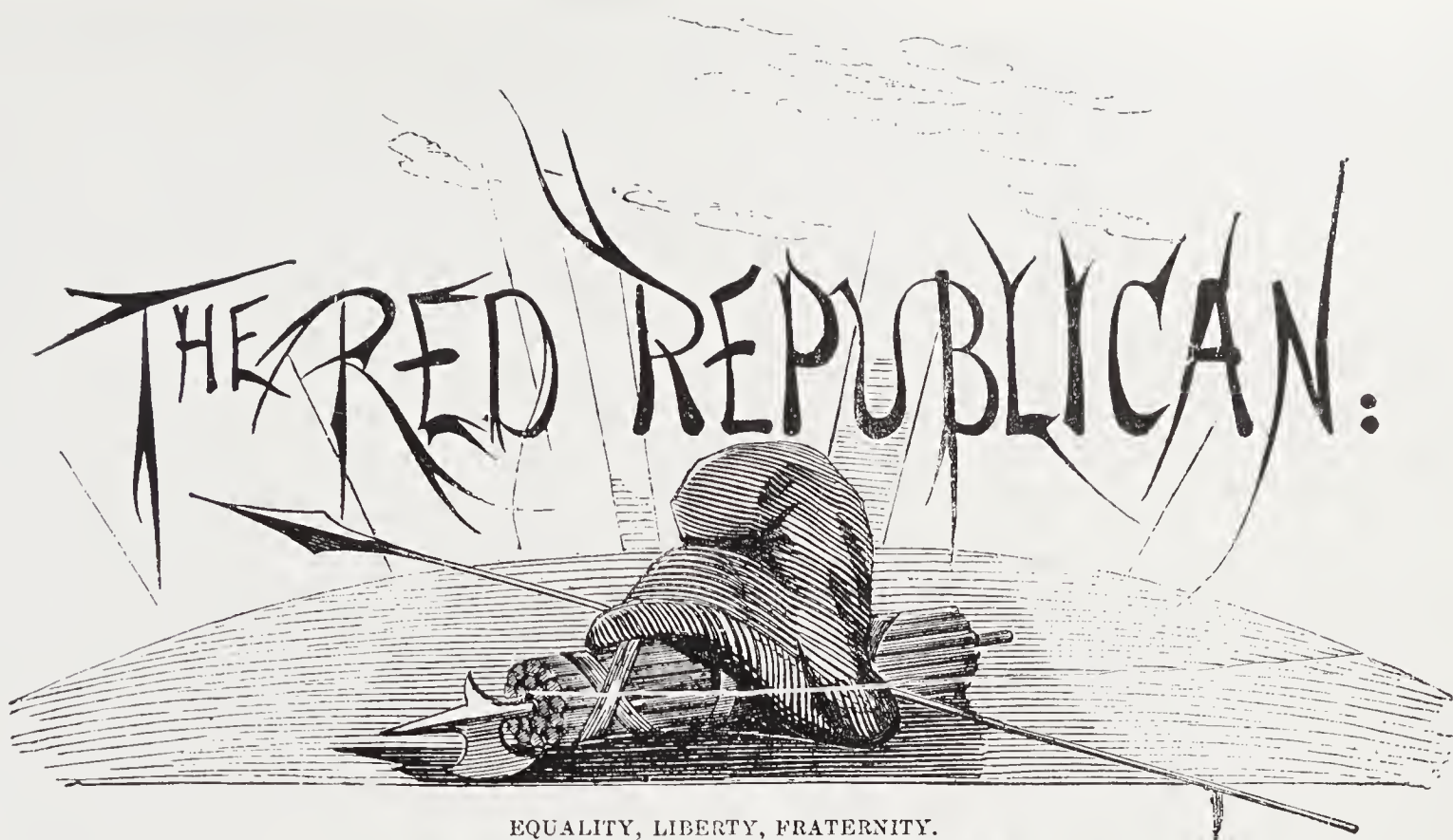
I know not if the peace on the Adige ever positively entered into the designs of the king, or if his party, seeing that even as there are to-day two governments at Turin, so there were then also two in the royal camp. But I believe for certain that this phantom, cunningly evoked by Austria from the commencement, fascinated his mind, and contributed to the slownesses and to the bad result of the war. Looking even with the most indulgent eye upon the whole and separate movements of this unfortunate campaign,—the determined abandonment of every enterprise in the Tyrol and towards the outlets of the Alps,—the sacrifice of Venice,—the resolution not to make war against Trieste or at sea,—the negligent bearing toward every attempt at raising Illyria and uniting the cause of Italy with that of the other nationalities stirring in the heart of the Empire,—the systematic inaction of the army before the surrender of Peschiera (the sole triumph of the royalists), and afterwards up to the end of July,—and finally the fashion of acting upon all occasions chivalrously and courteously toward Austria,—it seems at least very probable that Charles Albert sought, without perhaps being conscious of it, to reserve for himself, as refuge in case of check, a treaty which, without inflicting on him the shame of abandoning an already conquered land, would yet have procured for him an aggrandisement of territory in Lombardy.—Sad and inevitable consequence of a war of independence confided to the hands of a king!—Such wars, when they find not men with the faith and fervour of apostles to conduct them, at least require chiefs who have every thing to gain by victory, everything to lose by defeat.

Charles-Albert could only obtain a decisive victory by making use of one element—the popular element, which, from afar menaced his throne, whilst in falling he was assured, as I prove, of the preservation of his crown. However there was perhaps but one sole way of constraining the people to accept a peace on the Adige: to place the enemy's dagger at its throat, that is to say, to conclude, the peace with Austria at the gates of Milan. But once at the gates of Milan, Austria would have sneeringly torn up the secret covenant in the very face of the negotiator.

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* Published by the English Government.—E. T.
† Fiquelmont to Dietrichstein, on the 5th of April, communicated to Palmerston on the 13th.

‡ “The universal cry of death to the Austrians went forth first, not from Lombardy, nor from Venice, but from the bottom of Sicily where Austria never exercised an oppressive influence; and traversed all the Peninsula, reaching even to the Italian Tyrol, which had appeared sincerely attached to the monarchy.”—*Plan for the Pacification of Italy.*



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
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Denmark and the Duchies.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

"Put not your trust in Princes!"

"Those who make half-revolutions but dig graves for themselves."—ST. JUST.

*"—— The 'tug of war' will come again,
 I rather think, and I would say 'fie on't,'
 If I had not perceived that REVOLUTION
 Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution."
 —BYRON.*

In order to make the English reader understand this complicated affair, we must briefly enter upon the circumstances which led to the outbreak of an open war between the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein, and their Duke, the King of Denmark. In "the happy old times" of 1460, when the people scarcely thought it possible to live without a sovereign, the united assembly of the Estates of Schleswig and Holstein, elected as their duke the then King of Denmark, Christian the First. On this occasion the King of Denmark, duly authorised by the Danish Council of State, concluded a convention with the Estates of the Duchies, of which the following are the principal points:—

1st. That the succession to the Duchies should be limited to males.

2nd. That the King and his successors should govern the Duchies, not as King of Denmark, but as Duke of Schleswig and Holstein.

3rd. That Schleswig and Holstein should for ever remain united.

4th. That the King should impose no tax or contribution whatever in the Duchies without the consent of the Estates of Schleswig and Holstein.

5th. That the inhabitants of the Duchies should not be liable to any military service,

on behalf of the King of Denmark, beyond the boundaries of their own territory.

6th. That all the public offices should only be filled by natives of Schleswig and Holstein.

This convention has been confirmed by all the succeeding Kings of Denmark. Schleswig has always been regarded as completely independent of Denmark. It belonged neither to Germany, although for ever united to the German Duchy of Holstein. Three quarters of the population of Schleswig are Germans, one quarter of the inhabitants living in the northern part of the Duchy speak the Danish tongue. In both the Duchies the people entirely depend upon agriculture for their support. The land is mostly owned by the nobility; the landlords are the richest and most influential class; the middling classes are not very numerous, consisting of lawyers, priests, and comparatively but few merchants, and tradesmen. The bulk of the people are agricultural labourers.

On different occasions the Danish Government tried to enforce Danish laws and institutions in the Duchies, but without success. Finally, these plans seem to have been given up, till some ten years ago an agitation was got up at Copenhagen by a set of ambitious fellows, for the purpose of extending the realm of Denmark to the Eider. At the head of this "Eider-Dane party," as they were called in the Duchies, stood as leader a certain ORLA LEHMANN. He was a candidate for holy orders, but atheism being in progress then, and Christianity on the decline amongst the rising generation of Copenhagen, Mr. ORLA LEHMANN turned politician. He wrote and spoke for the extension of the Danish language in Schleswig, and the necessity of bringing this Duchy under Danish laws and Danish administration. The move-

ment got up by Mr. LEHMANN and his friends was secretly supported by Russia, although these gentlemen used a profusion of democratic phrases, at least in the beginning of their operations. The question became more serious, as year after year elapsed and the then Prince Royal gave less hope of leaving a direct heir to his dominions.

According to the fundamental law of the Duchies the succession being limited to the sons, and little or no probability existing that the then Prince Royal, now King FREDERICK VII. would leave any children, it was to be feared, that even the personal union of these countries with Denmark would cease. The Duke of Augustenburg, the heir apparent to the throne of Schleswig-Holstein showed little or no inclination, to give up his rights in favour of the next heir to the Danish throne, the grand Duke of Oldenburg. Petitions were got up in all parts of the Danish islands and Jutland for a complete union of Schleswig to Denmark. The States Assembly of Jutland presented a petition to the King, calling upon him to forbid the use of the German language in the debates of the Estates of Schleswig. The "Eider-Dane" movement, provoked of course a national German agitation in the Duchies. A great many public functionaries declared themselves against the suppression of the German language, and the incorporation of Schleswig into the Danish State. They were mostly discharged from their offices and replaced by men of the Danish party. The army of the Duchies was commanded in the Danish language, even in Holstein. The agitation in the Duchies reached the highest point, when in 1846 the late King CHRISTIAN VII. published his famous "open letter," declaring his Royal successors entitled to the succession in Schleswig,

and promising to remove the obstacles which prevented a similar succession in Holstein. The inhabitants of the Duchies began to fear for their nationality; the family of Augustenburg became alarmed for their "rights of succession." The middle classes in Germany who dared not make a direct opposition to their own governments, seized with enthusiasm the opportunity of showing their liberalism in making the cause of the Duchies their own. They knew Russia to be the moving power of the Danish intrigues, and calculated that the loss of Schleswig would greatly injure their interests. The most important seaport of the Baltic would have fallen indirectly, and at a later period perhaps directly into the hands of Russia. The harbour of Kiel, the finest and deepest of the Baltic, is of no use in the case of war, if Schleswig should be separated from Holstein. Every ship entering the Kiel bay has to pass under the guns of Friedrichsors, a little fortress situated on the northern (Schleswig) side of the water. Some of the smaller German princes favoured the Schleswig-Holstein enthusiasm. For one of the discharged functionaries, a bankrupt advocate, by name BESELER, a subscription was raised, which in a very short time amounted to 60,000 dollars. The Duke of Augustenburg at the same time sent agents through Germany, who appeared at all public festivities making speeches and singing songs for Schleswig-Holstein. His head agent in this line was a certain Mr. BAUDITZ, likewise a lawyer, a white-haired, and red-faced jovial old man. He had always a Schleswig-Holstein speech, or a ditto patriotic song in store. Every street-musician played Schleswig-Holstein "stammverwandt;" there was not a spot in Germany where any one could escape the annoyance of being followed by the musical effusions of the German sympathisers for their "northern brethren."

In the beginning of 1848, CHRISTIAN VII. died, and FREDERICK VII. came to the throne. A few weeks afterwards the French revolution broke out. ORLA LEHMANN and his friends, after a great deal of agitation for the annexation of Schleswig, succeeded, on the 21st of March, in overthrowing the ministry, and in taking the affairs of Denmark into their own hands. The nomination of the new ministry, headed by ORLA LEHMANN was the signal for the outbreak of the revolution in the Duchies. The Duke of Augustenburg had beforehand secured the help of the Prussian army. He made a journey to Berlin for that purpose, and had several interviews with the King. By the intrigues of the Augustenburg party, the leaders of the so-called democratic party were on the 21st of March, sent with a deputation to Copenhagen. On the 24th, a Provisional Government was formed at Kiel, consisting only of partisans of the Duke of Augustenburg. The above named BESELER, a hungry and thirsty lawyer, a man as mean and treacherous as he is stupid, was named President of the Provisional Government. The only man of any capacity in this body was a Count REVENTLOW PREETZ, one of the richest aristocrats of the country, who played the popular man at that time, and shook hands with every farmer. He did all he could to deliver the Duchies up to the Prussians. In the first moment after the revolution at Kiel, the enthusiasm was so fervent in all

Germany, that thousands of young people ran to the Duchies to fight for their independence from Denmark. "Free Corps" were formed everywhere; one single corps, that commanded by Colonel VON DER TANN, amounted to 12,000 men. The Provisional Government looked with distrust on these free-corps; they were too democratic for men like BESELER and REVENTLOW, who for help rather applied to the King of Prussia, than to the German people.

To the King of Prussia nothing could be more welcome at that time than the Schleswig-Holstein revolution. His army, especially his "gallant" guards, had just been beaten by the people of Berlin. The whole people insisted on having that body of butchers and armed police agents dissolved. Here an occasion presented itself to employ the guards in a popular cause. At the same time the Prussian *camarilla* thought it a great deal better to have the young German patriots shot by the Danes, than to keep them in their own cities; moreover, it was well to have a Prussian army at hand in the Duchies, strong enough to check any revolutionary plans of the "free-corps." Perhaps, also, the opportunity might arise to gain a few square miles of land, a very seducing thing for a King of Prussia.

The real intention of the Champaigne king of Potsdam, when he sent his troops to the Duchies, are openly stated in a note, presented at the end of April, 1848, to the court of Copenhagen by a special messenger, the Major WILDENBRUGH. He therein says plainly enough, that it was not at all his intention to act against the interest of his dear brother of Copenhagen. That he only lent a sham assistance to the Duchies, to prevent the formation of a democratic republic! At the same time the noble godfather of the Prince of Wales promised, in public, to stand with the people of Schleswig-Holstein to the last man! The history of the war in the Duchies, proves how he kept his pledged word. He was ably seconded in his treachery not only by his generals, but also by the Duke of Augustenburg and the provisional government. Little expected the Duke then that he would afterwards become likewise a victim of the treacherous Prussian policy. That policy began to be revealed at one of the first battles fought in April, 1848. Near Bau, a few miles north of the town of Schleswig, the corps of Kiel students was ordered by the Prince of NOER, brother to the duke of Augustenburg to advance through a little wood known to be surrounded by the Danish army. The young men obeyed the order, and were altogether taken prisoners after a valiant resistance, and at a very little distance from a Prussian corps, 4,000 strong, who heard the firing, but did not move a single step to the help of their comrades. The "free corps" were first driven against the Danish cannon, afterwards they were separated and disarmed. One of them having lost his right arm applied afterwards for pecuniary relief to the provisional government. "Why didn't you stay at home?" was the answer he received from Mr. BESELER. After the "free corps" had been thus done away with, the turn of the Schleswig-Holstein army came. Every one knows how it has been sacrificed at Friedericia and afterwards at Itstedt. The battalions supposed to be infected by democratic ideas were always the first to be "made

cold." Only a few days ago the papers contained the reports of the recent contest at Friedrichstadt. The loss of the Schleswig-Holstein army in this last contest is known to amount to nearly 1,000 men. It would be a great mistake to believe that these men were the victims of a military necessity.

As long as the government of Schleswig-Holstein remains in the treacherous hands of fellows like BESELER or REVENTLOW, as long as the army is commanded by Prussian generals, nothing is to be expected from that quarter for the cause of democracy. The affairs of the Duchies cannot possibly go forward much longer in this way. Another battle like that of Itstedt and the Duchies must surrender at any price. As matters now stand, it is to be expected that at least Schleswig will be incorporated into Denmark, and that this important station on the Baltic will be delivered to the entire influence of the Emperor NICHOLAS. The Russian ships are ready to take their winter quarters in the harbours of Kiel or Eckenforde. Nothing short of another revolution in France can give a new chance to the people of Schleswig-Holstein, and to the rest of the nations of Europe. At the present moment the democrats in the Duchies, though very numerous, have not the power to overthrow the government. Their official leaders are mostly not worthy to be called democrats. With two or three exceptions, they are satisfied by a little applause at a meeting, and their only ambition is to become members of the Assembly, and to pocket three dollars a day for their toil as deputies. They keep quiet as long as the government has a few policemen at its disposal. The people in general are animated by a revolutionary spirit, but they have had the sad experience of seeing their leaders one after the other become unworthy of their confidence. As before stated, the bulk of the people consist of agricultural labourers. This class live for the most part in a state of misery but little better than that of the Irish. The revolution found them in a very backward state of civilisation. Amongst the country people of the Duchies there was scarcely perceptible a trace of the development which has taken place in the remaining parts of Germany, during the last twenty years. It has been only during the last two years that a great number of political clubs have been established among the country people, and from the formation of these clubs social ideas have been, and are, making a good deal of way among this important class of the Schleswig-Holstein population.

The only chance to give the Schleswig-Holstein affair a really revolutionary turn, would have been by an insurrection of the agricultural labourers, not only in Schleswig-Holstein, but also in Mecklenburgh, Pomerania, and northern Germany generally, where that numerous class live in the same miserable condition. But events have proved, that hitherto they have not been ripe for such an insurrection; they have too much faith in the showy promises and good intentions of their liberal noble landlords and democratic shopkeepers. They are now being punished for this. Perhaps a few years of Danish oppression and Russian supremacy will show them that they never can be emancipated unless by a close alliance with the proletarians of all Germany.

C. SCHRAMM.

UNION OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL REFORMERS.

MR. W. J. LINTON TO G. JULIAN HARVEY.

MY DEAR SIR,—You ask me to furnish you with any suggestions I may have to offer relative to the proposed “union of the popular forces.” I do so, though with some diffidence—a diffidence scarcely lessened by my not being able to join my friends, Hunt and Holyoake, in complimenting the working classes (so far as they are represented in the “Democratic and Social Conference,”) on any remarkable *growth* of “discrimination,” or “capacity.” That the object of the Conference is good, there can be no doubt; but that the endeavours to carry out the object are wisely directed is to me not quite so certain. I will, in as few words as possible, and, I trust, without offence to any, explain to you what I mean.

My friend, Thornton Hunt, (and let me congratulate you upon your obtaining in him the aid of one of the most noble-souled and earnest of men) recommends you to unite certain two questions with the question of the Suffrage; and the Conference, it appears, even more than anticipating his recommendation, proposes to join to the Suffrage, not merely two, but five questions. I need not stay to enumerate these questions, nor to point out the difference between your programme and Mr. Hunt's. The object at which I aim is to show that you are both in error; that you ought not to complicate, but to simplify and confine yourselves to one point. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that both common sense and experience indicate this.

For what is your purpose? Is it to obtain the franchise as the primary step and only sure means through which, legislating for themselves, the people may have their own will and way upon all questions, financial reform, tenure of land, home colonization, &c., &c.? or do you merely desire to influence the House of Commons as at present constituted, or even somewhat modified, in order that it may give you improved laws, on finance, land, &c.—content to defer your political enfranchisement so long as the present power shall behave tolerably? If this last is your course, your programme is not wide enough. It should embrace all the great questions involved in a really national policy, omit no important matter necessary for national government: your business then would be to place before the public a programme of present policy most likely to conciliate the greatest number, (no matter if it involved even the abandonment of the Suffrage,) and, having put forth such a programme, to take counsel with leading men of “progress” of all parties, how best to gain popular support, and force the attention of government to the whole and to every part of your scheme. So, doubtless, a powerful party might be formed, which would of course accept from the government item after item, as instalments upon account; and persevering, would at no very distant time, if they could hold together, obtain almost the dictation of public affairs. Such would be a new Whig party—a new party of expediency. If you wish to found this, then your course, widened, is plain enough, and Mr. Hunt's argument intelligible. I know this to be a middle-class policy, and, possibly, it may be Mr. Hunt's. I know too it is not mine, and I believe it is not yours.

Your policy is not to mend the House of Commons, but to remake it; not to influence the representatives of a class to do your work, but to get your own representatives to do it for you; not to wring this or that boon or privilege, or benefit from a nest of usurpers, but to dethrone them and so obtain the power of legislating justly upon all national questions. I believe the poorest Chartist among us would repudiate any benefit from the present parliament, if he saw that his being content with such benefit would defer the attainment of his freedom, and with it the power of benefiting himself. And he would not be very discriminating if he did not, seeing that nothing vital is to be

gained from the present powers, except by a power strong enough to *unseat them*. And then—if you held a wolf by the throat, would you let him go so soon as he dropped the lamb from his teeth? I have heard a good deal of the Utopians; but the maddest of them all was he who hoped to make silk purses for poor men out of the sow-ears of class representatives.

If, then, your object is simple, and not manifold (since the many will be the natural results of the one) why should you complicate the question, why cumber your hands, and scatter your energies, by mixing up half a dozen questions? If it is not merely a compromise to gratify the vanity and render coherent the patriotic egotisms of so many popular leaders, (a compromise which does not interest the people) the complication can only be undertaken because you think you shall gain the support of the advocates of each question incorporated with your own. If so, why stop at three, or three three, points, in your new move? Add the *Peace-question* to your programme: “You can scarcely have a conception of the extent to which this subject is entertained even among the respectable classes.” Add *Tectotalism*: “Society is very largely imbued with a conviction concerning this.” Why not even become a Bible and Missionary Association: “Calculated instantly to attract the Saints of all denominations? In short, if this compound principle is the true one, you have nothing to do but to bring together into one programme all the various questions that divide the country, and so you may reasonably hope to form an association of the whole country, and without more ado, *every one will have his wish*. I am by no means making a jest of the matter; but the extreme view may help to throw light upon the fallaciousness of the principle upon which you seem to be acting. There is no real strength to be got by this sort of combination. For instance: say you join Financial Reform to the Charter, as a combined agitation, will it be *easier* to get the two things than to get only one? You may say—“Yes, because of the combined power.” But the Anti-Chartists, who join you only for the finance-matter, will they help you *at a push*? I grant they may swell the *size* of the movement; but will they add to its strength? It may be said, that you will bargain with them for “mutual help.” True again: and in any critical moment, when you seem to near success, the government, which will know, as well as yourselves, of what uncombining dispositions you are composed, can break up your combination by giving to either section its separate object. Would it be the Charter to you, or “Finance-Reform” to your middle-class allies? What becomes then of your “bargain?” And the gratitude of the bargainer—how much would you expect from that? This one instance may serve as well as fifty. The fallacy extends to *all such combinations*. It is better even to get strength slowly, and so know upon what we can rely, than on the eve of battle to have a Grouchy on our side.

Has there not been experience enough? Was Corn-Law Repeal won by mixing it with other questions? or the Reform Bill? True, there was no bargain then; but would those honest Reformers have kept one, think you? Here are two successes on the side of simplicity, for your consideration; and next notice two failures on the compound side. First look at the “Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association,” with its great names and hundred pound subscriptions. Where is it now? The real Parliamentary Reformers (the Chartists) would not join it in any number, because they could not but doubt the Financial Reformers; and the Financial Reformers are backing out so soon as there is any chance of the Parliamentary Reform having any reality in it. The truth is, that these compromises do not always attract even a list of names. Most generally the result is that they deter instead of attracting. How would a man carry a resolution at a public meeting? Put in two propositions, and you will

have for the resolution—not all the admirers of each proposition, but only those who admire *them both*; a smaller number than you would have for either proposition upon its own distinct and separate merits. This, I contend, is the real result in political movements; and whatever show of approval may follow the combined programme, it is only this reduced number upon whose right hand you can rely.

The other failure on the compound side to which I would call your attention is our own Chartist failure. Setting aside numerous causes well known to all of us (and which need not be mentioned here—there is no use in ripping up these old sores) one notable cause of this failure was the mixing up of the Charter and the Land Scheme. Men looked so hard at Snigg's End, that they forgot the Charter. Money poured bravely in for the one; but we need not confess to our enemies, how small was the *regular* subscription to the other. I am not one of those who objected to the Land Scheme on its own account. I believe, too, that Mr. O'Connor was quite in earnest in the affair, and that the scheme might have been worked to the benefit of great numbers of individuals. But, none the less, I find it very unfortunately mixed up with the national question, interfering with it, and helping to ruin it. Of the Freehold Land Scheme, I would speak in the same terms. It is an excellent thing for individuals; but it cannot supply the place of a national movement, and there is always danger of the immediate personal benefit drawing a man's energies from their proper political activity. We cannot consent that English freedom shall be postponed till some distant generation can complete the purchase of the soil.

If my words might have any weight, I would say—Stick to the Charter alone, or—not caring so much for the name—the *suffrage and its securities*.

See who will join you for that. But you “want Socialists and others to join” you. Are their convictions in favour of the suffrage or not? If not, whether Socialists or other, they are worth nothing to you, for they would bring you only an hollow appearance of help, which would merely hide the pit-falls in your path. If their convictions are in favour of the suffrage, they ought to join you; and I believe most would. Those who would not because they have a preference for experiments (with their hands tied, to my thinking), or because certain peculiar circumstances (as in the case of the Tenant-League in Ireland) compel an agitation upon other grounds, must have a special inducement to join you. That I know. In adding still a few words to this long letter, pointing out the course which, in my humble opinion, ought to be adopted, I will show how I would deal with friends of this stamp, whose active concurrence it is most desirable to enlist.

To be as concise as possible (for I fear my fault-finding has tried at least your patience), though I think your programme too wide, I think your “conference” too limited. I miss from it the names of men who are of the working classes and trusted by them; names also of men of the middle-classes who hold our principles and have honestly stood by them. You must have them among you, if possible. If you do not, even though the fault should be theirs, not yours, you are losing their influence,—and they represent numbers,—at all events till you can convince all men that the fault is theirs. It matters not, I know, how few *originate* a preliminary movement. But the conference which is to move the nation cannot be based upon a section, nor upon the coalition of a few sections. It must not have even the appearance of a *clique*. It must have in it *every man of our principles entitled either by his services or his position to give advice*. Call them together to decide upon our conduct. Watson, Cooper, Duncombe, Colonel Thompson,—where are they? I, for one, would be glad to know. And how many others could be named? Call together all who are in any way likely to assist us,—such men

as Sturge, Walmsley, &c., let them have the refusal. For such men as Owen, who would rather be experimentalising,—or as Bright, who might prefer finance reform to universal suffrage, or as Duffy, who are compelled to seek immediate relief from the pressure of the villainous system under which we live,—for these the inducement to be offered, for all the assistance they can spare us, is, not the incorporation of their several aims in one programme, but this: *that our organization shall lend them its voice and influence, whether in proselytizing or expression of opinion.* This we could do without going out of our own way: for it should be the special business of any new organization (a matter in the Chartist agitation left almost entirely to private endeavours, among whom Mr. O'Brien stood very prominently) *to cause men to think of the suffrage by showing to them their need of it:* the rural population (yet scarcely inoculated with politics) because of the unjust appropriation of land, the manufacturing because of the unequal laws upon labour and the mischievous tyranny of capital, the shopkeeping because of the excess of taxation, the socialist because of the present legislative impediments to association. So the assistance of all would be obtained for the national movement, without hampering it with the several interests and without hindrance—rather with great advantage, to them.

The question seems to me to lie simply here. Complicate the movement, and you may get numbers,—a vast accession from the ranks of those men whom Mr. Cobden would bribe with some timely concession (so many, or so few at a time, as might be needful) *“to garrison our present institutions.”* Every time you seemed near to victory a fresh desertion would throw you back. Simplify the movement, and though you may not at first get on so fast, yet you will have a strength upon which you may rely, which, in spite of all past failures and discouragements, will grow and which in the end must triumph. In the one case you have a delusive compact, in the other, you make of every popular movement a valuable ally, helping it in return, and that without turning aside from the direct path of your greater object.

I have made my letter too long to dare to add anything on the form of organization. This indeed ought to be considered in full conference. I will only say, in conclusion, that I trust it will not be thought that I have made the above remarks in a captious spirit. So many of you know me that I do not fear any doubts of my truth and friendliness to our common cause. Let me nevertheless assure you that with whatever programme or organization the Chartist banner shall be again uplifted, I shall be found under it, happy if I think its direction good, but even if not, prepared to make the best of it.

W. J. LINTON.

Mitewide, October, 4th, 1850.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please,
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his, that drooping, weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire,
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand,
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand.—
Crabbe.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither (to Turkey) a ship-load of your passive-obedience men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest, strongest light, where 'tis hard to judge whether the prince, ministers, or the people are most miserable.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

We're the sons of sires that baffled,
Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birth-right; so will we!—
Campbell

If a feeling of desperation and a desire for vengeance should impel the people to deeds of violence, and some modern Menenius should say to them, “Will you undo yourselves?” Might they not reply in the simple and appropriate language of the Roman citizen, “We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.”—*Sir George Sinclair.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to “George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London.”

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from Booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to “S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street.”

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

☞ *Correspondents requiring private answers* are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”—“A Socialist,” 5s.; J. Bullis, Cheltenham, 6d.; L. G., Rochdale, 3d.; “Two Reds,” 2d.; “A Young Red,” 1s.; J. Wilson, Sheffield, 6d.; W. Welsh, Glasgow, 1s.

EDINBURGH.—We have received the following: “Dear Sir, I will feel much obliged by your disposal of the enclosed order in the following way—for Fraternal Democrats, 1s. 6d., being subscriptions of William McKechnie, Charles Callam, and myself (William Davies). The following subscriptions are for the Polish and Hungarian fund: John Smith, 1s.; Charles Callam, 2s.; William Davies, 6d.; John McNab, 1s.; James Banner, 6d.; John McLean, 3d.; James Bowers, 6d.; James Alexander, 6d.; W. Clark, 3d.; William McKechnie, 2s.—Total, 8s. 6d. Also, a Card of Fraternal Democrats for James Banner, 1s. The remaining 7s. of order I will be obliged by your paying to the treasurer of the Sharpe and Williams Fund, as part of the 13s. 6d. of default at the concert held here a year ago—Total of money order, 18s.—WILLIAM DAVIES, Secretary to the Democratic Tract Society.” [The above letter not being pre-paid, cost us double postage. The monies will be paid to the proper parties, on application at No. 4, Brunswick Row.]

J. WILSON, Sheffield.—Received 6d. for the Refugees.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—Mr. Arnott has handed to us fifteen post-stamps for the Type-founders, from “A few Cabinet-makers, Newport.”

RICHARD MARSDEN.—It is understood that there can be no union unless the parties thereto unreservedly accept the Charter. Like yourself, we would spurn union with any man or men who would, under any pretext deny the rights of citizenship to their fellow-men.

W. WELSH.—We are incapable of treating any correspondent in a wilfully contemptuous manner. We turned to number 13 to see, if by any accident, we had been guilty of so foolish an offence. Not so—our answer in that No is couched in the most respectful terms. If W. W. imagines we intended to treat him contemptuously because we did not publish his letter, or comment on every line thereof, he is greatly mistaken. A glance at this little paper must satisfy any reasonable man that it is quite impossible for us to publish the whole, or the half, or even a fourth part of the correspondence we receive. In noticing communications we are bound to be brief, otherwise the notices alone would monopolise half the paper. To obtain the services of foreign correspondents in the capitals of Europe and America is not so easy as W. W. seems to imagine. “As they journey through life,” Foreign, like British, writers must “live by the way.” If we were rich enough we would employ correspondents from Paris to Pekin—we would also do many more things—to wit, amongst others, make this little publication a veritable newspaper. In the meantime, being troubled with anything but a superabundance of the circulating medium, we must just do what we can do. W. W. can do no more.

J. CAMERON AND FRIENDS, Hulme.—The twenty stamps for the Chartist Executive have been handed to Mr. Arnott.

“JEWISH REDS.”—The shilling towards paying the fine of Thomas Jones has been handed to Mr. Arnott.

ERNEST JONES.—Letters from our friend apprise us that, at the close of his lecture at Edinburgh, on the 2nd of October, the audience subscribed £1 17s. 6d. towards paying the fine exacted from Thomas Jones, the last of the Tothill Fields’ Sufferers. At the close of his lecture at Falkirk, on the 3rd the men of Falkirk and Carron subscribed £1 3s. 7d. for the same purpose. We believe that further sums have been subscribed at subsequent meetings addressed by our friend, Ernest Jones. Honour to him for his noble exertions in this good work; and honour to those who have so generously responded to his eloquent appeals.

DANIEL LEVER, Bolton.—We believe that Cabet and his disciples are making headway in spite of the terrible difficulties they have had to encounter, and which up to this time have not been wholly overcome. Any information we may obtain as to the progress of these pioneers of Communism shall be given to the readers of the *Red Republican*.

POETRY.—“The Enslaved Englishmen” shall appear in the *Red*. “The Ode to Liberty,” “Stanzas for the People,” and “What else do you want, &c.” are not sufficiently correct to warrant their publication.

MR. EDMUND FALLWOOD requests us to announce to his friends that his engagement as reporter for the *Northern Star* terminated on the 6th of October. Heartily thanking the officers and members of Political and Trades’ Societies for the many kindnesses he has received at their hands, during the eight years he was connected with the above-named newspaper, he begs to add that he is now open to any engagement connected with popular progress.—Address.—No. 2, Little Vale Place, Hammersmith Road.

A TEETOTAL CENSOR.—A Correspondent, writing from Bradford, Yorkshire, apprises us that a Teetotal lecturer named Lomax, has been amusing himself by denouncing the *Red Republican* in no measured terms of vituperation. Our itinerant censor charges us with the heinous crime of asserting that “It is a libel on the working classes to say that drunkenness is the cause of their poverty.” We need not repeat what we said on this subject in Nos. 15 and 16 of the *Red Republican*. But we will now say that if Lomax, or any other man asserts that the poverty of the working class—as a class—is caused by drunkenness, he asserts a falsehood, and plays the part of a hase pander to the oppressors and plunderers of the wealth producers. We will here quote from Mr. Thornton Hunt’s admirable letter on Social Reform, in the *Leader* of October 5th.—He is reviewing the quack remedies proposed for the cure of social misery:—“‘Temperance,’ go without beer, and you shall thrive,” cries Father Mathew: why, excellent preacher! there are thousands who cannot find the copper-coin for beer, and they are precisely the lowest.” Our correspondent seems to be seriously annoyed because the great Lomax applied to us the epithet of “demagogue.” We so far from feeling annoyed, give our censor full liberty to add “firebrand,” “anarchist,” etc. Such abuse will but add to our list of friends and strengthen their attachment. In spite of the lies of the *Leeds Mercury*, and the virtuous indignation of lecturer Lomax, the *Red Republican* will continue to denounce cant and expose humbug—not excepting the cant and humbug so profitably dealt in by tramping moralists and puritanical palaverers.

EASTERN COUNTIES ENOINE-DRIVERS AND FIREMEN ON STRIKE.—Letters for this body of men should be addressed to Richard Stanton, Secretary, George Inn, Stratford, Essex. Money-orders should be made payable at the Post-office, Stratford, Essex, to Charles Williamson, George Inn.

MONTHLY PARTS OF THE “RED REPUBLICAN.”

NOW READY,

PART III. OF THE RED REPUBLICAN, STITCHED IN A HANDSOME WRAPPER, PRICE SIXPENCE.

“This admirably conducted periodical is doing its work bravely. Energy, fearlessness, talent, and variety combine to sustain its interest and value.” *Reynolds’s Weekly Newspaper*, October 6, 1850.”

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

“LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor.”—*St. Just.*

“Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state.”—*Robespierre.*

“The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition, is before us.”—*St. Simon.*

THE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE.

THUS far the good work of union speeds bravely on. At the adjourned meeting of the Democratic Conference, the following resolution was voted by a great majority:—

“That to accomplish an effective union of the democratic and social reformers, it is the opinion of this conference that the basis of such union must be the fusion of existing democratic and social reform bodies into an association, ‘one and indivisible.’”

This resolution obtained the unanimous votes of the delegates of the National Charter Association, the Fraternal Democrats, the Social Reform League, and the Metropolitan Trades’ Council. The five dissentients were all delegates from the National Reform League. The non-adhesion of that body, is however, not by any means certain. One of the National Reform delegates spoke with much zeal and ability in favour of the fusion, and it is to be hoped that a majority of the members of the league will vote on this question in direct opposition to the vote of the majority of their delegates.

As was foreseen, the ticklish question of the name of the new association excited considerable discussion. Our own vote was given in favour of “*The Charter Union of Democratic and Social Reformers.*” We still think that was of all the suggested names the best. We can, however, give our very sincere and

hearty support to the name voted by the majority, that of

"THE NATIONAL CHARTER AND SOCIAL REFORM UNION."

It is certainly a most comprehensive name, and has the merit of giving that prominence to the Charter which we hold to be indispensable.

After disposing of *the name*, the clause in the programme headed "Objects," was adopted in the following form:—

"OBJECTS.—To obtain by the organisation of the people the enactment of the measures herein demanded, thereby securing for Great Britain and Ireland a just, wise, and good government, and such an equitable distribution of the fruits of industry, as may be conducive to the best interests of all the members of the commonwealth."

The nonsense about "peaceful and legal," which has usually formed part of popular programmes, and which, according to custom, figured in the clause as originally drawn up, was very properly struck out. For that amendment we are indebted to the casting vote of the chairman.

The business thus far performed, the Conference adjourned. We cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the chairman, Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE. Amongst the invited friends was Mr. THORNTON HUNT, who came out as a decided Chartist—"name and all;" thus realizing to the full the hope we expressed in last Saturday's *Red Republican*.

Mr. LINTON, in the lengthy and ably-written letter which appears in this day's *Republican*, argues earnestly and forcibly in favour of limiting the programme of the new organization to the Charter, and it only. We concur as to the great desirability of making the Charter the one, sole object of any new agitation. But the question arises whether the Chartists—"pure and simple," are able of themselves to achieve their object without the help and aid of those who look to industrial association, home colonization, &c. as desirable reforms to be obtained—even if possible while yet struggling for political emancipation. It cannot be denied that these reforms do at present occupy the minds of a large number of the people, and it is almost certain that a still larger number will presently be engaged in trade and other combinations, to test the value of the co-operative principle. We think the experiments being made, and likely to be made, not at all calculated to affect the condition of the great body of the people, and that it would be a much wiser course for the experimentalists to postpone attempts to realize their theories, and instead to devote all their energies to the great work of obtaining for the people the exercise of their sovereign rights as citizens. But if we cannot get the trades, associationists, &c. to see as we see, are we to stand sullenly aloof from our brothers, instead of trying all honorable means to induce them, while seeking their own favorite schemes, to work with us for the Charter?

Of course we are as much opposed to any "middle-class policy" as Mr. LINTON can be. Should the Conference sanction anything like the programme adopted by the committee, it will be with the view of enlisting not Whig, middle-class, and bit-by-bit reformers, but those masses of the industrial order, who at present are indifferent to mere political Chartism. If, indeed, it was in contemplation to

catch the slippery politicians of the "Manchester School," there might be good reason to apprehend that nine-tenths of the converts would play the part of *Grouchy*, when came the day of the people's Waterloo. But what are the Fraternal Democrats? With one or two exceptions all working men. What are the Socialists? For the most part working men. What are the National Reformers? Almost to a man of the working class. What are the Associationists and Home Colonists? The same. Need we ask what are the organised trades? What good reason can there be for apprehending treachery on the part of these brothers? The worst to be anticipated is that for some time to come they will devote their energies principally to buying bits of land, and establishing working associations, co-operative provision stores, &c. They will do so whether united with the old Chartists or not. Anything like an effective agitation for the Charter we have no hope of seeing this side of the next revulsion of trade. When that comes, co-operation and other experiments will be shelved for much more important work. Will it not be good, in the meantime, to unite the various sections of working class reformers? May not that union be made useful in sowing the seeds of democracy in the rural districts, while waiting for the action of the manufacturing proletarians?

Mr. LINTON admits that "the object of the Conference is good." We believe that that object can only be attained by associating social questions with the great political questions; taking care to make the former subsidiary to the latter. By taking this course, we may "*cause men to think of the suffrage by showing to them their need of it*": the rural population (yet scarcely inoculated with politics) because of the unjust appropriation of land, the manufacturing because of the unequal laws upon labour and mischievous tyranny of capital, the socialist because of the present legislative impediments to association, &c." We can unreservedly declare that "to obtain the franchise as *the primary step and only sure means*, through which, legislating for themselves, the people may have their own will and way upon all questions," is the aim by which we are prompted in supporting the proposed fusion.

Mr. LINTON's objection to the Conference on the ground that it is "too limited," is founded on an erroneous conception of the claims and mission of that body. The Conference makes no claim to the character of a national body. It professes to be only that which it is, a conference of the representatives of four societies: the National Charter Association, the Fraternal Democrats, the Social Reform League, and the National Reform League, with the addition of a few invited friends, and the subsequent further addition of a delegation from the Metropolitan Trades' Council. As regards the names of persons not included in the Conference list, we must state that Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, though twice invited, has not deigned to even acknowledge the letters of invitation. Mr. DUNCOMBE is still an invalid, and we believe not in London. Mr. THOMAS COOPER was invited, but could not attend. Mr. ERNEST JONES being on his lecturing tour could not give his attendance. Mr. KYDD and other friends who approve of the object of the Conference, and who attended the first meeting, have been prevented by other engagements

from attending the subsequent meetings. The omission of Mr. WATSON's name was probably the consequence of his well-known retired habits; certainly no slight was intended to a man who enjoys the esteem of all democratic and social reformers. The convening committee would have been glad to have had the personal attendance and assistance of Mr. LINTON and other friends, had they been in town; their absence from the Metropolis was the only reason for not inviting them. Mr. OWEN would be out of place amongst any set of men but those who would consent to forego all other objects to aid him in establishing a model community, and converting the innocent governments of Europe to a belief in the "fundamental facts!" Considering Mr. LINTON's fear of middle-class treachery, and his experience of the Crossby Hall Conference, he surprises us when he names WALMSLEY and Colonel THOMPSON as men who should be invited to a Chartist Conference. As regards BRIGHT and DUFFY, we should as soon think of inviting RUSSELL and LONDON-DERRY to help us to get the Charter!

Undoubtedly "the Conference which is to move the nation must not have even the appearance of a clique." The present Conference, composed as it is of men holding widely different opinions on many questions, and fairly representing five distinct bodies, is certainly the very opposite to a clique; at the same time it does not aspire to "move the nation." Its mission, much more humble but useful, is to move the societies it represents. Any programme adopted by the Conference must be submitted to the several societies for adoption. If the societies accept the programme, they will thereby vote their own dissolution, and the formation of the new association. Of course they will appoint a Provisional Committee to act as an Executive during a stated term. That Executive will summon a National Conference as soon as possible, to perfect the organization, and "move the nation" to a truly national movement.

The scheme of propagandism suggested by Mr. SHACKLETON, may be carried out as soon as the able and earnest democrats of each locality shall resolve to unite their energies for the advancement of their common cause. That union is indispensable, for until it is accomplished neither funds nor tracts; neither town, district, nor county committees will be possible. That union will be immediately effected if each man who has it in his power—by voice or by pen—to influence the people will join in the truly patriotic resolution of our friend LINTON, expressed in the concluding words of his letter:—"With whatever programme or organization the Chartist banner shall be again uplifted, I shall be found under it, happy if I think its direction good, but even if not, prepared to make the best of it."

LABOUR'S STRUGGLES.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES' ENGINE-DRIVERS AND FIREMEN.—THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—THE NORWICH SHOEMAKERS.—THE NORTHERN FACTORY WORKERS.

We believe that the impression is pretty generally entertained that the strike of the engine-drivers and firemen on the Eastern Counties Railway was brought to a conclusion some weeks since by the defeat of the turnouts, and the triumph of GOOCH and his masters. This impression is the natural

consequence of the studied and treacherous silence of the newspaper press. Day by day, and week by week we overhauled the *Times* and other journals in the hope of finding information as to the position and prospects of the turn-outs, but our search was in vain. Uninformed of the actual state of affairs, we too shared the general impression that the operatives had been driven from the field and that the strike was at an end.

It is not so. On the contrary, the struggle still continues, and so firm are the turn-outs, that, in the course of nearly two months, only one individual has turned traitor and succumbed to the oppressor. Of 186 men who turned out, 185 remain true to each other and to their righteous cause, and still confident of victory if they can only obtain the requisite support.

The public being aware that the places of the men on strike were almost immediately filled up by drafts of men supplied from the other railways, and seeing a total cessation of the reports at first published in the newspapers concerning the incompetence of the new hands, have probably come to the conclusion that GOOCH and his serfs have triumphed over all difficulties, and that the system inaugurated by that slave-driver "works well." A most erroneous conclusion. For ourselves, unless we desired an early departure from this world, or at least, having taken a Railway Life and Limbs Insurance ticket, proposed to speculate in the chances of making profit of a fractured leg or a broken collar-bone, we certainly should as soon think of trusting our *corpus* in the midst of an ignited coal-mine, or a firework factory, warranted to explode without any notice, as we should think of travelling by the Eastern Counties Line while under the management of GOOCH, and worked by his miserable "knobsticks." A well-informed correspondent writes:—"If the public only knew of half the accidents and mishaps that occur daily through the ignorance and neglect of the present staff of engine-drivers and firemen, the directors would have but few persons to patronise their line. Many of the new hands are men of no character, and some have been discharged from other lines for drunkenness and other misconduct. The train that ran into the Enfield station, and injured a number of passengers, was driven by a man who never had charge of an engine before coming to the Eastern Counties." We have the name of this man, and of a number more who have been, and are still, engine-driving after the same manner. Of course the property of the company is suffering most serious damage. The loss will have to be borne by the shareholders, a matter we cannot but rejoice at, remembering the conduct of those pitiless profitmongers, at their last half-yearly meeting.

The silence of the daily journals respecting the continuance of the strike has been the consequence of a deliberate design to burke the turn-outs. At first reporters flocked to Stratford to take notes of the proceedings of the men, and day by day reports of their meetings appeared in the morning papers. But from the day of the meeting of the shareholders, when the *Times* fell under the wrath of the plutocrats, no more reporters were to be seen at the meetings of the ill-used men. Finding they must report for themselves if they would make known their proceedings to

the public, the men sent accounts of their meetings to the papers, but *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Daily News*, &c. refused, one and all, to open their columns to the working men. The shareholders had decided to support GOOCH, and uphold the Directors intramplingly upon the men, a decision which immediately closed the press against the victims of tyranny. Behold the most unquestionable proof of the base servility of the press to the money-power. Behold the most undeniable confirmation of the fact we have often asserted that the editors, reporters, &c., of the "respectable" newspapers are the body-and-soul-bought slaves and tools of the usurers and profitmongers. Like the parliament dissolved by CROMWELL, the press which originally had for its mission the redress of grievances has itself become the greatest grievance, the most corrupt, unscrupulous, and shameless enemy of the rights and interests of the labouring classes. We shall return to this subject. In the meantime, we express the earnest hope that the men on strike will be supported by the trades. From certain sections of their fellow working men, the turn-outs have experienced ready and generous assistance; but by other and more numerous sections, their claims to fraternal aid have not been responded to. We trust that all trades and callings directly or indirectly connected with railways will consider it their special duty to render timely, continuous, and efficient support to the turned-out engine-drivers and firemen of the Eastern Counties Railway.

We have nothing new to communicate respecting the type-founders, unless it be that two or three of the men have obtained work, and are now contributing to the strike-fund instead of being dependent upon it. A larger number will immediately be employed at the new foundry. The men are firm and confident, and anticipate the best possible issue to their long-continued struggle. We submit that the type-founders have special claims upon their fellow-operatives connected with printing in all its branches; and we venture to hope that those claims will be generally and cheerfully acknowledged.

The journeymen shoemakers of Norwich are in movement to obtain an advance on their present rate of wages, and the abolition of the present system of "garret masters." The men claim an advance of one penny per pair upon all classes of welts. We should be glad to receive a brief and plainly written explanation of the system of "garret masters," and the present earnings of the operatives. Judging of their position by their resolutions published in the *Norfolk News*, we imagine that their condition is anything but enviable, notwithstanding the present "prosperity."

There have been some disturbances at Sadleworth, occasioned by the millocrats violating the new factory law, by persisting in the system of working "relays." These tyrants would not obey the law passed in the interest of the workers; the present law was passed at their own dictation yet they violate it also. The truth is they will obey neither law nor gospel when found to at all interfere with their cruel-hearted cupidity. The magistrates, as usual, have met, and issued proclamations warning the workers that if they congregate together they will be regarded as "rioters," and dragooned accordingly. If these magistrates were the dispensers of jus-

tice, they would apprehend the inciters of the disturbances—HILTON, WRIGLEY, NIELD and the other violators of the factory law. Of course the magistrates will do nothing of the sort—because they belong to the same gang. So it will ever be, until the people make themselves masters of the institutions of the country; then, but not until then, will the land be governed by just laws, and the laws be executed with justice and impartiality.

We request our friends throughout the country to favour us with the earliest intelligence of Trade's movements, in order that we may as far as possible make our little journal the exponents of the social claims of the wealth producers, and the vehicle through which to make known their grievances, and their efforts to right the wrongs under which they suffer.

CHARTIST ORGANIZATION.

WE have received from Mr. Christopher Shackleton, of Queenshead, near Halifax, a new scheme of organization, which was read to the adjourned meeting of the Democratic Conference, and which, in accordance with the wish of the writer, we now publish in the *Red Republican*. We regret that want of room prevents us giving more than the following outline of Mr. Shackleton's introductory observations:—"Mr. S. has for a long time looked upon the machinery of the National Charter Association as ineffective and inadequate to accomplish the end proposed. The number of enrolled and paying members are exceedingly few. The local lecturers tell the same old tale to the same old faces, to the surfeit of both speakers and hearers. The numbers who attend our great gatherings for the most part give no assistance beyond shouting at the said gatherings. Opposed to this impotent party there are the Government, the law, physical force, the priesthood—both established and dissenting, the entire daily and almost the entire weekly press, including nearly the whole of the penny papers,—the leviathan power of the money-mongers and shopocrats who directly wield the local authority of the country and indirectly that of the general government,—lastly, there are the anti-democratic habits, prejudices, and indifference of a vast number of the population. These powers—moral and physical combined—present a force hostile to Chartism, quite impossible to overcome by the Chartists as at present situated. The better dissemination of our principles, with the view to increase our numerical and pecuniary strength, must be provided in any effective plan of organization. We give the remainder of Mr. Shackleton's letter as written by himself. He suggests:—

1st. That an Executive, consisting of not less than nine persons, five to form a quorum, shall be the governing body. Their residence to be in London, and that they appoint one of their body as secretary, who shall be paid for his services. The persons composing the Executive shall be the only acknowledged directors of the movement during their term of office.

2nd. Their term of office shall be twelve months. They may be re-elected.

3rd. That in order that a better understanding may be kept up between the various branches of the associations, the following arrangement shall be made: The several branches in each shall be governed by a committee of not less than nine persons. One of such committee to be a member of a district committee which shall meet once a month. One of this district committee shall form one of a county committee to meet once every three months. And one of the county committee shall form one of a national committee to meet once a year.

4th. That the principles shall be disseminated by means of tracts, which shall be distributed from door to door every week. The distributor shall take with him when he goes his weekly rounds a

collecting-book, for the purpose of receiving contributions towards purchasing more tracts.

In order to illustrate the working of the rule, I will give the following calculation. In the first place I propose that the sum of £200 be raised as a fund to commence with. This small sum may be raised with ease if the acting men will only exert themselves. Now, supposing the tracts to cost one halfpenny each, this money would purchase 96,000 tracts. In order that this number may last half a year they must consist of twenty-seven different kinds, and each distributor must have twenty-seven delivered to him. He can distribute the twenty-six and keep one at home; the week following he can take it with him and exchange it at the first house in his round, removing the one he receives in exchange there to the next house, and so on with the rest, repeating this operation every week until he has gone through the list. Now, supposing that he can manage to get on an average twopence at each house during the twenty-six weeks—which is a small sum, as there are houses from which as high as sixpence *per week* may be got where there happens to be a number of grown-up persons favourable to the cause, it is, therefore, not extravagant to suppose that he will get twopence on an average in twenty-six weeks. Now twopence each from 96,000 houses will be £800. Supposing we take £400 of this sum for the purchase of more tracts, this sum at a halfpenny each would purchase 384,000, which added to the quantity already in existence would amount to 480,000. There would then be £400 left which would employ four talented lecturers to break up new ground. Supposing the next half-year to yield an equal average per man, it would amount to £8,000; suppose we take £6,000 of it for tracts, at the same rate, it would purchase 2,880,000. There would then be left £2,000, which would employ twenty lecturers to break up fresh ground. Supposing the next half-year to produce a similar average, we should have the sum of £28,000, because the 480,000 of the previous half-year would have to be added to the 2,880,000 of the next half-year. If we take 26, out of 28,000 for the tract department, it will purchase 12,480,000 tracts, which would suffice to supply one to every working man's house in the United Kingdom, and to a vast number of the middle and other classes likewise. After the whole population was thus supplied, a comparatively small number of tracts would suffice, as they could be shifted from district to district the same as each collector shifted his tracts weekly. If we got on an average twopence every half-year from 6,000,000 of families, it would amount to £100,000 a year, out of which sum we could in the first place, fit up a press for the purpose of printing the tracts, then a weekly, and ultimately, a daily newspaper.

The next step would be to urge the people to take possession of the entire local power of the country, which might easily be done, as our most intelligent members would every week come in contact with the entire population. They must commence by canvassing the boroughs, and if the electors refused to grant them their suffrages, begin an extensive system of exclusive dealing; at the same time acting on the principle of co-operation, by setting up shops of their own. As it would be impossible to find a sufficient number of men of sterling principle possessing the necessary property qualification for members of parliament, the money which would be collected by the tract distributors, might be further employed in purchasing qualifications. £10,000 a year would qualify ten members every year; and the qualification being in land, it would serve to employ those who might be turned out of employment on account of their principles.

This, sir, is an outline of what I would advise the Conference to commence doing. The plan is simple, clear, and self-supporting; whereas all the plans we have yet tried have been of an exhausting kind. With regard to the middle classes, I dread nothing so much as any union of them with us, for when it came to the upshot, they would be sure to betray us.

Yours, truly,
CHRISTOPHER SHACKLETON.

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE: *Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. Bogue, 86, Fleet-Street.

(Continued from No. 16 of the "Red Republican.")

During the existence of the (first) French Republic, Pitt ("bottomless Pitt") the clergy, and the squirearchy, dictated the politics of nine-tenths of the journals—metropolitan and provincial. No wonder the misled people joined madly in the crusade against Republican France. The stamp-tax was continually augmented until it reached the sum of *fourpence* on each newspaper. Taxation, corruption, and terror combined to render the Press—for the most part—the enemy, instead of of being the pioneer of Progress.

Mr. Hunt omits mention of the prosecution of THOMAS SPENCE, the celebrated Agrarian Reformer, the man who was the first in this country to advocate by voice and pen, the right of the People to the land as their natural heritage. Having been twice committed to prison under suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, in the years 1794, and 1798, he was in the year 1801 prosecuted for a "seditious libel," published in a series of letters entitled "The Restorer of Society to its Natural State." SPENCE defended himself. He was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £20. He suffered the imprisonment, and his friends paid the fine.

The second volume of this work, opens with an account of the trial of Peltier, in the year 1803, for a libel on Buonaparte, then first consul of the French Republic. The libel contained some truth regarding the good fortune of the dictator, but, otherwise, appears tame, indeed, compared with the strictures on the "Nephew of his Uncle," which occasionally appear in this and other Journals. Mackintosh's defence of Peltier was regarded as "one of the most brilliant speeches of the time." We must say that the specimens of this brilliant performance contained in this volume have excited our disgust rather than our admiration. Mackintosh, be it remembered, was a "liberal," and had written in defence of the French Revolution, yet—lawyer like—he could speak of the French Revolutionists as "assassins" and "barbarians." He loudly vaunted the freedom of the English Press and Constitution; and the value of trial by jury. His eloquence, however, was in vain. The jury found Peltier guilty, but war breaking out soon afterwards between England and France, he was never called up to receive sentence. Some years later followed the prosecution of Leigh Hunt for asserting that the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) though "a dandy of fifty" was no Adonis. Leigh Hunt and his brother John, were found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of £500, and to suffer two years' imprisonment (each) in Horsemonger Lane Gaol.

In 1809 WILLIAM COBBETT (of whose extraordinary career Mr. Hunt gives a brief sketch) was brought to trial for an alleged seditious libel:—

"Some English local Militia men, the sons and servants of farmers, had been flogged in Cambridgeshire. Such punishments were unhappily common enough, but in the ease denounced by *The Political Register*, these English conscripts had been so flogged whilst under a guard of some foreign mercenary troops then in this country. Cobbett declared this to be a national disgrace, which nothing could wipe out. The lash was scandalous under any circumstances, but that free-born Englishmen, enrolled to defend their country from threatened foreign invasion, should, for some paltry infraction of military rule, be tied up like dogs to be flogged under a guard of German bayonets, was a thing not to be suffered

in a land that declared itself free. The comment upon what was regarded as a very shameful act, created a great sensation. The Attorney General Gibbs was set to work—a verdict of guilty was obtained, and Cobbett was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, to be imprisoned two years in Newgate, and to give bonds for £3,000, that he would keep the peace for seven years."

"The imprisonment, which would have crippled the energies of many less vigorous men, seemed to steel COBBETT to renewed exertions. Friends rose up to offer him sympathy and assistance; his pen was plied incessantly; and the Government, who thought they had shackled a troublesome enemy, found that though their gaoler had the body of the man, the press bore his thoughts over the length and breath of the land."

Mr. Hunt gives a notice of the subsequent career of COBBETT to the time of his death. We will only note, in relation to the subject under review, that he was again prosecuted in the year 1801, for seditious libel. The jury being unable to come to a decision, "COBBETT walked free out of the Court, which was expected to witness his condemnation."

Hitherto we have followed Mr. Hunt in his account of the prosecution of public writers, publishers and printers, but our limits forbid us attempting the same course in relation to the multitude of victims prosecuted for "seditious libel," "blasphemy," "seditious speeches," &c., &c., during the regency of the profligate prince—afterwards George the 4th. From a return printed by the House of Commons we learn that in something under thirteen years nearly one hundred persons were prosecuted for the above named "offences," the great majority of whom were convicted and severely punished. The most famous of these sufferers were (the before mentioned) WILLIAM COBBETT, John Hunt, Leigh Hunt, HENRY HUNT, William Hone, W. Sherwin, T. Jonathan Wooler and RICHARD CARLILE. These are names which must for ever remain associated with the history of the press. COBBETT thundered against political abuses in his long continued and inimitable *Weekly Register*. Sherwin edited a *Political Register*. Wooler conducted the *Black Dwarf*. Hone had his *Reformers' Register*, but is chiefly celebrated for his famous *Parodies*. Carlile's periodical was entitled *The Republican*.

The following notice is all too brief of one of the sturdiest champions of free thought ever born in this or any other land.

"Richard Carlile, of London, prosecuted by the Attorney General for blasphemous libel, tried at London, at the sittings after Trinity Term, 1819; convicted and fined £1,000, and ordered to be imprisoned two years in Dorchester Gaol, and to remain in prison until the fine was paid. He was again tried for a similar offence on October 15th, 1819; convicted and sentenced to a fine of £500, and imprisoned in Dorchester Gaol for one year, (after expiration of former sentence) to remain in prison until the payment of the fine, and to give security for good behaviour for life in £1,000 and two securities of £100 each."

Carlile's wife, sister, and a number of shop-assistants, and country-agents were subsequently prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned. Their "blasphemy" consisted in publishing Paine's *Age of Reason*, Palmer's *Principles of Nature*, and similar works. At a later period Carlile suffered another prosecution. He passed altogether about ten years in prison.

The passing of the famous Six Acts sorely crippled the Radical Press, as well as fettered the people in other respects. "Government prosecutions were not the only difficulties the press had to encounter. In December, 1820, the opponents of the extension of popular liberty set up a society, with the dignified title of 'The Constitutional Association,' the object of which was to play the part of censor of the press. They collected subscriptions, and commenced prosecutions, and would doubtless have continued their operations to a still more dangerous extent, had not public opinion rebelled against the attempt to sup-

press what remained of the liberty of the press. The "Bridge Street Gang" became the nick-name of the self-styled "Constitutional Association," and after a short-lived prosperity the society dwindled and fell. Its extinction was regarded by all, except its promoters, as a source of congratulation."

The "battle of the unstamped," in which the late HENRY HETHERINGTON took a leading part, must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Hetherington's *Poor Man's Guardian*, and *Destructive*, Cleave's *Weekly Police Gazette*, and Cousins's *Political Register*, published at one penny, and two pence each, circulated to an enormous extent. Besides the above there were *The Gauntlet*, *The Working Man's Friend*, *The Cosmopolite*, *The Man*, *The Pioneer*, *The Republican*, &c., &c. According to law all these publications—partaking more or less of the character of regular newspapers—were illegal. Indeed they gloried in their illegality. Hetherington's *Poor Man's Guardian* bore on the face of it "Published in defiance of law to try the power of Right against Might." Hetherington and a great number of town and country publishers were prosecuted, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The street vendors were swept into prison by hundreds. For vending the *Poor Man's Guardian* only, upwards of five hundred persons suffered imprisonment. At length in the summer of 1836, the Whig government introduced a measure for the reduction of the tax of fourpence on newspapers to one penny. In introducing the bill Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle) made the following acknowledgment:—"Government has done all that was possible to enforce the law, but the law has been unable to put down the evil."—The evil of diffusing cheap knowledge!!

A small minority in parliament attempted to procure the total abrogation of the stamp, but failed. In a great measure that failure was owing to the opposition of the stamped journals. A secret conclave of newspaper proprietors held constant communication with the Whig ministers and their supporters, and fought hard, and not in vain, to retain their monopoly. The continuance of a stamp of one penny ensured that monopoly, and deprived the unstamped victors of the full triumph they had struggled for—a Free and totally Untaxed Press.

The new law came into operation on the 15th of September, 1836, and caused the extinction of the unstamped papers. Those papers would in all likelihood have been continued could the publishers have encountered the tremendous penalties consequent on a violation of the new enactment. The law passed by the Whigs—far exceeds—in atrocity the worst of the laws passed by Castlereagh and Co.

RASPAIL.

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."

Selections from the writings of F. V. Raspail, written in the dungeon of Vincennes, 1843:—

MANY KINDS OF MONARCHY—BUT ONE KIND OF REPUBLIC.

THERE are many kinds of monarchy. We have monarchy for life, hereditary monarchy, limited and absolute monarchy. But there is only one kind of republic. It is the government where every one contributes to the social burdens, and has a right to share in the social advantages; where each labours for All, and conversely, All for each; where everything depends on the popular vote and nothing on privilege and favouritism; where law is the beneficent application of the laws of nature, and not a bugbear which frightens children and excites the contempt of thinking men. Call this form of government what you will, it is the republic; but if you take away any one of the above conditions, you will have monarchy, more or less disguised; a government composed of a few silly intriguers, or of traitors, who prepare the way for the restoration of royalty.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

You desire *liberty*: no more despots then, real or fictitious, absolute or constitutional. You desire *equality*: no more monopolies or privileges, no aristocrats, whether landed, financial, or bourgeois. You desire *fraternity*: let us hear no more of war then, of hatred and vengeance; you must arrange the disputes of individuals and of nations according to the will of the majority expressed by universal suffrage, and not by means of bayonets and cannon balls.

THE EUROPEAN REPUBLIC.

A monarchy is organised from above downwards; it has a court before having a people. The republic begins from below and ascends; the people are there first, the administrators of public affairs are cared for the last. The method of the republic is the method of nature. Every whole derives its properties from the parts or atoms composing it. The republic groups its component parts symmetrically and harmoniously, in order to obtain a compact, homogeneous whole. Precisely as a crystal has the form of its integrant atoms, and cleave it as often as you like, you obtain the same figure,—so must the republic, with its properties and means of action, be found in the smallest of its subdivisions, in its ultimate atoms. The atom, or strongest integral part—of the republic, is the *commune*. Isolated, the latter could perform all the functions of self-government, as well as when united to its neighbours. The principle of fraternity which unites the citizens one to another, also unites the communes, by the natural law of neighbourhood and contact. The commune, or municipality, is a large family living—as it were—under the same roof, cultivating the same tract of land for the benefit of all its members, classed according to their age, physical force and capacity. Admit a federation of communes, living on the same soil, and having a reciprocal exchange of their agricultural and manufactured products. Such a group of communes is called a *canton*; it forms a natural circumscription, because, from the community of soil and of climate arises a community of interests and of wants. These cantons, composed of communes, if again associated, form a larger commune called a *department*; which is again a natural aggregation, occasioned by the identity of climate and soil, and by the similarity of resources and of wants between the diverse members of this large family,—and which has a superficial extent in proportion to the wants of its members. Finally the aggregation of these departments, or natural groups of communes, is called the republic, embracing in its natural limits, races having the same language, having similar wants and customs, derived from a community of soil and climate. One day, Europe will be a federation of republics, whose limits will not be traced by usurpers and victorious castes, but by the hand of nature, by the land-marks of rivers and mountains. This republic of races or peoples can only be proclaimed when not a single monarchy exists in Europe, its affairs will be regulated by a European congress, which will be held at Prague. . . . Utopia! say you? Eighteen years ago the little that has been done now, was a Utopia, and punishable by imprisonment. Dreams? perhaps so, but as yet our dreams have always come true.

So exaggerated is the influence of the aristocracy in England, or rather so servile the spirit of the middle classes, that a nobleman in the vicinity of his country seat, as compared with the same man in his London club, is as the magnified flea in the plates of a treatise upon entomology, compared with the same insect in its natural condition. The "Lord Anything" of an obscure country neighbourhood, is talked of by all its squires as if there were something specific in the very boots of his coach-horses. To them he is a regal personage. They know the names and number of his servants, the arrangements of his household. On all occasions they quote his sayings, and when he says nothing, wonder what he thinks; till reasonable beings visiting in the neighbourhood become sick of his very name.—Mrs. Gore. Liberty is a power to act, or not to act, according as the mind directs.—Locke.

Poetry for the People.

ANATHEMA MARANATHA.

Swifter and swifter fierce misery slayeth!
Deeper and deeper the scorpion-lash flayeth!
Tighter and tighter the grip of toil groweth,
Nigher and nigher the red Ruin floweth!
And still ye bear on, and ye faint heart and breath,
Till ye creep like scourged hounds to your kennel of death,
Then down to the dust with ye! cowards and slaves!
Plague-stricken cumber-grounds! slink to your graves.

Love is the crown of all life! but ye wear it not!
Freedom—Humanity's palm, and ye bear it not,
Beauty spreads banquet for all! but ye share it not,
Grimmer the blinding veil glooms, and ye tear it not,
Weaving your life-flowers in Wrong's robe of glory—
Ye stint in your starkness, with hearts smitten hoary,
Then down to the dust with ye! cowards and slaves,
Plague-stricken cumber-grounds! slink to your graves.

They have broken our hearts for their hunger, and trod,
The winepress for Death with the grapes of our god!
And ye lick their feet, red with your blood, like dumb cattle
Ha! better and braver to face them in battle!
The bow that Tell drew hath lost none of its spring,
But ye nerve not with daring the shaft and the string,
Then down to the dust with ye! cowards and slaves!
Plague-stricken cumber-grounds slink to your graves!

There's a curse on the Mammonites fiery and fell!
Gold turns their hard hearts into hearstones for Hell!
And theres wringing of hands with the knave and the tyrant,
For God's graven autograph's on their death-warrant.
And lordlier manhood neath Freedom's hearth groweth!
Yes! now, while before ye the fire pillar gloweth!
Or down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves!
Down, down, for ever! and slink to your graves.

ARMAND CARREL.

NOW COMETH THE STORM.

Now cometh the storm, can you hear its loud rattle
Leap 'mong the crags, in delirious darkness?
Like a lion it springeth and fronteth the battle,
And shakes from its sinews the fetters of starkness!
The trembling hill-tops hear the roar of the thunder,
It rolls round the world in its splendor and might;
Hear it, ye thrones! it will drag ye asunder,
'Tis the voice of the people—the voice of the right!

From the turrets of Heaven the lightning streameth,
Like a lasso it bindeth the world in its arms;
Like a fire-blazoned banner above us it beameth,
And tyrants are mad in the flash of its charms.
From the lowest cloud, fire-shod, earthward it leapeth,
Brand-tongued, majestic, with terrible glee;
It illumines the graves where the martyr-band sleepeth,
'Tis the thought of the people—the mind of the free!

Joy! joy! to the slave-land, its slumber is broken,
Lion hearts bound to the stars in their cage!
The voice of the many for freedom hath spoken,
And crowns will be crushed in the tramp of their rage!
A Strong One is up in Time's star-crowned steeple,
Ringing a knell with its skeleton hand;
'Tis the proud, the erect, the invincible people,
Bringing to judgment the crimes of our land!

With fire, like a thunder-cloud, great hearts are throbbing,
O'er wrongs which oppression upon us hath rolled;
O'er outraged humanity seraphs are sobbing,
Mammon embraces its idol of gold.
'Mid the roar of the surf, and the thunder of breakers,
Awakes a loud cry like a hungry sea;
It comes from the hearts of "the million" truth seekers;
'Tis the voice of the people—the cry of the free!

Who can withstand it? who dares it shall perish!
We are cubs of the lions who battled of yore;
The fires that we kindle—the hopes that we cherish,
Are not to be crushed, or extinguished in gore.
Hope on, ye proud toilers, your sweat may be bloody,
Though lowly the flower, it will bloom in its time;
With Freedom your motto, and Virtue your study,
Your brows will be crowned with glory sublime!

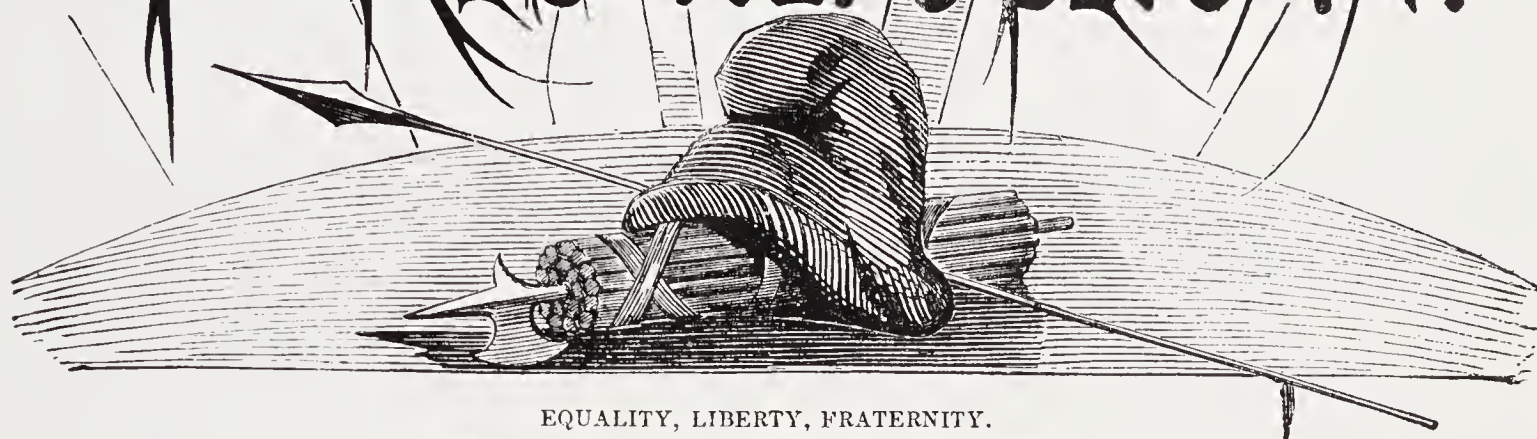
SHELDON CHADWICK.

ADDITIONAL VERSE FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE 'DEVIL'S WALK.'

A page of "The Times" the Devil read,
And he flung it down:—"Ahem!
I'm the father of lies, I know," he said,
"But I'm damn'd if I father them!"—S. S.

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THE RED REPUBLICAN.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNET.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XV.

"If it be guilt
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions;
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty."—SOUTHEY

THE "LITTLE CHARTER" *versus* "THE CHARTER AND SOMETHING MORE."

THE Parliamentary and Financial Reformers opened their winter campaign at the London Tavern, on the 14th of October; not, however, by holding a public meeting, but merely "an aggregate meeting of the members and friends" admitted by ticket, and convened to commence business at mid-day. The arrangement presented the double advantage of preventing a too great pressure of the proletarians, and excluding a number of non-conforming Chartists, who, it was feared might make themselves more free than welcome.

The speeches were of the old "Civil and Religious Liberty" order, embodying those stereotyped phrases which sounding well, but meaning nothing, eternally constitute the stock in trade of trafficking agitators and political pedlars. The only incident which disturbed the even current of the proceedings was "the bit of a shindy" raised by Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR. That gentleman having declared that "He had all along looked on the association as advantageous in many ways, but more especially in dissipating the antagonism which had existed between the middle and labouring classes," proceeded at a sad sacrifice of consistency though with a very honourable regard for truth, to show up his "little Charter" friends as downright humbugs! Treating the CORDEN budget with every mark of con-

tempt, he proceeded to enunciate the truth so unwelcome to the ears of the "Manchester School," that "The taxes were as nothing compared with what was ground out of the labour of the poor by their employers." This called forth "hisses," cries of "Oh Oh! Oh!" and "marks of dissent." Presently the member for Nottingham "put his foot in it" still deeper, in declaring that "as society was now constituted the upper classes cared only for themselves, and whether the labourers starved or not, they did not care; in fact they would rather they died, in order that the poor-rates might be lessened." This plain speaking excited "more interruption, and cries of order." With these hostile manifestations were mingled "cheers;" for, in spite of the ticket admission, &c., there were some Chartists present, for the most part dissenters from Mr. O'CONNOR's policy, but who gave him the support of their voices when they found him assailed by the shopocracy for speaking the truth. At the conclusion of Mr. O'C's speech, the chairman (SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY) declared "He could not but condemn some of the language which had been used by the last speaker." Of course! It would indeed be monstrously strange if the member for Bolton could applaud or acquiesce in the language of the member for Nottingham. Were he to do so he might take leave of his hopes of attaining to the leadership of the *bourgeoisie*—not very likely to be realised under any circumstances, certainly not if he were to hesitate to condemn such atrocious truths, as that the capitalists are the great plunderers of the labourers, and the upper-classes care only for themselves.

This rebuff, not the first by many that Mr. O'CONNOR has experienced from the same party, should teach him the utter folly of attempting to conciliate a set of men, who,

both socially and politically, have nothing in common with the working-classes. In vain does the member for Nottingham assure the genteel reformers of his holy horror of "physical force," and that "he is not, nor never has been a revolutionist;" they keep him at arm's length. Their toleration goes only to the extent calculated to save themselves from Chartist submersion; and on condition of disarming Chartist hostility, the member for Nottingham is allowed to hob and nob with the lieutenants of BRIGHT and CORDEN. But the taint of Chartism is on the honourable member; and the genteel reformers who "look so neat, and smell so sweet, and talk so like to waiting gentlewomen," regard him as they would regard a personification of the plague. The men of "the Manchester School" have not forgotten, and never will forgive Chartist hostility to the Anti-Corn Law League; and "the Chartist leader" but humiliates himself and his party by persisting in playing second fiddle in the company of performers who wish both him and his music at Cork—or, (the castle of) York, Connaught, or California.

Union with these bit-by-bit Reformers being out of the question, there are but two ways of dealing with them: either to oppose them by moving Charter amendments at all their meetings, or to leave them to "the foolish devices of their own hearts," and the consequent failure of their agitation. For reasons needless to set forth, the latter course is decidedly the best. The "leave-alone," leave to die principle so ardently supported by "the Manchester School" is just the principle the Chartists should act upon in reference to the "little Charter" movement; which in addition to being unworthy of support, is unworthy of serious opposition.

The work of real Reformers is "plain as a pikestaff." That work is to establish the

Sovereignty of the People expressed through Universal Suffrage; and, further, while seeking that great political revolution to prepare the masses for a social revolution. The Charter, the means; and the Democratic and Social Republic—the end—such is the “programme” of the *Red Republican*.

The Sovereignty of the People can only be expressed through Universal Suffrage. What interest have the unrepresented masses in the “little Charter” movement? The cant “about instalments of justice” is an outrage and an insult addressed to those who would obtain not a fraction of an instalment in the event of the “little Charter” becoming law. What if the “little Charter” enfranchised three out of the five millions of the unrepresented classes. So much the worse for the remaining two millions. The unrepresented would then constitute a minority doomed to hopeless bondage. Enfranchise the little shopocracy and the well-to-do of the working class and they will combine to “garrison our institutions” against those system-made Pariahs whose slavery and misery cry aloud for the destruction of those institutions. At the London Tavern, Mr. O’CONNOR, with pathetic simplicity expressed his regret “that there was not the same union of all classes here as on the Continent. If there was a demand for popular rights abroad, merchants, bankers, officers in the army, all were united on the side of the people. But it was not so here.” There “needs no ghost come from the grave” to explain the cause of this phenomenon. On the continent, *bourgeois* ascendancy is not yet as consolidated as it is in this country, hence the occasional exhibitions of liberalism on the part of merchants, bankers, &c., who, however, are as bitterly opposed to democracy as are our own dear profitmongers. At the London Tavern meeting, great praise was lavished upon the Constitutionalists of Hesse Cassel, just now engaged in a model moral warfare against their sovereign Elector. Should they compel that precious fool to abdicate or hang himself, and should they escape Austrian intervention, they will establish their supremacy, and all may go well as long as that supremacy shall remain unchallenged by the working classes. But once the proletarians set about demanding their political and social rights, it will be seen that these model moral-force reformers will not hesitate to appeal to physical force to prevent the proletarians obtaining the satisfaction of their just claims. The passing of the Reform Bill and Free Trade severed from the people, merchants, bankers, &c., and the enactment of the “little charter” would have the same effect on the lower ranks of the middle classes, and the higher ranks of the working classes. More than ever Universal Suffrage would be difficult of attainment, wanting which the Sovereignty of the People can have no existence. The proletarians could not support the “little Charter” movement without being guilty of political suicide.

To ensure the integrity of the Suffrage to all, the five other “points” of the Charter are indispensable. The omission of any one of those essential adjuncts would vitiate the franchise and render its exercise more or less faulty. Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Equal Electoral Districts, no Property Qualification, and Payment of Members, constitute the only measure of Parliamentary Reform worthy the support of the working classes.

One striking distinction between the *bourgeois* and the democratic reformers must not be overlooked. The former avowedly seek their “little Charter” in order to amend and bolster up our institutions. The latter seek the Charter for the purpose of superseding those institutions by others which shall be founded in justice. To abridge “the barbaric splendours of the throne,” to cut down the allowances of royal dukes, to lighten the burden of taxation, to bleed the church, to repeal the laws of primogeniture and entail and make land “as free in the market as any other article of commerce,” are the “reforms” the *bourgeois* liberals propose to achieve when they have carried the “little Charter.” To abolish the throne itself, to kick royal dukes and all such creatures into unfathomable chaos, to revolutionise taxation, to appropriate the wealth of the Church to national purposes, and to abolish landlordism and make the land national property, are some of the reforms contemplated by the democrats. To establish the political and social supremacy of the *bourgeoisie* is the object of the one party;—to abolish the system of classes and to make the worker “the only king and lord,” is the aim of the other.

Proletarians, the choice is before you. With the “little Charter” you may conserve “our glorious institutions;” only substituting for the existing oligarchy, a bastard aristocracy composed of such as ROTHSCHILD and CORDEN, MOSES and BRIGHT. With the CHARTER you may save yourselves from the devourers of all classes—from princes to pawnbrokers; and through the Sovereignty of the People establish the rightful, the glorious, the happy SOVEREIGNTY OF LABOUR!

L’AMI DU PEUPLE.

PROPOSED NATIONAL CHARTER AND SOCIAL REFORM UNION.

THORNTON LEIGH HUNT TO G. JACOB HOLYOAKE.

MY DEAR HOLYOAKE,—Since I wrote to you last I have, of course, reflected a good deal on the subject of action and organisation; and the more since I attended the meeting of the Conference. The conclusions impressed on my mind from what I observed at that meeting were—first, that, both individually and collectively, the National Charter and Social Reform Union would possess a vast capacity for beneficial action; secondly, that the members generally have no adequate idea of the importance, largeness, and practical character which properly belong to their movement. I believe, however, that some have an insight into the truth, and I only wish they would impart their full views; for I believe that a full development of the movement, in all its grandeur and power, would engage the support of the people readily and effectively.

I want to be *doing* something; and I believe we can.

If you have an opportunity, will you correct two misconceptions, natural and slight in themselves, though important in their bearing, as to the intent of my former letter?

One is the idea that I should be content with “palliatives,” or “instalments;” that is precisely the kind of bit-by-bit reform that I most dislike, for its petty and ineffective character. If I were able to develop my complete view of a policy for the Charter Union, I could easily convince every candid man that I had no such notion as bit-by-bit reform.

The other misconception is the supposition that I wished to “catch” various sectional interests in a precarious combination, which they would most likely leave on attaining their own objects. I had no such idea. I would have the Union perfectly

independent of any other body, and not hampered by ambiguous alliances. What I did mean was, that by adopting a large and practical policy, which should lay down principles in advance of those that actuate sectional parties, but should include the motives that now stir society, the Union should set going a movement that should absorb these smaller movements. The Union would thus place itself relatively in such a position to other reforming parties, that every party *could not help* lending the influence and motive power of its own movement in furtherance of the larger movement—just as a skilful mariner can make wind, tide, and steam aid the progress of his own vessel, though the several powers are unconscious of the common purpose they subserve.

I fully agree in the fundamental principle, that all great political movements must be effected by and through the People; but the People need to be summoned, and all multitudinous movements need an administration. I desire to see the Charter Union acting as the administration of the people, and I believe that, if it now acts with manifest vigour and obvious utility, the People will attend its summons. We have to create a national party, belonging to the People, working for and by the People, sanctioned and actively supported by the People. To do that we must make the People perceive that our objects are such as the People desire, and desire with sufficient earnestness to take the trouble of moving; also that we can, *betimes*, obtain some practical result, as earnest of our power to serve the People. We should make them feel, not only that we intend to improve their condition, politically and materially, but that we can begin to do so at an early day. Peoples can be induced to move convulsively on questions of “right,” but they do not maintain a steady and continuous action, unless the objects of that action are both decidedly agreeable to them, and capable of being obtained from time to time without any protracted strain on “hope deferred.” We can only induce the People to lend us an active and effective power, if we make them feel that we have the energy and capacity to use it for their benefit and gratification—that we can begin without much delay—and that we can keep up a clear progress in the attainment of practical results.

It is for these reasons that I desire to see the programme which we send forth to the public present a *trinity* of great principles, the heads for classes of measures, towards which we might work with a continued gain of practical benefits for the people. To this portable formula, or *breviate*, of our programme we might well append a list of the earlier measures to be sought, without making it understood that the list includes all the measures that we shall demand. Such a construction of the programme would enable the Administration of the People to act with considerable freedom and vigour. We could always, consistently with our principles, appeal to the actual wants and wishes of the people. We could always keep alive their active interest, by contrasting *what they have* with *what they might have*, and better laws and better government. And, while justly feeding their hopes, we could earn the influence of practical success by acting on the measures of the day, modifying those measures, enlarging them, and rendering them more effective, both to benefit the People, and to further the onward progress of the People.

Three heads, such as I have suggested, would cover all important classes of popular measures. *Universal suffrage* involves all that should go to render it effective, and all political measures demanded by the universal suffrage of the People; and we could, by a good organisation of the Union, at once begin to use universal suffrage as an instrument, even before it should be forced on Parliament. *Just taxation* already engages many sectional activities, all aiding any larger measures that might be put forward; opinions in favour of grappling with the subject are growing in all directions; and a juster taxation would bring relief to all but the rich. It might save many pounds a year to

the working man, right soon. *Industrial security on the land, or some equivalent expression, would involve amended laws of labour, now oppressive and tyrannical; aid for temporary destitution; security of subsistence for the infirm and aged; security of livelihood out of industry, and other social reforms, which would in themselves extinguish some of the most destructive evils that press on the working classes.*

As an organisation to carry out such a plan of action, I would propose one, of which I can only give you the heads now. You will recognise in it some old machinery; but I seek efficiency rather than novelty.

The Union, I presume, would have its central committee in London, and local committees would exist, as they do now. These bodies already act as an administration for political movements, and would still do so.

But we ought to have command of sufficient funds, and it is very desirable to raise them in a manner that prevents both waste and suspicion. I should propose that there be elected by the universal suffrage of the Union, a council of delegates, to sit in London as a Financial Council, charged with the duty of assessing, levying, holding, and controlling the funds. All accounts to be published. The Council to issue, from time to time, a printed sheet, as their "Transactions." These "Transactions" should be sold, say at 2d. each; possession of the last tract, or of the last but one, to vouch membership. The issue of the tracts, on due occasion, would afford a simple machinery for raising funds; the tracts would be useful as records and memorandums; the absolute control of the funds resting with the elected delegates would give at once efficiency in administering the funds, and security against suspicion.

It was said that the signatures to the People's Petition were fraudulent, and nothing so much injured the moral influence of the Chartists as that general belief. I have no faith in petitioning, as a means of obtaining direct satisfaction from Parliament; but it is a means of action for the People which has the advantage of being perfectly legal and constitutional. It would be very desirable if the People could place the authenticity of their signatures beyond suspicion. There is no reason why that should not be done. I would propose that, instead of one petition, the Union, on any fit occasion, should originate several petitions; each petition to bear a thousand signatures, attested in this mode. For every ten signatures, one of the ten signers, elected by the rest, should be responsible to the local committee; for each of the signatures of these "tithing-men," one of their own number should be, in a manner, responsible; and for each signature of those "hundred men," one of their own number should be responsible, as chairman of their meetings. If signatures for a set of petitions were organised on any one occasion, it would save trouble, in the case of any second set of petitions, if all the signers were to fall into the same organisation. We should thus know the authenticity of every one of the signatures; should be able to renew them on every desirable occasion; and should incidentally know the numbers of our body, the petitions themselves being the muster-roll. By this arrangement the Union might throw its whole force, distinctively, into every public question. I need not now point out to you the capabilities of this very simple machinery, with the numbering of our people, in general political action.

I have made this sketch as brief and naked as I can. Should you or any others of our friends desire more explanation, I shall be glad to give it, either to-morrow week, or at any other time.

Ever, my dear Holyoake,

Yours affectionately,

THORNTON HUNT.

Hammersmith, Oct. 12, 1850.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER IV.

"We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, and in the property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit."

"That is to say we do not believe that "the institution" of private property is inevitably a nuisance. Our complaint is not that there is too much individual property, but that there is too little; not that the few have, but that the many have not. Property, wherever it is the real result of work—"its sign and its fruit"—we deem inviolable, sacred as individual right.

On a piece of wild land, unclaimed by any, I build a log hut; I clear a portion of the ground; I till it; I plant potatoes or sow wheat; with my own hands labouring unaided. The wheat or potatoes there grown just sufficient to feed me and my family. They are my property. They (not the land) are my work, a growth which is the result, the sign and fruit of my toil. If the title is not absolutely mine, at least none other can show so good a title. I have created at least the overplus of wheat or potatoes that remains after subtracting an amount of seed equal to that sown (if there is, any question how I came by that). I, only I have the right to my own creation.

I have a rose-tree,—one I budded on a wild stock. I have cared for it, tended it, nursed it through severe winters. It is mine. What right have you to it? Will the State intervene and appoint what is mine and what thine? Giving me perhaps some other rose-tree and you this. It can only do so ignorantly. The State knows nothing of the value of my rose,—its peculiar value to me. Its flowers have been gathered for my sick children; the Beloved has shed her last smile upon its bloom. It is a sacred thing to me. To all the world else it is only a common rose-bush. How can the world's title to it equal mine?

I have a dog which I have reared from a puppy. He knows me, loves me. He might be useful to others: he would be to none what he is to me; none can be to him what I have been and am. Have not I the best title to him?

If my superior taste or ingenuity—perhaps working extra hours—can, without taking from others, adorn the walls of my house, improve its furniture, and make my home a palace in comparison with my neighbour's,—is there any reason why he should share with me, take my pictures or my sofas into his rooms,—take even one of them? Or rather, why I should be deprived of these enjoyments of my own creation until others, either through their own labour or mine, could acquire the same enjoyments?

All those things *fairly produced by me* are mine; they are as it were an atmosphere of my own, with which I have surrounded myself, a radiance from my own light of life, an emanation from myself. No government, state, or commonwealth has any right here, to trench upon my personal, private, individual right, to rob me for even the world's benefit.

But suppose I produce more than sufficient, while others need? Has the State no right then? No, it has not. Let it try its right. *I unaided by it produced.* It has power, and it will confiscate. What follows? this,—I will not again be fool enough to produce for confiscation. I care nothing for your "tyrant's plea" of necessity, for the general good. I will not produce, if I cannot be secure in my possession. Some one says—"But you have told us of a duty towards Humanity." That is true too. But here we have been talking of the right to take, not of the duty to give. I acknowledge the duty. I esteem the blessedness of being able to give; esteem it too much to bear patiently the being robbed of it. I would be of my own free-will the dutiful servant of Humanity. *I will not be its slave.* Or am I dull, brutish, selfish, caring only to have, to be a "rich man," not anxious to give my substance to those who need? Then educate me; enlighten

me; better me by precept and example; if I mend not, point at me as a monster: but dare not to cross my threshold, to touch the veriest trifle that I have honestly earned or obtained, to profane my household gods, to violate my individual right, which stands sovereignly, however savagely, defying the world.

Property is that which is a man's own, what he may properly own, that which is justly his,—his work, or his work's worth or purchase, or a free gift from another *whose it fairly was.*

Work is the doing of worth,—something of value made, created, or produced, or help toward that. Stealing is not work. Swindling is a shabbier sort of stealing. Overreaching is swindling.

Since property is definable as the sign and the fruit of work, clearly that which is neither the sign nor the fruit of work is not property. A pedlar takes eyeless needles to a tribe of ignorant savages, and "sells them," bartering his needles for things of worth. He produces the worth, but not fairly. The things of worth are not fairly his. They are not legitimately property. He has stolen them. The profit of a swindling trade is not property. Is it not swindling when a young child is taken in at a factory, and receives—in exchange for childhood's beauty, youth's hope, manhood's glorious strength, and the calm sunset of a well-aged life—some paltry shillings a week? Nay, we will not wrong you, Trader! that "is not all" you give him. You also give him ignorance, and vice, and suffering, and emaciation, a crippled beggarly life and a miserable death, in exchange for the health and joy of which God had made him capable. Why, man! selling eyeless needles to savages is Christian honesty compared with that. And one cannot but repeat that we dare not so abuse language as to call the profit of a swindling trade your property. *It is stolen.* A thief is not a proprietor. The words cannot be synonymous. Where is the title-deed showing work done and value created? *WORK DONE?* The paving of your palace-floors with children's faces! Moses and Son,—and some who think themselves honest,—have no right to a pennorth of their dishonest gains. If the State should confiscate their fortunes and distribute it among distressed needlewomen and the like, I, for my part, should think no wrong done, but be thankful for so much retributive justice. When the usurer (we call him capitalist now) takes advantage of his fellow's need to overreach the common ground of human brotherhood upon which they originally stood, and to steal a profit out of that need,—this is not work, or worth-doing, toil he never so toilsomely. His profit is not his property. Or when a "landlord" claims possession of God's earth,—I do not say of certain produce, but absolute possession of the land itself,—because his ancestor, some duke (thieves' leader) of by-gone times, stole that land, or because he bought it of some degenerate thief (not a leader), well knowing it to be stolen,—can we allow that to be property, properly his? God's earth and ocean, God's mountains, plains, seas, and rivers, are not property,—no more than his sky. They are his work, not man's. Let the fisherman make a property of the fish he catches. "Why? he does not create them." Yet he does in some sense produce them. Their worth to man is nothing in the sea. It is their being caught, which is the result of his work, that gives them value. *The possession of them is the sign of that work.* Let the husbandman till the ground, and what he produces shall be his. *That produce is the fruit of his toil.* But the earth is not his. Would I "parcel the land out among all the dwellers on the earth?" No, certainly. For the fisher cares not for his proportion;—neither does the merchant, who brings goods from the far-land, giving honest toil in their bringing, and justly possessing them as the sign and fruit thereof. Let who will occupy the land. But recollect that the fisher's and the merchant's shares are there also. *It is a common property, which cannot be parcelled out: because every minute a new co-inheritor*

born, and every birth would necessitate a new division. But I see no reason, therefore, why any should not hold any amount of land (only limited by the needs of others) in undisturbed and perpetual tenure, paying to the State a rent for the same. What has the State to do with appointing to each landholder his limits, or assigning to him his locality? Here again would be an interference with individual right. It might give me my acres in the plain, and my brother his upon the mountain side; and he loves the level ground, while to me flood and fell are dear, and I dislike the monotony of the plain. Or why should the State refuse land to individuals, and compel it to be held in common? All these things may best adjust themselves: the business of government not being to intermeddle with individual right, but to have that respected, and to maintain order, caring that none encroach upon the rights of others, and that all are organized harmoniously together. The one is the prevention of evil, the other the preparation for good; the one involves the questions of *property* and *credit*, the other the question of *education*.

Of *property* we have already spoken. The duty of government here may be thus summed up. It has to see that every one holds inviolate *his right to enjoy or to bestow the fruits of his own honest labour*; and also that none shall, by endeavouring to appropriate common property, prevent another from producing to the utmost of his capacity. Its business is to care that common property shall never be appropriated by individuals, nor private property meddled with by any.

The questions of *credit* and *education* are the necessary concomitants of this. They will be our next subjects for consideration.

W. J. L.

ERRATUM IN LETTER II.

Lines 10 and 11 from end of letter, for "*naturally wise*," read "*maturely wise*."

ERRATUM IN LETTER III.

Second paragraph, 6th line from top, for "*securing humanity*," read "*serving Humanity*."

GENERAL DEMBINSKI.—We hoped to find Kossuth and the rest of the emigration at Brousa, but all have been removed to Kutahya except General Dembinski. The Polish veteran refused to go a step further into the interior of Asia Minor, and the Turkish Government at length yielded to his firmness. He is kept in tolerably strict confinement, but is sometimes permitted to go out with guards attending him. We visited him in company with D. Sandison, Esq., the English Consul at Brousa, who is one of the warmest friends of the exiles. Dembinski received us with much cordiality in the small chamber allotted to him, in a building formerly the residence of the Pasha. He converses fluently in French and German, and spoke with admiration of America, yet said that when liberated again he would prefer Paris as a place of residence rather than go to America. Although he did not say much in regard to the other generals and leaders in the Hungarian struggle, it was evident how much he felt enraged at the conduct of Georgey, not only for his treachery to the Hungarian cause, but for the affair between himself and Georgey, when the latter, though but a subordinate officer, arrested his commander Dembinski, and raised mutiny in the army against him. To retain quiet in the army Kossuth was compelled to withdraw the command from Dembinski, whereas had he arrested Georgey, and executed him for his conduct, Hungary might not have been conquered. But Kossuth's nature made him always refuse to shed any man's blood. Dembinski appears to be about sixty years of age, not very tall but stoutly built, with whitish hair and long beard. He looks strong and vigorous, as if he could still fight a hundred battles with Austria or Russia.—Correspondent of the "*New York Tribune*."

SCENE ON BOARD A TURKISH STEAMER.—In the cabin a rich old Turk had locked up the women of his harem, consisting of several dark-eyed girls, of whom we obtained but scanty glimpses. They were guarded by a fat looking eunuch, whose shrill cracked voice sounded like a bad clarionette. He was the picture of humility and stupidity, and when he addressed his master he kissed his hand and then pressed it to his own forehead in token of respect. When the steamer arrived at Gemlik the girls were brought on deck to be taken on shore; and while passing they seemed as anxious to look at us Franks as we were to observe them closely. They were quite young, with dark hair and fair complexion, as much as could be seen, for their faces were covered with the *yashmac*, or gauze veil, common to the East. Their liquid eyes had a peculiar almond-like shape, which is a general characteristic of Oriental women. They looked as if they would like to extend their "*area of freedom*," and enjoy more liberty; nor did they seem to have much affection for their liege lord and master.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from Booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

* * Desirous of having a greater variety of articles than has hitherto appeared in the *Red Republican*, we respectfully request our correspondents to study brevity. Non-compliance with this request will entail upon us the disagreeable task of either curtailing or altogether excluding articles which, if of reasonable length, and otherwise acceptable, will meet with a ready welcome to our columns.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE "*RED REPUBLICAN*" will be acknowledged in a future number.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—We have received per Mr. Peter Cameron, Paisley, and Mr. W. Ryder, London, 5s., being 6d. each for the following members, all of Paisley: William Cameron, Peter Cameron, J. Houston, T. Man, J. Donaldson, B. Horrocks, J. Robertson, J. Scott, J. Hatchard, and J. Train. The money has been paid over to the Society.

A. FIDDES, Aberdeen.—Your letter has been received, containing, for the *Red Republican*, 6d.; for the Polish Refugees, 6d. Also from A. Taylor, 2d. for the Tract Fund, and 2d. for the Executive.

ERNEST JONES.—Our friend Ernest apprises us that in six nights he succeeded in getting £12 13s. 6d. subscribed to pay the fine inflicted upon Thomas Jones. Bravo!

O'CONNORVILLE REDS.—"Dear Harney,—I send you a dozen stamps, as the subscription of self and four other Reds at O'Connorville, to aid the *Red Republican*. I wish we had been able to have given that amount each, but our potatoe crop turns out so bad (that is, small, and yields so bad), that we are obliged to limit our cash to our means. I am sorry to be obliged to confirm the idea that there is a conspiracy to burk the *Red Republican*. I ordered it at Rickmanworth, but to all inquiries the reply was, 'Not yet out.' You should see the elongation of the countenance, and the scowling of the eyebrows of some of our local agents, when I ask for the *Red Republican*, which I do every time I go to Rickmanworth, though I get it now from Watford. Even there it is very irregular, as I have to-day only got from No. 11 to 15, though No. 18 is now out. But better late than never. I wish it and you God speed in the good cause.—Your's fraternally, G. W. WHEELER."

A VIRTUOUS PUBLISHER.—A bookseller at Mahnesbury, sending an order for the *Red Republican*, is answered by his London publisher that the *Red Republican* is "*not published now*." This publisher rejoices in the name of Virtue. He seems to be not overburdened with the virtue of veracity.

BRISTOL.—"Dear Sir,—I have been rather amused at seeing some remarks in the *Red Republican*, to the effect that certain booksellers are afraid of affronting their customers by exhibiting the *Red*. I know there are hundreds in every city that would consign a bookseller to the dark cellar below for selling works like the *Red Republican*. But I make a practice never to submit to the dictation of such minds. If my judgment tells me it is right that the *Red*, and papers like the *Red*, should have a place in my window, that place is found in defiance of all opposition. The man that would dictate to a bookseller what he should sell would be the last to purchase, and the first to rid us of all good works by process of bad law. I have, from the commencement of bookselling, made it a practice to sell and exhibit all that assist in the onward march of improvement. As long as the *Republican* stands, it shall be seen in my window, a stock shall be kept, and anyone shall have them at trade price for gratuitous distribution.—I remain yours, &c., H. COOK, publisher, 5, Sims's-alley, Broadmead, Bristol.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—Mr. Arnott has handed to us 1s. for the Type-Founders, from a few tailors, Jermyn-street.

MR. J. J. BEZER.—We understand that our friend Bezer has commenced business as a news agent, and will undertake to supply the *Red Republican*, and all other publications and newspapers, to friends in any part of London who will favour him with their orders. He will deliver the *Red*, &c., at the homes, workshops, &c., of the purchasers. We earnestly solicit our metropolitan friends to give their orders to this persecuted and sterling democrat.

NEWTOWN.—The communication shall appear in our next number.

P. CAMERON, Paisley.—The letter has been forwarded to Mr. Shute.

J. SKETCHLEY, Hineley.—We concur with the general tenour of your observations. No doubt the Conference will issue an address at the close of its sittings.

"A WAGES SLAVE."—No room at present.

COLONEL FORBES, (a native of Great Britain and) an officer of the late Patriot Army of Italy, has commenced a tour in the interior of the State of New York, for the purpose of diffusing correct information in regard to the events of the Italian Revolution, and the opening of the Inquisition at Rome in 1849. It is the intention of Colonel Forbes to extend his tour into different States of the Union, with the view of bringing before the American people an authentic statement of the facts in question. He is engaged in this work under the auspices of Mazzini and other friends of Italian liberty.—*New York Tribune*.

TO THE CHARTISTS OF ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, &c., &c.

MY FRIENDS,—In reply to your enquiries as to when I will commence my promised tour, I beg to state that owing to the renewed and serious illness of Mrs. HARNEY, it is impossible for me to leave home at present. I hope to make some portion of my contemplated tour before Christmas, and the remaining portion between New Year's Day and the opening of Parliament. The several places from whence I have received invitations, shall have due notice of the time of my visit.

I remain,

Your ever faithful friend, and

Brother Democrat,

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

NOTICE.

No. 20, of the *Red Republican* will contain

AN ENGRAVING OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND.

ALSO

A POETICAL LETTER FROM LORD BROUGHAM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

"Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon*.

TRANSATLANTIC TRIBUTE TO THE WORKMEN IN THE EMPLOY OF BARCLAY AND PERKINS.

WITH great pleasure we give circulation in our columns to the following communication just received from New York:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.
Sir,

I have received instructions from the New York City Industrial Congress requesting you to give publicity to the accompanying Vote of thanks, to the Employees of Messrs Barclay and Perkins. In so doing you will confer a favour on your friends and co-workers in the cause of human emancipation.

Yours very truly,

JOHN. H. KEYSER.

Corresponding Sec. N. Y. City Industrial Congress.

At a regular meeting of the New York Industrial Congress, held in the Supreme Court Room, City Hall, Sep. 17, 1850, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Robert J. Pond, and unanimously carried.

"That a complimentary Vote of thanks be tendered by the N. Y. Industrial Congress to the men in the employ of Messrs Barclay and Perkins, for the prompt and very striking reception given by them, to the great enemy of social freedom, Gen. Haynau, but more especially for the sympathy they evinced on the occasion, for the glorious principles of Liberty and Humanity. Although the members of this Congress are not particularly partial to such physical demonstrations, in a usual way and highly deprecate all violation of the prin-

ciples of Law and Order, they cannot but express their deep regret at being absent from the scene of the late festivities."

We learn from the *New York Tribune*, that in addition to the above complimentary letter there is a move amongst the mechanics and brewers of New York, to present a superb silver flagon to the workmen of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' Brewery, to commemorate "their heroic conduct in chastising the Butcher HAYNAU." The flagon is to be of large size, embossed with a view of the chastisement on one side, and with a suitable inscription on the other. Throughout Republican America the paeans of popular applause have ascended to the skies for the honest punishers of HAYNAU. We respond to our American brothers with "THREE CHEERS MORE FOR BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S WORKMEN!"

One of the *Tribune's* correspondents writing from Europe, and commenting on the affair at Bankside, observers on HAYNAU's visit:—"For such an incarnation of red-handed ruffianism to obtrude himself upon the people of England, while Europe echoes with his crimes, is to insult public opinion. If it could be understood that all such brutes, Nicholas of Russia included, would be hanged the instant they set foot out of their own territories, it would strike terror to their hearts and unnerve the arms of political headsmen."

That's the orthodox creed and no mistake. Let tyrants believe and tremble!

THE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE.

At the meeting of this body, on the 13th of October, the following was adopted as a

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

That all mankind are brethren, and are born with an equality of right to enjoy the earth, with all the native raw material on and beneath its surface, its seas and rivers, and the atmosphere surrounding it, which are naturally and inalienably the common property of the whole human race.

The reader who has seen the original programme will have noted that in the original the above appears in the shape of two clauses. Condensing it into one has occasioned an alteration in the wording. We preferred the declaration in its first shape, but of course accept the decision of the majority; that decision carrying with it no violation of principle.

The question of the suffrage, as the *primary measure* to be demanded and won, was then discussed, and finally adopted in the following form:—

UNIVERSAL MANHOOD SUFFRAGE, with the necessary adjuncts thereto, as embodied in the People's Charter—to wit:—*Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Equal Electoral Districts. No Property Qualification, and Payment of Members.*

The following words were added—"as the most efficient means of obtaining the following necessary reforms." Consideration of the said "reforms" was adjourned.

The reader will see that "the Charter, whole and entire, name and all," has been adopted by the Conference, as the great leading and primary object to be sought by the National Charter and Social Reform Union. There was some discussion as to the propriety of substituting the term "Manhood Suffrage," for that of "Universal Suffrage." No doubt "Manhood" is the most correct term; but "Universal" has in its favour po-

pular and long-continued usage. The difference was happily surmounted by the union of both terms, making of them one whole—"Universal Manhood Suffrage,"—a term which accurately expresses the real principle—that of the *suffrage of all men*.

Should a programme of objects, &c. be finally agreed to, it will, in our humble opinion, be necessary to make a very important alteration in the suggested rule, providing for the election of a Provisional Committee. We have never given our assent to the proposition that that committee shall consist of twenty-eight persons, seven to be elected from each of the associations. To give to the Fraternal Democrats, the National Reform League, and the Social Reform League each seven representatives, and to the National Charter Association only the same number, would be a preposterous violation of the great principle of Equal Representation. It cannot be denied that where the three first-named societies can move hundreds, the National Charter Association can move thousands and tens of thousands. In our opinion justice would be done were the Chartists represented by twelve councillors, and the other societies by three or four each. Of course this council or committee could only act provisionally, to set the new association on its legs, and prepare for a national conference, and a national council to "move the nation" to a grand and victorious struggle for the Charter.

Let it be, once for all, stated that whatever decision the Conference may come to, that decision will, of course, be submitted to the votes of the several associations in their entirety; and, in the event of the said decision being rejected by the votes of the members, there will be an end to the attempted union.

THE WORTHY MR. GOOCH.—FAGG'S FRENCHMEN.

WE have received a printed list of the names of "The black wretches who are now working on the Eastern Counties Railway." That is to say, those who have taken the places of the turn-outs. But that we scorn to sully our columns with their names, we would publish this black list in the *Red Republican*, and expose the miserable devils to the full measure of infamy they can so justly lay claim to. We prefer to single out their worthy chief—the slave-driver GOOCH, the fit ruler of such a set of despicable slaves, traitors, and enemies to their class, and the holy cause of Labour.

GOOCH has been pictured as a kind and good man, who brought to the Eastern Counties line the best wishes, and ardent affection of those who had previously had the happiness to work under his paternal leadership. Excellent—if true! But what is the truth?

About seven or eight years ago, he posted in the factory on the South Western Railway a code of rules imposing fines on the workmen on most trivial but vexatious grounds. At that time a great number of the workmen left him, rather than submit to his tyrannical regulations. He next set about imposing upon the workmen, a system of piece-work, until he succeeded in reducing prices to a fearful extent. In October last he gave notice to the workmen of his intention to impose a reduction of wages to the

amount of about 12 per cent. Again a great number of the men left the line rather than bow to the exercise of his plundering propensities. We use their expression advisedly, for, to say nothing of direct reductions of wages—what is it but plunder to filch shillings, and half-crowns, half-a-day's pay, and a whole day's pay, under one pretext or another from poor hard-working men, until the sum total amounts to upwards of £70 in the course of one year? GOOCH has done this on the South Western Railway.

Is it reasonable to believe that this man was other than detested by the great body of those afflicted by his deputy-mastership? We do not dispute that there may have been some wretches who "went snacks" with GOOCH and were, therefore, ready to follow him in his crusade against the Rights of Labour. Unhappily, such base creatures do exist and very possibly GOOCH may enjoy the felicity of their affection and good wishes. His myrmidons are worthy of him and he of them. Called to the Eastern Counties Line he proceeded to perfect his system, commenced on the South Western. His conduct is easily to be accounted for. According to a document now before us, superintendents are engaged on the understanding that they shall receive so much per cent upon the reductions they can effect. The turn-outs very justly argue that the system of making salaries for one or two men out of reductions in the wages of a great number of inferior, but not less valuable servants, is most pernicious, and calculated to endanger in many ways the proper and efficient working of railways.

From the commencement of the strike GOOCH has been in communication with the railway superintendents in all parts of the country, with the view of preventing the turn-outs obtaining employment on other lines. On applying for work, and stating they were last employed on the Eastern Counties line, they are told there is no work for them. Thus a conspiracy exists to drive these men to despair, crime, and starvation. Happily they do not lack the support of a large number of their class, who rightly regard them as the struggling and suffering champions of the Rights of Industry.

MESSRS. CASLON and FAGG's French pets are coming out in a new line. On the evening of Sunday, October 13th, one of these gentry, walking along the streets, insulted a very respectable female, who thereupon took refuge in her father's house. The Frenchman followed her, and on the father remonstrating "pitched into" him. The police were called, and Monsieur committed to the guardianship of the defenders of "law and order." Before the magistrate the defence set up for the culprit was that he was drunk. This defence being considered not satisfactory, Monsieur—for the drunkenness, the insult, and the assault—was fined £5, or two months' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

In the course of the day the fine was paid (it is supposed by FAGG and Co.), and the Frenchman was set at liberty. The same evening five or six of these French interlopers were all drunk together, and quarrelling and fighting in a public house in Chiswell Street. Such are the men who have replaced the long-trying and faithful servants of the Chiswell Street firm! We wish Messrs. CASLON and FAGG joy of their bargain.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

(Continued from No. 17 of the *Red Republican*.)

CHAP. IX.

MILITARY DISASTERS.

MEANWHILE the war was irremediably lost, and the decree of the fusion only hastened the catastrophe. The people soon began to awaken from their illusive slumbers, and to perceive the treason.

They had been told that, the contract signed, Genoa would give money, and Piedmont soldiers,—and notwithstanding the government was more than ever urgent for sacrifices, for the first time using the language of inquietude. They had spoken to them of capital, and of other things, which Piedmont, moved by that paternal act of fusion would enthusiastically grant them,—and instead of all that they heard of discussions of ill-disguised hostility and distrust in the Chamber of Turin. They had been promised that, once certain of the act of fusion, Charles Albert and his army would perform prodigies,—and Charles Albert and his army, after the surrender of Peschiera, remained inert, moveless, up to the 18th of July. Then the multitude, like a sick man who wakes in the midst of an access of fever, began to be agitated, to open a suspicious ear to the rumours which came from the camp, to the accusations which clear-sighted persons had for some time addressed to the government, to the groans of betrayed Venice, and to the hurrah of the Croat who, without meeting any obstacle, pushed his course even to Azola and Castel-Goffredo. Nearly every evening the square of San-Fedele, where was the palace of the government, was thronged with people who came to demand news from the camp; and almost every evening Casati repeated from his windows the same phrases—"that there was nothing to fear, that victory was certain, that the approaching surrender of Verona would deliver all the Venetian towns which had fallen into the hands of the enemy, that the tri-coloured flag would soon float over the walls of Mantua, thanks to the efforts of the magnanimous king and the valour of his brave army." Then they fenced against the increasing agitation by decrees to raise new levies, armaments, and loans, and by shameful vexations on the part of the police: these last had a very injurious effect and sowed much irritation. As to the other measures, they had been good if they had not been taken so late, and if they had not been rendered inefficacious by the bad organisation of the ministry of war. Arms, officers, uniforms,—all were wanting, and the first battalions which hastened to the camp seemed, owing to the want of all that material which constitutes the soldier both in his own eyes and in those of others, to be a veritable crowd of people sent to the war for the sake of hindering them from conspiring. But in the absence of all military apparel, in the linen cartouch-boxes and the vests which hardly covered even those who were destined to the snows of Tonala and Stelvio, the people saw only an irrefutable proof of the culpable inertness of the three last months, and were only the more disturbed. Then to the hundred causes which had contributed to extinguish the enthusiasm and to nullify the popular force of the insurrection, was added that of distrust. Suspicion lighted upon everything and upon all; and the word *treason*, a word fatal to every enterprise, circulated among the multitude. For myself, it was more than once proposed to me, and that by well-organised forces, to overthrow the government and to attempt with other men some way of safety. The enterprise had been easy; but to what end? A sudden change of government at Milan would have kindled civil war, and in the eyes of that infinitude of blind folk belonging to the rest of Italy would have sullied with a stain the republican banner, without being able to save the country. The fusion, once pronounced, gave the king the right of

dispatching the troops to protect order and his government. We should have found ourselves in face of the bayonets of our brothers; the Austrian, become stronger and more vigilant, would have profited by the dismemberment of our forces, and by our discords. And as an effect of the inevitable oscillation of the provinces, at the very moment when the government which would be constituted would have the greatest need of them, money, credit arms, and all the material of action, would all disappear—I refused them always; more, I hindered.

Among us, the destinies of the war had been long fixed. We knew that the royal army would be put to the rout, and the country left without defence. In the *Italy of the People* may be found articles which, and that without requiring any great effort of genius, point out things as they happened, as they must inevitably have happened.

Notwithstanding a vague hope still sustained us: from Milan, assailed by the Austrian arms, the outburst of an inflamed people could cause a Lombard war to rise at once; Milan was, and yet is, the city of prodigies!—The supreme danger, the despair of all help, through the probability of the retreat of the royal forces beyond their own frontiers, the noise of the Austrian cannon thundering at the gates, all this would perhaps again have made a giant of the barricades of March. Then delivered from restraints on the part of an inept government, which, with the exception of some of its members, would have been the first to take flight, delivered from all fear of treason, delivered especially from the abhorred reproach of our action exciting with civil war, the republicans, who during the latter times had reconquered their influence over the multitude, would have organised and directed a terrible popular combat in the city. For such a combat arms, ammunition, victuals, abounded.

The Austrian army had hostile populations at its back; our forces yet held the whole of Upper Lombardy: the heroic Brescia, Bergamo, the Valtellino, and Venice, yet resisted; and on the other bank of the Po, delivered from all princely illusions, the Romagnese were in agitation. An obstinate resistance in Milan would have re-kindled the fire. All our thoughts then were concentrated on the means of preparing this resistance. To this end we sought to extend in the provinces the ties which attached the different Lombard corps to us, a subject of fear and calumny to those who persisted in misunderstanding us. But this plan could only have succeeded upon one condition, which was, that Milan had been left to itself; and of this condition we were deprived. The king, who had lost Venetian Lombardy, made the fatal promise of defending Milan!

The same day in which the Piedmontese army, victim of the incapacity of its chiefs (if not of yet worse), after having performed, under the command of Sonnaz, at the post of Volta, prodigies of useless valour, commenced a retreat, which, beginning from the Mincio, halted only at the Tessin,—this Fava, half literary man, half spy, whom we have quoted in a note above, went crying intrepidly through the streets of Milan the news of the victory of the magnanimous king, of thousands of prisoners and flags in plenty. I, who was informed of the truth, dispatched a friend to the members of the government, whom I had not seen since the 12th of May, to intreat them not to provoke the people to a terrible reaction, by deceiving them even to the end; but they, at least the most part of them, were themselves deceived by the Sardinian Ambassador. The fatal news spread during the day; then the government, terrified, felt for the first time its impotence, and all at once recollected that there existed in Milan men who loved their country, although they were republicans and suspected, two months before, of being the allies of Austria.

The concentration of power for the defence was a necessity generally recognized. Required to give the names of citizens, we pointed out Maestri, Restelli, and Fanti. The first was a republican of ancient date; the second had not been one till then, and we knew that, even honestly deceived, he had

laboured for the fusion of Venice; the third was more a soldier than a politician: so true is it that we exclusively stimulated the defence of the city, not the triumph of our party,—they were honest, desirous of good, and capable. As soon as by dint of insisting, the opposition had been overcome, which was made by the government to Fanti, whom General Zucchi refused to obey, because he was of a newer grade than himself, the three were constituted, on the 28th of July, a committee of defence. As to the government, it remained idle and null, shut up in its palace.

In the midst of the faults, almost all inevitable, which were occasioned by the false position created by the fusion,—and the first was that of being never alone in the work, but of always having the king's ministers and generals mixed up in the discussions,—the committee acted with surprising activity, and did in three days much more than the government had done in three months. All its measures are narrated in Cattaneo's book, and in a well-known writing, published by Maestri and Restelli;* I shall not repeat them, therefore, in this short recital.

However, the people were re-born to a sublime life; they ran menacing through the streets; requiring that the tricolour flags should everywhere re-appear, in sign of defiance to the approaching enemy; they prepared arms and defences; they scented the odour of their battle—theirs, and saluted its approach with a terrible and holy joy. In those days, Milan was the most eloquent reply which could have been made to all their stupid accusations, the most irresistible condemnation of the royal war and the system of the moderates. For us, our hearts palpitated with unaccustomed joy and renewed hope. With the people revived the power of love and forgetfulness, which had sanctified the first days of the insurrection.

Blind as we were, and boyishly unforeseeing, after twenty years of disenchantments and exile!—The Italians had sinned against eternal truth and against the national Unity; and we were forgetting that every trespass carries with it its inevitable expiation.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

(Continued from No. 12 of the "*Red Republican*.")
IX.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"This constitution was formed on the 17th September, 1787, by delegates from a large majority of the original thirteen states, and it was afterwards adopted by the whole of them. It went into operation on the first Wednesday in March, and certain amendments were effected in the years, 1789, 1793, and 1803.

"The object of the several States in forming the Union was, to obtain the benefit of a combination for the common defence, and other important purposes, without losing the advantages of local legislation and self-government in matters which could not affect the confederacy. Some persons were in favour of a consolidated government, but the vast majority preferred that each State should remain an independent Republic, and that these various Republics should form a Union, or treaty of alliance, with each other, each giving up a portion only of its sovereign power to the confederacy.

"The constitution has provided a federal executive, a federal legislature, and a federal judiciary. The limits of each department are defined, and there is as little interference as possible with the sovereignty of the several Republics. The legislative power is vested in the president, senate, and house of representatives. The executive power is in the hands of the president and senate.

* Narrative of the late deplorable events in Milan.—A translation has been published in England, and may be had of Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage. E. T.

"The House of Representatives.—Qualification of Electors.—Equal Electoral Districts.—The electors of each State elect as many representatives as they are entitled to, according to the population of the State. The people of all the States are enumerated every ten years, and the number of representatives to be sent by each State is determined accordingly. At first there was one representative for every 30,000, but now for every 70,680. The election of representatives is made directly by those electors who vote for the most numerous branch of the state legislature.

"Qualification of Representatives.—The representative is not required to hold any property, nor to entertain any particular religious opinion. He must be twenty-five years of age, must have been a citizen seven years, and an inhabitant of the State for which he is elected.

"Term of Election.—The election takes place every second year, and each State is divided into districts, with one representative for each.

"Payment of Representatives and Senators.—Each member receives a compensation for his services, regulated by act of congress, and paid out of the treasury of the United States.

"The Senate.—Each State chooses two senators, but the people do not elect them directly, they are chosen by the State legislature on joint ballot, whilst the members of the house of representatives at Washington are chosen by the people directly.

"Qualification of Senators.—There is no restriction as to property or religion. The senator must be an inhabitant of the State for which he is elected; must be thirty years of age? and must have been nine years a citizen of the United States.

"Term of Election.—The senators are elected for six years, but an election of one-third of the number takes place every two years. This is managed as follows:—After the first election which took place, the senators were divided into three classes. The seats of the senators of the first class were vacated at the expiration of the second year; of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year; and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year; so that one-third might be chosen every second year. There is never a dissolution of the senate. In order to prevent too great a change from being made at any one election, there can only be a third of this august body chosen at one time. Each State, whether great or small, sends the same number of representatives to the senate; but the number sent by each State to the other house depends upon its population. The conservative character of the federal senate is preserved by several means. Its members are chosen for a long term; are not chosen by the people directly, but indirectly; and no great change in the composition of the senate can be made all at once.

"The President is chosen for four years, and may be re-elected; and this is the custom, but none have been elected a third time.

"Mode of Election.—The legislature of each State provides how the presidential electors shall be chosen by the people. The number of electors to which each State is entitled is the same as its number of senators and representatives in congress. The common practice is for the people in voting for the presidential electors to put the name of the proposed president on the voting-tickets, so that the electors named to choose the president, in practice only go through the form of casting their ballots for the man of their party in whose favour the people have expressed themselves. In South Carolina the legislature chooses the presidential electors for that State. The names of the persons voted for with the number of votes for each, are transmitted by each State to the president of the federal senate at Washington.

"The Vice-President is elected in the same way as the president, except that the senate chooses the vice-president when no one candidate has received a majority of the votes of all the States. The only functions of the vice-president are to preside

over the deliberations of the senate and serve out the presidential term in case of the president's death or disability.

"Qualification of the President.—With respect to property and religion, no qualifications are demanded or conditions prescribed. The president must be a natural-born citizen, and thirty-five years of age. The president's compensation must neither be increased nor diminished during the time for which he shall have been elected. At present he receives 25,000 dollars per year (£5,000), and the vice-president receives 6,000 dollars. In case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of the office, his place is taken by the vice-president. The constitution gives power to congress to provide for the case of the resignation, death, &c. of both president and vice-president.

"Powers of the President.—His consent is necessary to all acts of congress, unless two-thirds of both houses concur in overruling his objections. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into the service of the Union. He has power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the Union, except in cases of impeachment. He has power, with the advice and consent of the senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur. He nominates, and, with the advice and consent of the senate, appoints the cabinet, foreign ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme courts, and other officers of the United States. But congress is empowered to vest the appointment of inferior officers in the president alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. The president has power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the senate. He may convene both houses on extraordinary occasions. He receives ambassadors and other public officers, and recommends congress to consider such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. The president and all civil officers may be removed from office on impeachment. After such removal, they may be tried and convicted in the ordinary way.

"Remarks on the Powers of the President and Senate.—The principal powers of the president are shared by the senate. The consent of that body is necessary to the dispensation of patronage and the formation of treaties. The president's cabinet cannot be formed without the consent of the senate; so that he is in a great measure responsible to that body, and can hardly carry on the government without its concurrence. From all this it will be seen that the senate is the great power in the American Union, and that the house of representatives is comparatively of little importance. The legislative power of Congress is so very restricted that there is scarcely anything to be done in the way of legislation, and the house of representatives can do little more than talk about the conduct of the executive and pass resolutions which are of no vitality unless concurred in by the senate. All office-seekers address themselves to the president and senate, the real government of the Union. The president and senate can, in the exercise of the treaty-making power, commit the Union to any line of policy they may choose. Commercial treaties may be formed either on free-trade or protection principles, without the interference of the house of representatives. The president can, as commander-in-chief, order the forces of the Union to commit acts which may lead to war; but war cannot be declared, nor money raised nor appropriated, without the consent of the house.

"It is advisable to deprive the president and senate of the greater part of the patronage at present dispensed by them. Many of the officers, e. g., postmasters, might safely be elected by the people in their respective districts, and many more should be appointed by the heads of departments."

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. BOOUE, 86, Fleet-Street.

(Continued from No. 18 of the "Red Republican.")

The remainder of Mr. Hunt's work is occupied with an account of the rise and progress of Parliamentary reporting, historical sketches of the London daily papers, and the literary and working machinery, expenses, &c., of metropolitan journalism. A few facts selected from this portion of Mr. Hunt's volume may interest our readers.

The *Morning Chronicle* is the oldest living paper in London. It began in 1769 as a Whig paper, and so remained till 1847, when it changed proprietors and politics at the same time. Hazlitt wrote for it, and the first essays of "Boz," were published in its columns. It is said that Lord Palmerston was numbered amongst its contributors. Its principal editor under Easthope's proprietorship was Dr. Black, whose name will be familiar to Cobbett's readers and admirers. In 1821 the *Chronicle's* circulation was 2,800 daily. In 1840 it was 6,600; it subsequently declined. What the circulation amounted to at the period of its sale to the Peclites in 1847, we do not know; but it is well known that in consequence of that sale, its circulation was still further reduced. About twelve months ago it was understood that the number of copies supplied to regular subscribers did not exceed 3,000 copies daily. The Inquiry into the condition of the Poor, and the valuable reports consequent thereon, have probably increased the circulation. At the same time the "enquiry" must have increased the expenses of the establishment. It may therefore be doubted that the *Chronicle* is a lucrative, or even "a paying" concern.

Next in age to the *Morning Chronicle* is the *Morning Post*, which was founded in 1772. This has always been a high Tory paper. The *Post's* steady and inveterate hostility to Free Trade is well known; it at the same time affects to championize the cause of labour! In 1795 it had, but 300 subscribers, in 1842 its daily circulation was 3,850: Its present sale is probably equal to that number.

The *Morning Herald* was established in 1780. It is Tory in Politics, anti-Puseyite in religion, and the untiring foe of the Political Economists and Free Traders. Of all the Tory papers the *Herald* is decidedly the best, and as regards foreign movements, both its news and articles contrast with the *Times*, on the score of fairness, most favourably. In 1842 its daily circulation was 5,000. Since then it has passed into other hands—those of Mr. Charles Baldwin, an able man of business. It is probable that its present sale is at least 7,000 copies daily.

The *Times* was commenced on the 1st of January 1788. The supremacy of the *Times* was built up by the late Mr. Walter, father of the present managing proprietor. He called around him writers of eminent talent, and paid them largely; and stopped at no expense to secure the best and earliest foreign correspondence and every other description of news. During the great French War, he carried his paper to its present eminence by the constant priority and completeness of its news over that of any competitor. His arrangements were such that he frequently had intelligence of most important events long before the Government had received despatches. The best business editor the *Times* has hitherto had was Barnes, like Black, well known to the readers of Cobbett's *Register*. Barnes was paid £1,000 a year, and became owner of one-tenth of the paper. The late Mr. Walter first applied steam power to printing. This was done November 29, 1814, at a time when his paper had a circulation of 4000 only a day. He took in hand the inventor of the ma-

chine when his invention was incomplete, helped him through, put up the machine in the building next to his office, and had the paper struck off by it one morning, before his pressmen, who had sworn never to submit to any such innovation, knew of it. Of course the pressmen submitted. The present proprietor has neither the energy nor originality of his father. In 1843 the circulation of the *Times* was 21,000 copies daily. Its present circulation is supposed to amount to 30,000 copies daily. The profits must be immense, notwithstanding its great expenses. Of course the principal source of its wealth is in its enormous mass of advertisements. The amount of duty paid by the *Times* on its advertisements in the year 1849 was £97,000! We need not say a word as to the political character of the *Times*. Its name is synonymous with political infamy.

The *Morning Advertiser* was commenced on the 8th of February, 1793. Its circulation is supposed to be about 5,000 copies daily. Its profits go to increase the funds of the Society of Licensed Victuallers, it being the property of that body. Its politics are "Free Trade, and Civil and Religious Liberty." Our readers know the meaning of these phrases; it is therefore almost superfluous to add that the *liberal Advertiser* is the bitter enemy of democracy. On a late occasion it zealously supported the French Government, in that government's treacherous destruction of Universal Suffrage.

From the commencement of the *Morning Advertiser* until the establishment of the *Daily News*, no morning paper succeeded in establishing itself in London, though several efforts were made, and a great deal of money spent. The *New Times* sunk £20,000. John Murray tried *The Representative*, but it failed, and *The Constitutional*, with Laman Blanchard, Douglass Jerrold and Thackeray for writers, met the same fate. The *Daily News*, which came into being January 21, 1846, with the strongest editorial corps that could be had in London, struggled long in doubtful existence. Its sale is supposed to range about 5,000 copies daily. The *News* is well known to be the special organ of "the Manchester School." It sympathises with the "liberals" of continental Europe, but expresses a "holy horror" towards the principles and partisans of Red Republicanism and Social Democracy.

There are four evening papers: the *Globe*, *Sun*, *Standard*, and *Express*. We must refer the reader to Mr. Hunt's book for particulars concerning these journals.

An able writer in the *New York Tribune* has been lately writing a series of articles on the newspaper press. His account of English journalism is to a great extent taken from Mr. Hunt's work. We shall, in turn, borrow the *Tribune's* condensation of Mr. Hunt's statistics relative to the persons employed, and the expenses incurred in getting up a Morning Paper.

"Mr. Hunt's estimate is briefly as follows:—A chief editor, paid 18 guineas a week; sub-editor, 12 guineas; second sub-editor, 10 guineas; foreign sub-editor, 8 guineas; writers (about 4 guineas a day.) 25l.; sixteen parliamentary reporters, (one at 7 guineas and the others at 5 guineas per week,) 87l. 7s. Each paper of any pretensions must have an establishment at Paris. The head of this, who bears the title of Correspondent, is paid 10 guineas a week; a reporter, 3 guineas; office expenses and cost of Paris papers, 5 guineas; the agent at Boulogne, who transmits the despatches, has 1 guinea, and the expense of postage is also considerable. A Madrid correspondent is also required at 4 guineas; one at Rome, 4 guineas; Naples or Turin, 3 guineas; Vienna, 3 guineas; Lisbon, 3 guineas; Berlin, 5 guineas; the correspondents at Malta, Alexandria, Athens, Constantinople, Hamburg, China, Singapore, New York, Halifax, Jamaica, and other places where news is to be expected, are paid according to the importance of their posts; the *Times's* correspondent in New York was, we believe, formerly paid 100l. per annum for two letters per

month. Then there must be a correspondent at every important sea-port in the Kingdom, whose duty is to forward any news arriving there with all possible promptness. A large part of the paper is occupied by reports of doings in the Courts, and the corps of reporters required for this purpose is large and costly. There are nine Courts, in which as many regular reporters are employed at 3 guineas a week, with occasional extra help when work presses; two courts whose reporters have 2 guineas each; four at one guinea; seven circuit courts which together cost about 6l. a week. There are fourteen police courts, which together cost 10l. a week, while other penny-a-line reporting costs about 10l. Public meetings also have to be reported either by members of the paper's Parliamentary corps or by reporters specially engaged. A scientific man is also employed to correct the reports of medical evidence, and judicial investigations, where chemistry, botany, or physiology are involved. The city editor has 7 guineas a week for his daily money article, two market reporters have each 1 guinea, and seven other markets are reported at a less rate. The salaries paid for the theatrical, musical, and other articles on art, are not given by Mr. Hunt; they are probably comparatively small. The news of the Turf is also reported; Court intelligence is found in the Court Circular; there must be also a subscription to the Stock Exchange Lists, to Lloyd's and the Jerusalem Coffee House; Hansard's Debates, Acts of Parliament, Votes of the House, and other Parliamentary papers, the *Coal Market List*, the *Packet List*, and the *London Gazette* must also be subscribed for. A great number of foreign, colonial, and provincial papers must also be had, either by exchange or subscription, amounting say to 150 a day.

The expense of sending reporters and correspondents to the places whence they are to forward news, and of getting their dispatches, is also heavy, sometimes a special railway engine being employed. Railway parcels of this sort cost from 5l. to 7l. a week. The overland mail costs some 4,000l. a year, but, by sharing among four papers, it is reduced to 20l. a week each. The electric telegraph is expensive. The printing employs some sixty persons; a "printer" or foreman, weekly wages 5l. to 7l.; assistant 3l. 10s. to 4l.; maker-up of advertisements 3l. 10s. to 4l.; three proof-readers 3l. each, with three assistants (boys) at 1l. to 1l. 10s.; forty-five or fifty compositors 2l. 10s. to 3l. There are also eight or ten "grass" hands who take the places of regular compositors when they are absent. The foreman also employs five or six men after the composition is closed, to help to put the paper to press; these men earn from 3l. 10s. to 4l. In the machine rooms are employed a machinist and assistant machinist, a chief engineer and assistant, sixteen men and boys to feed the machine and take out the papers, and one man to wet down the sheets. The publisher is paid 5 guineas a week and has an assistant and four or five errand-boys. There are also a secretary, cashier and accountant; three advertisement clerks, a night porter, a day porter and errand-boy. The aggregate weekly expenses Mr. Hunt set down thus:

Editing, writing, and reporting a double daily paper during the session of parliament	£220
Foreign and local correspondence	100
Printing, machining, publishing, and general expenses of double paper, with occasional second and third editions, and an evening edition three days a week	200
Total	£520

This estimate, it will be seen, does not include the cost of paper or stamps. The stamp is one penny on each sheet, and the paper costs (including 1½d. per lb. excise duty) a trifle above a penny. Supposing then, that the paper has a daily circulation of 3,500, the item of paper and stamps will be 175l. a week, making altogether nearly 700l. for the weekly outlay. This estimate is probably too small to be applied to *The Times*.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

Poetry for the People.

THE CAPITALIST.

"Gold and gold and nothing but gold,
He had gold to give and gold to lend,
Gold to lay by, and gold to spend." Hood

On the glittering piles of wealth he gaz'd,
(His heavy coffers hold;) Till his giddy brain with the sight was daz'd,
His heart was chang'd to gold. Soon all human feelings sickening died
Crush'd by that passion's pow'r; As the life-pearl'd flow'rs of the morning fade
Scorch'd by noon's blazing hour. And the blood that cours'd through his portly frame,
Forgot its crimson dye— To the glowing gold pour'd through every vein
It ow'd vitality.

He dwells in a mansion whose splendour mocks
Noble or regal state; Like a bloated spider their life he sucks
Whose toils his wealth create He throws round his victims the iron net,
Which want has wove for him. And he joys to see on their pale cheeks set
The seal of hunger grim. And he hath search'd out what was never known,
To Alchymists of old— He taketh his brothers' sinew and bone
And melts to yellow gold!

The dawn looks forth where his plundered serfs
Their weary labours ply; While the latest star which the midnight gives,
Quits, ere they cease, the sky. See the bloodshot eye and the haggard form,
The idiotic stare, And consumption's slow insidious worm,
Are brands his servants bear. Stern manhood o'powered his sturdy strength
Bows in the deadly strife; And the throbbing brow of opening youth
With cares of old is rife.

A hale old age, save in ancient song
To workers is unknown— (But a sleepless angel each blighting wrong
In God's day book writes down!) Bravely, O bravely, the golden flood,
The rich man quaffs the while; And little he recks if his brothers blood
Its lustre somewhat soil; Honours and titles await his call
With aught earth's confines hold, For the nations (like they of Dathan) all
Adore the calf of gold.

O fell is the noble's insane misrule,
When trampled nations obey; And blackest of all the plagues of hell,
Is the priest's unbounded sway. But this goodly earth is more deeply curst
By mammon's blacker slaves. Who answer the anguished cry for bread
By digging pauper graves. O quail ye not lest that skeleton host
May turn and their tyrants slay? For the hunter feareth that hour the most,
When the hunted stand at bay.

Say paled not your cheek when that dying howl
Of hunger past your doors, Lest your children's clutch of your hoarded spoil
Should prove less firm than yours? For the time draws nigh when the reck'ning due
With brigands shall be made. And the long arrears and interest too,
In full shall be repaid! And O when that day of maddening strife,—
Of long-pent justice comes, When the people's watchword is—"Life for life"
God help the guilty ones R.

Fair freedom hallows with her tread,
The silent cities of the dead— For beautiful in death are they,
Who proudly fall in her array.—Byron.

Manufacturers and agriculture are intimately combined and related to each other; and I believe that the happiest state of society will be found in a nation where the manufacturing operative has a portion of land allotted to him, so as to enable him to be independent of the wages of his labour.—Sharman Crawford.

Wretched is the infant's lot,
Born beneath the straw-roofed cot, Be he generous, wise, or brave,
Still he can but be a slave, Drained by taxes of his store,
Punished next for being poor, Long, long toil, and little rest,
Still by want to be oppressed,— This is the poor wretch's lot,
Born beneath the straw-roofed cot.—Southey.

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Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XVI.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave —
By Nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man th' accursed power
To make his fellow mourn?"

BURNS.

NAVAL AND MILITARY FLOGGING.

"THE Army and the Navy" is a standing toast at all "loyal" and "respectable" gatherings. Every one is aware that the toast is intended as a compliment to the officers of each service, and that while honouring them with overflowing bumpers, the loyal respectables have no idea of honouring the "common seamen" and "privates." Not that but they too have their share of adulation. Both literature and the stage, the press and the pulpit, have rung with eulogiums on our "hearts of oak," "jolly tars," "gallant blue-jackets," "brave British soldiers," "invincible army," &c., &c. This flummery has been employed as part and parcel of a system cunningly devised to inspire both sailors and soldiers with the pride of egotism, and to mystify and humbug the mass of the people. I do not dispute the heroism, &c., of "our naval and military defenders." All that is unquestionable, and acknowledged even by those who have met them in deadly conflict both on flood and field. My complaint is, that, while their masters have been praising the "most gallant" and "most generous," and "most heroic,"—they have at the same time treated them as they might have treated irrational brute beasts. They have ruled "the bravest and the best" by terror, and governed them by

the lash. Beasts of burden are protected from the cruelty of their masters by the law. For our sailors and soldiers there is no law, except that barbarous code the "Articles of War." Subjected to the most Draconian regulations, and entirely at the mercy of despotic chiefs, what wonder that their history exhibits a frightful picture of suffering and degradation?

To listen to the stories told by old "man-o'-war's-men" of the cruelties committed, within the last fifty years, on board those "floating hells," the "wooden walls of Old England," is enough to make the blood of the listener congeal with horror, or run fire with indignation. Of course much depended upon the character of the commanding officer, who, if a humane man, wielded his despotic authority with forbearance, resorted to corporal punishment as seldom as possible, and protected the seamen from the brutality of inferior officers. But such men constituted the exception rather than the rule. The great majority were stern, unfeeling tyrants, and it is not too much to say that some were pitiless savages who delighted in torture. On board the vessels commanded by those merciless miscreants every petty officer was encouraged to play the tyrant, and the life of the poor seaman was one unvarying round of misery. CHARLES PEMBERTON narrates in his autobiography, how that when a "common sailor" on board the *Salvador del Mundo*, it was the custom of one of the boatswain's mates to place himself at the mouth of the hatchway, on the occasion of all hands being piped on deck, and twisting a 'colt' round his fist, wait to receive the poor fellows as they rushed up from below, and as they arrived one by one, the ready weapon fell crack, t'wack, in all its energy on their shoulders. On one occasion, as PEMBERTON with the rushing herd

mounted the deck, he received one of the blows across his shoulders, which sent the blood at once whizzing and boiling back upon the heart; the blow seemed to fall through his bones into his breast, so ponderous was the stroke. He became faint and sick, his limbs bowed under him like rushes, and he sank down senseless on the deck. A hundred times afterwards was he thankful that no knife was within his reach when he returned to his senses or he would have driven it, blade, handle, and all, into that boatswain's heart. They would have hanged him for murder had he remained a week longer on board the *Salvador del Mundo*! * PEMBERTON'S experience of naval life could be confirmed by many a storm-and-war-worn veteran. How many a man has had the quivering flesh cut from his spine, because some aristocratic brat of a midshipman imagined some act, or trumped up some charge of disrespect or insubordination! Condemning a man to be flogged round the fleet was the climax of these barbarities. The unfortunate man condemned to this horrible punishment was flogged from ship to ship, and if he sank under the punishment before receiving the whole of the lashes to which he had been sentenced—perhaps 500, the punishment was interrupted, and the man consigned to "the sick bay" until his back was healed, when he was again dragged forth to receive the remainder of the torture. This horrible punishment always destroyed the health of the victim, and not unfrequently caused his immediate death.

Those who imagine that at this "advanced period" sailors are very differently treated from what they were "when GEORGE THE THIRD was king," know nothing of the actual state of things on board our war-ships. According to the admissions of

* The Value of Biography. By G. J. Holyoke.

the Government, there were no fewer than 2,000 cases of flogging in the navy in one year only,—1839, and 1,200 such cases in the year 1845. Thousands of our seamen could testify that up to this hour the “cat” is the sceptre of not a few naval tyrants, and flesh-tearing their favourite amusement.

As regards flogging in the army, it is no longer possible for our military aristocrats to gratify their lust for cruelty as they were wont to do in “the good old times.” It may be no news to military readers of the *Red Republican*, but the fact can hardly fail to startle “civilians” that soldiers have been flogged for having married without the consent of their commanding officers: In one such case, which occurred in the year 1817, the victim being unable to survive the disgrace which he considered the punishment stamped upon his name, committed suicide by drowning himself. In the same year, three men belonging to the 3rd regiment of Foot Guards having taken part in a drunken brawl, were,—THOMAS HAYES, FRANCIS HAYES, and GEORGE STANFORD, condemned by a regimental court-martial to receive EIGHT HUNDRED LASHES EACH. On undergoing the punishment, THOMAS HAYES (aged twenty) received six hundred and seventy-five lashes, when the surgeon stopped the punishment. FRANCIS HAYES (aged sixteen) received three hundred and thirty-five lashes; and GEORGE STANFORD (aged seventeen) received two hundred. The Tower of London was the fit scene of this horrible cruelty. In times more recent, a private in the Scots Greys, an Irishman of the name of MAHONY, was flogged because suspected of being the author of some words chalked on the door of the Colonel's carriage. He was sentenced to suffer ONE THOUSAND LASHES, and received eight hundred and fifty, when he fainted. The surgeon then interfered. The man was sent to the hospital, but never recovered his health, and was discharged as being unfit for service. These are but samples of the long catalogue of such atrocities. The case of FREDERICK WHITE, of the 7th Royal Hussars, flogged to death at Hounslow, in the year 1846, must be fresh in the recollection of the readers of the *Red Republican*. Although FREDERICK WHITE received only one hundred and fifty lashes, he died from the effects of the punishment. It was proved at the coroner's inquest that the agony caused by the flogging reduced the muscles of the victim to a pulp; a destruction of life by a process most cruel. No wonder the on-lookers faint and fall at the sight of such horrors.

The burst of popular indignation excited by the death of WHITE forced the government to make some concessions to outraged humanity. The Duke of WELLINGTON consented to issue an order limiting the number of lashes inflicted under any sentence to fifty. The Whig government concurred, and resisted all attempts to totally abolish the punishment. In the House of Commons only thirty-nine members could be found to vote for the extinction of flogging.

Although no soldier can be punished with more than fifty lashes at a time (I believe this regulation does not apply to the navy) it is obvious that to that extent a man may be flogged many times in succession. Besides, if the punishment was reduced to ten lashes, it would in principle be as objectionable as a thousand. The “cat” is a standing memento of the subjection of the people to a

cruel and tyrannical aristocracy. The common sailors and private soldiers are drawn from the ranks of the working class, of course a sufficient reason why they should have their flesh torn from their bones to gratify the brutality of their aristocratic officers. Would to heaven the latter had the “cat” applied to their delicate backs, it would speedily teach them humanity and a feeling of sympathy for their fellow creatures.

I have been led to take up this question by the cheering intelligence lately received from America. The military forces of the United States have never known the degradation of the lash, which, however, has been upheld in the Navy. That such a barbarous relic of British supremacy should have been so long continued, is surprising. It exists no more. Flogging in the United States' Navy has been abolished. Here is the clause forming part and parcel of the Naval Appropriation Bill passed immediately previous to the adjournment of Congress:—

“Provided, that flogging in the navy and on board vessels of commerce be and the same is hereby ABOLISHED from and after the passage of this act.”

So perish every description of slavery, and all institutions that at present dim the glory of (what might be) “the model Republic.”

It is notorious that the American Navy is already to a great extent manned with deserters from British ships of war. The prediction that the number of such deserters will henceforth abundantly increase may be safely hazarded.

Amongst other blessings enjoyed under the old monarchical system in France, the sailors and soldiers of that country were subjected to corporal punishment. The Revolution of 1789 abolished that amongst other enormities. NAPOLEON although a tyrant was too fond of popularity to think of re-establishing the lash; and the restored Bourbons did not dare to attempt any such reaction. During sixty years French soldiers and sailors have been free from the cruel and disgusting punishment under which “free-born Britons” (???) still writhe! Even in the Prussian army flogging is limited to those soldiers who have been previously degraded to the second class.

Torturing and brutalising punishments are banished from the navies and armies of all the important states of Europe save three—England, Austria, and Russia!

The Austrian soldiers are flogged with sticks over the buttock. The wretched victims are allowed to wear their drawers. After the twentieth blow strips of the drawers and flesh are often seen to fall off together. Desertion and other serious offences are punished by running the gauntlet. The victim is stripped to the hips and compelled to pass and re-pass through one or several battalions of infantry ranged in two lines face to face. Each soldier, furnished with a willow stick, strikes the culprit as he passes, with his whole weight on the bare back. If the unhappy creature faints and cannot any longer proceed, he is laid on a bench, and the soldiers passing and re-passing at the ordinary step strike him as he lies. If he dies under the blows before the sentence is fully carried out, the soldiers continue striking the dead body until the sentence is completed! Often before the victim expires the flesh of the back falls off in pieces, and the entrails protrude through the lacerated sides!

The Russian soldiers are flogged with the

plitt and knout. Of the two the knout is the heaviest. Both are most formidable instruments of torture. By the plitt as well as by the knout, the executioner can at every stroke tear out from the muscles on each side of the spine, pieces of flesh the size of a walnut. The little horny tongue of boiled leather, which is fastened on a brass or iron ring at the extremity of the heavy thong, is just so much softened by dipping it in milk, as to enable it, after bruising the flesh, to draw out the piece by the power of suction, as we see school-boys, with a piece of wet leather and a string, lift up a brickbat. With the knout the executioner can kill his victim by cutting into the intestines, which he can do at once. Sometimes the executioner places a cord round the neck of the sufferer, in such a manner that the wretched being in his agony by his own efforts dislocates the vertebrae and expires.*

Enough of these horrors. They proclaim trumpet-tongued the hellish character of monarchs and their minions. Shame to England that her government is allied with the accursed despotisms of Russia and Austria in the unholy work of perpetuating such brutalising and atrocious modes of punishment.

Democracy has redeemed the sailors and soldiers of France and America from the accursed lash; some day Democracy will effect the same triumph for the naval and military proletarians of this country. The sovereign people will refuse to tolerate flogging, impressment, and the many other evils that afflict and degrade both sailors and soldiers. Our brethren both in barracks and on ship-board may rest assured that the abolition of flogging in the army and navy will be the certain and immediate result of the triumph of Democracy, through the enactment of the PEOPLE'S CHARTER.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

LABOUR versus CAPITAL.

TWO CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG—CHAP. I.

BROTHER PROLETARIANS,—So many kinds of fallacies and fudge are being at present diligently propagated regarding the above subjects, that, were I to direct your attention towards the tenth part of them, I might fill the columns of the RED REPUBLICAN every week. At present, therefore, I shall discuss only three kinds of “respectable” fudge, which have been specially brought under my notice of late. One set of Humbug-Manufacturers boldly deny the existence of antagonistic classes. In England,—“this highly respectable firm,” is represented by rose-coloured political sentimentalists, of the Boz school, and by the pious patrons of congresses for the promotion of universal peace. In France, the sapient persons who live in the pleasing delusion that there is no such thing as antagonistic classes, with diametrically opposite interests, are represented by the stump-orator and Cockney litterateur, *par excellence*, M. de Lamartine. During a recent visit to England, this “Justice Midas” of the conservative bourgeoisie, made the astounding discovery that John Bull lives in an earthly paradise, where no apprehensions need be entertained of any collision between the different classes composing society. During the last twenty years, according to M. de Lamartine, England has made immense progress—“not only in population, in riches, industry, navigation, railroads, extent, edifices, embellishments, and the health of the capital, but also, and more especially, in charitable institutions for the people, and in associations of real religious, conservative, and fraternal socialism between classes, to prevent explosions, by the evaporation of the causes which produce them—to stifle the murmurs from below, by incalculable be-

* Revelations of Russia.

nefits from above—and to close the mouths of the people, not by the brutalities of the police, but by the arm of public virtue. M. de Lamartine eulogises the charity, the prudence, the public virtue of "that intelligent aristocracy," viz.—the English; gives a sketch of England as it appeared to him in 1822, 1830, and, lastly, in 1850. He states that, in 1830—"it was the misery of the English and Irish Proletarians that frightened observers. Ireland was literally dying of inanition. The manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms having produced more than the world could consume, during the fifteen years of peace, left an overflow of manufactures—the masses were emaciated, vitiated in body and mind—vitiated by their hatred against the class of society who possess. The manufacturers had dismissed armies of workmen without bread. These black columns were to be seen, with their mud-coloured jackets, dotting the avenues and streets of London, like columns of insects, whose nests had been upset. . . . The vices and brutishness of these masses of Proletarians, degraded by hunger and ignorance—their alternate poverty and debaucheries—their promiscuousness of ages, of sexes, of dens of foetid straw—their bedding in cellars and garrets—their hideous clamours, to be met with at certain hours in the morning, in certain lanes of the unclean districts of London—when those human vermin emerged into the light of the sun with howling, groaning, or laughter that was really satanic, it would have made the masses of free creatures envy the fate of the black slaves of our colonies. . . . Social war was visible there, with all its horrors and its furies—everybody saw it, and I myself forboded it, like everybody else." Such was the aspect of things in general twenty years ago. M. de Lamartine revisits us now, and finds everything changed for the better; I presume, through the "incalculable benefits from above," so liberally showered down by "that intelligent aristocracy." In the streets of London he finds an amazing difference,—"the ignoble lanes, with their suspicious taverns, where the population of drunken sailors, huddled together, like savages, in dregs and dust, have been demolished. . . . those streets are now as well cleaned from filth, drunkenness, and obscenity, as the other streets and suburbs of the city—one can pass through them without pity and disgust; one feels in them the vigilance of public morality, and the presence of a police which, if it cannot destroy vice, can at all events keep it at a distance from the eyes of the passer-by. . . . If you read the journals, these safety-valves of public opinion, you must remain struck with the extreme mildness of men's minds and hearts, with the temperance of ideas, the moderation of what is desired, the prudence of the liberal opposition, the tenderness evinced towards a conciliation of all classes. . . . the readiness of all to co-operate, each according to his means and disposition, in advancing the general good,—the employment, comfort, instruction, and morality of the people. . . . One feels that this people can live, last, prosper, and improve, for a long time in this way." Yet, "two classes of men, whom nothing ever satisfies, the demagogues and extreme aristocrats," are exempted from this happy state of middle-class bliss and security! But a few "clubs of Chartists" and "of diplomatists" cannot disturb the profound calm which prevails in a country ruled by an "intelligent aristocracy,"—which dispenses "incalculable benefits from above," through the medium of a glorious constitution, and a set of time-honoured, venerable institutions. Unique specimens of middle-class twaddle, these extracts, are they not? I think they ought to be worked in elaborate tent-stitch, framed, glazed, and sent to the Exhibition of '51,—that great repository of middle-class humbug.

I will not insult your judgment, my Proletarian brothers, by commenting at much length on such stuff as the above. We, who suffer from the tyranny of the money-grubbers—~~we~~, who must bear the misery inflicted on the enslaved classes by

an odious, unjust system of society—know too well already what amount of faith can be placed in such descriptions of middle-class moderation and mildness—of prosperity for us, under class-supremacy and class-legislation. The charity of an "intelligent aristocracy!" But the charity of the aristocrat is an abominable insult to the plebeian. Let us fling them back their "charity." We do not want it. What we want is justice, not charity—a right, not an "incalculable benefit from above." As children of the same Father, we demand that share in the advantages of civilisation of which we have been scandalously robbed; we demand our birthright as human beings—as rational, moral agents. That which we hold directly from God, in virtue of our humanity, we will not degrade ourselves by receiving as a favour, a "charity," at the hands of any human being, still less at those of rascally aristocrats, whether landed or financial. "Incalculable benefits from above!" Are the aristocrats gods, that they assume the position of dispensing "incalculable benefits" to others? I have yet to learn that any merely human being can confer benefits, calculable or incalculable, upon his fellows. He simply performs his duty, or he does not perform it. His duty is to refrain from all interference with the rights of others; it is to aid them in enforcing these rights, if need be; in a word, "to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Accept this sublime moral law—the interpretation of the words, Equality, Liberty, Fraternity—and there could be, henceforth and for ever, no mention between man and man of such things as "charity, favours, obligations, benefits." These are vile words, the invention of tyrants, and ought to be blotted for ever from the language of freemen. I suppose we must reckon the recent Whig refusals to extend the Suffrage, to repeal the knowledge tax, to permit the secular education of the people, among the "incalculable benefits" lately conferred upon us by an "intelligent aristocracy." From such benefits, good Lord deliver us! Yet, I think, they are not incalculable. We know pretty well how much they are worth. "Ireland was literally dying of inanition in 1830," and in 1850, of course, the Irish proletarians are well-fed and contented; only they are flying by thousands from that unhappy country to avoid being starved to death; and even a correspondent of the *Times* admits that, in some of the southern districts, "one would be puzzled to say where the next generation of men were to come from!" In 1830, "the masses were vitiated by their hatred of the class of society who possess." And if this silly cockney disciple of the French reactionist party really knew anything of the sentiments prevalent amongst the working-men of England, he would know that their hatred of "the deleterious middle-class"—of those "who possess" by robbing others—is as ripe now as it was in 1830, God be thanked! God be thanked that the human mind has not stood still during the last twenty years, else were our hopes of salvation faint indeed. M. de Lamartine's congratulations upon the "vigilance of public morality" are rather premature. In 1845, I was informed, by an eminent physician in London, that the number of prostitutes there was about 80,000. In 1850, I have been told the number is about 100,000; to which increase in the victims of a class-legislation, the cheap Bibles, patronised by the saints of moral England, have largely contributed. As to the other topics discussed by M. de Lamartine, I think recent events furnish an amusing enough commentary thereon. The "extreme mildness and moderation of the journals" was lately shown in their defence of the Austrian assassin and woman-flogger, in their angry vituperation of the brave Proletarians, who drove him forth like a wild beast, as he is. "The tenderness evinced towards a conciliation of classes" is peculiarly evinced in the speeches of Mr. Bright and others, the organs of the mill-owning, manufacturing portion of the middle-class. The anxiety of these gentlemen for "the general good, for the comfort, instruction, and morality of the people"

is shown by their opposition to the Ten Hours' Bill, to all inquiries into the state of the labouring poor, &c., &c. Doubtless, too, it is for the "general good" of the working-class that they are to be delivered, bound hand and foot, into the power of merciless despots like the Gooches and Faggs—like the factory lords, "who grind the faces of the poor," through the infamous relay system—else we should not see "the safety-valves of public opinion"—newspapers, that is—written for the so-called upper and middle classes—upholding, without one exception, the capitalist-tyrants in their iniquitous war against labour.

HOWARD MORTON.

RASPAIL.

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."

Selections from the writings of F. V. Raspail, written in the dungeon of Vincennes, 1848:—

IV.

CHARTERS AND CONSTITUTIONS.—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FUTURE.

Constitution and Charter were synonymous words in the middle ages. The latter comes from the Latin word carta, which means paper. A Constitution or Charter, was then the contract which freed the French Communes from the yoke of their feudal lords, but placed them under the jurisdiction of the crown. The people of these municipalities said to the king,—*"You wish us to follow your banner. We agree to that, but under certain conditions."* The conditions were fixed, signed and sealed by the contracting parties, each of whom kept a copy. Later, when the men of '89 wished to bring the thirty thousand Communes of France under one central administration, they discussed with the king a new constitution, which he violated by his flight and by his appeal to foreign powers. France punished him for this; she pronounced judgment against felonious Royalty, and proclaimed the Republic. From this moment, what need had France of a Constitution? A Constitution is a contract, and presupposes at least two contracting parties. But of these parties there remained in France only one, who had reassumed its sovereignty. All that was necessary, was a declaration of rights and duties; that is, of the reciprocal relations subsisting between the members of the Republic. But a Constitution, about which the people did not care a whit, was continued, though every Constitution contradicts the fact of the Sovereignty regained by the people, the fact of one general, national will. What man ever made a contract with himself? The amateurs of a Constitution have always a hankering after Royalty, the unknown quantity of their equation is the executive power. They make a contract with a monarchical hypothesis, and put a bridle on this phantasm before they adorn it with gorgeous trappings. Do you know then what is the Constitution of a free people? It is the triple form of civil, judicial, and military administration,—it is the contract signed by all defining the obligations of each to all, and of all to each; and such a constitution can be modified and altered at the will and pleasure of the sovereign people. The longer such a Constitution is, the more subject will it be to change; because, everything save fundamental principles, depends on the popular delegates, and principles need not be written on paper when they are already written on the heart of a nation. A republican Constitution, therefore, is merely a proclamation; for example: sooner or later France will declare herself to be a democratic and social republic. Its motto is, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; the triple crown of the sovereign people. Every act contrary to this sovereignty is high treason. The sovereign people confides the administration and discussion of their affairs to delegates chosen by them. All offices are elective.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER V.

"We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, in the property which proceeds from it, as its sign and its fruit."

"We believe in the duty of society to furnish the element of material work by credit."

THE right to one's share or one's share's worth in the common heritage—the land, and the right to the produce of one's own honest toil: if the State guarantees these, it is enough. For what do these rights imply?

The worth of one's share in the land is not an exact numerical proportion of all that is done in or on that land, nor yet a certain sum of money or amount of material wealth apportioned to each in exchange for giving up the land;—but simply one's share in the rental of the land, which, accruing to the State treasury, is a fund for common assurance and for the use of all the members of the State.

For the "inviolability" of work, the sacredness of it and of property as its fruits, means something more than that we shall have all we can earn under our present take-who-can system, the system of "free trade" in men and other commodities. The "inviolability" of work implies that there shall be no artificial hindrances in the way of work. The right to the produce of one's honest toil is a mere cheat, if that toil by any tyranny, constitutional enactment, or subterfuge, can be hindered from producing to the utmost of its natural ability aided by the interest of the common heritage—the rental of the land. Such an hindrance is the present tyranny of capital.

Say you give a man free access to the land. What use is that when he has no money for implements, stock, manure, or seed? when he has no means of living even to the first harvest? To throw the whole land open, giving to each man, for himself and family, their proportion of measured value (some two acres a head), what use would that be to the millions whose existence depends on their having wages next Saturday night? "They could sell it, perhaps." Yes, for whatever the capitalist might choose to give them for it, when he had kept off the purchase till the sellers should be at starvation point. Something more is evidently wanted, to make the land available.

Or say that the State guarantees to every man the produce of his honest toil. Well, it does that now, if that means only such produce as the capitalist, who rules the market, will allow him to have. No mere enactment of that sort could benefit the wages slave. But, "he shall have his share of all he earns," says such a law. Shall he not also be free to sell that share? To give the factory slave his share of what he has earned—so many bales of cotton, what would it avail him? Could he take it into the market? Or, rather, could he afford to warehouse it when the market is glutted and none will buy? He must sell it: for Saturday night sees him starving. And so his master will have it at the present price—a wage.

Besides there is good in the division of employments, and only loss of time to accrue from every man being both producer and seller.

The inviolability of work implies free access at all times to the means of work. For this purpose the State must be the capitalist, the banker, the money-lender.

Look at things as they are. A poor man is out of work. Illness, perhaps, has come upon him, or his trade is slack. He must needs lie by. His little savings (if he has any) are exhausted. He sells his clothes, his furniture, all he can spare,—no not spare, but realize anything upon. At last he sells his tools. He recovers; trade is brisk again. He could find work readily enough; but he has no tools. How fares he now? Why, unless private charity helps him to new tools, he may starve,—he and his. The case is common. So much "Society" does now for its able members.

So many hundred weavers are thrown out of employ-

by a new invention. They are unfit for other work. They have no means of living while they might learn another craft. They may starve. Nay, not that: "Government" gives them a poor house, and grudgingly keeps "life" in their bodies, caring neither for their well-being nor for any interest the State has in them. They are simply so much refuse of the capitalist, which the State insists shall be carted away with some show of decency.

Every year in this "free Britain" how many thousand men wander about our streets and lanes, wishing for work and finding none, haggardly wasting, starving, because no private speculator cares to employ them,—starving idly, worthless (not even turned to account as manure), not because they will not work, nor because food is scanty or work not wanting doing, but because under our present system there is no getting work to do, unless it subserves the pleasure or profit of certain monied individuals,—because the State does not protect the sacred right of every human being to work and to enjoy the fruit thereof.

The rental of the land is the proper capital of the whole nation. Why should I go to a pawnbroker, or usurer, when my own money lies in the Treasury? Why should I starve, lacking means while I learn a new trade, my own failing, when my money is in the Treasury? Why should so many thousands of us, O my brothers, so well-disposed to work, be idle, famished, and unprofitable, while our money lies in the Treasury: with the use of which we would reclaim waste lands (some fifteen millions of acres at this present lying "uncultivated but reclaimable," as the political economist knows), better cultivate lands even now reclaimed, and build homes for the houseless, and improve the hovels where human creatures now lie waiting for the plague, and weave clothes for the naked, and feed the hungry, and educate the ignorant. Good God! what work awaits the doing,—and our capital every day pours into the public Treasury, and there lies idle (unless, indeed, thieves take it thence), and we may not help either ourselves or the helpless, unless we can get our tools from the pawnbroker and leave to be made tools of from some private speculator.

It is one business of Government (not Tory ruffianism or Whig rascality, neither of which is Government) to be the Nation's Banker, to furnish each individual with the material means—the capital—for work, at all times and under all circumstances. Else one's right to property as the fruit of one's work is a mere mockery. As the just appropriation of the land would sweep away all those useless middlemen called landlords (not cultivators of land), so a sound system of national credit—a mutual assurance of the Nation—would rid us of all those mischievous middle-men called capitalists, who stand now between the work and the worker (no matter whether the worker be a "captain of industry"—who has not always capital—or only its lowest soldier), not helping but hindering the one, and so ever robbing, and but too often murdering, the other.

Through what special provisions or under what guarantees Governments should exercise this function of supplying capital, is a matter not to be prescribed by any theorist (though the researches of such may indicate the method), and it can be determined only by the Nation, whensoever it may please the People to constitute themselves a Nation and to appoint their Government.

W. J. LINTON.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to the individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man: without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—Lord Bolingbroke.

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is, that tyrants are not often offended by, nor stand much in doubt of bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.—Milton.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from Booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

✉ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

* Desirous of having a greater variety of articles than has hitherto appeared in the *Red Republican*, we respectfully request our correspondents to study brevity. Non-compliance with this request will entail upon us the disagreeable task of either curtailing or altogether excluding articles which, if of reasonable length, and otherwise acceptable, will meet with a ready welcome to our columns.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE "RED REPUBLICAN."—An Admirer of *Le bon sans-culotte Jesus-Christ*, 10s.; Five Reds, O'Connorville, 1s.; J. A., Glasgow, 4d.; A. Fiddes, Aberdeen (second subscription), 6d.; J. Sketchley, 6d.; "A Red," Shrewsbury, 3d.; James Main, Hamilton, 1s.; Edward Burn, ditto, 6d.; Robert Wood (a teetotaler), 1s.

FOR FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—Mr. Bishop, per Mr. Stallwood, 1s.; L. Gleave, 4d.

FOR THE POLISH REFUGEES.—George Smith, Salford, 2s. 6d.; J. Smith, Bury, 6d.; T. Mills, Rochdale, 3d.

FOR THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.—W. Simmons, 6d.

FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE DRIVERS, &c.—Collected in a shop of nine men, per Mr. Davies, 1s. 1d.

W. H. DAVIES, Edinburgh.—Of course, the non-payment of the letter was understood to be accidental. We have received the stamps for postage. Thanks for the newspaper. We have forwarded the letter to Mr. Shackleton. His address is—"Queenshead, near Halifax, Yorkshire."

AN INDIGNANT LOYALIST (?).—A correspondent writes as follows:—"Dear Sir,—It grieves me beyond measure to inform you that, if you propose treating our 'dear institutions' as set forth in the letter of *L'Ami du Peuple*, in No. 19, I shall be obliged to discontinue subscribing for three copies weekly, as I have hitherto done, and change the number to a round dozen." Bravo! We hope that the new edition of the "Royal Arms" will make our correspondent still more indignant, and that henceforth nothing short of subscribing for two dozen copies will enable him to give full vent to his overflowing loyalty.

* The letters of several correspondents will be inserted, or noticed in our next number.

THE "SCOTTISH PRESS" is still waging war against the *Red Republican*. Our masked reviler reluctantly admits the progress of our little journal, and the principles it enunciates. The *Red* is described as "one of the most dangerous" of "cheap prints." "There is no disguising the fact—both ominous and instructive—that thousands upon thousands of these productions are circulating among the masses; and, whatever be our opinion of the doctrines themselves, we must remember that these doctrines are promulgated openly, and form the Political Confession of Faith of vast numbers of the people."

TO THE SECRETARIES OF TRADES' UNIONS, AND ALL OTHER INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

ANXIOUS to increase the usefulness of the *Red Republican*, I respectfully request the earliest intelligence of:—

The formation and progress of Trades' Unions, Co-operative Associations, and other industrial bodies;

Attempts to reduce wages, and acts of robbery and oppression, perpetrated under the system of "fines and abatements;"

Strikes, with clear and authenticated information of the question or questions at issue between the contending parties;

The results of co-operative experiments, and the beneficial effect, or otherwise, upon the workers not connected, as well as connected, with the said experiments. And all other matters affecting the condition of the working-classes generally.

A portion of the *Red Republican* will be set apart for the publication of the intelligence desired.

Communications must be concise and clear. As much must be compressed into little compass, I shall hold myself at liberty to give the substance, without giving every word of the letters received.

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

NOTICE.

In No. 21 of the *Red Republican* will be commenced a translation of the celebrated
MANIFESTO
 OF THE GERMAN COMMUNISTS,
 never before published in the English language.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

"Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just.*

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre.*
 "The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon.*

THE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE.

THE readers of the *Red Republican* may remember that in No. 15 there was published a letter from JAMES WILLIAMS of Stokport, on the subject of the projected union of the popular societies. Mr. WILLIAMS contended for the desirability of union, "could it be successfully and conclusively accomplished." He objected to federalism, observing "We have a common enemy oppressing us, a common foe to conquer, and why should we be told that it is necessary to join this or that body as the best mode of making head against that enemy, when one well-organised association could answer the purpose infinitely better than a score." Mr. WILLIAMS concluded by giving it as his opinion that the egotism of "leaders" was the great obstacle to union.

Our readers know that since the publication of Mr. WILLIAMS'S letter, efforts—earnest and honest—have been made to bring both "leaders" and followers into one fold of union. In the meantime a change has come over the spirit of that gentleman's dream. Of course he has a right to change his opinion, and to vote that undesirable which five weeks ago he was in favour of; but he has no right to misrepresent facts, as he has done in his letter in the *Northern Star*. It is not true that there is a desire on the part of the Democratic Conference "to make the provinces bow to the decision of a London committee." It is not true that "the London Conference pompously announces, that it is about to amalgamate all sections of Reformers into one entire body." The Conference has made no announcement whatever. It is Mr. WILLIAMS who "pompously announces" that which is not true. It is also not true that the Conference intends "that twenty-eight gentlemen shall put forth their mandates, striking out a line of policy, and the provinces must obey!" Mr. WILLIAMS'S letter consists of similar misrepresentations from the beginning to the end. Mr. WILLIAMS knows better, and should do better, than stoop to so contemptible a mode of discussing an important political question. At the meeting of the Conference on the 20th of October the following motion, being an amendment on all that portion of the programme not previously discussed, was carried by a large majority:—

"While organising the people for the attainment of the Charter, the Union will take advantage of all favourable circumstances to promote social reforms; particularly all reforms calculated to ensure national education, the abolition of restrictions on freedom

of speech and publication, a system of equitable taxation, the nationalisation of property in land, and such laws as will best enable the industrious classes to associate for the protection of their labour."

On the value of the policy indicated in the foregoing resolution we shall comment on another occasion. For the present we confine ourselves to observing that thus far the Conference has adopted the Charter, whole and entire, name and all, as the grand object to be sought by the proposed "National Charter and Social Reform Union." In addition, it proposes that the Union shall endeavour to promote all really honest reforms while working for the Charter. Remembering the precedents for this policy,—the assistance given by the Chartists to the advocates of the Ten-Hours' Bill, and Repeal of the Union, and to the opponents of the New Poor Law, to say nothing of the precedent set by those who worked desperately hard to sell the Chartists to the Financial Reformers, and who—with unblushing effrontery—now come out as the only pure and honest Chartists (!!!)—there is after all nothing very novel nor very alarming in the course taken by the Democratic Conference.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS.

WE are happy to learn that our humble advocacy of the cause of this ill-used but truly noble body of men has been productive of encouraging results. A number of masons working at St. John's Wood, have contributed two subscriptions to the Strike Fund, amounting to £1 19s. 1d. They particularly desired that the said contributions should be noticed in the *Red Republican*. A society of French Silk-hatters, meeting at the Brown Bear, Southwark Bridge Road, having by reading the *Red Republican* become informed of the strike, sent for a deputation from the "turn-outs." After hearing the deputation the society voted for the assistance of the Type-founders the handsome sum named in the annexed letter; and promised to give or obtain further assistance if required.

TO OUR BROTHERS, THE ENGLISH TYPE-FOUNDERS.

CITIZENS,

In the name of all conscientious workmen,

We, the French Working Hatters in meeting assembled, have unanimously decided upon joining our protestations against, as well as expressing severe censure upon those misguided men who have reduced a great many of your families to unmerited suffering.

We beg of you to accept our protestations, and the sum of our subscriptions amounting to £5 14s.

Citizens, receive our brotherly salutation.—Signed for the Company of French Working Hatters in London.

D. LEBLONS.
 RAISIN.

A. GROSSET.
 DELARUE.

DELEAN.

The following citizens have adhered to the protestation, and have subscribed the following:—Vullian Phillipe, 1s.; Tavernier, 1s.; Woillaume, 1s.; Fayet, 1s.; Petit Jean, 6d.; Suireau, 6d.; Gandivert, 1s.; Raimiev, 1s.; Hiviot, 1s.; Dubois, 6d.; Hemond, 1s.; Destre, 1s.; Frossart, 6d.; Tre. Harchev, 1s.; Barraillev, 1s.; Chateau, 6d.; Hohn, 6d.; Bonturiere, 1s.; Rudd, 1s.—Total 16s.

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

CHAP. X.

CAPITULATION OF MILAN.

ON the night of the 3rd of August, Fanti and Restelli betook themselves to Lodi, to demand from Charles Albert, what were his intentions. They could not see him; but they obtained from General Bava the declaration "that the king would march to the defence of Milan." I saw Fanti on his return, and I foresaw the ruin. He will recollect now that I conjured him to prepare plans of defence "as if the Piedmontese army should only arrive to return;" but he, above all things, a soldier, (later facts have only too well proved this) fascinated by the forty thousand soldiers who were about to arrive, smiled at my scepticism.

On the 3rd appeared, furnished with a royal decree naming him military commissioner, a certain General Olivieri, who, with two others, the Marquis Montezemolo and the Marquis Strigelli, came in the name of the fusion, to take possession of the executive power. I saw all the three; I heard them. I listened to their words to the multitude assembled under the palace windows; I again saw Fanti; I went through the streets of Milan; I studied men's looks and conversations, and I despaired; the people believed themselves saved; they were, therefore, irrevocably lost. I quitted the city,—God only knows with what grief,—and I went to Bergamo, to join Garibaldi's column.

On the morrow Charles Albert entered Milan.

How, holding the capitulation in one hand, he with the other swore to defend the city, and ordered those buildings to be burned which might be of service to the enemy;—how, having on the 4th made oath for himself, his sons, and his soldiers, before a deputation of the National Guard, he, on the 5th declared, he and his, in the very moment when Milan excited was preparing for the combat, that the capitulation was an accomplished fact;—how at hearing this, a transport of fury took possession of the population; the menaces addressed to the king, the scenes of the palace Greppi, and the new verbal and written promises of Charles Albert, moved by the attitude of the people and swearing to fight to the death; and almost at the same instant his secret flight accompanied with details which render the monarchy for ever infamous;—all this will be found chronicled in the relation of the committee of defence, and in that terrible chapter of Cattaneo's book which he calls *La Consigne*. It matters little to make clear whether the king was traitor or not, or since when either he or others had given their adhesions to the act of treason; it matters little to know upon the forehead of what individual history will engrave the inscription of infamy. A very different thing results from these sad memories; and who reads not in these pages of the passion of a people which had been great, which was great, and which desires to be great, the absolute impotence of the monarchy, the death of all dynastic illusions, aristocratic and moderate, has neither intelligence, nor heart, nor true love for Italy, nor hope of the future.

Some hours after, at Monza, in the face of this tremendous spectacle of a monarchy in flight and of an abandoned people, in the midst of the brave men of Garibaldi's legion who followed Giacomo Medici, was raised the little ensign of a company, bearing these words—*Dio e il Popolo* (God and the People), and chosen by the affection of these young people, it was I who carried it. It was the flag of the new life rising from the ruins of an historic period; and six months later, become the symbol of the Italian future, its splendour illuminated the summit of the Capitol.*

* The French translator appends here the following account of the affair at Monza. It is written

Milan fallen, Lombardy fell also. The prejudice that in the events of the capital were concentrated, the events of the whole country was still deeply rooted in men's minds: a result of the traditional habits of the monarchy and the theories of the royal war. We have had but recently a severe proof of this. The capital is anywhere in which the citizens, devoted to a free life or a noble death, are determined energetically to defend the national flag. But then this truth was not perceived; and on the other hand the provinces were enfeebled by the recent scissions of the fusion. The men who might have perpetuated the war in the mountainous part of Lombardy, and have regarded Venice as the capital of Venetian-Lombardy, Dnrandò, Griffini, and others, were generals of the king, all bound to an ignominious pact of capitulation; and when they had delivered the strong places to the enemy, they arranged so as to hinder every possibility of resistance, and often to lead the volunteers of March into Piedmont, by means of directions for their route, signed by Austrian pens. Garibaldi and Medici alone kept the field as long as that was humanly possible for them; then they yielded to the flood the last of all without any compromise of terms.

by Medici himself; and shows Mazzini to us from another point of view; so prepossessing in a double interest.

"After the fight at Custoza, when Charles-Albert fell back upon Milan, General Garibaldi, then at Bergamo with a little division of about 4,000 Lombard republicans, all volunteers, believing that the King of Piedmont, who was yet at the head of an army of 40,000 men would have defended the capital of Lombardy to the utmost as he had promised, conceived the audacious project of pushing forward and marching towards Milan. His end was to harass the left flank of the Austrian army in its pursuit of the Piedmontese army, and thus to come in aid of any future operations which the king's resistance in Milan might bring about.

"In fact, on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1848, Garibaldi with his division, was about quitting Bergamo to repair by a forced march, to Monza, when we saw appear in the midst of us, his musket on his shoulder, Mazzini, who demanded to form part, as simple soldier, of the legion which I commanded, and which composed the vanguard of Garibaldi's division. General acclamations saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided to him its flag, which bore written upon it these words—*God and the People*.

"Hardly was it known that Mazzini was arrived in Bergamo, when the population hastened to see him. They pressed around him and begged him to address them. His speech must ever remain in the memories of all those who heard him. He recommended them to raise barricades, to defend the town in case of attack during our march upon Milan: and whatever might arrive, ever to love Italy and never to despair of her safety. His words were hailed with enthusiasm, and the column set off in the midst of marks of the liveliest sympathy.

"The march was very fatiguing. The rain fell in torrents; we were steeped to the very bones. Although habituated to a life of study and hardly built for the violent exercise of a forced march, especially in such wretched weather, his serenity and confidence were not lessened for an instant; and, notwithstanding our advice, for we feared for his health, he would never stop nor abandon the column. It even happened, that seeing one of our youngest volunteers slightly dressed, and consequently with no defence against the rain and the sudden lowering of the temperature, he forced him to accept his cloak and cover himself with it.

"Arrived at Monza, we learned the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and that a very numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been dispatched against us, and was already at the opposite gates at Monza.

"Garibaldi, much inferior in strength, not willing to expose his little corps to complete and useless destruction, gave orders to fall back upon

Como, and placed me with my column in the rear, in order to cover the retreat.

"For the young volunteers who asked only to fight, the order of retreat was a signal of discouragement, and so it was at first made with some disorder. Happily it was not so with my rearguard column. From Monza to Como, this column, always pursued by the enemy, menaced every instant with being crushed by very superior forces, never blanched, remained united and compact, showing itself always ready to repulse every attack, and by its fierce countenance and its good order, it taught the enemy to respect it during the whole passage.

"In this march full of danger and difficulties, in the midst of continual alarm, the force of soul, the intrepidity, the decision, which Mazzini possesses in so high a degree, and of which he later gave such proofs, at Rome, never contradicted themselves, and caused the admiration of the bravest. His presence, his words, the example of his courage, animated with such enthusiasm these young soldiers, who besides were proud of sharing so many dangers with him, that they determined, Mazzini the first, in case of combat, to perish one and all in defence of a faith, whose apostle he had been, and for which he was ready to become the martyr; and contributed greatly to maintain that order and resolute attitude which saved the rest of the division.

"These few details are too honourable to the character of Mazzini for them to remain unknown. His conduct has been for us, who were witnesses of it, a proof that to the great qualities of the citizen Mazzini joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier."

J. MEDICI.

CHAP. XI.

THE MODERATES.

THE miserable history of the Sardo-Lombard *Moderates* does not finish with the surrender. Like the adder cut in two, they continued to writhe powerless and without hope of life. The tail of the serpent was the provisional government transformed into the *Lombard Council*, which united the Lombard-Venetian State; the head—which was the Cabinet of Turin, and the men of the princely Confederation turned to bite the centre of Italy, where the national idea, driven from the North, had refuge and regained its strength. Not able to render themselves useful, they resolutely set themselves to annoy; unable to do, they plotted to undo. They laboured, and labour always, to dissolve. But it by no means enters into my plan to follow here their tortuous movements. The fatal action which certain of them, apparently reconciled and penitent, endeavoured to exercise at Venice,—the intrigues which by fascinating several of our party, contributed powerfully to the unfortunate issue of the attempt, which from the valley of Intelvi, was intended to rekindle the insurrection of the whole of Upper Lombardy, the lying hopes which introduced an element of dissolution into the heart of the Lombard emigration—the projects of invasion on Tuscany—the opposition to the unification of the centre, crowned, alas! with too great success—and in the last place, the infamous rout of Novara, might form, and perhaps will, one day form, an additional page to this sketch. The documents which will soon be published in Italian Switzerland will be the commentary upon the facts which I here but point out in passing. This is enough of it for the present. One's soul, weary in the midst of this mire, withdraws into itself, needing to repose by elevating its contemplation to the future.

Even to day the remains of the party of the *Moderates*, broken into as many fractions as there are petty personal ideas and petty local ambitions, work in the darkness, some to seduce, if they can, poor Lombardy with new illusions, by engaging her in new Pronarchico-Piedmontese plots; others to excite in Tuscany innocent conspiracies in favour of men who in Piedmont are disputing against the free tendencies of the populations; others again to profit by the general hatred against the sacerdotal government in order to propose—veritable profanation of the great idea gone forth from Rome—

a dismemberment of the Roman provinces—and serving, perhaps unknown to them, the views of Austria, a fusion with the State of Modena! But it is sufficient to unveil such intrigues, in order to render them abortive; and if, after the royal war of 1848, after the rout of Novara, the Italians, seeing on one side the incapacity (to say nothing worse) of the chiefs of a faction—on the other the prodigies of valour and popular constancy accomplished at Rome and Venice; if the Italians, I say, yet hesitated in their choice between the two flags, they would truly be unworthy of freedom.

No! the lessons written during these last two years, with the tears of mothers and the blood of heroes cannot be lost. The trial is complete. The men of false or perverse mind, who have desired to apply to nascent Italy a doctrine experimented on for twenty or thirty years, and acknowledged to be inefficacious, even in France, may yet for a little while create ministerial modifications, frame intrigues, seduce, by deceiving them, some men either timorous or without political experience; but they will hold no more, in whatever name they may wrap themselves, the reigns of the Italian movement. There have been wanting to them, from the day when they usurped the direction of the movement, those rights which firmly rooted beliefs give to the confidence of others: they declared themselves men of *opportunity*, of provisional bargaining, of useful lying. To day they lack even the pretexts which, some years ago, they could invoke in the name of the then actual situation of Europe.

Since two years, the European situation is visibly, irrevocably changed. Formerly, the question fermented between despotism and a tempered monarchy; to day it trembles between the republic and royalty. Let it be raised; no matter where, the republican cry will be the first revolutionary cry. If the Italian revolution would render itself strong by allying itself to the European movement, it must be Republican. All the moderate Utopias together will not give a single friend—will not get rid of a single enemy to the Italian cause.

"Remarks on the Constitution of the United States.—This constitution is well adapted to embrace a vast extent of country and a great number of States. Each State makes its own laws, and manages its own affairs, deriving from the Union protection from foreign aggression, and enjoying all the advantages of free trade with wealthy and powerful neighbours."

"It is probable that the federal constitution will be amended so as to be placed upon a more popular basis. The great western States will, in the course of time, become dissatisfied with the disproportionate power of the smaller States, and will insist on appropriate amendments."

"It would have been better, in the first instance, if all the states could have been represented in both houses on one and the same principle, according to their respective populations. Much heart-burning and jealousy have arisen from the violation of this principle, and from the concessions made to the slave States in allowing the whites in those States more representatives in proportion than their brethren in the free States. It is impossible to attach the same moral weight to the decision of the little State of Delaware as to that which of right belongs to the decision of the great State of New York. That system which puts them both on the same footing is inexpedient, and will be altered."

"Under the present system, the slave States have controlled the senate, and through the vast influence of that body managed the affairs of the Union, although the great majority of the citizens are in the free States. This anomaly becomes more obvious every day, and the great departure from democratic principles just adverted to may soon cause serious dissatisfaction. The probability is, however, that in the course of a few years the small slave States of Delaware and Maryland will abolish slavery, and this may temporarily allay the rising spirit of complaint."

Review.

THE FOURTH ESTATE: *Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. KNIGHT HUNT. London: D. BOQUE, 86, Fleet-Street.

(Concluded from No. 19 of the "Red Republican.")

We close our extracts from Mr. Hunt's volumes by copying the entire of the brief but interesting chapter headed—

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF NEWSPAPER LIFE.

"A sketch of twenty-four hours of newspaper life will give some idea of how the complex and expensive machinery moves for the collection, preparation, and publication of a daily paper. Perhaps the earliest contributor at work is the Dublin correspondent. By the recent post-office arrangements, *via* Holyhead, a steamer leaves Kingston harbour soon after eight in the morning for Holyhead, and special despatches sent by that conveyance reach London the same day. By this mode we have news at night in London, dated Dublin, the same morning. To prepare this the correspondent must be up betimes, get early copies of the morning papers, write his dispatch, and be off by railway to meet the steamer by breakfast hour. He is then free till evening, whilst his copy is making its way across the Channel towards the London office. The French correspondent meanwhile has risen, dressed, and is deeply immersed in the *Debats*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Moniteur*. Flimsy paper and rapid translators are in requisition; a brisk drive to the Hotel de Ville, or to the house of a brother journalist, or a call at some other point where additional information, or a confirmation, or contradiction of current rumours may be gained, and then "Our Paris Correspondent" sits down to complete his dispatch. Quick pens and quicker thoughts speed on the work, and when all has been said, a capacious envelope receives the slips: it is sealed, and away to the post-office in the Rue J. J. Rousseau before eleven. The day is yet early, and a stroll through the city, a call upon friends, a gossip at some public office, and in a *cafe*, another glance through the newspapers, an overhaul of the letters from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Madrid, which the post has brought, and the correspondent is ready to prepare his more elaborate despatch for the five o'clock post. This is a matter of importance, and takes time. If the Chambers are sitting, a reporter has been placed there to give the proceedings, and as the hour of five draws near, the "copy" accumulates. The despatch is written; extracts from the leading Parisian papers have been made; *Galvani* has been laid under contribution; some digests of French statistical papers have been summarised into readable and valuable *pars*; the report of the Paris Bourse and of the Madrid Bolsa, come in, followed quickly by that from the Chambers, delayed till the last half-minute, that the proceedings might be brought up till the latest possible moment before the words "left sitting" closed the copy. Again the capacious envelope, with its printed address, is ready, and the abundant contributions of Paris toward the London stock of news finds its way to the post just two seconds and a quarter before the bureau closes. Whilst these French and Irish ambassadors of the fourth estate are thus employed, their brethren at Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and elsewhere are occupied much in the same way, each collecting his batch of news and commentary in time for the mails. Special correspondents, meanwhile, are less systematic. One it may be, is vibrating between contending armies, as in the recent cases of Radetzky and Charles Albert, or of Bem and Windischgratz, another is an *attache* to the fallen fortunes of Kossuth at Widdin; another hovers about the Golden Horn, to learn whether the English fleet will really make a warlike de-

monstration against Russia; another is gathering news at California amongst the Wall-street speculators of the western world; whilst another chronicles the doings of the Sooloo pirates in the suffocating atmosphere of the East.

"The reporters at home are as busy as the correspondents abroad. Amongst the earliest afoot in the morning is one noting at Smithfield the prices of cattle; others at Wakefield and Mark lane, the price of corn; another in Southwark, the prices of hops; and in Mincing-lane, the qualities and rates of coffees and sugars. At Liverpool, the cotton; at Manchester, the yarns; and at Leeds, the woollens are being watched, their prices jotted down, and the tone of the markets noted. Stocks and shares, also, are being inquired about in all these and many other towns; whilst corn prices, and supplies, are equally attended to. Where large local meetings occur, there also the reporters are to be seen taking up their places on the platform to note the thrice-told tales of agricultural distress; and the equally familiar promises of prosperity to come from free-trade. In one part of the country a railway collision is being reported; in another, an inquest on a mine explosion; in a third, an assemblage of persons favourable to church extension; in a fourth, a lecture on separation of church and state; in a fifth, some terrible accident or appalling murder—be it where it may, there is a busy pen at work for the London paper. Post hour has less importance for the newspaper man in England than abroad. The last train is the point of interest here. As the hour for that approaches, the names of the sufferers by the collision, of the speakers for church extension and for church disruption; the described horrors of the fatal choke damp; a full account of the murderer's looks and deeds are all quietly packed up together in little brown paper parcels, and steam power bears them away towards the sub-editor's table. Before this London is contributing its quota. In each law court there is a pencil busy in a note-book, or on the back of a brief; in each police court the reporters' box is occupied; in each coroner's court the "highly respectable jury" look with surprise upon the often tattered habiliments of the penny-a-line representatives of "the papers." Does an engine rattle through the alarmed streets? there goes a reporter with it; does a gentleman fall down in an apoplectic fit? a surgeon and a reporter are sure to be ready—the one to "use every means that medical skill could afford," and the other to earn a few shillings by writing a paragraph. The *Court Circular* is chronicling the Queen's proceedings. The *Morning Post* has its fashionable friend buzzing about Gunter's to hear of fashionable routs, or about Banting's to learn full particulars of a fashionable funeral every district has its penny-a-liner; every disaster its historian.

"These minor contributors are not more active than their superior officers. The editor has been reading over the morning papers of London and Paris; has glanced at the debates, and mentally arranged many of his topics for the night's leaders; he has written to some of his literary aids, and received an article from one, a review from another, a suggestion from a third; and he finishes his breakfast, and goes off to call at his club, or on a political friend, his mind the while shadowing forth the arguments to be employed, the illustrations to be used, and the points to be made, in the paper of to-night. The sub-editor, if any remarkable meetings or other reports are expected to come, has been to the office to consult with the editor, secretary, or other executive daylight officer of the paper, about expresses or telegraphs; to talk over the character and usefulness of candidates for employment; to discuss suggestions; to decide who shall attend various meetings in London and the provinces, and settle the various points which constantly arise in the progress of working a daily journal.

"If Parliament is sitting, another large mass of manuscript is now growing up under the pens of the reporters. Fourteen or sixteen of these gentlemen, each in his turn, sits in the gallery of the house, and for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, according to arrangement, takes his note of the debate. When the time of one is up, and his seat at St. Stephen's has been occupied by a successor, he hastens to write out, *in extenso*, the speeches he has been listening to. If the debate has been prolonged, by the time his first notes have been prepared he must be ready to go into the house again; and it sometimes happens that a third turn is taken on the same night. When the speakers are good, or the debate important, this combined labour of so many pens complete a formidable mass of "copy."

"By nine o'clock the editor, the sub-editor, the foreign editor, are all busy; the editor with his leaders, the foreign editor with his German and French, and the sub-editor with a mass of multifarious things that now load his table. The law reports being on matters of fact, and usually prepared by barristers, give little trouble; but, with this exception, scarcely a line comes to the sub-editor which does not require preparation at his hands. Meetings reported to please speakers instead of the public, railway and commercial statements full of long tabular accounts to be summarised and made readable; letters from indignant "constant readers," in which libels lurk in the midst of long statements of wrongs endured, or reforms demanded; reports of police courts, of inquests, of disasters—all written on flimsy paper, and requiring great quickness of eye and mind to decipher at all; papers from all quarters of the kingdom; statements of markets, of shipping, of births, deaths, and all other conceivable and inconceivable things, demand attention and preparation for the printers, who by this time are ready for the six hours rapid and skilful labour that shall convert this mass of contributions of all sizes, characters, and qualities, into a shapely morning paper. With the help of an assistant or two, the load rapidly diminishes, and by midnight there is a tolerably clear table, preparatory to the arrival of the late railway despatches. These received, a new labour has often to be commenced. Although the troublesome search through fifty country papers has afforded a great quantity of local news, the late despatches often bring up much more; the Irish and Scotch advices come to hand, and with this addition of home news very often comes a file of papers from America, from the West Indies, from Brazil, from France, Germany, or Hamburg. An hour or two clears off all these new accumulations, and then the proof sheets having been attended to, and the place and arrangement of the articles being decided upon—the number of leaders, and the number of advertisements settled, the columns calculated, and the decision made as to what shall appear, and what stand over, the editorial work of one day is done. By half-past four the paper is at press, and news-boys and morning mails distribute the papers to all parts of the country to meet their "constant readers" at breakfast tables, in counting-houses, and at country fire-sides.

"Just as the wet newspaper, fresh from the news-boy, is being opened at the eight o'clock breakfast table of the early-rising city merchant, the Dublin correspondent is again handing his dispatch on board the steamer at Kingstown for to-morrow's journal—and so the twenty-four hours of newspaper life are up."

Wonderful! But how sad the reflection that these appliances of human thought, labour, and skill should—for the most part—be devoted to the service of Mammon, Falsehood, and Oppression! Although we entertain a very different estimate of the Newspaper Press to that held by Mr. KNIGHT HUNT, we can very conscientiously recommend his work to the reading public.

LORD BROUGHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

You, like all clever men, dear Harney !
 Know I abominate all blarney,
 Tow'rd's high and low, to friends and foes,
 In place or out, in verse or prose,
 In foreign climates or at home,
 I'm always just the same plain Brougham.
 I hate all flattery ; not that I
 Would hit a friend upon the sly.
 I speak my mind out like a man,
 And make a hit just when I can.
 Though sometimes pausing on the brink,
 I don't perhaps say all I think :
 For I'm not spiteful nor sarcastic.
 But having a nature very plastick^{*}
 I turn my talents multitarian,
 To objects useful, vast, and various.
 Well, Harney ! I admire your Red
 Republican ; and so I said
 To my friend Lyndhurst, who agreed
 With me, 'twas very red indeed.
 And thereupon I write you this
 Concise and terse and brief epis-
 Tle, (you'll excuse this funny nick
 In the word's middle !). 'Tis a trick
 We poets have : myself and Wakley,
 Who hold our jawing-tackle slackly)—
 Partly became, I blush to own,
 'Though there are few things I've not done,—
 And well,—say better,—I have yet
 One sad omission to regret :
 That never for the People's sake
 I've worked till now. So prithee take
 This letter as a part amends.
 Henceforth we shall, I trust, be friends ;
 And as I still am hale and hearty,
 Untrammel'd too by place or party,
 I'll give your side a turn or two,
 Old boy ! Won't that astonish you ?
 But to the purpose of this letter
 (Few men, I think could write a better :
 The engraving is my own design,
 Macise allows it's very fine,—
 And by myself cut in the wood,
 My first attempt, and rather good).
 On my old quest of useful knowledge,
 I search'd of late the Herald's college :
 Wishing to learn if I could trace
 Brougham and Vaux's shining race :
 To history's unexampled Guy.
 I found him out. How history
 Has slandered him ! It slanders me !
 Well, what d'ye think I chanced to see
 Among a lot of queer old rubbish,
 Hid in a corner rather grubbish ?
 (I love such corners !) How I laugh'd :
 'Twas our King's Arms' original draft.
 And all in herald jargon writ :
 You'd never have decipher'd it.
 I did, and found it pleasant too ;
 And now translate the same for you.
 I might have given it in plain prose,[†]
 But write verse easier.—So here goes.



The Arms of Britain's monarchy, by loyal Britons prized,
 'Tis surely time their bearings were made plain and vulgarized :
 That even the meanest British slave, or the nearest to the Brutes,
 May know exactly what they mean, those royal attributes.

The herald coat's a bishop's frock, to show the "right divine,"
 Which is somehow got at through the Church, and quite direct the line ;
 And the bishop's stirring in the coat, with a swaggering, lumpy gait,—
 For his foot is on the poor,—'tis not that he's intoxicated.

The poor man lies right in his way, with his face hid in the earth,
 As if, spite of his crown of thorns, he isn't of much worth ;—
 But turn to the bishop's blazonry, and feast your vacant look
 On the royal quarterings : here they are, as in the herald book.

For England's lions—donkeys, sanguine, on a field of gold ;
 For Ireland's harp—a peasant strung upon a gallows old ;

The Scottish quarter is not seen, but there can be little doubt,
 It's a rampant donkey, sanguine (all the donkeys look starved out).

For supporters—on the sinister side's a lion of the law,[‡]
 With spectacles and learned wig and awful breadth of jaw ;
 And dexter side the unicorn, with a death's head in his hat,
 And saddled back,—he seems to bid the bishop mount on that

The whole's surmounted for a crest, with the bonnet and the phiz
 Of our most gracious sovereign : and very plain it is—
 That the wreath of German sausages hangs there in honour of him
 To whom a grateful nation owes so many a royal limb.^{**}

The motto still is as of old,— "God and my right" but "God"
 Lies under the couchant lawyer's paws ; and the armed brute has trod
 On "Right." There's little alteration you can see in all these things
 Since heralds first found monsters out and liken'd them to kings.

You'll publish this : 'twill make some laugh,
 Some think. And for my autograph,—
 I'm not so vain as Wellington
 Who gives his mark to every one ;
 But you can sell it—the proceeds
 May help your advertizing needs.
 Yours, without prejudice or flaw,
 Fraternally ever,

BROUGHAM and VAUX.

* Pretty often, I guess.

† "Plastick—that faculty which can form or fashion anything."—Bailey's Dictionary.

‡ Does he mean by the aristocratic slime, slug-like ?

§ Guy Fawkes, or Vaux. His lordship's not so green as we thought.

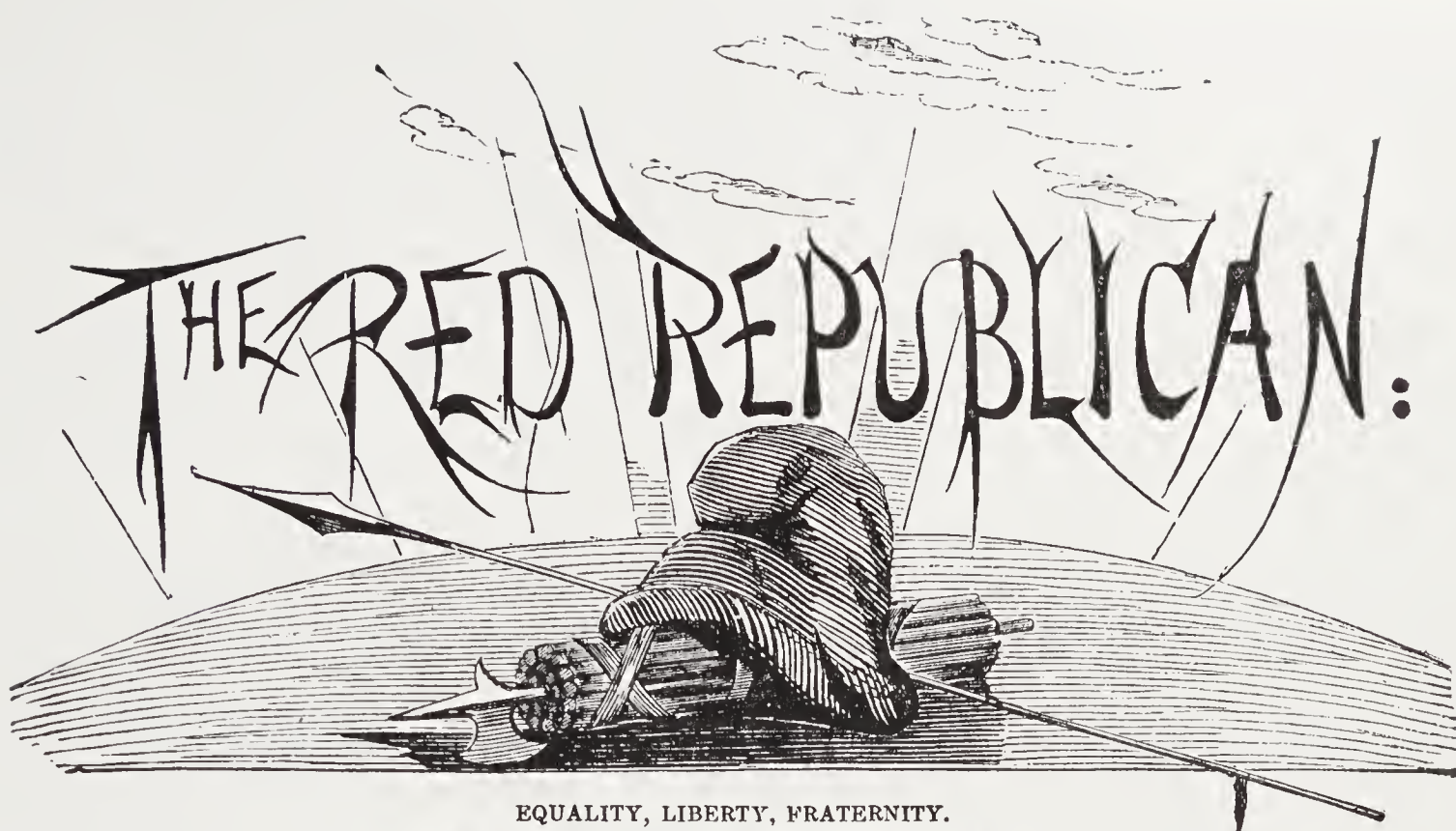
|| Unconscious that he was writing verse before. The sublime unconsciousness of genius, according to Mr. Carlye.

‡ There seems some mistake here. Or, has the noble writer shrewdly altered the relative position of the supporters ? It is true the law has grown more dexterous and the sword rather left-handed of late. Perhaps not knowing the process of printing, he has forgotten to reverse the drawing.

** As we say, a limb of the law. I was called a limb when I was a child.

TO MR. G. JULIAN HARNEY.

MY DEAR SIR,—The enclosed rhymed letter came to me by post, undated, with a simple request that I would forward it to you. I do not like to vouch for its genuineness. It may be, or it may not. My own opinion is, to speak truth, against it ; but, then there is the internal evidence, which, however, does not go for much. Lord Brougham has tried his hand at so many things. Nevertheless, it does not follow that all which is put forth as his should be written by him. Sir James Graham's famous pamphlet was, I know, written by somebody else. This letter can, however, hardly be the work of a mere secretary. Such as it is, I send it to you. Your readers can form their own opinion on the matter.
 October 27th (22nd Sunday after Advent), 1850.
 M.P.
 Your constant admirer,



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 21.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

German Communism.

MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

(Published in February, 1848.)

THE following Manifesto, which has since been adopted by all fractions of German Communists, was drawn up in the German language, in January 1848, by Citizens *Charles Marx* and *Frederic Engels*. It was immediately printed in London, in the German language, and published a few days before the outbreak of the Revolution of February. The turmoil consequent upon that great event made it impossible to carry out, at that time, the intention of translating it into all the languages of civilized Europe. There exist two different French versions of it in manuscript, but under the present oppressive laws of France, the publication of either of them has been found impracticable. The English reader will be enabled, by the following excellent translation of this important document, to judge of the plans and principles of the most advanced party of the German Revolutionists.

It must not be forgotten, that the whole of this Manifesto was written and printed before the Revolution of February.

A frightful hobgoblin stalks throughout Europe. We are haunted by a ghost, the ghost of Communism. All the Powers of the Past have joined in a holy crusade to lay this ghost to rest,—the Pope and the Czar, Metternich and Guizot, French Radicals and German police agents. Where is the opposition which has not been accused of Communism by its enemies in Power? And where the opposition that has not hurled this blighting accusation at the heads of the more advanced oppositionists, as well as at those of its official enemies?

Two things appear on considering these facts. I. The ruling Powers of Europe acknowledge Communism to be also a Power. II. It is time for the Communists to lay before the world an account of their aims and tendencies, and to oppose these silly fables about the bugbear of Communism, by a manifesto of the Communist Party.

CHAPTER I.

BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS.

HITHERTO the history of Society has been the history of the battles between the classes composing it. Freeman and Slaves, Patricians and Plebeians, Nobles and Serfs, Members of Guilds and journeymen,—in a word, the oppressors and the oppressed, have always stood in direct opposition to each other. The battle between them has sometimes been open, sometimes concealed, but always continuous. A never-ceasing battle, which has invariably ended, either in a revolutionary alteration of the social system, or in the common destruction of the hostile classes.

In the earlier historical epochs we find almost everywhere a minute division of Society into classes or ranks, a variety of grades in social position. In ancient Rome we find Patricians, Knights, Plebeians, Slaves; in mediæval Europe, Feudal Lords, Vassals, Burghers, Journeymen, Serfs; and in each of these classes there were again grades and distinctions. Modern Bourgeois Society, proceeded from the ruins of the feudal system, but the Bourgeois régime has not abolished the antagonism of classes.

New classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms and modes of carrying on the struggle, have been substituted for the old ones. The characteristic of our Epoch, the Era of the Middle-class, or Bourgeoisie, is that the struggle between the various Social Classes, has been reduced to its simplest form. Society incessantly tends to be divided into two great camps, into two great hostile armies, the Bourgeoisie and the Proletariat.

The bourgeois of the early Communes sprang from the Serfs of the Middle Ages, and from this Municipal class were developed the primitive ele-

ments of the modern Bourgeoisie. The discovery of the New World, the circumnavigation of Africa, gave the Middleclass—then coming into being—new fields of action. The colonization of America, the opening up of the East Indian and Chinese Markets, the Colonial Trade, the increase of commodities generally and of the means of exchange, gave an impetus, hitherto unknown, to Commerce, Shipping, and Manufactures; and aided the rapid evolution of the revolutionary element in the old decaying, feudal form of Society. The old feudal way of managing the industrial interest by means of guilds and monopolies was not found sufficient for the increased demand caused by the opening up of these new markets. It was replaced by the manufacturing system. Guilds vanished before the industrial Middle-class, and the division of labour between the different corporations was succeeded by the division of labour between the workmen of one and the same great workshop.

But the demand always increased, new markets came into play. The manufacturing system, in its turn, was found to be inadequate. At this point industrial Production was revolutionised by machinery and steam. The modern industrial system was developed in all its gigantic proportions; instead of the industrial Middle-class we find industrial millionaires, chiefs of whole industrial armies, the modern Bourgeois, or Middle-class Capitalists. The discovery of America was the first step towards the formation of a colossal market, embracing the whole world; whereby an immense development was given to Commerce, and to the means of communication by sea and land. This again reacted upon the industrial system, and the development of the Bourgeoisie, the increase of their Capital, the superseding of all classes handed down to modern times from the Middle Ages, kept pace with the development of Production, Trade, and Steam communication.

We find, therefore, that the modern Bourgeoisie are themselves the result of a long process of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of Production and Exchange. Each of the degrees of industrial evolution, passed through by the modern Middle-class, was accompanied by a corresponding

degree of political development. This class was oppressed under the feudal régime, it then assumed the form of armed and self-regulating associations in the mediæval Municipalities; in one country we find it existing as a commercial republic, or free town; in another, as the third taxable Estate of the Monarchy; then during the prevalence of the manufacturing system (before the introduction of steam power) the Middle-class was a counterpoise to the Nobility in absolute Monarchies, and the groundwork of the powerful monarchical States generally. Finally, since the establishment of the modern industrial system, with its world-wide market, this class has gained the exclusive possession of political power in modern representative States. Modern Governments are merely Committees for managing the common affairs of the whole Bourgeoisie.

This Bourgeoisie has occupied an extremely revolutionary position in History. As soon as the Bourgeois got the upper hand, they destroyed all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relationships between men. They relentlessly tore asunder the many-sided links of that feudal chain which bound men to their "natural superiors," and they left no bond of union between man and man, save that of bare self-interest, of cash payments. They changed personal dignity into market value, and substituted the single unprincipled freedom of trade for the numerous, hardly earned, chartered liberties of the Middle Ages. Chivalrous enthusiasm, the emotions of piety, vanished before the icy breath of their selfish calculations. In a word, the Bourgeoisie substituted shameless, direct, open spoliation, for the previous system of spoliation concealed under religious and political illusions. They stripped off that halo of sanctity which had surrounded the various modes of human activity, and had made them venerable, and venerated. They changed the physician, the jurist, the priest, the poet, the philosopher, into their hired servants. They tore the touching veil of sentiment from domestic ties, and reduced family-relations to a mere question of hard cash. The Middle-classes have shown how the brutal physical force of the Middle Ages, so much admired by Reactionists, found its befitting complement in the laziest ruffianism. They have also shown what human activity is capable of accomplishing. They have done quite other kinds of marvellous work than Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, or Gothic Cathedrals; and their expeditions have far surpassed all former Crusades, and Migrations of nations.

The Bourgeoisie can exist only under the condition of continuously revolutionising machinery, or the instruments of Production. That is, perpetually changing the system of production, which again amounts to changing the whole system of social arrangements. Persistence in the old modes of Production was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all the preceding industrial Classes. A continual change in the modes of Production, a never ceasing state of agitation and social insecurity, distinguish the Bourgeois—Epoch from all preceding ones. The ancient ties between men, their opinions and beliefs—hoar with antiquity—are fast disappearing, and the new ones become worn out ere they can become firmly rooted. Everything fixed and stable vanishes, everything holy and venerable is desecrated, and men are forced to look at their mutual relations, at the problem of Life, in the soberest, the most matter of fact way.

The need of an ever-increasing market for their produce, drives the Bourgeoisie over the whole globe—they are forced to make settlements, to form connections, to set up means of communication everywhere. Through their command of a universal market, they have given a cosmopolitan tendency to the production and consumption of all countries. To the great regret of the Reactionists, the Bourgeoisie have deprived the modern Industrial System of its national foundation. The old national manufactures have been, or are being, destroyed. They are superseded by new modes of industry, whose introduction is becoming a vital

question for all civilized nations, whose raw materials are not indigenous, but are brought from the remotest countries, and whose products are not merely consumed in the home market, but throughout the whole world. Instead of the old national wants, supplied by indigenous products, we everywhere find new wants, which can be supplied only by the productions of the remotest lands and climes. Instead of the old local and national feeling of self-sufficiency and isolation, we find a universal intercourse, an inter-dependence, amongst nations. The same fact obtains in the intellectual world. The intellectual productions of individual nations tend to become common property. National one-sidedness and mental limitation are fast becoming impossible, and a universal literature is being formed from the numerous national and local literatures. Through the incessant improvements in machinery and the means of locomotion, the Bourgeoisie draw the most barbarous savages into the magic circle of civilization. Cheap goods are their artillery for battering down Chinese walls, and their means of overcoming the obstinate hatred entertained towards strangers by semi-civilized nations. The Bourgeoisie, by their competition, compel, under penalty of inevitable ruin, the universal adoption of their system of production; they force all nations to accept what is called civilization—to become Bourgeois—and thus the middle-class fashions the world anew after its own image.

The Bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the ascendancy of the town; it has created enormous cities, and, by causing an immense increase of population in the manufacturing, as compared with the agricultural districts, has saved a great part of every people from the idiotism of country life. Not only have the Bourgeoisie made the country subordinate to the town, they have made barbarous and half-civilized tribes dependent on civilized nations, the agricultural on the manufacturing nations, the East on the West. The division of property, of the means of production, and of population, vanish under the Bourgeois régime. It agglomerates population, it centralises the means of production, and concentrates property in the hands of a few individuals. Political centralization is the necessary consequence of this. Independent provinces, with different interests, each of them surrounded by a separate line of customs and under separate local governments, are brought together as one nation, under the same government, laws, line of customs, tariff, the same national class-interest. The Bourgeois regime has only prevailed for about a century, but during that time it has called into being more gigantic powers of production than all preceding generations put together. The subjection of the elements of nature, the development of machinery, the application of chemistry to agriculture and manufactures, railways, electric telegraphs, steam ships, the clearing and cultivation of whole continents, canalizing of thousands of rivers; large populations, whole industrial armies, springing up, as if by magic! What preceding generation ever dreamed of these productive powers slumbering within society?

We have seen that these means of production and traffic which served as the foundation of middle-class development, originated in feudal times. At a certain point in the evolution of these means, the arrangements under which feudal society produced and exchanged the feudal organization of agriculture and industrial production,—in a word, the feudal conditions of property—no longer corresponded to the increased productive power. These conditions now became a hindrance to it,—they were turned into fetters which had to be broken, and they were broken. They were superseded by unlimited competition, with a suitable social and political constitution, with the economical and political supremacy of the middle class. At the present moment a similar movement is going on before our eyes. Modern middle-class society, which has revolutionised the conditions of

property, and called forth such colossal means of production and traffic, resembles the wizard who evoked the powers of darkness, but could neither master them, nor yet get rid of them when they had come at his bidding. The history of manufactures and commerce has been for many years the history of the revolts of modern productive power against the modern industrial system—against the modern conditions of property—which are vital conditions, not only of the supremacy of the middle-class, but of its very existence. It suffices to mention the commercial crises which, in each of their periodical occurrences, more and more endanger the existence of middle-class society. In such a crisis, not only is a quantity of industrial products destroyed, but a large portion of the productive power itself. A social epidemic breaks out, the epidemic of over-production, which would have appeared a contradiction in terms to all previous generations. Society finds itself suddenly thrown back into momentary barbarism; a famine, a devastating war, seems to have deprived it of the means of subsistence; manufactures and commerce appear annihilated,—and why? Because society possesses too much civilization, too many of the necessities of life, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive power possessed by society no longer serves as the instrument of middle-class civilization, of the middle-class conditions of property; on the contrary, this power has become too mighty for this system, it is forcibly confined by these conditions; and whenever it surpasses these artificial limitations, it deranges the system of Bourgeois society, it endangers the existence of Bourgeois property. The social system of the middle-class has become too small to contain the riches it has called into being. How does the middle-class try to withstand these commercial crises? On the one hand, by destroying masses of productive power; on the other, by opening up new markets, and using up the old ones more thoroughly. That is, they prepare the way for still more universal and dangerous crises, and reduce the means of withstanding them. The weapons with which the middle-class overcame feudalism are now turned against the middle-class itself. And the Bourgeoisie have not only prepared the weapons for their own destruction, they have also called into existence the men that are destined to wield these weapons, namely, the modern working men, the *Proletarians*.

To be continued.

LABOUR versus CAPITAL.

TWO CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG—CHAP. II.

ANOTHER set of Humbug-Manufacturers do not deny the existence of antagonistic classes. They do not wilfully shut their eyes to what is passing around them. They acknowledge the existence of hideous evils,—for example, that since 1810 our population has increased 60 per cent., while crime has increased at the rate of 420 per cent. during the same period; that the total amount of poor-rates collected in England and Wales since 1839, is fifty millions sterling; that in England about one in twelve of the population—in Scotland, one in nine—in Ireland, one in eight—are *paupers*, as shown by the poor-law returns for 1848; but the remedy proposed by this set of quacks is emigration. Every sane man knows that the same causes invariably produce the same effects. If you wish, therefore, to get rid of such effects as these facts I have quoted, you must make a thorough change in the vicious, unnatural system, which has produced them. You must arrange society upon totally different principles. Yet no, all would go well, we are told, if a certain number of our "surplus population" were drafted off every year. It appears that this surplus amounts to about four millions in ten years. Were it possible to draft off this number during the next ten years, and so arrange matters that the population of the United Kingdom should be, in 1860, pretty much the same as it is in 1850, I cannot see that the

condition of the *Proletarian* class would be in the least improved by it. Take the following account of the present condition of the people in Dorsetshire, a county of which the squirearchy and state clergy hold undisputed possession, where the labourer vegetates in peace, far removed from the contaminating influences of Chartism, Socialism, and other kinds of "awful infidelity." This extract is from the *Times*, quoted by a Mr. Christopher, in his recent work on Emigration:—"Measured by the infallible test of crime, Dorsetshire is fast sinking into a slough of wretchedness which threatens the peace and morality of the kingdom at large. . . . It is no light affair, that a rural county, the abode of an ancient and respectable aristocracy, somewhat removed from the popular influences of the ago, with a population of 175,043 by the last census, should produce in four years nearly 3,000 convictions, being at the rate of one conviction in that period for every sixty persons, or every twelve households." It is precisely because this county is removed from the popular influences of the age, and its population left to grow up in brutal ignorance, by "an ancient," but very disreputable aristocracy, in order to be used up, by the latter, as beasts of burden, that crime is so rife there. And, provided the population of Dorsetshire were to be kept stationary for the next ten years, by drafting off the surplus, yet the condition of the people would not be ameliorated thereby; for the causes which have produced this misery and its attendant crime, would still remain at work as busily as ever—and the remedy for the social cancer which is devouring us, is emigration! European society, with its vicious organization of labour, is to be transported *en masse* to new countries, and the world will be saved. An experiment which has signally failed in America. A country not half peopled as yet. A country with an unlimited supply of fertile territory in the far West, and in the newly-annexed states. Yet, the middle-class system of production and distribution, which has occasioned evils, now fast becoming intolerable, in the old world, is making itself felt in the new one also. The agrarian reformers there, however, are taking the bull by the horns.—they are boldly grappling the land question. Emigration is among those petty, peddling, hole-and-corner, surface reforms,—skin-deep remedies for a vital disease,—at present propounded by political and social quacks, who either cannot or will not see, that a radical change in existing social arrangements is the one thing needful, in order to give the Proletarian a chance for his life. During the last few years, for example, thousands upon thousands of Irish Proletarians, have fled from their country, while those who remained have been literally decimated by hunger and disease. Despite this "removal of the surplus population," the condition of the Irish peasant has not improved. It will never do so under the present system; never, until there has been a social revolution in that country.

The third kind of "respectable" fudge lately brought under my notice, is perhaps, the most disgusting kind extant. It may be called the pious, or Evangelical sort of fudge. It is patronised chiefly by Lord Ashley and his gang of hypocritical, Anti-Sabbath breaking Puritans. I will give you a specimen of it from a recent report of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. President, Lord Ashley. Vice presidents, a set of landed Aristocrats, Capitalists and State priests. Concerning this Pastoral-aid Society, it is a remarkable fact, that a Church possessing a yearly revenue of about ten millions sterling, for the purpose of paying men to teach its doctrines to the English people, should yet find it necessary to raise funds by subscription. One reverend gent, who recently received £70 for a lay assistant, reports that he is the incumbent of a district, supposed to contain about 20,000 souls, and that, "the moral condition of it is deplorable. Socialism, Infidelity, Rationalism, and indifference prevail to a fearful extent." He gives some anecdotes illustrative of

of this, and concludes thus:—"a third individual, when warned to flee from the wrath to come, said—'Let us hope there is no such place as hell-fire, and no such awful work as gnashing of teeth for us poor creatures. We have too much misery to endure here, for God to think of punishing us hereafter.' These instances are types of the general depravity." Can the force of humbug farther go? Not content with the social degradation of the wages-slaves, this ruthless pharisee must needs threaten them with "the wrath to come." Truly, I think the People have suffered enough from "the wrath" at present,—that is, from being mercilessly used up by the State patrons of such pious humbugs as the above,—and there is little need of "the wrath to come." But what a state of things!

On the one hand, the producers ground down under a regularly organized system of plunder; on the other, a set of State priests kept for the purpose of inducing them to submit quietly to all this horrible suffering, by the promise of a good life hereafter in heaven or the threat of torments in hell-fire! Another of these Evangelical gentry is laughably naïve in his report. He complains of the spread of Mormonism in his district, but accounts for it "by the preference men have for the marvellous, and desire of possessing heaven here on earth, toiling in our rumbling manufactories, and being subject to authority and rule." The Mormons are subject to a very strict, semi-military discipline, but every member of a Mormon Association is certain of being comfortably fed, housed, and clothed. Certainly a "heaven here on earth," when compared with the condition of the English Proletarians. I believe Joe Smith's tenets partake somewhat of the marvellous, but this Mormon Apostle must have been a stunning fellow, if he produced anything more astonishing than the Creed of St. Athanasius. The Moral—my Proletarian brothers—to be deduced from this disquisition on secular and priestly Humbug, is simply this. Do not expect help from any other class than *your own*. Do not reckon upon being emancipated through other efforts than *your own*.

Do not waste time in trying to make converts to Chartism among the so-called "respectable" portion of society—that is, in any other class than *your own*. Do not throw your pearls before swine.

HOWARD MORRIS.

ABOLITION OF FLOGGING IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

As we stated in our last, that scandal to republican America—the flogging of her seamen—has been abolished by the voice and vote of the Federal Congress—not a moment too soon, as the following will testify:—

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—2,201 lashes were administered on board the U. S. sloop of war *Albany*, which lately arrived at Boston, after a cruise of about 21 months. She was commanded by Victory M. Randolph.

The above paragraph is from the *New York Tribune*. The editor of that journal, announcing the downfall of the accursed "cat," observes:—"Henceforth the backs of American freemen will no more be gashed and gored by the horrible 'cat' and 'colt' while they are exposing their lives and courting hardships in defence of the starry flag which would fain be held the symbol and stay of free and equal manhood. The stripes of that flag may henceforth be imaged on the writhing backs of black slaves, but no longer on those of white freemen. . . . Henceforth no young profligate, for whom his powerful relatives have procured a warrant in the navy, because they can no longer endure him at home, will be legally empowered to order a man, old enough to be his father, to be stripped and lashed like a hound for 'insolent behaviour,' bad cookery, or any of the thousand pretexts which serve a furious little despot, intent only on wreaking his ill-humour on some one. Many a seaman has been whaled in the morning for 'insolence,' which consisted of an involuntary

smile at the crookedness of an officer's walk the night before. Henceforth be it everywhere understood, that the officer who orders a seaman to be flogged, no matter on what pretext, is guilty of an assault, and can be made to smart for it whenever he comes within reach of police and constables." Let British seamen, and soldiers too, read and think!!!

Amongst the advocates of the cause of American seamen, one of their own class stands prominently forward—a man whose name should be honoured by sailors of every nation under heaven. We are indebted for the following also to the *New York Tribune*:—"The man who, above all others, has been instrumental in effecting this humane reform is Watson G. Haynes, a common sailor, formerly in the navy, without education, social standing, or even oratorical power. He began poor, and ended still poorer, but for two years he has devoted himself to the work of abolishing this monstrous desecration and defacement of the image of God, whereof the cat and the colt are the naval tyrants, blind accomplices. He has travelled, got up meetings, procured speakers, carried the subject home to men of influence and standing, kept it before the people, and, by patient, persevering effort, at length aroused a public interest sufficient to overbear the influence of the great body of the naval officers, who, to their shame be it said, have clung to the lash as the prized symbol of their authority—the chief instrument of their power. He has encountered more rebuffs, endured more taunts and insults, than any other man living. The chief priests and Levites have too generally 'passed by on the other side;' the professed 'Seamen's Friends' associations of one kind and another have generally opposed, and never aided his efforts. Many of our great shippers, who do not allow it to be understood that flogging is allowed to be practised on board their own vessels, wrote to members of Congress warning them against the abolition of flogging in the navy. All the aristocracy, and most of the Phariseism of the land, have been arrayed against one poor, rude, illiterate sailor, and yet, with the spirit of humanity to aid him, he has been enabled to vanquish them all."

A bright example of the good that may be effected by men who, though lacking all other power and means of influence, are gifted with energy, perseverance, and unfaltering resolution to achieve the object of their pursuit. The *Tribune* adds:—

"We ask the humane and generous to unite with us in some practical attestation of our sense of the value of Mr. Haynes's labours. He has of course been aided from time to time by the contributions of the philanthropic, to defray the expenses of meetings, memorials, post-bills, &c., but we know there must be many who have never given a farthing in encouragement of his efforts—some because they had no hope of success—who rejoice at their triumph to the extent of at least one dollar. If 1,000 dollars could be raised for him, he would now be able to embark in a business by which he could henceforth support his family in comfort, and by industry and good management in time acquire a competence. We will gladly receive and transmit whatever sums may be sent as for him, and we entreat all who think he ought to be compensated for his time devoted to the good work—all who feel willing to give something toward rewarding him for his successful devotion to a work of humanity, and to enable him henceforth to spend his declining years in labouring for his family at home—to send us something for him, and stir up others to do likewise. The sum of 1,000 dollars thus contributed would never be missed by the contributors, and would secure to the devoted champion of the sailor, independence and comfort for the remainder of his days. Friends, help us to offer this testimonial, and do it quickly!"

Surely there will be no difficulty in raising the small sum of a thousand dollars amongst the wealthy philanthropists of the American Union.

We believe that that, or a larger sum, would be contributed by British seamen, if they were appealed to by the proper persons. Or surely Elihu Burritt could raise some such sum, by simply requesting his English friends, patrons, and admirers to "cash up" for so worthy an object. Let Elihu go to work. We will forgive him his peace twaddle—at least all his past sins in that way—if he will only "go ahead," and raise amongst his philanthropic associates some two, three, or five hundred pounds for the true patriot, WATSON G. HATNES.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER VI.

"We believe in the duty of Society to furnish the element of material work by credit, of intellectual and moral work by education."

THE land is the common inheritance of man; but he has yet another heritage—his share in the result of all experience, research, and achievement, since the beginning of Humanity. And as it is the business of Government to secure to him those means of material improvement which are the interest or rent of his property in the land, so it is the business of government to secure to him those means of intellectual and moral improvement which constitute his share in the common intellectual and moral stock. Capital, or credit, supplies him with the material element, education with the moral and intellectual. It would be worse than mockery to give him only the first.

Let it be borne in mind that whenever the word *Government* is used in these letters, it is the reality which is spoken of—not the impudent counterfeit which now mocks and curses society. It is more than usually important to bear in mind this distinction in treating of education, because the confusion here is the rock upon which men commonly split in debating of the different merits of State-education and Voluntaryism.

Education is the business of government, because only government can be intrusted with it, and because only government can effectually manage it.

And first, what is this Education, to which every human being is equally entitled? It is the culture of the whole nature, the development of its full powers of growth—the perfecting of the physical—the due training of the moral and intellectual—and the fitting both heart and intellect to embrace the highest aspiration and completest knowledge of the time, so far as natural organization will permit,—the purport of such culture being the raising of strong and excellent human beings to do the work of Humanity. Education is, indeed, the Present endowing the Future with all its wealth and power, that the Future may start from that vantage ground to reach the further heights of progress. To whom shall this be intrusted, except to the nation's rulers, to those whom the nation has chosen as its Wisest and Most-virtuous? Upon them the head and heart of the Present Time (we are speaking of the good time which shall be Present, not of our own little day of Whig expediences)—upon them it devolves to rule the Present, so as may best provide for the Future. It is theirs to utter the nation's faith, to teach that faith to the young generation, which shall in its turn become the nation. Whom would you choose for this work? Whom, instead of these your voices have already declared to be your Best and Wisest? How shall they lead the nation, if its youth are exempted from their controul? Shall they be your rulers, and yet not rule your children? Your children! But indeed they are not yours, if that *your* is to mean *property*. You have no property in your children. They are the nation's, in trust for God and the Future.

"But what then becomes—" I hear some one ask,—*"what becomes of individual liberty if our children are to be placed in the hands of a vernment, of any, even the best government?"*

Whose individual liberty? Yours or your child's? What right have you to possess a human soul? To make it yours, to twist it to your bent, to cast it to your mould? The soul of the little child is your equal,—has its own independent rights, and demands its own growth—not a growth of your dictation. What right have you to confiscate that soul to your uses, or to sacrifice it upon the private altar of your particular opinions? "Has not every man, then, the right of teaching what he believes? Is it not his duty to propagandise his own idea of truth?" Truly so, among his equals, but not to take an unfair advantage,—which is tyrannizing. Between you and the weak and easily-impressible child rightly steps the protection of the State, guaranteeing to that child that he shall not be stinted to the narrow paternal pasture; but that he shall be enabled to become not merely a pride and pleasure to his father, but worthy of his nation. It is that which he has to serve.

Besides, shall the poorest souled individual be free to inculcate his private crotchet, and the nation's best and wisest be prohibited from teaching that which is the generally acknowledged truth of their time, the actual religion of Humanity?

It may happen that the father is in advance of his time: but who shall guarantee this? Must every child take his chance?

It may also happen that the father's tenets are far behind his time. Shall we, in virtue of our profession of Equality, Liberty, Humanity, after abolishing the slavery of the body, allow the soul of the child to be enslaved, simply because the enslaver is the parent; or deny the child's liberty of growth because a parent would have the training of him; and rob the Future of its worker, its soldier, and its priest, because some one called a parent claims the child as his rather than God's?

If a government—the elect of a nation, the real priesthood of the people, their wiser voice, then indeed the "Voice of God," for the people is the sole interpreter of his law—if a government have a faith to teach, what individual out of the mass shall step between them and the child to forbid their uttering that faith in the child's ears? If the "government" is imbecile, or so buried in dirty traffic, that it has no faith, then let all true men combine, or, failing combination, let every brave man for himself do his utmost, to keep his children from being contaminated by the abominable doctrines which alone such a misgovernment could teach. But if it is your own chosen government, and has a faith?—Where is the room for this very English jealousy of a compulsory State-education?

"And religious education also?" EDUCATION IS RELIGIOUS. Meaning by religion that which binds Humanity to God; that which links the ages together, making of every generation one strong and perfect link, welded into one by faith in the necessity of harmonising men's lives—man's life—with the Eternal, and by the organization which such faith would insure to a nation. This is religion: the teaching of which is the highest duty, function, and object of government. Sectarian dogmas and ceremonies are not included here. It may be left to voluntary zeal to determine with what verbal forms, with what gestures, or upon what particular occasions, such and such a congregation shall sing or pray together. It is a matter of individual liberty, with which, so long as public decency remains unoffended, or private right unassailed, the State has no business to meddle. The ceremonial observances of some few hours a week may be left to the conscience of the sect, or of the individual; but the religion which is to actuate the daily life of the whole people is the proper affair of government, if government is to be real.

There is no middle course between this organization of human life and the anarchy of our present system, an anarchy which is called liberty, but which is only the unrestrained tyranny of the stronger. How this sort of license results, private vice and selfishness, national crime, and weakness,

and degradation, and ruin, may only too soon inform us.

After all, it is not for individual liberty—the right of conscience or of speech—for which men need have fear when intrusting the education of the nation's youth to those whom the nation shall have chosen as its government. Teach as zealously and as carefully as you will in your State-schools—the fear will still be, not of the government teacher overlaying the parental doctrine, but of the parent—if so disposed—by daily opposition or perversion, eradicating the lessons of the public school.

In all cases too (as a necessary consequence of the law of progress) however excellent your arrangements, there will be a minority to complain, and perhaps to suffer. The minority here will be those very few wiser than their time, who could teach their children even better than the collective wisdom of their nation. But how much would these have to complain of? Free out of school hours to teach their children, if they had but to add the higher knowledge their task would be easy; neither would time or opportunity be wanting if haply they had somewhat to correct. They have their voice, too, in the councils of the nation, to make their greater wisdom heard—with it to convince even the schoolmasters, if its sound may be of sufficient potency.

W. J. LINTON.

TO THE SECRETARIES OF TRADES' UNIONS, AND ALL OTHER INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

ANXIOUS to increase the usefulness of the *Red Republican*, I respectfully request the earliest intelligence of:—

The formation and progress of Trades' Unions, Co-operative Associations, and other industrial bodies;

Attempts to reduce wages, and acts of robbery and oppression, perpetrated under the system of "fines and abatements;"

Strikes, with clear and authenticated information of the question or questions at issue between the contending parties;

The results of co-operative experiments, and the beneficial effect, or otherwise, upon the workers not connected, as well as connected, with the said experiments. And all other matters affecting the condition of the working-classes generally.

A portion of the *Red Republican* will be set apart for the publication of the intelligence desired.

Communications must be concise and clear. As much must be compressed into little compass, I shall hold myself at liberty to give the substance, without giving every word of the letters received.

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

MAZZINI AND KOSSUTH MEDALS.—SIR,—The fable of the bundle of sticks should have a deep meaning for the people, and it is gratifying to perceive that there is a hope of individualities increasing their power by a "Democratic and Social Union." It is also cheering to find that the Italian patriots have issued a programme indicative of union and of action. The writer has recently visited several of the northern counties, and a strong desire was manifested by many that the liberals of London should take the initiative in inviting Kossuth to visit England. The hearty reception of Kossuth would prove an enlivening contrast to the retreat of Haynau, and constitute pleasant news for the *Times* to convey to its patron, the Emperor of Austria! A medal should be struck to commemorate the noble deeds of Italy and Hungary. Every reformer should have a medal, containing faithful profiles of Kossuth and Mazzini, with the names of Rome, Venice, Buda-Pesth, Comorn, &c., on the other side. Such a medal would be a memento of the past, and an incentive to future union and action. [VOTELESS TRAVELLER.]

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✂ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from Booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

✂ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

* * Desirous of having a greater variety of articles than has hitherto appeared in the *Red Republican*, we respectfully request our correspondents to study brevity. Non-compliance with this request will entail upon us the disagreeable task of either curtailing or altogether excluding articles which, if of reasonable length, and otherwise acceptable, will meet with a ready welcome to our columns.

✂ The translation of "*Republic and Royalty in Italy*" is completed in the present number of the *Red Republican*. In our next number will appear The Manifesto of the Italian National Committee to the Italian People.

Mr. BEZER.—In answer to several correspondents, we have to state that Mr. Bezer's present address is No. 6, Sycamore-street, Old-street, St. Luke's.

To THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.—Sir, I hail with great satisfaction the admission quoted from the *Scottish Press* in No. 17 of the *Red Republican*. I sincerely wish every newspaper in the three kingdoms could be forced to make a similar statement to that of the *Scottish Press* with reference to the success of the *Red*, in each particular locality; but such can only be accomplished by such men as Ernest Jones announcing the existence of the "*Red*" and recommending it to support at every public meeting he or they may address. Even in this city (Glasgow) on the night of Mr. Jones' lecture, I met several staunch friends who previously knew nothing of the *Red*, but who promised to get it for the future. Several of your correspondents have thrown out some excellent hints for the increase of the sale of the *Red Republican*. I do not object to the course laid down by them, but I humbly submit that the system I have alluded to would also do much good; both ought to have a fair trial. It gives me pleasure to inform you that the *Red* is much appreciated by its readers in Glasgow.

Yours fraternally,

ALEX. HENDERSON SMITH.

M. R. suggests that the friends of the *Red Republican* should distribute and forward copies to the various and numerous persons employed on railways in Great Britain and Ireland; also place copies on the tables of public houses and coffee-shops where permission can be obtained, and to change them weekly.

[We beg to assure M. R. that any communications concerning the wrongs of sailors will meet with special attention on our part.]

BRISTOL.—A friend desires to remind the "Reds" of Bristol, and its neighbourhood, that Mr. Clark, of Castle-mill-street, supplies the *Red Republican*, and is always anxious to promote its sale. Our friend adds that "Mr. Clark is a real working democrat, and for his ardent services in the good cause, is entitled to the support of all true 'Reds'."

W. F. BOWLEY.—Malmesbury. Received.—Thanks.

G. SMITH, Salford.—We intend the letters to appear, but with so small a paper, so many correspondents, and very many readers who are not particularly partial to currency polemics, we cannot find room for them at present. The suggested monthly supplement for the publication of correspondence only is good in theory, but we fear would in practice turn out a failure, not through any lack of writers, but through want of purchasers.

HENRY ESSEAY, Bookseller and British Republican, New Manor-street, Chelsea, complains that the post-office "gents" have been amusing themselves by charging his customers enormous sums for the postage of newspapers, under the pretext that the said papers had been posted "not according to Act of Parliament." The pretended illegality seems to have consisted in Mr. Essay wrapping the papers in strips of old placards and window-bills—the strips containing nothing readable. Our correspondent should apply to the Postmaster General for redress; whether such application would be successful, remains to be seen.

H. B. NICHOLLS.—The lines shall appear; but not until near the opening of Parliament.

POETRY.—"The Slave's Hymn," and the lines on "Hungarian Patriotism," are inadmissible.

G. J. WADMAN.—The definitions, as a whole, are not "up to the mark." We may use some of them.

J. B., Bradford.—We have not room for your communication.

ROBERT WOOD.—The subscription was acknowledged in last week's *Red Republican*. We are much pleased with your letter. If the lecturers would hold forth in a like strain, they would best serve the cause they advocate.

"BRITANNICUS."—We have not room for the paragraphs.

A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE-CLASS.—Sir,—Since the first days of Chartism, I have been, although a middle-class man, "a determined Chartist." But for years it has been a source of grief to me to perceive that the worst enemies of the people, and of Chartism, were the people themselves! What hope could any man have of a class of apparently willing slaves? a class which, with many bright exceptions, seems to be devoid of either interest in, or in-

elination for, political freedom. My business brings me into extensive and close contact with the working-men in my neighbourhood, and I have over and over again spoken with them concerning the great questions which ought to be of vital interest to them; but I declare that their apathy, their indifference, their ignorance—nay, their boasted sneaking, methodical opposition to any proposed attempt to better their condition, have so sickened and disheartened me, that I have said to myself in despair, "What have I to do with these miserable slaves? Why should I lose caste with my own friends and class, for the sake of a set of people who like to be trampled on?" The argument, that the people are not fit to have the suffrage, has told upon my mind with fearful power, when I have witnessed, many and many a time, their blind adherence to their real enemies, and their shabby and ungrateful treatment of their self-sacrificing friends. I almost have thought that education must be had before anything important can be done for the working-class—and that the attempt to make free men of the existing materials must inevitably prove a failure. But the new campaign opened by Reynolds and yourself, in your respective papers, has roused me from the "Slough of Despond," into which I had fallen. . . . I think Mr. Shackleton's plan of organization admirably adapted to spread information, raise funds, and further the great cause—his recommendation of exclusive dealing hits the nail on the head. The upper and middle classes practise this to the very utmost, while the Proletarians generally support the man who makes most tinsel show, talks most largely, and hates them in his heart most cordially. I have experienced this too often. Well, then, to prove to you that I am not merely supporting you in words, I promise to transmit you a guinea yearly, as my subscription to Mr. Shackleton's scheme—the first guinea to be sent within three months of the actual commencement of operations, as recorded in your paper.

FORWARD.

THE PEEL MONUMENTS.—Sir,—Is it not most degrading to find men amongst the working-class (after all the preaching that has been for years upon years warning them against their enemies), who have the unmanliness to support the erection of monuments to one who, when living, opposed all measures brought before government for the political and social emancipation of the labouring classes? Peel was one of the gang who supported the Whigs, when that faction incarcerated the people's best friends in dungeons, in the ever memorable year 1848; and now that those friends are ever returning to the bosoms of their families, after two years' suffering, they hear of the very class for whom they "fought and suffered," subscribing for monuments to one of the authors of all their sufferings! Oh, Englishmen! have you eyes—have you hearts? But, what is the use of writing thus, or saying anything about it; the people have been "gulled" by masked enemies and false friends. It was the intention of the Peelites in this town (Heywood) to follow out the duping system, but they were timely stopped by a counter placard being issued (on which were some very civil questions and sound advice). Yours, in the cause of democratic and social progress, JAMES BUTTERWORTH.

YORK LOYALTY AND DEMOCRACY.—Dear Sir,—A few days ago, I attended a meeting in the Leetown Hall, Goodramgate, to take into consideration the best means of affording the working classes an opportunity of visiting the great princely bauble of 1851. George Leman, Esq., in the chair. This gentleman professed the greatest sympathy for the working classes. He was supported on the platform by members of the middle class, who also sympathised, &c., but who all their lives have opposed every scheme that had for its object the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The fact is, they wish to step into municipal power at the forthcoming elections and by coming out in this way, they hope to succeed in gullying the working classes. It was proposed to raise a subscription-fund, and the chairman subscribed £50; a committee was likewise appointed to consist of six working men and six gentlemen to manage the scheme. When the chairman announced his intention to subscribe £50, it was received by the audience with one shout of approbation. Oh! how that meeting principally composed of working men, swallowed the gilded pill of the middle class! A man in the body of the room proposed a Fraternal Democrat as one of the committee. When asked if he would stand, the Democrat rose manfully and told them he would not—he considered it a middle-class move. The greatest confusion arose, some shouted, some hissed, others cried "put him out!" and "put him down!" and all this from the class to which he belongs—the working class! So much for York, the second city of England, where the ancient Romans have left the track of their civilizing footsteps. I have been a few weeks here, and can see nothing but arrogance and ignorance. The Mayor issued a proclamation to the inhabitants to illuminate their windows in honour of Prince Albert's visit, and numerous persons illuminated their houses, at a great expense. Blind worshippers of Royalty! Are there no misery and want existing in York? Go, visit the lanes and cellars, there they will find misery in abundance. Sons of toil! a word from a brother:—Your willing slavery is your curse. When will you show yourselves men? When will you, who are enlightened, set about working with the zeal of apostles to enlighten your deluded brothers? Let your deeds answer

A SON OF TOIL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE POLISH AND HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.—The Democratic Convivial Meeting Committee, Dundee, per James Graham, £1. "Three Welsh Reds," 9d.

FOR THE TYPEFOUNDERS.—A few Tailors, Jermy-n-street, 1s.

NOW READY
PART FOUR OF THE RED
REPUBLICAN,

Stitched in a handsome wrapper,—Price Sixpence.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon*.

TRADES MOVEMENTS—THE BASE NEWSPAPER-PRESS.

In this day's *Red Republican* we commence a "Record" of the struggles of the sons of "Labour." A glance thereat will show that even in "these piping times of peace" and "prosperity," numbers of the wealth-producers are engaged in a defensive war for the protection of their hard-earned wages against the grasping attacks of conspiring capitalists and plundering profitmongers. The extent of space occupied with the accounts of strikes precludes any notice of co-operative and other associations, which, however, shall have our attention in succeeding numbers.

At present we have not space to do justice to the meeting of Tailors in St. Martin's Hall, we can merely notice one or two matters connected therewith.

Mr. H. MAYHEW has set an example which we are afraid but few of the press-gang will imitate, but which entitles him to the thanks of all honest men. Employed by the *Morning Chronicle* to investigate the state of "Labour and the Poor" in the metropolitan districts, Mr. MAYHEW resolved that the whole truth should be laid bare so far as he could come at that truth. He soon found that any statement of facts which he reported and which ran counter to the Malthusian notions of the conductors of the *Chronicle*, was burked. Mr. MAYHEW remonstrated, but in vain; and after long-continued bickerings he threw up his engagement rather than submit to the mangling of his letters and the suppression of the truth. Two or three days after quitting the *Chronicle* there appeared in that journal an article highly puffing the Messrs. NICOL, Tailors, of Regent Street, and indirectly invalidating the statements previously published in the *Chronicle* by Mr. MAYHEW. That gentleman thereupon wrote to the editor requesting him to state in his next number that he (Mr. M.) was not the author of the objectionable article. The editor refused!

Notwithstanding the importance of the meeting, and that all the daily papers had reporters present, not a word concerning the meeting appeared in the *Times*. In the *Chronicle*, the resolutions only were given, every word of Mr. MAYHEW's speech being burked. The *Daily News* and *Morning Advertiser* gave shabby notices rather than reports. The *Morning Herald* contained a pretty fair account of the proceedings, although the report was not so full as it might have been. How came this to pass? *Firstly*, the press-gang being "birds of a feather" desired to screen the *Chronicle* from the odium

naturally excited by Mr. MAYHEW's revelations; *secondly*, the meeting being called mainly for the purpose of unveiling the hypocrisy, humbug, and heartlessness of Mr. Sheriff NICOL, the proceedings were burked, in order to save him from public infamy. But why so? Because NICOL is rich, a civic dignitary, and a mighty advertiser, spending some thousands yearly on the puffing of his sweater-wrought paletots, &c., &c. Hence the bribed-bought silence of the Press.

Never until the hateful laws that bind the press are broken, defied, and effaced from the statute-book, will the working classes be adequately represented in the public journals. Then, but not until then, will the Press be the exponent of Truth, the champion of Justice, and the scourge of Hypocrisy, Humbug, and Oppression. Who will help us to win that most pressing necessary of all reforms, a thoroughly free and untaxed Press?

Republic and Royalty in Italy.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Translated expressly for this Publication.

CHAPTER. XII.

THE NATIONAL PARTY.

In Italy, since the fall of Pius the Ninth, since the fall of Charles Albert, since the word gone forth from Rome, there no more exists, there can no more exist, I am pleased to repeat it, any but one single party: the NATIONAL PARTY.

And the political faith of this national party is contained in the following principles:—

Italy wills to be a NATION, for herself and for others by right and for duty; right of collective life, of collective education,—duty towards Humanity, in the bosom of which she has a mission to fulfil, a truth to promulgate, an idea to spread.

Italy wills to be a Nation, to be One, not in Napoleonic unity, not in an exaggerated administrative centralization, which for the benefit of a capital and a government annuls the liberty of the members; but a nation in the unity of a common pact, the unity of an Assembly—the interpreter of that pact; in the unity of international relations, armies, codes, and education, an unity in harmony with the existence of regions circumscribed by local and traditional characters, and with the life of great and strong communes, participating to the utmost possible in power through the means of election, and endowed with all the forces necessary to fulfil the end of Association, the absence of which forces renders them powerless and necessarily subservient to the central government.

The autonomy of present States is an historic error. It has not been through their own spontaneous vitality that States have been formed, but by the arbitrary power of a foreign or local domination. The confederation between states thus constituted, stifled all the power of the Italian mission in Europe, habituated men's minds to fatal rivalries fortified ambitions, and what with these and the inevitable influences of diverse foreign governments, sooner or later destroy both concord and liberty.

Italy wills to be a nation of men equal and free, a nation of brothers associated in the work of common progress. For her thought, work, and the property created by work, are things sacred, sacred also, according to the measure of duties accomplished, the right to the free development of faculties and forces of mind and heart.

The Italian problem, like that of humanity, is a problem of moral education. Italy wills that all her children should become progressively better. She reverences virtue and genius, not riches or force; she desires teachers not masters, the worship of the True, not of Falsehood or Chance. She believes in God and the People; not in a Pope and Kings.

And in order that there may be a people, it is necessary to conquer by action and sacrifice the conscience of its duties and its rights. Independence,—that is to say, the destruction of the internal and external obstacles which are opposed to the constituting of the national life, ought therefore to be obtained not only for the people, but by the people. The war by all, the victory for all.

Insurrection is the battle joined, to conquer the revolution;—that is to say, the nation. The insurrection, then, ought to be national; it ought to break out everywhere with the same flag, the same faith, the same end in view. In whatever place it may arise, it should burst forth in the name of all Italy, and not stop until the emancipation of the whole of Italy be accomplished.

Insurrection finishes where revolution begins. The first is war, the second a pacific manifestation. The insurrection and the revolution ought therefore to be governed by different laws and regulations.

It is to a power concentrated in the hands of certain men chosen by the insurgent people, because of their virtuous renown, and proved energy, that it belongs to execute the mandate of the insurrection, and to finish the struggle; it is to the people alone, only to their representatives, that the government of the revolution belongs.

In the first period all is provisional; and so soon as the country is freed, from the Sea to the Alps, the NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY, assembled at Rome, the Capital and holy City of the Nation, will utter to Italy and to Europe the thought of the People. And God will bless its work.

All those who accept these bases belong to the NATIONAL PARTY. Out of this, there is not, and there cannot be anything, except factions; they stir themselves without real life; thus may spoil and corrupt: but can never create.

To create: to create a people! It is time, O young men! to understand how grand, how holy, and how religious is the work which God confides to you. It may not be accomplished by the tortuous ways of courtly intrigue, nor by the falsehoods of doctrines got up for the needs of the moment; nor by agreements destined to be broken on the first favourable opportunity, but only through long practice and the living example given to the multitudes, of an austere virtue, through the travail of the soul, and sacrifices of blood—through the incessant preaching of the truth—through the audacity of faith—through that solemn, indomitable, unalterable enthusiasm which fills the heart of man when he recognizes no master but God—no means but the people—no other way but the direct line—no other end but the future of Italy.

Be ye such, and fear no obstacles. But drive out of the temple the buyers and sellers of conferences and portfolios. Repulse, without pity, the little Machiavels of the anti-chamber—the diplomatists in expectancy—who insinuate themselves into your ranks to murmur in your ears projects of friendly courts, of emancipating princes. What henceforth can they give you, except ridiculous illusions, likely to break the unity of the national party, and to sow the germ of corruption? For two years they held in their hands all the forces, all the soul of the nation, a king in whom the multitude hailed the conqueror of independence, a pope in whom the multitude revered, the initiator of liberty—and they have given you the armistice of Salasco, and the defeat of Novara: ruin and shame! To-day, puppets in the hands of other courtiers and of other diplomatists, more worn out by profligacy than themselves, through a longer practice of tricks and basenesses, they cannot even evoke those phantoms, and are reduced to ponder between a duke of Modena and the prince who signed the peace with Austria. And soon such a conflict will arise between the two contending principles in Europe, that will scatter these petty princes and monarchical conspirators, and their petty projects of fusion, as the hurricane scatters the tiny flowers of the prairie.

The royal war has given a great lesson to the

Lombards, and imposed upon Piedmont a severe obligation.

The Lombards know now that the secret of emancipation is for them a problem of direction.

If they had not, through a blind reverence for an appearance of force, helped the traitors into their own cause—if they had trusted more to Italy than to the king of Piedmont—if, instead of conferring the command of the war upon a coterie of courtiers, they had conferred it upon men like those who had directed the insurrection—they would have triumphed. Sooner or later the days of March can and must be renewed. May the lesson then be recollected!

Upon the Piedmontese lies the obligation of proving to Italy and to Europe that they are Italians, and not mere servitors of a family of kings. That they marched to combat in the plains of Lombardy, not as blind instruments of the ambitious wills of one man or of a few intriguers, but as the armed apostles of the noblest cause that God can fructify in the heart of man—the creation of a People, the liberty of their country. On them lies the obligation of proving that they were neither cowards nor deceivers, but indeed themselves deceived and conquered by the faults of others. On them lies the obligation of tearing that treaty which accuses them of impotence, of restoring to the army its ancient renown, unjustly ravished, of washing out in the enemies' blood the shame of their defeat, and of saying to their hesitating brothers—*It is we who are the sword of Italy*. Let their flag be that of twenty-six millions of free men—their cry to the rescue ROME and MILAN, UNITY and INDEPENDENCE—their army the first legion of the national forces. How grand will be this glory, compared with that of being a royal fragment, without base and without future, unceasingly oscillating, thanks to feeble or perverse governors, between the threats of Austria and the yoke of the Jesuits!

Let Lombardy and Piedmont pay their debt. Rome and Italy will not fail in the enterprise.

Here concludes Mazzini's work. The remainder of the volume is occupied by the diplomatic correspondence to which his text refers. These confessions of the political depravity of governments (Lord Palmerston's included) need not be given here. Enough to say, that Mazzini exaggerates nothing. The last "document," however, must be given: that is not a political paper, but the pith of an article written for the "Italy of the People" (published by Mazzini at Lausanne), upon the J. Medici whose note was appended to Chapter X. M. Saffi, the companion of Mazzini in the triumvirate, and in exile, a young nobleman, noble both by birth and nature, a type of poetic heroism, is well qualified to speak of his compatriot. Perhaps the most hopeful sign in all this Italian struggle is the number of young men of lofty natures, of patriotic devotedness, and of transcendent ability, who have crowded around Mazzini, to be pledges of his future triumph! There is no fear for a country when her young men are like these. May my own countrymen emulate their example.

W. J. LINTON.

James Medici of Milan first bore arms in Spain, where he shed his blood for liberty. Later the renown of the valour of the Italians at Monte Video, drew him across the ocean: there he fought by the side of Garibaldi up to the day when tidings of the movement of Italy made him hasten to Lombardy, impatient to devote himself to the holy cause of his country.

After Charles Albert's shameful capitulation, and the armistice of Salasco, he was one of a little number of brave republicans, who prolonged yet a month, with Garibaldi, in Comasco and the Valley of Intelvi, an unequal struggle against the Austrian army,—a struggle signalised by the combats of Luino,—where a strong column of Austrians was entirely destroyed, and by those of Morosona and Rodero, on the frontier of the canton of Tessin—where M. Medici, at the head of one hundred and

fifty men, for four hours sustained the shock of five thousand Austrians, and succeeded in saving his little legion. Other causes rendered these combats sterile; but they were no less glorious for the Italian flag, which bore upon it these words—*God and the People*.

At Rome General Garibaldi confined to him the defence of the line of the *Vascello*, a palace situated between the villa Pamphili and Rome, of the utmost importance for the operations of the siege.

By what prodigies of valour and constancy, and skilful manœuvring,—battered by the artillery which made the walls of the *Vascello* crumble upon them, without, however, being able to dislodge them,—fighting hand to hand with the French troops,—supplying by their audacity the void every day made by death in the ranks of their companions,—M. Medici and his legion were able during the whole siege to defend this line confided to their courage: this is all related by M. Saffi. Three hundred of these brave men fell dead upon this field of honour, a still greater number was wounded; M. Medici himself received two slight wounds,* which did not prevent him from remaining firm at his post.

Even the French soldiers were struck with admiration, and after their entry into Rome, rivalled each other in expressing a sort of military veneration for these brave legionaries, and especially for their young and illustrious commander.

The yet bloody ruins of the *Vascello*, where not one stone rests upon another, excite the astonishment of the curious and attest the heroic valour of its noble defenders. We cannot resist transcribing here the portrait of M. Medici, drawn by M. Saffi. "Whoever, having heard speak of the acts of this young hero, happened to meet with him, could not prevent a feeling of admiration mingled with a lively feeling of love. His seductive figure, remarkable for its easy grace, is stamped with the same rare modesty which he preserves in speaking. Free from all presumption, making no vain account of his valour, he never speaks of himself or what he has done for his country. His belief in the progress of humanity renders his country a second religion for him. His affection for his family is like that of a young girl who has never quitted it. It is this concurrence of the most delicate sentiments of the heart with the firmness and energy of will and character which is always inspired by patriotism and never by a selfish personal calculation, that makes of James Medici a type, which we propose for the imitation of our youthful brothers for the day of our redemption."

Reviews.

Land, Common Property. By Terrigenous. London: Watson, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

The working man who has the fancy for writing under the *nom de guerre* of "Terrigenous," is a strenuous advocate for the nationalization of property in land. This little pamphlet being calculated to aid the good work of popular enlightenment on this vital question, we wish it an extensive circulation. We give the following extract:—

"All land held by individuals is clearly *stolen property*!—stolen out of the common fund, and which may, at any moment, in the name of Justice, be recovered by its owners. The people—the owners of the land—may demand it when they think proper, and take it into their own good possession, and depend upon it this will be done somewhat unceremoniously some day, if the present robbery is perseveringly continued for too long a period. * * * The people cannot commit any robbery in taking possession of that which is legitimately their own."

"When," adds Terrigenous, the people shall universally recognise this great fact, parliament will

be forced to enact "that at the death of the present holders, the various Estates shall drop into the Common Fund. This would be a gradual resumption which no one could complain about, seeing that each one would retain the land he holds until his death."

* * * After declaring land to be common, the government should be empowered to hold it in trust for the people; that all the land should be subject to a fair rental, proportioned to its quality, and the purpose for which it is to be used; that every one should have equal facilities given them of renting it upon equally secure tenures; and that a High-Steward should be appointed, who should superintend the whole affair, receive the rents and pay them into the National Exchequer. Do you see this? Thus you would all own the soil jointly—so would your children, and their children; and though as a lodger in a manufacturing town you cultivated not an inch, yet no one would be a greater lord over it than yourself. The aggregate rental of the land would abolish all taxation, for that would be sufficient to pay all government expenses, for Army and Navy education, and every necessary national expense."

Aspirations of Manhood, &c. By Joseph Morgan. London: J. Pattie, Shoe Lane.

Another working man, who aspires "to indicate the solution of the great problems of the age." Although a somewhat crude composition, this pamphlet contains a good deal of sound sense, particularly in relation to the army. For the answer to the question "Why don't you go for a soldier?" we shall try to find room in our next number. Mr. Morgan, we believe, once had the "honour" of carrying a musket for the defence of "our glorious institutions." What he thinks of that honour will be seen when we give the promised extract.

The Lever: Social and Political. Belfast: James O'Neill, 4, Castle Place.

We have seen only one number of this publication, of date October 4th. If still publishing we cordially wish it success. No. 1 contains some good articles on machinery, the curse of land monopoly, and other subjects. The writers boldly advocate "the supremacy of the sovereign people, and the right of every individual to a voice in determining the nation's form of government, in selecting its rulers, and framing its laws." They proclaim "It should not be a necessity upon any industrious man, that, in order to earn a subsistence, he should be obliged to toil twelve or fourteen hours together; nor upon the poor needlewoman, that, to get a meal in the day, to keep life in, she must ply the busy needle sixteen or eighteen out of the four-and-twenty hours; while the graceless lordling draws his thousands out of the people's purse, and worketh not; and the haughty dame or her giddy daughter, gaily decked in rich attire, serveth fashion's idols—the offerings and the altars supplied from the people's pockets."

They proclaim too that "the landlords have no more exclusive right to the estates they hold than the pirate to the seas he enriches himself on." To all this we can very heartily say "Amen!"

The Christian Socialist. London: Watson, Queen's-head Passage, Paternoster Row.

This is the first number of a new weekly periodical started by the promoters of the London Working Men's Associations. The editors have set themselves to the work of making manifest the Socialism of Christianity and the Christianity of Socialism; and propose to diffuse the principles of co-operation as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry."

The *Christian Socialist* will be conducted on the "happy family" principle. Chartists and Conservatives, Free Traders and Protectionists, Christians and Infidels, are all to work in harmony, to banish competition and establish the reign of co-operation. Thus far the Chartists and Political Reformers generally do not seem to be very well represented in the columns of the *Christian Socialist*; but we must not forget that as yet we have only No. 1 before us. "Parson Lot"—the *nom de guerre* of one

of the "Promoters" of the existing co-operative experiments contributes some valuable "thoughts" on the Frimley Murder. A "gazette" of the progress of the society for promoting associations will be a regular feature of this publication. Our readers know that we have no faith in rose-water revolutions, that we hold there is no salvation for the proletarians except by and through the establishment of their political supremacy, and that, under existing political arrangements, co-operative associations can at the best only ameliorate the condition of a few sufferers; nevertheless we think the associationists do well to have a publication of their own, and in the spirit of fraternity we bid the *Christian Socialist* welcome; of course reserving our right to dissent from its teachings should our sense of duty command the language of remonstrance or censure, instead of concurrence and applause.

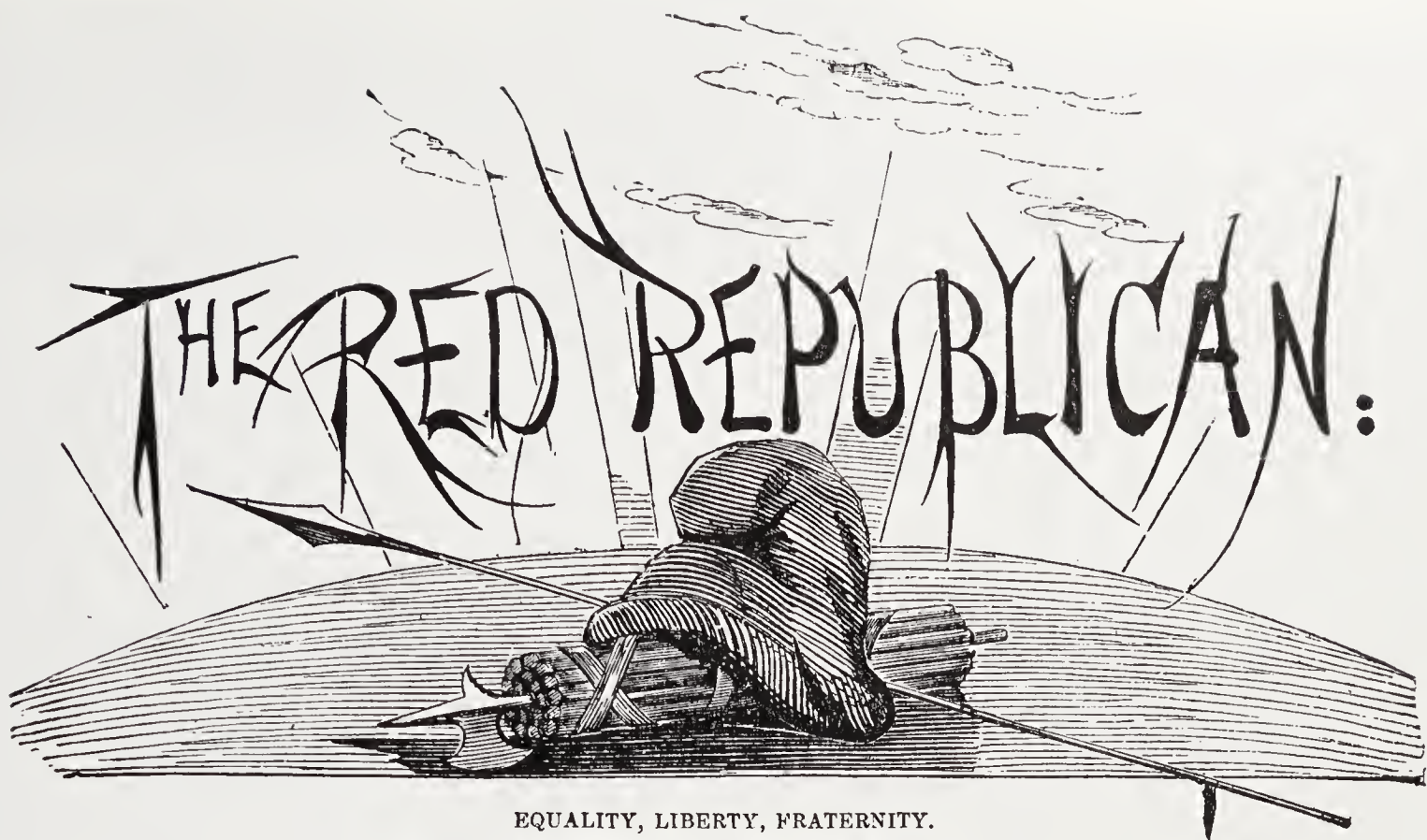
Robert Owen's Journal.

A competitor in the field of co-operation! yet not so, for unique in its way, there is nothing on the face of the earth, nor in the waters under the earth—nor in the heavens above the earth—so far as we are acquainted with the literature of the skies—having any likeness to *Robert Owen's journal*. Being convinced that "there is no periodical publication whose proprietor are so circumstanced that they can advocate the truth," respecting the rational and irrational systems, the Father of Socialism has determined to take the field in person "in order that all may know the means, &c." So much for the first article. The second is devoted to an explanation of the "reasons" for the size of the journal, which is rather dwarfish. Determined to "remake the mind of the world into an infant mind, in order to enable it to receive truths only, and thus, for the first time, to be trained to become rational," Robert Owen's penny paper "must be of small size, to contain short lessons, or only so much mental food as infants can digest at one meal. * * * No more of strong mental food will be given in each publication, than the present weak and disordered state of the public mind can digest at once!" The third article shows the world to be "a great Lunatic Asylum," containing only one sane man—Robert Owen! "To change this lunatic asylum into a rational world will be the work to be accomplished by"—*Robert Owen's Journal!!!* The fourth article informs the reader "what Mr. Owen did at New Lanark!" In the fifth article, Robert Owen snubs his disciples for their ignorance, and promises to enlighten them and the world at large with a "Correct Knowledge of the Rational System." The sixth article contains an extract from Mr. Owen's works, on "Spade Cultivation," with a promise of more extracts in future numbers. The seventh article is simply a list of "Mr. Owen's Publications," and the last article promises to put the extinguisher upon all objectors to the Rational System of Society. Of course "the time has arrived for the rational to supersede the irrational system of the world." Just as it had arrived when No. 1 of *the Crisis* was published in 1832, and again when No. 1 of *The New Moral World* was published in 1834. From a private source we hear that the millennium will really commence in about five weeks' time. The Autocrat Nicholas, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, President Buonaparte, and Pope Pius having become firm believers in the "fundamental facts," are now preparing to inaugurate the Rational System of Society. It is supposed that the first number of *Robert Owen's Journal* will convert the too tardy English Government, that Lord John will be forthwith dismissed, and Robert Owen installed in Downing Street, as Prime Minister and Director-in-Chief of the British Empire. So, after all, we shall arrive at Community without the trouble of passing through the Red Republic!

"O, that will be joyful!"

Plutarch divides the life of statesmen into three ages: In the first he would have them learn the principles of government; in the second reduce them to practice; and in the third instruct others.

* One of these slight wounds was the crushing of his foot by a part of the building which was continually crumbling upon them. E. T.



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
 EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Proletarians and Profitmongers.

THE TAILORS.—THE SWEATING SYSTEM, &c., &c., &c.

I INVITE the serious attention of the working classes in general, and the operative Tailors in particular, to the able article of which the following forms about one half. I regret that the small size of this publication renders this division necessary. The remainder will be given in next Saturday's *Republican*. Joining in practice as well as profession with the execrators of "the slop-and-sweating-system," I am nevertheless impressed with the conviction that St. Martin's Hall resolutions, and petty experiments in co-operation, will prove to be wholly inadequate to combat and overthrow that damnable system. To get at the true remedy it is necessary in the first place to understand the true character of the disease. Hence the publication of the following article, written by a Working Tailor. Of course I know nothing of the tailoring trade professionally. If those belonging to the "honourable trade"—whether employers or employed—have anything to say in opposition to the statements of "A Working Tailor," the *Red Republican* will, so far as space may permit, be open to their communications. My object is to elicit the truth; to know the evil in its true character; to get at a knowledge of the true remedy; and to pursue that remedy fearless of consequences.

G. J. H.

THE WORKING TAILORS OF LONDON.

A meeting of the working tailors of London, consisting chiefly of men working at the so-called "honourable trade" of the West-end, was held in St. Martin's Hall, on the evening of the 28th ult. Mr. Mayhew (author of the letters published in the *Morning Chronicle* under the head of "Labour and the Poor,") in the chair.

The immediate purpose of the meeting was to bear witness to, and confirm the statements made by Mr. Mayhew regarding the men working for Messrs. Nicoll and Co., Regent-street; and to contradict statements contained in an anonymous letter recently published in the *Morning Chronicle*, wherein Messrs. Nicoll's establishment is held up as a model for the whole trade of the United Kingdom, and an attempt is made to prove that the men working for this establishment can earn better wages, and are, on the whole, more comfortably situated, than those working for respectable masters. Proofs were given to the contrary, and a resolution in accordance was carried unanimously. A second resolution was also carried unanimously, wherein it is said that the sweating system is ruinous to the "honourable trade," and the best check upon it would be the withdrawal of the patronage of the public from the establishments depending upon it.

The truth of these resolutions is beyond doubt, for it is an established fact that among all working men the slopworkers, next to the Spitalfields' weavers, are in the most miserable condition. It is also a fact that the number of slopworkers is to those of the "honourable trade" like six to one, and the little that is left of the latter is declining faster and faster.

There is also no doubt that the slopsellers would have to shut up if the public should withdraw their support; but the question is: Can this be done? Can this state of things be counteracted, and if so, is it worth a working man's while to lose time with it?

To the uninformed it must appear, in accordance with the resolutions, that the "honourable trade" could answer all the purposes, and satisfy the claim which society makes on tailoring in general; also that the "honourable" masters pay good wages, merely because they like to see their men well off, and that the latter really do earn good wages! Such is by no means the case. The claim which society makes on tailoring in general is to manufacture clothes at a price, the paying of which is within the reach of every one, from the poorest labourer to the richest aristocrat. This claim cannot be satisfied by the "honourable trade."

It is as clear as noon-day that, at the present rate of wages, very few working men would be able to buy any new articles of clothing if they could not get them cheaper than the "honourable masters" can furnish them. It is a well known fact that the mode of production of all petty, "middle-age," patriarchal industry is a very expensive one, because the article has to go through many hands, who want a profit out of it, and too much of useless and unproductive labour has to be employed and paid for. The "honourable" tailoring trade, being neither more or less than a remnant of feudal society, has to put up with all the industrial disadvantages that can possibly be imagined. The modern merchant tailor differs only from the master tailor of the middle ages in the purchase of raw material. In the middle ages the customers bought their own stuffs, and the tailors made the coats; at present the tailors buy the raw material, and sell the garments. The mode of production is entirely the same as in the middle ages, and accompanied by every possible delay.

The "honourable" master has to wait for an order before he can produce a suit; in most cases the customer has to select the stuff before it can be cut out, and in many cases the stuff is not bought until the customer has chosen. On account of this, and the limited market which the "honourable" master tailor has for his goods, he can only buy small quantities; he can consequently take no advantage of fluctuations in the market, and has always to pay the highest price for his raw material; for on the honourable tailoring trade depends the welfare of wholesale merchants, woollen drapers, trimming-sellers, and all the shop and other men in their respective employ. The stuffs that could easily be sent direct from the manufactory to the tailor, are carried from one town to another, from one street to another, and from one house to another, innumerable men being employed in measuring the stuffs over and over again; others are busily engaged in making out bills and putting every one of these useless transactions down in large books. At every place where the goods remain, perhaps for a day only, a warehouse has to be kept, for which rent, &c. must be paid. The "honourable" master has

to pay for all these little things in the purchase of his raw material, and must ultimately make his customer pay for them.

Nicoll, Moses, and others, on the contrary, being enabled by the extent of the market for their goods to purchase wholesale, take advantage of the fluctuations in the market, buy at the lowest possible market price, and avoid all useless expenditure. Besides this, the "honourable" merchant tailor, whatever the extent of his business may be, must keep a house in some place where rents are high, and though the locality which he occupies may be spacious enough to do twenty times the amount of work that actually is performed, yet he has to keep it to himself. Thus, as things stand at present, the whole of the "honourable trade" at the West-end, occupying perhaps between 500 and 600 houses, does no more business than the three principal firms of the slop trade do in six houses. This, besides increasing the price of clothing, is an utter waste of time, labour, and material. To make ten days' work out of a thing that could be done in half a day, and to occupy 100 sale and cutting rooms, where one or two large ones would answer the purpose, is an imposition on society. It may be said: all this "makes good for trade;" true, but if the working class have an apparent interest for doing useless work in order to get a living, it is their interest still more to combine for subverting a state of things under which they have to do more for their scanty subsistence than society actually requires.

As to the supposed standard wages, £1 16s. per week, or 6d. an hour, it is an insult to the working tailors to talk of it. There are few places where it can be made, few jobs it can be made at, few men who are strong enough and quick enough to make it, and still fewer who get the chance to make it. That the sweating system is a damnable one nobody can deny, but that the public are deluded by concealing that the "honourable system" is almost as bad, is a gross inconsistency on the part of the working tailors. As to the comfort while working, the workshops are almost without any exception either on a level with the coal cellars, where men have to suffer all the injuries of dampness and subterranean vapours, or they are on the very "tip-top" of the house among the chimney pots, where men have to suffer from excessive heat in the summer, and excessive cold in the winter, surrounded by all the filth and dust which rags and wadding can produce (the cleaning of the workshops is almost out of fashion). Bad draughts are common to all shops, and occasionally a little rain on the boards which the men have to sit upon, because masters consider it useless expenditure to have walls, doors, skylights, &c. well secured. In addition to these blessings, the work in the "honourable" shops is not only very fluctuating, but also badly distributed among those who are fortunate enough to get a constant place. Besides the slackness occasioned by the change of seasons and the irregularity of orders from the customers, there is a continual slackness for some in the shops. There are always some men who get the preference from masters and foremen. Some get it through sneaking and crawling, others through prejudice; in some instances through merit. These always get the first and best money-making jobs; the rest get only work when the favourites are fully supplied, and generally the worst paying jobs. Hence it happens that two men working equally well, sit in the same shop from Monday morning until Saturday night, and the one goes home perhaps with from 24 to 36 shillings in his pocket, while the other goes with from 5 to 10 shillings. But as all men who stop in the shops must get some sort of a living, miserable as it may be, out of their work, the wages must be so that they can at least make partly up for the lost time when they get a job. There are others who are only occasionally called into the shops; these must also earn sufficient when at work to carry themselves through their miserable existence when out of work.

The "honourable master" is always obliged to keep more men on his premises than he can employ on an average.

It frequently happens that orders come in suddenly which must be almost instantly executed, and it would not be convenient to call in entire strangers on every occasion, for this briskness lasts sometimes half a day or a day only, seldom for a week, and scarcely ever for a month, except in the spring. Hence it is clear that if the "honourable master" was only paying the minimum, though the wages scarcely amount to this on an average, he would have to discontinue his trade, since men could not afford to wait, either in the shops or out of them, until he has occasion for them. Therefore it does not depend on the master whether he likes to pay comparatively good wages or not; though both masters and men may believe it is only because of the master's good will. There are of course some exceptions, but on the whole, if masters like to try the experiment they will soon find themselves losers by it. Besides the above stated grievances, there is an incessant fidgeting and humping with trying on, waiting for trimmings, &c. That is almost intolerable, and the "sack" is threatened at every moment if men don't sneakily submit to the stipulated conditions. Such are the blessings of the "honourable trade." Ask any man of common sense is this branch of industry worth preserving?

From the above statements it is obvious that the charges of the "honourable masters," since they also want to accumulate fortunes, must always be at the maximum, while the income of all the industrious is reduced to the minimum. Therefore, the great bulk of the people cannot afford to pay the prices of the "honourable" tradesmen, and the "honourable trade" cannot satisfy the claim of society.

Let us now proceed to the slop or sweating system. How did it come into existence? Whence did it proceed? How is it that it could make such rapid progress? Who are the degraded wretches that make garments for six shillings while others get eighteen?

These are questions which every working man of common sense ought to ask himself, and investigate the matter thoroughly. It is as easy for the working tailors to condemn the sweating system, and appeal to the public to withdraw their support, without going deeper into the matter, as it is for the Church of England clergy to offer prayers to heaven against the cholera or a famine, without contributing a hair's breadth to the health of the people or the production of food. But let us proceed with our inquiry.

There was a time when governments attempted to check the increase of wages which masters offered. The history of England tells us that the 8th of George III. prohibits, under heavy penalties, all master tailors in London and five miles round it from giving, and their workmen from accepting, more than two shillings and seven-pence half-penny a day, except in case of a general mourning.*

However, that was the time when modern manufacturing industry, steam power and machinery had scarcely made its appearance, and as the demand in the home as well as in the foreign market was continually increasing, it followed as a necessary consequence that the demand for labour, or what is the same thing, for working men, was also increasing. In modern bourgeois society, the state of competition, the price of working men is regulated by the same laws as that of any other commodity, it follows that whenever the demand for labour increases, its price, or wages, increase also. The above mentioned law regarding the tailors of London was enacted because some of the masters who worked for the higher classes, paid their men three shillings a day, which others could not afford. To secure the less fortunate masters against losing their workmen, the law was enacted. At that time some of the tailors had commenced furnishing the cloth, and could, therefore, pay higher wages than those who only made coats out of their customers' stuffs.

* The average price of wheat at that time was very little different from the present, and if working tailors now realise 15s. 9d. a week they are as well off as their ancestors were 82 years ago; so much for the good old times.

When the tailor, furnishes the stuff, he has a profit out of it, but he also runs the risk of keeping the garment on his hands if it is not done in proper time. The supply of workmen being scarce at the time, they paid more to entice men to leave other places and come to them whenever they had occasion for them.*

After machinery had been introduced into the cotton and woollen trades, stuffs became cheaper, and it became fashionable to leave the furnishing of clothing material entirely to the tailors, and we have many a striking proof in this metropolis what a nice thing they have made of it.

As in the latter end of the last and the beginning of this century, in consequence of a continual increase of manufacturing industry, the supply of workmen was always below the demand, luxury (of which clothing forms a part among the higher classes) increasing at the same ratio as trade and industry in general, the working tailors in London, despite the 8th of George III., had raised their wages to six shillings a day; or, at least, the time paid for the work was so that an average hand could make six shillings a day. This was the standard at the time when the European peace of 1815 was concluded. In the busy time there was always a want of hands, and the slack season being short there was a "vacation fund" provided for those who might happen to become vacant. When men at present talk about "the good old time" when there was plenty of work and high wages, they generally mean that particular period; for in the time previous to the introduction of modern manufacturing industry, the position of a working man was by no means an enviable one. But in that period, with regard to the tailors of London, it was not a rare case to see two "captains" (a captain in a tailor's shop is a sort of demi-overseer) decide by a fight which of them should take the "vacant" to his shop. At present it would be more likely to see the "vacants" fight which of them should have the job. However, this glorious state of things did not last long.

A WORKING TAILOR.

(To be concluded in No. 23.)

German Communism.

MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

CHAPTER I.

BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS.

(Continued from No. 21.)

The development of the Proletariat has kept pace with the development of the middle-class—that is, with the development of capital; for the modern working men can live only as long as they find work, and they find it only as long as their labour increases capital. These workers, who must sell themselves by piecemeal to the highest bidder, are a commodity like other articles of commerce, and, therefore, are equally subject to all the variations of the market, and the effects of competition. Through the division of labour and the extension of machinery, work has lost its individual character, and therefore its interest for the operative. He has become merely an accessory to, or a part of the machine, and all that is required of him is a fatiguing, monotonous, and merely mechanical operation. The expense the wages-slave causes the capitalist is, therefore, equal to the cost of his keep and of the propagation of his race. The price of labour, like that of any other commodity, is equal to the cost of its production. Therefore wages decrease in proportion as the work to be performed becomes mechanical, monotonous, fa-

* The same has been practised at Stultz's until recently where at some particular season of the year perhaps four times the number of men were wanted than at other times. In order to get them he paid six shillings a day to every one who was in the shop. This enticed them to leave other places, though they knew it was only for some weeks. Now that there are always plenty of men to serve, wages have been reduced to the standard of other shops.

figuring, and repulsive. Further, in proportion as the application of machinery and the division of labour increase, the amount of work increases also, whether it be through an increase in the hours of work, or in the quantity of it demanded in a given time, or through an increased rate of velocity of the machinery employed.

The modern industrial system has changed the little shop of the primitive patriarchal master into the large factory of the Bourgeois—capitalist. Masses of operatives are brought together in one establishment, and organized like a regiment of soldiers; they are placed under the superintendence of a complete hierarchy of officers and sub-officers. They are not only the slaves of the whole middle-class (as a body,) of the Bourgeois political régime,—they are the daily and hourly slaves of the machinery, of the foreman, of each individual manufacturing Bourgeois. This despotism is the more hateful, contemptible, and aggravating, because *gain* is openly proclaimed to be its only object and aim. In proportion as labour requires less physical force and less dexterity—that is, in proportion to the development of the modern industrial system—is the substitution of the labour of women and children for that of men. The distinctions of sex and age have no social meaning for the Proletarian class. Proletarians are merely so many instruments which cost more or less, according to their sex and age. When the using-up of the operative has been so far accomplished by the mill-owner that the former has got his wages, the rest of the Bourgeoisie, householders, shopkeepers, pawnbrokers, &c., fall upon him like so many harpies.

The petty Bourgeoisie, the inferior ranks of the middle-class, the small manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, and farmers, tend to become Proletarians, partly because their small capital succumbs to the competition of the millionaire, and partly because the modes of production perpetually changing, their peculiar skill loses its value. Thus the Proletariat is recruited from various sections of the population.

This Proletarian class passes through many phases of development, but its struggle with the middle-class dates from its birth. At first the struggle is carried on by individual workmen, then by those belonging to a single establishment, then by those of an entire trade in the same locality, against the individuals of the middle-class who directly use them up. They attack not only the middle-class system of production, but even the instruments of production; they destroy machinery and the foreign commodities which compete with their products; they burn down factories, and try to re-attain the position occupied by the producers of the middle ages. At this moment of development, the Proletariat forms a disorganized mass, scattered throughout the country, and divided by competition. A more compact union is not the effect of their own development, but is the consequence of a middle-class union; for the Bourgeoisie requires, and for the moment are still enabled to set the whole Proletariat in motion, for the furtherance of their own political ends; developed in this degree, therefore, the Proletarians do not fight their own enemies, but the enemies of their enemies, the remains of absolute monarchy, the land-owners, the non-manufacturing part of the Bourgeoisie and the petty shopocracy. The whole historical movement is thus, as yet, concentrated in the hands of the Bourgeoisie, every victory is won for them. But the increase of the Proletariat keeps pace with the evolution of production; the working-class is brought together in masses, and learns its own strength. The interests and position of different trades become similar, because machinery tends to reduce wages to the same level, and to make less and less difference between the various kinds of labour. The increasing competition amongst the middle-class, and the commercial crises consequent thereupon, make wages always more variable, while the incessant improvements in machinery make the position of

the Proletarians more and more uncertain, and the collisions between the individual workmen and the individual masters, assume more and more the character of collisions between two classes. The workmen commence to form trades-unions against the masters; they turn out, to prevent threatened reductions in their wages. They form associations to help each other in, and to provision themselves for these occasional revolts. Here and there the struggle takes the form of riots.

From time to time the Proletarians are, for a moment, victorious, yet the result of their struggle is not an immediate advantage, but the ever increasing union amongst their class. This union is favoured by the facility of communication under the modern industrial system, whereby the Proletarians belonging to the remotest localities are placed in connection with each other. But connection is all that is wanting to change innumerable local struggles, having all the same character, into one national struggle—into a battle of classes. Every battle between different classes is a political battle, and the union, which it took the burghers of the middle ages centuries to bring about, by means of their few and awkward roads, can be accomplished in a few years by the modern Proletarians, by means of railways and steamships. This organisation of the Proletarians into a class, and therewith into a political party, is incessantly destroyed by the competitive principle. Yet it always reappears, and each time it is stronger and more extensive. It compels the legal acknowledgment of detached Proletarian rights, by profiting of the divisions in the bourgeois camp. For example, the Ten Hours' Bill in England. The struggles of the ruling classes amongst themselves are favourable to the development of the Proletariat. The middle-class has always been in a state of perpetual warfare—first, against the aristocracy; and then against that part of itself whose interests are opposed to the further evolution of the industrial system; and, thirdly, against the bourgeoisie of other countries. During all of these battles, the middle-class has ever been obliged to appeal for help to the Proletarians, and so to draw the latter into the political movement. This class, therefore, has armed the Proletarians against itself, by letting them share in its own means of cultivation. Further, as we have already seen, the evolution of the industrial system has thrown a large portion of the ruling class into the ranks of the Proletarians, or at least rendered the means of subsistence very precarious for this portion. A new element of progress for the Proletariat. Finally, as the settlement of the class-struggle draws near, the process of dissolution goes on so rapidly within the ruling-class—within the worn-out body politic—that a small fraction of this class separates from it, and joins the revolutionary class, in whose hands lies the future. In the earlier revolutions a part of the noblesse joined the bourgeoisie; in the present one, a part of the bourgeoisie is joining the Proletariat, and particularly a part of the Bourgeois-ideologists, or middle-class thinkers, who have attained a theoretical knowledge of the whole historical movement.

The Proletariat is the only truly revolutionary Class amongst the present enemies of the Bourgeoisie. All the other classes of Society are being destroyed by the modern Industrial system, the Proletariat is its peculiar product. The small manufacturers, shopkeepers, proprietors, peasants, &c., all fight against the Bourgeoisie, in order to defend their position as small Capitalists. They are, therefore, not revolutionary, but conservative. They are even reactionary, for they attempt to turn backwards the chariot wheels of History. When these subordinate classes are revolutionary, they are so with reference to their necessary absorption into the Proletariat; they defend their future, not their present, interests,—they leave their own Class-point of view to take up that of the Proletariat.

The Mob,—this product of the decomposition of the lowest substrata of the old Social system,—is

partly forced into the revolutionary Proletarian movement. The social position of this portion of the people makes, it, however, in general a ready and venal tool for Reactionist intrigues.

The vital conditions of Society, as at present constituted, no longer exist for the Proletariat. Its very existence, is a flagrant contradiction to those conditions. The Proletarian has no property; the relation in which he stands to his family has nothing in common with Middle-class family relationships; the modern system of industrial labour, the modern slavery of Labour under Capital, which obtains in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has robbed him of his National Character. Law, Morality, Religion, are for him so many Middle-class prejudices, under which so many Middle-class interests are concealed. All the hitherto dominant Classes, have tried to preserve the position they had already attained, by imposing the conditions under which they possessed and increased their possessions, upon the rest of Society. But the Proletarians can gain possession of the Productive power of Society,—of the instruments of Labour,—only by annihilating their own, hitherto acknowledged mode of appropriation and, with this, all previous modes of appropriation. The Proletarians have nothing of their own to secure, their task is to destroy all previously existing private securities and possessions. All the historical movements hitherto recorded were the movements of minorities, or movements in the interest of minorities. The Proletarian movement is the independent movement of the immense majority in favour of the immense majority. The Proletariat, the lowest stratum of existing society, cannot arouse, cannot rise without causing the complete disruption and dislocation of all the superincumbent classes.

Though the struggle of the Proletariat against the Bourgeoisie is not a National struggle in its Content,—or Reality—it is so in its Form. The Proletarians of every country must settle accounts with the Bourgeoisie there.

While we have thus sketched the general aspect presented by the development of the Proletariat, we have followed the more or less concealed Civil War pervading existing Society; to the point where it must break forth in an open Revolution, and where the Proletarians arrive at the supremacy of their own class through the violent fall of the Bourgeoisie. We have seen, that all previous forms of Society have rested upon the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed Classes. But in order to oppress a Class, the conditions under which it can continue at least its enslaved existence must be secured. The Serf in the Middle Ages, even within his serfdom, could better his condition and become a member of the Commune; the burghers could become a Middle-class under the yoke of feudal Monarchy. But the modern Proletarian, instead of improving his condition with the development of modern industry, is daily sinking deeper and deeper even below the conditions of existence of his own Class. The Proletarian tends to become a pauper; and Pauperism is more rapidly developed than population and Wealth. From this it appears, that the Middle-class is incapable of remaining any longer the ruling Class of Society, and of compelling Society to adopt the conditions of Middle-class existence as its own vital conditions. This Class is incapable of governing, because it is incapable of ensuring the bare existence of its Slaves, even within the limits of their slavery, because it is obliged to keep them, instead of being kept by them. Society can no longer exist under this Class, that is, its existence is no longer compatible with that of Society. The most indispensable condition for the existence and supremacy of the Bourgeoisie, is the accumulation of Wealth in the hands of private individuals, the formation and increase of Capital. The condition upon which Capital depends is the Wages-system, and this system again, is founded upon the Competition of the Proletarians with each other. But the progress of the modern industrial system, towards which the Bourgeoisie lend an unconscious and involuntary

support, tends to supersede the isolated position of Proletarians by the revolutionary Union of their Class, and to replace Competition by Association. The progress of the modern industrial system, therefore, cuts away, from under the feet of the Middle-class, the very ground upon which they produce and appropriate to themselves the produce of Labour. Thus the Bourgeoisie produce before all the men who dig their very grave. Their destruction and the victory of the Proletarians are alike unavoidable.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER VII.

"We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress cannot be confided to a caste or an individual; but only to the people, enlightened by national education, directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best."

"We believe in the sacredness of both individuality and society, which ought not to be effaced, not to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all."

THE whole question of politics is an educational question. Government—if it has any meaning—is the organized power which educates—rules—orders. We believe that this educational power cannot be entrusted to a caste, whether an aristocracy, a corporation, or a priesthood. It matters not what numbers compose the caste,—whether few or many; it matters not whether there be careful patriarchal training, or the constitutional carelessness of those "governors" who are content with being a corrupt and inefficient police.* Many or few, careful or careless, the difference is one only of degree. If a caste rules, you can have but tyrants on one side, and slaves upon the other. There can be no real education there, no certain progress: for there is not the people. The instinct of the whole people is alone the conscience of Humanity; it alone can be trusted to interpret the law of progress.

Still less can the government be intrusted to an individual. He will teach, or order, in accordance with his own wish, at best his conscientious thought; he cannot give expression to the universal conscience. To confide the rule into the hands of one is to let the exception give law. Though even the true prophet be king and ruler, you are not certain of the right ordering,—for he sees the progress which is desirable, which, indeed, shall some day be, but not always that which is practicable immediately. And when you have no prophet, but some imbecile slip of the past, whose eyes are in the back of his head,—what law of progress can you have uttered by such? Truly not even an attempt at utterance.

The people must decide upon its own life. The majority must command. There and there alone dwells the true interpretation of God's law of progress,—the decision of not merely that which is best to be done, but of that which may best be done at each succeeding moment.

Let it not be objected that the wisest are ever in the minority. If wisdom cannot make itself manifest to the majority, whose is the fault? Something is surely lacking in the wisdom. The wisest are those who can best regulate to-day's work, not forgetting the future.

And the conscience of a whole people is never at fault. There have been panics, and madnesses of multitudes, popular crimes and errors; but never a whole people, even in the lowest state of a people, unitedly wrong upon any great matter. Religious and other wars, massacres, and persecutions,—these are royal, aristocratic and sacerdotal work. Villainies innumerable rest upon the castes who have misgoverned nations;

* How inefficient even as a mere police, weekly records of murder, robbery, and swindling may well inform us.

but the peoples' hands are clean. When kings and priests provoked and carried on that desolating war against the Hussites, the popular conscience upheld the right. And in the wildest period of the French Revolution, the People's judgment was sound and just. Never has it swerved unless seduced by priests or tyrants, and oft-times even then it has indignantly turned upon and rebuked its infamous leaders. The history of the current popular struggle, from February, 1848, to the recent just denunciation of woman-flogging Haynau, by the sturdy right-feeling brewers of Bankside, is one continuous vindication and series of examples of the true conscience of the peoples. The lowest masses are better than the privileged now; and how unspeakably better still will be the people, when, instead of being ill-taught, or left in ignorance by despicable or detested pretenders, they shall be educated by those whom they can revere and honestly and lovingly obey, "those whom genius and virtue have pointed out to them as their best."

When such a Government can be obtained,—that is to say, when the Government (I do not say merely a part of it) shall be chosen by the whole people, there need be not occasion to trammel its progress with the clogs which men are obliged to hang at the heels (better sometimes if they were round the necks) of governors in what are pleasantly called constitutional states. There need be no jealousy of those who are chosen by an educated people. It will not then be necessary that the general progress should be stayed for fear a too powerful government should encroach upon individual liberties. It will then be seen that Society is as sacred as Individuality, needs as much protection; that it is not enough to make every man's house "his castle," your private castles, do not keep out the burglar, or the unjust tax-collector, or the extortioner, but to make every man a true soldier, servant, and office-bearer in the nation, which will then need no private castles. This mutual sacredness of the individual and society will then become possible: then, when the people are all free and equal, and when their own chosen governors marshal them on the way of progress,—not by nice balancing of interests,—nor by dictation of the minutest matters of life, not by endeavouring to stereotype their subjects, to make them run in parallel groves of happiness or duty,—but by obeying the dictates of the popular conscience and helping the national genius to unfold itself, careful not so much to dictate the work as to provide that the work be done by healthy, strong, and faithful men, conscious of their mission and anxious that it should be fulfilled. The nation itself will decide upon the work to do; and be it peace or war, will know how to decide rightly.

This is the Association we want. Not a compulsory association regulated by some few patriarchs,—not a mere community of beavers, content so long as every one can take what he deems his just share out of the common storehouse.

We need an association bound together by faith and identity of purpose, rather than by so weak a tie as that of "interest,"—an association that shall be expansive, with power of growth, not stationary,—an association in which the tyranny of a centre shall be impossible, in which the fullest growth and widest range of the individual shall be held compatible with the most devoted service of the Republic,—yet an association kept together not only by the careful protection of individual rights, but rather by the harmonious rendering and ordering of social duties, every member of the State intent upon building up the glory and advancing the progress of the whole, even as he would build an altar to the Eternal, or advance his own progress toward the perfection of the Most Perfect.

W. J. LINTON.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ All communications to be pre-paid.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to "George Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London."

Orders for the RED REPUBLICAN, from Booksellers, news-agents, &c., to be addressed to "S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet-street."

Books for Review to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher.

☞ Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE RED REPUBLICAN.—Jacob Jones Smith 6d; "A Young Democrat," Birmingham, 4d.; Wm. Muir, Dudley, and J. Chance, Stourbridge, 5s.

FOR THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—J. W. Smith, Whitechurch, Dorset, 1s.

FOR THE POLISH AND HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.—"A Friend," per C. F. Nicholls, 4d; J. Barrie, 1s; Wm. Muir, Dudley, and J. Chance, Stourbridge, £1; J. Z. 6d; W. N., Bristol, 2s; Dundee Convivial Meeting Committee, per J. Graham, £1 1s. 6d. Collected in Meadow Mills, Alva, 3s. 9d.

THE POLISH REFUGEES.—"Fraternal Home, 41, Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell. Permit me to call the attention of the readers of the *Red Republican* to the miserable position of the Democratic Refugees living, or rather existing, at the above place. The funds have allowed only 3d. per day for some time past, and the poor men have hardly any covering night or day. I think this only has to be known to your readers, and they will render assistance to the sixty-five brave men who fought and bled for the liberty of their own and other countries. Bedding. Blankets, Shoes, old Clothes and Hats are much needed. Any communication to T. Brown, 41, Turnmill-street, will be attended to. Fraternal visits from friends are solicited. The place is always open, and a Refugee in attendance who speaks English.

COVENTRY.—The Chartists of Coventry have resolved to open a subscription for the Polish and Hungarian Refugees. Subscriptions will be received by W. Hosier, Muoh Park Street; W. Bedder, Little Park Street; A. Yates, Chauntry Place; and Thomas Pickard, Gosford Bridge.

"A Friend of the People," Cardiff.—Yes. The postage will be a penny for each number. Send stamps accordingly with the necessary address.

J. BARRIE, Ashford.—Thanks and good wishes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.—Sir,—In your leading article of No. 20, you make an attack upon me which I am not conscious of deserving. It appears that, when writing that article, you dipped your pen in gall, at any rate it is not in accordance with your usual honest, manly, and impartial criticism. But this I attribute more to your zeal in the Chartist cause than to any malevolence towards me, and with this impression I shall proceed to answer your rather invidious remarks, without the least vindictiveness towards you—for as I claim the free expression of my opinion, I grant the same to all mankind. After perusing my letter, which appeared in No. 15 of the "Red," you sarcastically observe that I have "the right to change my opinion," apparently conveying the idea that I have done so, which is not true. I assert in my letter to the "Red," that I desire an union could it be successfully and conclusively accomplished, and in the one to the *Star* I re-assert it in the following words:—"I am desirous that all Democrats should be united. But I should not like an union at the expense of those who have suffered in the Chartist cause," and I now add, that I think the Editor of the *Red Republican* will coincide with me in this opinion. Now, Sir, where is the change of opinion, which you so positively assert? It exists no where, save in your own imagination, and the leader of No. 20 of your journal. You say, that I have no right to misrepresent facts. I repudiate any such claim, and am utterly astounded to find that you have so far misconceived my letter to the *Star*, as to assert that I have misrepresented anything I have stated, that "There seems to be a desire for centralization—a wish to make the provinces bow to the decision of a London committee." This is, I suppose, one of the facts which I have misrepresented. This is not put forth as a fact—it is given as an opinion; and the proceedings of the London gentleman has created this opinion, and I have a perfect right to express it—if you require an example, which is calculated to engender this opinion. I point to the present Rules of the Chartist body—they were conceived and matured by a London Committee, and the provinces were not allowed to alter or amend them—they must take them as they are, or stand aloof unrecognized as members of the N. C. A., and any interference is treated with the most superlative contempt. I next stumble over the word "pompously," it appears offensive, and I withdraw it. You next say that it is not true that the Conference intends that twenty-eight gentlemen shall put forth their mandates, &c. This is a piece of sophistry which I thought beneath the Editor of the *Red Republican*. You know that I wrote in the present tense prior to the 20th of October; what took place after the writing of the offensive article to the *Star*, I am not responsible for. But as a proof that there was some such intention on the part of the Conference, I quote your own words from No. 19 of the "Red." Speaking upon this point, you say:—"We have never given our assent to the proposition, that that Committee shall consist of twenty-eight persons

seven to be elected from each of the associations." If there were no such intentions, why do you dissent from that which was not in existence. It is evident that such was the intention of the Conference at the time I penned my letter to the *Star*, and it was this very fact which induced me to write the article which has called forth such severe condemnation—it was written without premeditation, for I had no thought of writing upon the subject until I read the account in *Reynolds's Newspaper*. You say I know better, and should not stoop to so contemptible a mode of discussion." I cannot see anything out of the way contemptible in my letter to the *Star*. But have you considered whether you have not rendered your position rather contemptible in so severely castigating me? What is our relative position? I am simply a member of the Chartist body, disapproving of a law which I fear being called upon to obey—you are the law-maker, and yet will not allow the legitimate discussion of this law, which I must unequivocally assert to be unjust, impolitic, and a violation of equal representation, which we are struggling to establish as the law of the land. I am sure, in your calmer moments, you will blush at the hasty zeal you have manifested, and which has in this instance carried you beyond the bounds of prudence. A word in your ear—throw off the shackles which your present intellectual associates have (to you) almost unconsciously placed around you, and be the true L'AMI that I have so long admired and wished to imitate. I have thus briefly answered the several assertions put forth in your leader; and I trust you will insert it in your next number. As differences of opinion should not alter friendship. I beg leave to subscribe myself still, yours fraternally,

Stockport, Nov. 3, 1850.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

[Mr. Williams labours under a delusion in taking our gentle censure for "a severe castigation." &c., &c. Those of our readers who also read the *Northern Star* know that we dealt very lightly with him. To the above not very fraternal letter, a very brief rejoinder will suffice.

1. The convenors of the Democratic Conference never contemplated any kind of union "at the expense of those who have suffered in the Chartist cause." 2. The Democratic Conference is not responsible for the Rules of the Charter Association, and whether those were rightly or wrongly adopted, has nothing to do with the proceedings of the aforesaid body. 3rd. Mr. Williams does well to withdraw the word "pompously." On reflection he may see the propriety of withdrawing more than one offensive word in his present epistle. 4. The "sopistry" is all on the side of Mr. Williams; the Conference never did intend "That twenty-eight gentlemen should put down their mandate;" nor has that body done anything so foolish. 5. The programme adopted by the Conference is now before the public, and is now a subject for "legitimate discussion;" a kind of discussion which does not include unjust aspersions and insulting expressions. 6. Our *Ami* having most need of the "blush," we beg to return it. 7th. If, indeed, we are in the shackles of intellect, we would rather wear them than the shackles of prejudice or faction. Every one to his fancy!—Ed. R.R.]

A FRIEND, Rochdale.—The truth of your information is confirmed by other letters. No wonder Chartism is in the dust. Of course sycophants and factionists can have no liking for the *Red Republican*.

"INSTITUTE OF PROGRESS," Chelsea.—Sir,—A few working men founded the above named institution about two years ago, soon after the tenth of April. We have succeeded, and find it necessary to take larger premises. This we have done, but require books for our library, and funds to render our classes and the organization of the institution effective. We wish to raise one hundred pounds by one pound loans, to be repaid at our convenience. Not to pay debts, be it remembered, but to increase our usefulness. We shall, however, be grateful for any donations of books or money, however small, and thankful to you, sir, if you will favour us by inserting this, and signifying your willingness to receive subscriptions for us. Subscriptions will also be received by the Secretary of the institution, No. 10 a, Upper George-street, Sloane-square, Yours truly, CHARLES F. NICHOLLS.

P. S.—Perhaps your readers may be interested in knowing that we have a public discussion every Friday evening. A secular day school is also established for children. [Recommending the above letter to such of our readers as may be in a position to assist the Institution, we will do as requested by Mr. Nicholls, should any person forward subscriptions or books to our care; although we would rather that the said donations should be sent direct to the Secretary, as above.—Ed. R. R.]

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, Morpeth-street, Green-street, Bethnal Green.—We understand that this Institution commenced by a few working men, will be opened on the 18th of November with a Tea Party, &c. We hope the occasion will gather together a large number of the friends of intellectual, political, and social progress.

BRISTOL DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION.—Owing principally to the active exertions of our enthusiastic young friend, Mr. H. Cottle, a Democratic Association has been formed in Bristol, and a considerable number of members enrolled. We understand that the Association will meet every Sunday evening for public discussion, at Mr. Hyatt's, 4, Avon-street, St. Phillip's. We are glad to learn that *Red Republicanism* is making evident progress in Bristol and the neighbourhood thereof.

E. GEORGEAN.—The subject is of the first importance and should be treated of accordingly. We must see the entire article before determining upon the publication of any portion thereof.

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THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Rollespierre*.
"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon*.

CONFERENCES — PAST AND FUTURE.

THE "Democratic Conference" having adopted a programme, has adjourned until the first Sunday in December. In our opinion it would have been a wiser step to have dissolved forthwith; for the reasons set forth in the following resolutions, moved by the writer of these observations, but rejected by the majority of the delegates:

1. That to ascertain the practicability of uniting the several sections of democratic and social reformers in one association, was the declared object of the convenors of this conference.

2. That the experience gained from the sittings of this conference and circumstances connected therewith, compels the members to come to the conclusion that the thorough union of the aforesaid sections of reformers is at present impracticable.

3. That any association not based upon the union of existing societies, and not calculated to enlist the active support of the great mass of democratic and social reformers, would be useless, and would add to the evil of sectional agitation.

4. That, therefore, it is unadvisable to proceed further with the projected 'National Charter and Social Reform Union.'

5. That the members of this Conference pledge themselves to do their utmost to induce their several societies to labour in the spirit of fraternity for the political and social emancipation of the people.

A sixth resolution expressing thanks to the secretary and chairmen of the Conference need not be repeated here.

Our readers know that we earnestly desired the projected union; and for so excellent a

consummation we laboured in all sincerity, until satisfied of the utter hopelessness of the project. We knew that "leaders," one and all, had preached "union" from the platform and through the press, and (not red but) green that we were, we believed them! We had heard them deplore the evils of disunion, and the foolishness of sectional agitation; we had heard them tell the people, times without number, that the disunion of the millions was the principal reason why they continued slaves; and we were foolish enough to believe that these men were in earnest in their appeals for "union." Hence the hope we cherished that a brighter day was about to dawn, that the "leaders" were ready to sacrifice their jealousies and hatreds on the altar of the public good. We were deceived. The majority of these union preachers held aloof, some to see if the projected union would succeed before they patronised it; others to see if the Conference would commit itself to measures which would afford a pretext for patriotic denunciation. Calumnies were privately but extensively circulated, and habitual slanderers were put forward to feed the Chartist mind with suspicions, and build an edifice of prejudice upon a foundation of lies. Within the Conference, called to effect union, disunion was proclaimed by the withdrawal of one of the sections. The majority of the remaining sections committed the blunder of exciting Chartist hostility by violating the principle of equal representation, under the form of acting upon that principle. We use the term "blunder" because we believe that the vote to which we allude was really come to in good faith; none the less, however, it was calculated to work mischief. Lastly, too many of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the above resolutions being brought forward, shewed too plainly that the union aimed at was impossible under present circumstances.

We take it for granted that no good is to be obtained by forming a new association in addition to existing societies; unless indeed such an association is formed of new men who cannot act with the old societies, or with whom the old societies will not co-operate. The union we hoped to see established, has clearly no chance of success at present.

With regard to the Chartists "pure and simple," two propositions relating to a Conference are before them. One says, let a Conference be assembled in Manchester, in January next; the other, let the Conference assemble in London in May next. As regards the latter, we require to be nearer the time before we can judge of the propriety of holding the May Conference. About the impropriety of the former, we have no doubt, nor can any man, possessed of honesty and good sense, after reading the letters of ERNEST JONES published in the *Northern Star*. The suggested Manchester Conference would be no national representation of Chartism. It would merely be a local and sectional conclave. The Chartists who have not protested against this scheme should do so forthwith, and thereby prevent a mere local junta forcing its presumptuous decisions upon the party, in the teeth of common sense, the true interests of Chartism, and the votes of a majority of those who have already considered this question.

In spite of all the fetters we can lay upon the human mind, notwithstanding all possible discouragements in the way of free inquiry, knowledge of all kinds will increase. —*Priestley*.

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

TO THE ITALIANS.

On the 4th of July, 1849, Rome, having fallen by foreign arms, some representatives of the people, convinced that this event was but the first page of the Epopee of the Italian people, and firm in their belief in the future of their country, adopted, in the name of God and of the people, the following Act:—

"Considering,

"That no Government is legitimate unless it represent the national idea of the people over whose collective life it presides, and be freely recognized by that people:

"That the national idea of Rome is now incontestably that of Independence, of Liberty, and of Italian Unity:

"That the present Government of Rome, implanted and maintained by the force of foreign arms on the ruins of the People's Republic, does not represent that idea:

"Considering, also,

"That for the speedy development and for the ultimate triumph of the national idea, the unification, and the regular action of all the elements now isolated and deprived of a common direction are required:

"That this object can only be attained by the institution of a directing central body:

"That it little matters where such central body exists and acts, provided only that the idea and the future of the nation be better represented and promoted by it than by any of the existing Governments:

"Considering, lastly,

"That the Roman Constituent Assembly, by virtue of its direct and legitimate election by the people, by virtue of the principle proclaimed in its first deliberations, and by its own acts increasing the glory and the future hopes of the nation, has been latterly the power which most legitimately and perfectly represents the national idea:

"That Venice, where, after the fall of Rome, the representation of the national idea might be concentrated, is now surrounded by enemies, and on the eve of succumbing:

"That misfortune and exile do not lessen or interrupt the rights and duties of a People and its representatives, but confirm and sanction them:

"We, Representatives of the People, Members of the Roman Constituent Assembly, obeying the voice of our consciences, and mindful of the wants of the nation, constitute provisionally, and until the People shall be enabled freely to manifest its wishes, an Italian National Committee, composed of the following citizens:—

"Joseph Mazzini, ex-triumvir of the Roman Republic,

"Aurelio Saffi, idem,

"Mattia Montecchi, idem, in the Executive Committee of the Roman Republic.

"And we entrust them with the mandate, and confer upon them the power of CONTRACTING A LOAN in the name of the Roman People, and in behalf of the National cause; and generally of promoting, by every useful political or financial act, the re-establishment in Rome of the legitimate authority of the People—empowering them to add to their number, if necessary, two or more other Italian citizens—and appealing to all true Italians to assist them by every possible means in the execution of their labour, and to conform themselves, as much as possible, to any regulations they may issue in the interest of the nation at large."

"Rome, July 4, 1849."

* We abstain from publishing the names of the representatives and others who signed this Act, not to expose them to the persecution of the governments under which they now live. The original signatures, however, are in the hands of the Secretary of the Committee, and may be examined by any trustworthy person wishing to see

This honourable mandate was accepted by the three citizens named in the Act, who passed together into exile, while circumstances compelled the third Triumvir of the Republic to take refuge in another country. The elements of action were, as time and means permitted, reorganized: the disbanded ranks of the National party, were rallied around the centre. The Act was not published, because, for a mere preparatory labour, no mandate was required, except that which the state of the country gives to every man endowed with a firm faith, with love, and with a spirit not resigned to slavery; but it was presented to those of our scattered brethren with whom it was most easy to communicate; and the signatures of sixty representatives of the Republic were thus affixed to it, as well as those of a hundred others belonging to all the Italian provinces and well known to their fellow-citizens by the offices which they had filled in the National Assemblies of Venice, Sicily, and Naples, and in governments favouring the movement of late years, or by their having served in our armies. Our labours being now more advanced, we think the time for its publication has arrived. A period of new life is now initiated for European Democracy and for the just cause of the Peoples: a compact has been entered into between the men of thought and of action, belonging to nations struggling for truth and for eternal right against falsehood and arbitrary power; and it is important that the Italian National party should now assume a bolder consciousness of itself, of its strength, and of its mission. The present address which the National Committee, fully and formally constituted, now direct to their fellow-countrymen, is a preamble to a series of Acts destined efficiently to promote the triumph of the national idea.

The principles which guide our action are well known. They are included in the limits of our mandate, and confirmed by multifarious and manifest proofs of the national will:—

Independence, Liberty, Unification—our object; War and an Italian Constituent Assembly—the means.

The foreigner is encamped on our soil; we wish to chase him thence. We are all, more or less, the slaves of Institutions and Governments which deaden in us both the dignity and conscience of the citizen; we wish to be free—all of us—free as God has wished us to be. We are separated from each other by laws, custom-houses, armies, foreign influences, ambitions and treaties; and we wish to be united. Free, united, strong in our brotherhood, we shall provide for our national futurity according to our tendencies, our present consciousness, and the counsels of the best amongst us. Our policy is simple, straightforward, free from sophisms, and from every Utopia. It has prevailed, and will prevail more and more, over all the studied and complex schemes of local parties or of sects.

"Italy," we have said in a circular of the National Association, "wills to be a nation, both for her own sake and that of others; for right and duty; for the right of a collective life, a collective education, and an increasing collective prosperity; for the duty which she has to fulfil to humanity at large, in the bosom of which she has a mission to fulfil, truths to promulgate, ideas to diffuse.

"Italy wills to be one, as a nation: one, not in Napoleonic unity, in exaggerated administrative centralization, which absorbs for the benefit of a metropolis, for that of a Government, the liberty of the other portions of the country, but united by a constitution, by an assembly interpreting that constitution, by common international relations, by a national army, by laws, by education, by a political unity harmonizing with the existence of provinces delineated by local and traditional characteristics, and of large communities participating as much as possible in the elections of the national Government, and endowed with all the necessary powers for carrying out the purpose of

"And to be a nation, Italy must by action and sacrifice acquire the consciousness of her duties and rights. Hence; independence and liberty ought to be established, not only for but by the People. A battle fought by all is victory for all.

"Insurrection is a struggle to conquer the revolution, that is to say, the nation. The insurrection ought, therefore, to be national: it should unfurl everywhere the same banner, rise with the same faith, and for the same object. Wherever it breaks out it ought to be in the name of all Italy, and it should never cease until the emancipation of the whole of Italy be completed.

"Insurrection ceases when revolution begins. The one is war, the other a specific manifestation. Hence insurrection and revolution must each be governed by different laws and rules. In the one, power, concentrated in the hands of a few men chosen by the people in action, for their virtues, genius, and tried energy, must derive its mandate from the insurrection itself, and be victorious in the struggle. To the People alone belongs the government of the revolution. All is but provisoriness in the first period; but when once the country shall be freed from the end of Sicily to the Alps, the Italian Constituent Assembly, met in Rome—the metropolis and holy city of the nation will proclaim the thought of the People."

These are, and always were, our principles—they were so many years ago, when the national party was but the hope of a few scattered individuals, and the motto, *God and the People*, seemed to be but a dream of some youthful and too daring minds. That party is now constituted and powerful; that motto consecrated the decrees of the National Assemblies of Rome and Venice, of those two cities which have saved the honour of Italy. Intemperance of system, or intolerance, cannot, therefore, emanate from us. We all cherish in our hearts convictions, endeared to us by deep study, and by sufferings; we all feel the duty of expressing those convictions as the work of an individual apostleship; but for every collective manifestation, the national sovereignty is the inviolable rule. War and the Constituent Assembly; victory on behalf of all and through all; then laws for the welfare and by the consent of all; this is the only programme which can unite on one common field the good and willing of all our Italian provinces. It is on such a field that we convoke them. It is for the carrying out of such a programme that we solicit the co-operation of all who sincerely, actively love their country. Should a Government arise and make this field its own, carrying on war with and for the people, without truce, against privileges, prejudices, and dissensions within, and against foreign usurpation from without, our collected force will assist it in the enterprise. If not, we ourselves shall carry on the undertaking. A people, which, by heroic sacrifices in the struggle, by a sublime generosity in triumph, and by a proud grandeur in misfortune, has proved itself an heir worthy of its forefathers, and an equal of the greatest peoples of the earth—a people which reckons Brescia and Palermo, Bologna and Messina, Rome, Venice, and Milan amongst its cities, is made to be free; is conscious of its rights and duties, and fitted to fulfil its destiny.

Whoever lays down as a necessary condition of union in our fraternal work any arbitrary system of political forms, thus usurping the future and the omnipotence of the nation; whoever dismembers or limits the existing national forces—whoever presumes to separate the question of independence from that of liberty—whoever invites the country to a war of emancipation, not in the name of a principle, but in that of a local interest hostile to the interest of the nation—whoever persists in the desire to confide our common fate to a war conducted by men not chosen from amongst the most ardent lovers of the country, but from an antagonistic party, not relying upon all, but upon one single element of the country, fettered either by diplomatic views or by the fear of men who aim

rather at the reward of the victory than at the victory itself,—betrays the national cause, and condemns the most devoted of our brethren to fruitless destruction, our mothers to inconsolable grief, our country to new, dishonourable struggles. Recent untoward events may be regarded as a fatality; as an inevitable lesson for Italy; but a repetition of them would be an unpardonable crime.

A single war can save Italy; but it must be a war of all the regular and irregular forces of the nation, headed by men of well-trying love of their country—directed by a supreme power exempt from every obligation except that of conquering—seeking no reward save that of a pure and satisfied conscience—with no duty entrusted to it save that of combatting for the general cause—with no allies save the Peoples in simultaneous movement—with no programme save that of the National Sovereignty.

Such a war it shall be our endeavour to promote. We will propitiate circumstances, and prepare arms and the co-operation of other Peoples also oppressed, to whom our banner will proclaim, as did that of the Poles, "For our and your Liberty!"

And we alone, untrammelled by the ties or influence of diplomacy, having no other obligation except that which we owe to our country, and no other fear than that of its disapproval, can promote this war. Placed beyond all municipal or provincial spirit, we know only Italians; we can best represent the interests, the rights, the hopes, the wants, and the destinies of the nation. Men who are free from all constraint turn their eyes, without mistrust or suspicion, upon us in exile. Our banner is one of concord and of hope to all oppressed nationalities. Between Rome and Venice, between Pesth and Milan, between Venice and Bucharest, cities of one country—the country of martyrs and of the believers in one common future—the *Italian National Committee* is a ready and acceptable link. It is part of a vast chain, extending itself where-soever the sense of right and faith in eternal justice lives and moves.

Italians! Brethren! Hasten to join us. Founded on an idea of accord and of national solidarity, the *Committee* invokes the end of all dissension, and awaits the co-operation of all those who wish to conquer and constitute the country. Your forces, Italians, are immense, if you unite them; victory is only a problem of direction. Be the thought, the source of a persistent action; every idea may become an act; every individual represents an element of real strength. Organise and concentrate yourselves; for concentration is the secret of victory. Our enemies number by thousands—we by millions. The triumphs of your separate cities, during the last two years, have taught you that, rising in perfect accord from one end of the country to the other, you would be invincible.

A great epoch is about to dawn upon us. The initiative power in Europe is suspended; and the People who shall know how to possess itself of it will be blessed amongst the Peoples for many centuries to come, and beatified by the only glory pleasant in the sight of God and man.

One faith—one direction—one banner. You will conquer, oh, Italians! Once masters of your actions, the nation will solve those questions which now keep your minds in incertitude. The *National Committee* arrogates no other prerogative than that of pointing out the forces and indicating the means by which you may attain your object.

London, September 8, 1850.

On behalf of the Italian National Committee,
JOSEPH MAZZINI,
AURELIO SAFFI,
A. SALICETI,
G. SIRTORI,
MATTIA MONTECCHI.

CESARE AGOSTINI, Secretary.

—From the Leader.

WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A SOLDIER?

1. "Because I have no quarrel with the people of foreign lands, and I don't wish to meddle with other people's quarrels. Great folks will sometimes disagree, and some of them admire fighting; still I don't think it is any business of mine to do their dirty work."

2. "Because fighting, although very common among bull-dogs, is not the proper way for men to settle their disputes."

3. "Because hangmen and warriors are very much alike, both being hired to kill men—with this difference—the hangman kills criminals, the soldier kills innocent men, women, and children. What a trade to get a living by!"

4. "Because a soldier may not take to himself a wife without asking permission and obtaining consent of the commanding officer. The usual regulation is understood to be, that for every ten men who are allowed to marry, NINETY shall remain single."

5. "Because, when a sick soldier is sent to the hospital, there is not more than 5d., and frequently only 3d., per day to support his wife and children. —See Tenth Report of the Chatham Garrison Benevolent Institution."

6. "Because I do not wish to be tied up and flogged till my back is 'one mass of livid flesh,' as the soldiers are; (I don't mean the officers—I never knew one of them to be served so.)"

7. "Because the wars of the English have brought great disgrace upon our nation, and on the profession of Christianity, in the estimation of the heathen. Witness our proceedings in China, Seinde, and Afghanistan."

8. "Because the war-system is a contrivance by which the industrious poor are employed to settle the disputes of the luxurious rich."

9. "Because the war-system appears to be principally kept up for the purpose of furnishing comfortable berths for the aristocracy—and thus enabling them to draw nine-pence half-penny from every shilling of the taxation of the country."

10. "Because the number of soldiers who desert from the army is now so great, as to convince me their life is not a very pleasant one. The *Police Gazette*, published three times a week, has always a great many advertisements of runaway soldiers, describing their persons and dress, just as runaway slaves are advertised in the slave states of America. The number of desertions is from three to four thousand a year."

11. "Because a man must have a poor opinion of himself to hire himself out to be shot at for thirteen pence a day."

12. "Because if I go for a soldier I shall be required to swear that 'I will obey all the orders of the officers set over me,' whereas I cannot tell what sort of men the officers may be, or what sort of orders they may give me. Moreover I think a man of sense is always bound to think before he acts."

13. BECAUSE, ABOVE ALL, it is written in the Holy Scriptures, "Thou shalt not kill."—"Do good to them that hate you."—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

14. "Because of all the millions of acres of land, the common soldiers have robbed the people of, they have not one acre for themselves, either at home or anywhere else."

14. "Because, as the American editor of the 'Young America' said, when describing the British troops in India, after having had a great battle with the Sikhs, in which about 30,000 of the latter, and 4,000 of the former, were killed and wounded—the names of the British officers were gazetted, and the rest of the lack-landers destroyed were numbered by the lump, as our corporation agents would number the loads of street manure dumped on board a Kersey market-boat. They are gone for eternity, as well as the 30,000 victims who were fighting for their own land. Think of the thousands upon thousands of

fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and brothers thus made mourners. This game will go on as long as the landlords and moneylords of England have 5,000,000 lack-landers at their disposal. It would be the greatest peace measure ever adopted to make a Republic of Great Britain, even if it cost 100,000 lives to effect it."

JOSEPH MORGAN.

LIFE IN LONDON.

STREET MUSICAL BANDS.

The musicians are estimated at 1,000, and the ballad singers at 250.

The street musicians are of two kinds—the skilful and the blind. The former obtain their money by the agreeableness of their performance, and the latter in pity for their affliction rather than admiration of their harmony. The blind street musicians, it must be confessed, belong generally to the rudest class of performers. Music is not used by them as a means of pleasing, but rather as a mode of soliciting attention. Such individuals are known in the "profession" by the name of "pensioners;" they have their regular rounds to make, and particular houses at which to call on certain days of the week, and from which they generally obtain a "small trifle." They form, however, a most peculiar class of individuals. They are mostly well-known characters, and many of them have been performing in the streets of London for many years.

Concerning the street bands, a respectable man gave me the following details:—

"I was brought up to the musical profession, and have been a street performer twenty-two years, though I am now only twenty-six. I sang and played the guitar in the streets with my mother when I was only four years old. We were greatly patronised by the nobility at that time. A younger brother and I would go out into the streets for a few hours of an evening, from five to eight, and make 7s. or 8s. the two of us. For the last ten years I have been a member of a street band. Our band is now four in number. I have been in bands of eight, and in some composed of as many as twenty-five; but a small band answers best. The class of men in the street bands is, very generally, those who can't read music, but play by the ear; and their being unable to read music prevents their obtaining employment in theatres, or places where a musical education is necessary; and yet numbers of street musicians (playing by the ear) are better instrumentalists than many educated musicians at the theatres. All the street performers of wind instruments are short-lived. Wind performers drink more, too, than the others. They must have their mouths wet, and they need some stimulant or restorative after blowing an hour in the streets. There are now twice as many wind as stringed instruments played in the streets; 15 or 16 years ago there used to be more stringed instruments. The worst part of the street performers, in point of character, are those who play before or in public-houses. They drink a great deal, but I never heard of them being charged with dishonesty. In fact, I believe there's no honest set of men breathing than street musicians. The better class of musicians are nearly all married men, and they generally dislike to teach their wives music; indeed, in my band, and in similar bands, we wouldn't employ a man who was teaching his wife music, that she might play in the streets, and so be exposed to every insult and every temptation, if she's young and pretty. Many of the musician's wives have to work very hard with their needles for the slop-shops, and earn very little in such employ; 3s. a week is reckoned good earnings, but it all helps.—*Morning Chronicle*."

The liberty of England abhors the unnatural protection of a standing army; she abjures the countenance of fortresses and barracks, nor can her institutions ever be maintained by force or terror.—*Lord John Russell*.

Labour Record.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES' ENGINE DRIVERS AND FIREMEN.—We have great pleasure in announcing that six more of the turn-outs have obtained employment. On the other hand, things are looking queer with the black sheep and their masters. Within a few days five of the *slaves* have been taken off their engines in a state of drunkenness. Nicc men to be entrusted with the safe-keeping of the lives and property of Her Majesty's liege subjects! A more important event is the reported resignation of Gooch's patron, Mr. Bett's chairman (or ex-chairman) of the board of directors. Throughout the struggle, Gooch has been countenanced and supported by Bett; and it is not at all unlikely that the too notorious slave-driver, deprived of the protecting influence of his patron, will find it necessary to imitate the closing act of that illustrious individual's career. We sincerely recommend Mister Gooch to "abdicate." Let him bear in mind that "time is on the wing," that in the course of a few weeks another "half yearly meeting" of the shareholders will take place, when he will be required to show that the company is *Fifteen Thousand Pounds* richer in consequence of his management. There was to be a saving of Thirty Thousand Pounds on the annual outlay; that was the bargain, and the Shylocks who received his name with such "loud applause" at the London Tavern will stick to "the bond." Is Mister Gooch ready, will he be ready by the half yearly meeting to hand over that Fifteen Thousand Pounds, or to show in black and white, without any "cooking" of the accounts, that the company is that sum the richer in consequence of his "vigorous" management? If not he may prepare himself for sounds widely differing from "loud applause." If he cannot fulfil "the bond" let him not hesitate to do the next best thing—"cut and run."

THE TYPE FOUNDERS.—We regret we could not attend the Lecture delivered by Mr. Edwards at the Cowper Street Hall, on "Labour, its rights and duties." We understand that the worthy lecturer delivered an eloquent and most effective discourse; adding thereto an earnest appeal to the various trades to render support to the turn-outs. The audience containing at least eight hundred persons, we should suppose that after paying all expenses, there would be a considerable surplus of receipts in hand to add to the strike fund. We are informed that arrangements are in progress for getting up a theatrical benefit for the Type-founders. We trust our play-going friends will be on the look-out for the announcements, and not merely those friends, but those also who 'though not in the habit of frequenting theatres will consider it a duty to attend on the forthcoming occasion in order to assist the gallant Type-founders. A few days ago six of the turn-outs waited on Caslon and Co., to procure a "note" stating they were at liberty to take work elsewhere. Their High Mightinesses refused. The Type-founders must get rid of this accursed "note" system. Their High Mightinesses aforesaid have again signified their sovereign pleasure to the effect that the men shall come one by one and humbly beg pardon; thereupon "the firm" will take on a few, from time to time, as may be convenient. Caslon and Fagg are too modest by half! Why do they not demand that the men should play the part of Austrian soldiers. When these poor devils are to be punished, they present the instruments of torture to their torturers, voluntarily lie down, submit to the most shameful and agonising punishment, and then, humbly rising, *return thanks for what they have received!* No doubt Caslon and Fagg would like to see Englishmen reduced to the same degraded level, only they are too modest to say that which they think. They might just as well keep their mouths shut about the men begging pardon; the men will do nothing of the kind. It is for the wrong-doers not for the wronged to "beg pardon," and if Caslon and Fagg were not lost to all sense of shame they would down on their knees and beg pardon not merely of the Type-founders, but also of the whole working people of England whom they have infamously outraged. Let us add an excellent bit of news. Eleven of the turn-outs have found work at another establishment; the refusal of the "note" notwithstanding. Caslon and Fagg may yet be glad to beg pardon of those they have injured to induce even a few to return to Chiswell Street.

PROGRESS OF MACHINERY.—STRIKES IN NEWTON, MONT, GOMERYSHIRE.—There is, or was, two or three weeks ago a struggle going on between the workers and capitalists engaged in the Fannel Trade at Newtown, Montgomeryshire. About four years ago one firm commenced spinning by "Mules," employing 2 men and from 4 to 5 children. The work was previously done by men and women upon "hand jennies," containing 80 spindles. The mules contained 1760 (in the two pairs), so they were equal to 22 "jennies;" and causing about 20 to be thrown out of employment. In the commencement of the spring, two more employers began to spin on the "mules," the one was employing 17 hand spinners, and as soon as he got 1 out of the pair to commence work he turned ten out upon the street. This, coupled with the announcement that others were about to follow this example, caused the working men to form themselves into an association for the protection of manual labour; and the result was, a strike commenced about the latter end of May, against Mr. Thomas Jones, which lasted ten weeks, and ended by him leaving the town and taking the machinery along with him to Hollywell. The workers then struck against Mr. John Hall. This strike, which commenced nearly three months since, is still undecided. Unfortunately there are some black sheep amongst the men, who are doing

their best to serve the masters and ruin their own class. "What a pity," writes our correspondent, "it is, Mr. Editor, that the trades are not alive to their own interests, instead of remaining apathetic to those most vital questions, political and social reform, which, were they thoroughly understood by the working classes, would soon emancipate them from the slavish bondage of their petty tyrants. But the work can never be done until the trades will unite in a national movement. I do not deny but that trades unions have done much to retard the progress of tyranny, but the time has gone by for us to trust to them in their present shape. We want to reconstruct society upon true principles, which can never be done while we are in this divided and sectional state. Holding these sentiments I am gratified to see the attempts that are being made in your little journal to enlighten and fraternize the trades."

BURY STEAM ENGINE MAKERS.—The Committee of the Steam Engine Makers' Society, No. 4 Branch, Bury, have issued an address to their fellow-workmen against the proposed amalgamation of the Iron trades only, and in favour of "a union of all workers," a union that should have for its object "the elevation of the whole working population." We give the following extracts. "The world is large enough for all the people, and thousands of times more; and if we were wise we should say, let us pay a little more attention to the distribution of wealth and produce a little less, so that all shall have work to do and food to eat; not work at pauper wages; but if we work for wages at all, they should be sufficient to feed, to clothe, and to educate ourselves and those who are dependent upon us for support. The proposed amalgamation of the five trades could not stand against combined capital, so long as thousands of men are unwilling idlers, and one is forced by poverty, by the cravings of hunger, the squalid wretchedness of his home, the sickly appearance and the cry for bread of his children, to offer his services at any price, and under any circumstances. We are told that the number of apprentices is to be limited to the proportion of one to four journeymen. We ask, what do you intend doing with your own sons? Even supposing it were possible for you to succeed, and if all other trades should adopt the same plan, then we should have an organised system of training idlers, and in a short time we should have a complete lazzaroni of our own breeding; and instead of being able to reduce the hours of labour, we should be more likely to increase their number. We are told, also in a rather indirect way, that the hours of labour must be reduced when the 12,000 men are united. We hope that our friends have not forgot the attempt to reduce them one hour and a half at Leeds some twelve years ago. We failed then, and shall fail now if we make the attempt; and for the same reasons, namely, because we are not united with other trades; and as fast as we might turn out, they, to carry out the principle of every one for himself, would be sure to turn in, to better their own condition. And so it ever will be until we lay aside our aristocratic notions, and, by uniting with the lower paid, help to make their own trades worth working at; but till then they will be an hindrance to our progress. We are of opinion that if the Iron Trades of London would try to bring about a Union of all workers, a Union that had for its object the elevation of the whole working population, then we should have some hope of seeing the Iron Trades occupy the same or a better position than ever they have done before. Let those who call themselves the leaders of the Iron Trades in London come forward and assist their brethren in the other trades of London; let them not stand aloof any longer, but come forward at once, as we have done, and form branches of the Labour Redemption Society, where all are united for mutual protection, no matter what their trade or profession. And if our contributions are to be increased, let them be increased for the purpose of finding employment for the members of the Society, instead of forcing them to remain idle."

LONDON CO-OPERATIVE STORES.—These "Stores opened at 76, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, in connection with the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, have been commenced, to enable members of the above-named Associations, and other persons who may desire it, to obtain articles of daily use perfectly free from adulteration, of the best quality, and the lowest charge, after defraying the necessary expenses of management, distribution, and providing for a reserve fund. The necessary capital has been advanced in the first instance by some gentlemen favourable to the cause of association; the capital for subsequent operations will be furnished by subscribers, to be repaid in goods. Co-operative stores have usually been founded by a number of persons who have advanced the funds necessary to carry on the business, and who have applied to their own use whatever surplus remained. In the present instance the funds requisite for commencing the undertaking having been already advanced, the public have the opportunity of seeing the stores in operation before being called upon to subscribe. All the subscribers to the stores of not less than 5s. shall receive back at the end of each quarter of a year, as a bonus, the profits upon all purchases made by them during such quarter, subject to the necessary expense of distribution and a reserve fund. The transactions of the stores will be for ready money, but subscribers will have credit to the amount of their subscriptions. In connection with these stores, a crowded public meeting held in the Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, adopted the following resolutions:—1st. "That the resources of Great Britain in wealth and industry are sufficient to secure the constant employment and comfortable maintenance of its population. That nevertheless the condition of the labourer is insecure and miserable; those in

employment receive inadequate wages, whilst those unemployed suffer the extreme of wretchedness. That this state of things is caused by a misapprehension of the economical law of "Demand and Supply," which as it is now understood means the lawless and inhuman competition of the fraudulent and strong against the honest and weak, and that the best remedy for this is an equitable arbitration—a mediation between demand and supply by the means of co-operative action amongst the people." 2nd. "That the co-operative store, 76, Charlotte-street, being calculated to effect this equitable arbitration between the consumers and producers, receiving orders and distributing goods with a view to the interests of both parties deserves the support of all who desire to abolish those reckless and fraudulent trading practices through which so many suffer so deeply."

WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.—Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Christian Socialist* contain notices of the formation of a "Provident Distribution Society," (Co-operative Store) at Edinburgh—of a Weaver's Association at Norwich—and a Working Tailor's Association at Southampton—also notes of the progress of a Tailor's Association, formed some time ago, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Poetry for the People.

OUR CAUSE.

Written to replace some lines rejected by the Editor of the "Red Republican," because he feared that they might be thought to lower the character of his journal.

So, Freedom! thy great quarrel may we serve,
With truest zeal that, sensitive of blame,
Ever thy holy banner would preserve
As pure as woman's love or knightly fame!

And, though detraction's flood we proudly breast,
Or, weakening, sink in that unfathom'd sea,
Ever we'll keep aloft our banner, lest
Even the black spray soil its purity.

My life be branded and my name be flung
To infamy;—Beloved, I will wear
Thy beauty on my shield, till even the tongue
Of falsehood echo truth, and own *Thee* fair.

SPARTACUS.

IN MEMORY OF LUCIEN MANARA.

"Dead for liberty."—Mazzini.

Lucien Manara was a young Lombard, who captured the Porta Torsa, at Milan, in the great days of March, 1848; fought throughout that and the subsequent Italian campaigns, and headed 500 Lombards, whom he paid out of his own fortune, in the defence of Rome, 1849; where, after a short but brilliant career, having devoted his wealth and genius, and risked his life, for the holy cause of Italian independence, he fell, on the 3rd of July, during one of the pauses of the conflict, as he leaped near an open window, under the balls of the chasseurs of Vincennes.

His body lies beyond the reach of woe,
Above, the fire-flies, flitting to and fro,
Scatter the dew-drops on the grass below.

The Ancient Dead, whom Time hath glorified,
Looked down upon his grave with holy pride,
For like them he had fought, and like them died.

Tears are vain offerings to the noble dead,
Better to brace a helm upon your head,
And shed your blood where his was freely shed!

Better to grasp within each toil-worn hand
The deadly musket or the glancing brand,
And fight or fall to liberate your land,

Italians! oh, better be
Slaves fettered, than be slaves called free,
Dugging your souls in soul-less liberty.

Weep not for him who sleeps beneath the sod:
He did not weep, but fought for you and God,
Then follow in the track which young Manara trod!

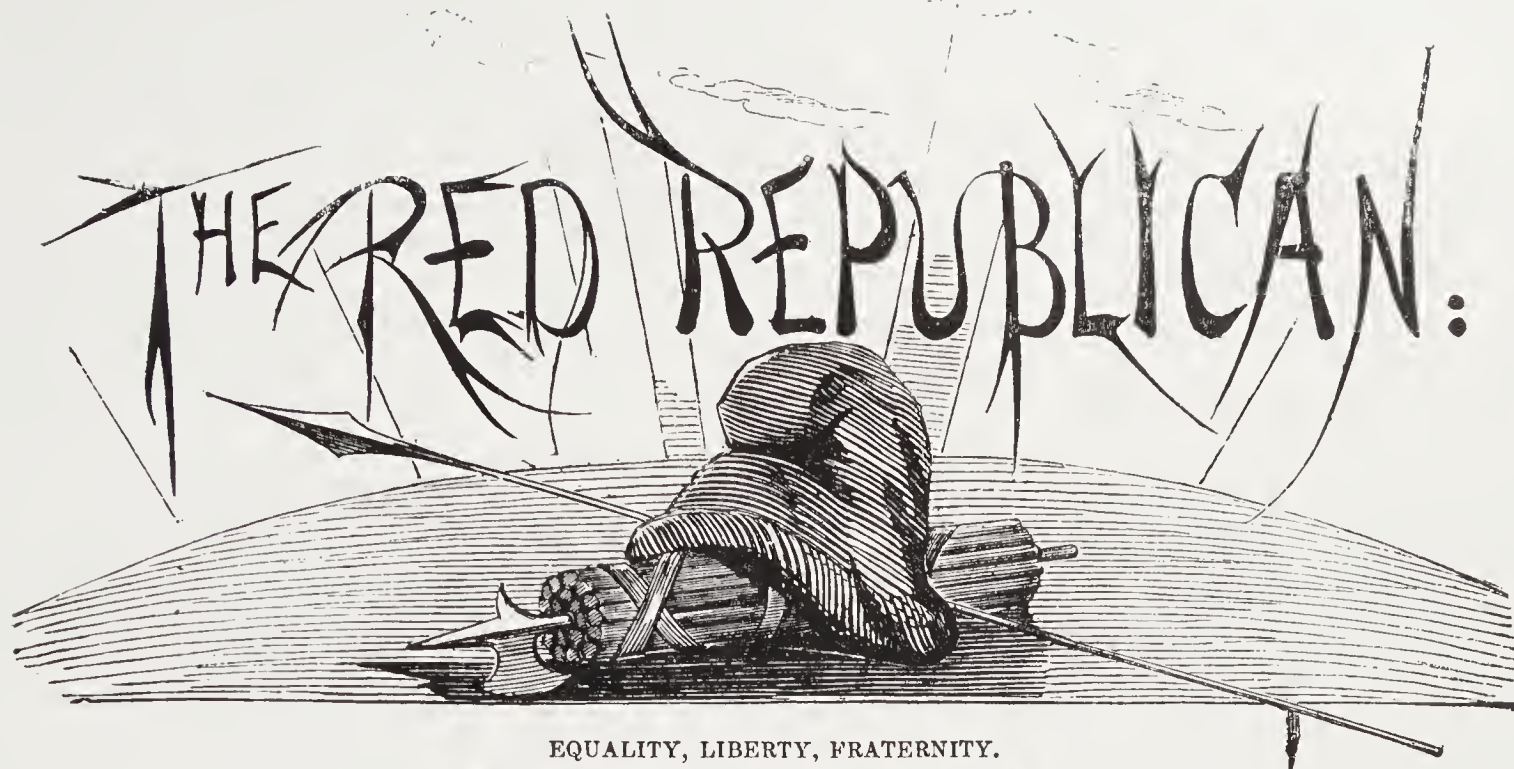
GEORGE HOOPEA.

LINES,

On an event published in last week's "Labour Record," under the head "Odd Fellows."

The Widow sits within her lonely room;
The children fearful, wonder at her gloom:
For all unconscious of a father's loss,
No dark'ning clouds their future sky yet cross.
But oh! her woes! the loved one gone for ever;
His footfall on the stair she will hear never,
Never again will he behold her face,
Nor she enfold him in a sweet embrace.
Help the poor widow—her, who, left alone,
Will have to sit and sigh—perhaps to groan.
Think of the children Kelly's left behind;
Think of his kindness, and you'll then be kind.

Honours around the good man always thicken,
Then honours shall be paid to Brother Pickin.
He ne'er forgot poor Kelly, and at last—
When health and even life itself had passed,
Scorning the Parish aid, he found a bed
Where Kelly might lie down among the dead.
No pauper went the dead man to that home
To which we all at last must surely come;
But kindly cared for by a good man's hand,
He went to join "The True Odd Fellow band!"



EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY.

No. 23.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

The Naby.

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never—never will be slaves!"

HORRIBLE TYRANNY IN THE NAVY— FLOGGING AND OTHER BARBARITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SIR,—Permit me to give you a little information relating to the system of punishments, as at present practised on board 'H.M.S. ships and vessels of war,' and at the same time to correct an error into which you have fallen. Don't you imagine, or believe, that men after being flogged are consigned to the "sick bay," there to remain until cured. The cure consists, in the navy, simply in casting the man off the gratings, letting him put on his flannel and duck frock, and placing him under charge of the sentry from the time of punishment—generally 7 bells, (half-past eleven, a.m.) until 8 o'clock at night—who has strict orders to keep him constantly walking about, and not to allow him to sit down during the whole time.* Next day the man has to go to his duty the same as if nothing had happened. The sensation experienced is (as I have been told by those who have felt the accursed "cat") *like boiling lead being poured over the bare back*. As to the number of lashes that may be inflicted; no captain or commanding officer can punish a man with more than fifty lashes *at once*; any greater number must be inflicted by sentence of a court martial. But there is nothing to prevent a commanding officer inflicting fifty lashes each time, three or four times a week, and let it be remembered, that fifty lashes in the navy is considered, by men qualified to judge,

to be equal to five hundred in the army, the flogging in Line Regiments being inflicted by drummers generally, and in "Men-of-War" by stout, able, raw-boned fellows, with shoulders as broad as Barclay and Perkins's draymen. The "cats" in the navy are also much stouter than in the army, each tail being double whipped with waxed thread; and in thieves cats, an over-hand knot taken in each tail. *Each stroke cuts out nine pieces of flesh*. And now as to the justice meted out to any who dare complain of their treatment, let me relate a case in point, which occurred, I believe, in 1847. Captain J. J. Stopford, a relation of the Earl of Courtown at that time commanded the "Amazon," 26 guns on the Lisbon and Mediterranean station; his favourite amusement was flogging and before he had been eighteen months in commission he had flogged nearly every man and boy in the ship, not once or twice, but three or four times over. The ship's company complained to the Admiral about his cruel and tyrannical usage, and by the Admiral's directions a court martial was held to try Captain Stopford, for cruelty. The court ("honourable" of course) being his equals, honourably acquitted him, on the ground that he had not *at any one time*, exceeded the regulated number of lashes. The men who complained, were on the first opportunity, given four dozen lashes each and a "blank discharge," as they were considered "dangerous characters." Flogging is not the only punishment the naval martinetts have on board; "wearing the collar," being another punishment. A wooden collar is made of different sizes;—on board the *Powerful*, they ran from 28lb. to 56lb. and 80lb. in three sizes. These collars are made of hard wood to fit the neck, close and rest on the shoulders, with a hinge behind, and padlock, hasp, and staple in front. I have known a man to have "four dozen" and to wear one of these collars for a week, for going to sleep in church during very hot weather on the coast of Syria. In official phraseology, his crime was called "Inattention and neglect of duty during divine service." It should also be known that the articles of war, after enumerating almost every

crime in the calendar, and several others *not in the calendar*, conclude as follows:—"All crimes not capital, and which are not mentioned in this act, and for which no punishment has been provided, shall be punished in such cases according to the laws and customs used at sea." The "law" being the uncontrolled power of the commanding officer, and the usual custom—flogging. Another punishment, of which Commodore W. F. Martin, of the *Prince Regent* '92 guns," is very fond is putting the men in *cl key*, a sort of hut built up in the hold, and so contrived that there is neither room to sit, stand, or lie. A month's confinement on a half pound of bread, and a pint of water per day, is usually Commodore Martin's favourite punishment. Next to flogging—carrying hammocks, with 32lbs shot lashed in each end, carrying cap on bars, walking the gangway from 4 in the morning to 12 at night, are so common as to be hardly worth while taking notice of since I do not know any ship in which these punishments are not carried on. Should you think the above worthy a place in the *Red Republican*, it is at your service; and should you consider it worth while I will send a further statement some other time. In the meantime I remain, Your's fraternally.

ALFRED FENNELL.

16, Long's Buildings, Whitecross
Street, St. Luke's.

THE WORKING TAILORS OF LONDON.

(Concluded from No. 22.)

The crisis of 1825 was the first indication that there was a possibility of commercial disturbances in the midst of peace; and it was at the same time a manifestation of something never before heard of, viz:—over-production. As every commercial crisis turns thousands out of employment, and tends to reduce wages, and as no branch of industry exists, independent of the other branches, it is clear that every crisis must influence all trades. The working tailors of London, perhaps unconscious how this circumstance arose, became aware of a number of intruders into their trade in 1827. These intruders were females, who commenced

* We spoke of the "sick bay" in connexion with the punishment of "flogging round the fleet." We presume it would be physically impossible for a man who had undergone that punishment, or had sunk under the agony before the completion thereof, to walk the deck during a number of hours immediately after being cast off the gratings.—ED. R. R.

making waistcoats and other light work. The working tailors struck against them, but without success. These females were probably driven to the trade through their fathers or husbands not earning sufficient to keep them, or being turn-outs of other trades.

The next blow came at the time of the death of George IV. It was an old English custom to pay double wages to the working tailors of London during the time of a general mourning. The masters also charged extra prices. At the death of George IV. most of the masters refused the extra pay, and put tickets into their windows with the inscription: "No extra charge for mourning." The workmen struck again, but the importation of "provincials" was so abundant that they had to make an unconditional surrender.

The surplus of hands over and above the demand became now more and more manifest, and induced the tailors to strike once more in 1834. This strike being called "the great strike" among men of the trade, was indeed great, and in its tendency distinguished from all former strikes. The principal demand of the turn-outs was a reduction of the time of work to the amount of two hours per day, but at the former rate of wages, which would have given employment to 20 per cent. more hands than before; the prerogative being left to the masters to discharge those whom they considered, did not do the proper amount of work; but as long as a man was kept in the shop he should receive six shillings a day. Although this demand included an indirect increase of wages, yet the principal end to be accomplished was to regulate the demand according to the supply. A surplus of hands being known to exist in all trades, this demand startled the bourgeoisie and aristocracy, and excited their fierce indignation, for, it was feared, if the tailors succeeded all other trades would follow their example. Just in the same measure as the working classes in general supported the tailors and considered their cause as the common cause of the proletariat, so the bourgeoisie and aristocracy linked together and made the cause of the master tailors their common cause. The same reactionists who at present cry out for protection to home industry and the working classes, did, then, every thing in their power to encourage the masters to resistance. Orders upon orders were sent on condition that the masters should not give way, and parliamentary and government aid was promised. The excitement at the time was immense. The workmen made public demonstrations to show their strength, they exposed the fraudulent charges of the masters, and shewed that these could afford to pay even higher wages; but all was in vain. The tailors having but a small fund and being too numerous to be supported by other trades for a length of time, had to surrender after little more than two months' resistance.

After the men had capitulated, our kind-hearted, generous, and honourable masters began their sway. They had it all, as tailors say, "to their own cheek." Like the conqueror over the conquered they took every advantage. As soon as they found the supply of hands above the demand, they either reduced the wages nominally, or demanded more sewing in the garments, for the same price; and their way of reasoning up to this day is: "If you don't like to do it, only say so, there are plenty who'll do it for less." Reduction of wages is still going on in the "honourable trade." There is a case just now where an honourable master in Birching-lane has reduced the price of a job from eleven to eight shillings. They seldom reduce the prices of all jobs at once.

The men, on the other side, have abandoned their organization more and more. The "vacation fund" has been abolished, because the "vacants" became so numerous that it was amongst them like pouring a cup of water into the ocean.

We will not investigate the tailors' demand of 1834 as to its practicability, but so much is sure that in the present state of society it was the only remedy, and the only protection against pauperism, if it had been carried out by all trades. However, our land and money lords reason differ-

ently. They calculate that it is cheaper for them to keep a pauper in the workhouse than to prevent him going into it by paying him six shillings for ten hours' work.

Many of the "honourable trade" think up to this day that the exposure at the time of the strike has caused the capitalists to begin the slop system, a that the strike itself was an act of folly, and no demand unreasonable. We do not share in this opinion. In all ages, where great changes have taken place, they have manifested themselves in a similar way, and have at the outset been defeated. People may as well tell us that Wickliffe and Huss were fools because they exclaimed and agitated against the Roman Church long before the Reformation. The great strike was a manifestation that there were more hands in the market than could be employed under the existing system, and it had the merit of being one of the first attempts to regulate the time of work according to the number of hands that were in the market.

Until the time of the great strike, there had been no cheap clothes shops in the present style. Capitalists had had plenty of opportunities for investing their capital in superior undertakings, and, perhaps, too, they thought tailoring too mean a trade to speculate in. But though they might have been inclined to invest money in tailoring, they could not have competed with the trade to any advantage. To compete successfully with the now called "honourable trade," something besides inclination was wanting. This same thing was neither more nor less than a number of men who could not be employed at the "honourable trade," and who were driven by starvation to take work on any conditions. How that number of men was produced we shall see presently.

The reader will have noticed above that there were already too many hands in the market in 1834. However, at that time the earnings in the brisk season were sufficient to cover the deficiency of the slack, if a little privation was suffered. But this soon ceased to be the case. It is a fact, well known we believe to every English Proletarian, that the progress of modern industry consists chiefly in the concentration of capital, or what is the same thing, of the implements of labour; in the employment of machinery and the consequent reduction of manual labour; also, in employing women and children in lieu of men. Hence it is clear that in the same degree as modern industry progresses, it becomes more and more impossible to working men of all descriptions to establish little independent trades or workshops. Their relative employment and consequently their income decreases.

The inevitable consequence is a continually increasing influx of hands into those trades which are not carried on by machinery.

Tailoring being one of the trades which not only was not carried on by machinery, but having also the advantage of being taught with little or no expense, and offering, besides, the chance to the young man of becoming a little independent master, received by far the greatest influx of hands that became useless in other trades.

If people like taking the trouble to examine statistics, they will find that the ranks of the tailors, shoemakers, &c., have been augmented in the same ratio as the improvements in machinery, the employment of women and children, the reduction of manual labour in agriculture, &c., have progressed. Indeed, the pauper children serve as a regular "raw material" for manufacturing tailors and shoemakers. The boys after having served their time are cast as it were upon the world, and finding no employment at home are compelled to seek work in large towns. On the other hand, in the same ratio as manual labour and wages are reduced, all those whose living is dependent on their daily earnings are obliged to reduce the expenditure of their households accordingly, and the labouring classes, as well as little tradesmen, can no longer buy their necessities at monopoly prices like those of the honorable tailoring trade: and this must necessarily cause an actual reduction of employment in all trades whose wel-

fare depends on such prices. To receive the minimum and buy at the maximum will never do. Here we see that the same modern system of industry which raised wages at one time, and brought the "middle-age" tailoring trade to the summit of prosperity, is also ultimately the cause of reduced wages, and of the entire ruin of the "honourable" tailoring trade.

Thus were the supplies continually increasing while the actual demand was decreasing, and these were the conditions under which the sweating system could and did commence. At the same time capital had become so abundant that the supply of it also exceeded the demand, and was, therefore, necessarily invested in inferior speculations. To what extent the sweating system has grown, we believe almost every body in this country knows, through Mr. Mayhew's exposure in the *Morning Chronicle*. That those men who are compelled to take work at less than the minimum of wages must necessarily make their wives and children work also, that they must take other women into the trade, and thereby increase competition still more, is undeniable. But working men are greatly mistaken in denouncing the slopsellers as the cause of misery and low wages; on the contrary, they are only the effect of misery and low wages, for no man and no woman in the world would sell a day's labour for a shilling in one place while they could sell it for two in another; just as little as our respectable masters will sell a garment for two pounds while they find purchasers who give them from four to six guineas.

From the preceding historical sketch, we draw the following conclusions:

1. The sweating system came into existence through a surplus of hands and capital, and through the reduction of wages.

2. It sprung from the modern industrial system, i.e., from the concentration of capital and the implements of labour in the hands of the few, from the employment and improvement of machinery, and from the consequent reduction of manual labour.

3. Its rapid progress was caused by the decrease of the incomes of the industrious classes generally, by the "honourables" sticking to high prices, and by the petty scale upon which these carry on their trade, not being able to produce at a price which the public at large could afford to pay.

4. The degraded wretches who make cheap garments are pauper children and sons of respectable tradesmen, and working men in town and country, whose hands were not wanted in their father's trades; and, besides, wives and daughters of respectable tradesmen and working men, whose husbands and fathers cannot earn sufficient to keep them.

Thus we see the sweating system is the issue of modern society and of modern manufacturing industry; it is the result of the existing conditions of trade, commerce, and property, a result to the production of which all nations that ever consumed English manufactured goods have contributed; for without the markets of India, China, America, &c., modern manufacturing industry itself, with all its machines, steam-engines, and its division of labour, could not have come into existence. Hence the whole world had to combine to produce the sweating system. To appeal to the public to withdraw their patronage is tantamount to an appeal to the masses to go in rags; and to go back to the "honourable" system of tailoring is identical to putting a stop to and exterminating everything that human ingenuity and modern industry have accomplished since the middle of the last century. Supposing this could be done, society could only go anew through all the different phases of misery and degradation, through which we have gone already, in order to arrive at a similar end a hundred years hence; for the development of society is by no means arbitrary and accidental.

This sort of appeal and declamation on the part of the "honourable working tailors" have entirely the same tendency as all declamations of parties, whom time and society have doomed to ruin. The proclamations of the Roman Catholic clergy that there is no salvation except under the banner of their church, the exclamations of

Thiers and Montalembert that the world is ruined when private property is interfered with, the cries of the king of Prussia that the Prussians are lost if they don't submit to his arbitrary laws, the lamentations of the Protectionists that England is ruined because of cheap bread, amount to the same thing. The only difference is, that these parties exclaim for their own interest, while the working tailors, perhaps unconsciously, exclaim for the interest of their masters.

If we consider these movements from a political point of view, they are entirely reactionary; from the practical, they are utopian, since it is impossible for the whole world to go back in order to please the tailors.

We fully agree to help all who try to make the best of existing circumstances, and will lend our aid at any time in exposing and denouncing scoundrels and tyrants; but we object to denouncing big tyrants as demons, and making, by concealment, the little ones (which the "honourable masters" really are) appear as saints. The "honourable" trade cannot be saved, and is not worth saving; time, society, economy, and industry, have doomed its ruin; the loss of it is not worth lamenting. We cannot go back to the "good old time," when working men were few, when they neither knew how to read nor to write, when they ate black bread and wore one garment for life, when they filled their stomachs with prayers, and when the priests were the kind fathers who satisfied their desires for happiness with the promises of eternal salvation. We have tasted the blessings of civilisation, and are continually surrounded by them; our wants, our necessities, our ideas, and our claims upon life are different from those of our fathers. Therefore, the question is no longer: which is the best, the sweating or the "honourable" system of tailoring? the question is, *how to get rid of the pair, and of the distinction of masters and men, of nobles and commoners, of capitalists and labourers in general.*

OUR TASK IS TO APPROPRIATE AND INCREASE THE PRODUCTIVE POWERS WHICH MODERN INDUSTRY HAS PRODUCED, AND MAKE THE FRUITS OF TOIL AND LABOUR ACCESSIBLE TO ALL.

The bourgeoisie are becoming more and more incapable to force their laws upon society, and to govern the world. Society has outgrown the boy's-suit which they made for it. The production of wealth has become too powerful for them, they cannot manage and distribute all the created wealth for the benefit of society. Their time is gone, they must surrender like the "honourable" tailors. We must turn them out of office. The only way to get out of the present dilemma is by an entire change of the mode of production and distribution of wealth, and this can only be accomplished by a radical change of all existing relations of property; in short by A SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Whether this revolution will be made by the pen, on the platform, or on the barricades, depends on our foes, and on the events which it is not in our power to direct. But *come it must*; no power in the world can stop it. In the very fact that the misery of the real and only producers of wealth increases in the same ratio as the productive powers, and production itself increases, lies the inevitability of this revolution and of PROLETARIAN ASCENDANCY; the Charter and something more is the first step towards it.

A WORKING TAILOR.

Old spells are broken, old reliances gone. Men can no longer be kept down by pageantry, state robes, forms and shows. Allowing it to be best, that society should rest on the depression of the multitude, the multitude will no longer be quiet when they are trodden under foot; but ask impatiently for a reason why they too may not have, share in social blessings? Such is the state of things, and we must make the best of what we cannot prevent. Right or wrong, the people will think; and is it not important that they should think justly? It is plain, that in the actual state of the world, nothing can avail us but a real improvement of the mass of the people.—*Channing.*

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER VIII.

"We believe in the duty of the individual to make use of the elements of material, intellectual, and moral work, with the utmost concurrence of his faculties, for the common amelioration."

The ground upon which I have advocated the duties of a State toward its members, in supplying them with the means of growth and work, has been that of the necessity of organization, in order to insure the more regular and rapid and certain progression of the whole of Humanity. The duty of a State toward its members implies, of necessity, corresponding duties of the members toward the State. If the State supplies means of work, secures property and growth, those so furnished and secured are bound to maintain the same advantages for others. Parts of the body politic, accepting the advantage of belonging to it, their duty is manifestly to maintain its integrity. Indeed their own position is untenable unless they do so. For the State only exists as a combination. If all work for one, one owes a return to all. But again I say that it is not upon this mere footing of a bargain, which might imply choice, that we must place the duty of the individual; but upon the moral basis of his position as a part of one comprehensive whole,—a position which is not a matter of choice, but necessitated by the very fact of his birth, and from which he can never be released except by death. It cannot be too often repeated that the Individual is a part of Humanity, an inseparable link of the one vast chain hanging from the throne of God. Man has the choice of being his "brother's keeper," or not. He cannot dissolve the brotherhood. He has not the option of bargaining so much duty for interest. He has by his very birth appropriated the interest, and he owes the duty of his life in repayment of that. Unless he would be a thief.

The Past has lent to the Present; and the Future demands payment. A feather out of a wing, a bone out of the body, a leaf out of a book,—is not more absurdly isolated than a human soul that would detach itself from the upward soaring of its race, a man denying his duty to the body politic, or a life which fancies that its thought or speech or action can be torn unnoticed and without detrimental consequence from the history of mankind. We believe therefore that it is ever the duty of the individual to devote the utmost energies of his being to the service of his race: to the Beloved first (though whoever loves needs no such reminding); to the Children next; then to his immediate fellows in the workshop or farm, in the hamlet, municipality, or commune; then, the circles of duty widening ever as—like a drop of rain flung, into still water—his active life impels the waves of circumstance around him, to the City or County, the Country, and the World. For the business of man's life is service to his kind. Service even now, when, wanting organization, each must mark out for himself the route upon which his unaided thought decides that he can best serve; service still, when Society, becoming organized, shall learn how to economise his powers, to prevent his efforts from being wasted, as so much of endeavour is united through want of direction now, from being left to fight and to labour alone, or with but the chance and random help of the casual passers by.

"We believe, to resume, in a social State having GOD and HIS LAW at the summit; the People, the universality of the citizens free and equal at its base, progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way."

GOD'S LAW: it is not the doctrine of an individual or a sect; it is not the dogma of a Church (even of the truest), nor the "act" of a Parliament (be it never so equally constituted). Though doctrine, dogma, and act, may each be, less or more, an enunciation of God's law. It is the revelation which enlightens the Prophets and Apostles of Humanity, the instinct which impels the universal conscience of mankind. Wherever the revelation and the instinct, wherever genius and universality,

wherever the Voice of God" and the Voice of the People are in unison,—there, be sure, is a law of God, GOD'S LAW: God's holiest preachers and martyrs have proclaimed it, with their words and with their lives; and the heart of Man in all climes and in all ages has recognized its divinity—its truths. It is this:—

Grow healthily! Love! Aspire! Progress!

GROW HEALTHILY!—It is the first necessity of being. That was a true insight which shut out the blemished or the unequal from the service of the priesthood. How shall any be God's priest in his impurity or weakness? Be pure for health's sake! Be strong for the sake of growth! Grow healthfully,—which is naturally, vigorously, and beautifully,—that so thy nature may be perfected, and thy life be a fit and acceptable worshipper in this temple of the Eternal, which men call Earth,—worthily serving at the altar, whatever name may be inscribed thereon, whether Family, Country, or Man.

LOVE!—It is the stepping beyond the narrow prison-house, the chrysalis-tomb of Self. Capacity for love constitutes the difference between the gentle and the churl, the human and the brute. The brute desires, seeks, and has possession, asserting the right of his limited nature, the right of health and growth: but he cannot soar out of the bestial Self. *He cannot love.* Live not like brute beasts without understanding, when God has breathed into your souls the angelic faculty of Love.—Love the Mother, upon whose smooth rounded bosom you first dreamed of beauty and of heaven! Love the Father who taught you to be strong and daring! Love Her who led you into the innermost sanctuary of delight—whose maiden smile first whispered to your enraptured soul how chaste, and holy, and self-sacrificing Love may be! Love her Children,—the Children of the Beautiful, whom also thou wilt teach how to love! Love thy Country—the land of thy young days of home—the land whose speech is the music of the Beloved—the land where rest the bones of Heroes, thy sires; love it with the active love of a patriot's ever anxious service! Love not only persons, places, or things; but love the Beautiful, the Noble, the Enduring! Love the memory of those Great Ones who have lived and suffered for thee! For Love is gratitude—the full-banded gratitude that returns one benefit by benefitting a thousand. Love, and scorn not those new ideas which are continually dawning upon the world! For Love is reverence. It was Love that worshipped at the Poor Man's feet, wiping them with her hair, and kissing them. Love believeth.

ASPIRE!—Indeed, Love is aspiration: the long-ing search after the Most Beautiful. Ever as thou reachest the summit of a truth, look upward to the truth beyond! Even on the ladder of improvement, which leans on the edge of heaven,—as thou gainest round after round, look upward! And when thou pilest another day of worth upon thy past life, rest not as one whose mission is accomplished; but know and recollect that man's mission is to *aspire!*

PROGRESS;—Yes! believe that the healthily-grown, the lover, the aspirer, must progress. Up and down, the mountain-climber advances toward the top. Let him not, in the mountain hollows, look back complaining—"How much higher I was." He but descends to mount again. It is no level path, nor smooth unvarying ascent, the way of progress.

But we believe in the possibility of a social state in which the ascent, though it may not be altogether evened, shall yet be smoothed of its worst roughnesses; when the whole race shall be fellow-workers, aiding each other in their advance. We believe that it shall not always be left to individuals to toil painfully up the steep and narrow path, in sadly isolated endeavour to fulfil God's law; but that, when nations are free, their governments shall be able to provide the educational means through which mankind shall be aided in their combined endeavours to grow healthily, to

love, to aspire, and to progress: when progress shall be recognised as the normal condition of life, when organised association shall supply the requisite means, when individuals baptized in the faith of devotion to God and Humanity, shall know how best to avail themselves of those means, and when Genius and Virtue, borne upon the shoulders of the advancing crowd (as of old they chose their generals), shall light us upon our way. When the whole earth shall be a holy altar, and human life as the flame of a sacrifice, continually ascending to the heaven of God.

W. J. LINTON.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents requiring private answers are requested to forward a post-stamp.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE RED REPUBLICAN.—A Sincere Democrat, Bayswater, 2s. 6d.; W. Symmonds, 6d.; B. Davidson, 4d.

FOR THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—Nottingham Fraternal Democrats "levy" money, &c., £1.; Mr. Whitcombe, 1s.

FOR THE POLISH REFUGEES.—Collected at the Shakspeare Inn, Barnsley, by T. Lingard, 3s. 6d.; H. Read, 1s.; Coventry Chartists, per Alexander Yates, 10s.

FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE-DRIVERS, &c.—A Sincere Democrat, Bayswater, 1s.

We have been requested to state that the workmen in the employ of Mr. Rattei, wood-carver, Cambridge, have subscribed £1 4s. for the Eastern Counties "turn-outs."

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.—We are requested to state that a members' meeting of this society will take place at the John-street Institution, on the evening of Friday, November 29th, to consider the proposed union of the society with the National Charter Association, Social Reform League, and other bodies; also to adopt resolutions in commemoration of the Polish insurrection of 1830.

HUNGARY.—We are informed that public meetings were recently held in the villages of Bierley and Birkenshaw, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the sufferings of the Hungarian Refugees, now in London. At each village much sympathy was expressed for the embarrassed condition of the Hungarians. A subscription was collected to the amount of £3, which has duly been transmitted to London for their benefit."—Wm. COOKE, bookseller, Vicar-lane, Bradford. [We understand that the above-named sum has been forwarded by Mr. Cooke to the *Leader* office.]

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—A correspondent apprises us that a number of the young Democrats of Ashton-under-Lyne have resolved to hold a rehearsal of the "Trial of Robert Emmet," on Monday evening, the 25th of November, 1850. The proceeds to be devoted as follows—one-half to our Hungarian and Polish brethren, and the other half to the formation of a Democratic library and instruction class. Our young friends at Ashton are setting an example which might be imitated with advantage in very many places. In the course of the ensuing Christmas holidays, the trial of Emmet, and the plays of *Wat Tyler*, *Venice Preserved*, *Marino Faliero*, *William Tell*, &c., &c., might be performed by the young democracy. Why not? We wish all success to the young "Reds" of Ashton.

W. SYMMONDS.—Yes; Englishmen may invest money in the Italian loan.

A SINCERE DEMOCRAT, Bayswater.—We shall have our say on the "Papal aggression," and show up both parties. The song shall be disposed of as you wish. The pamphlet shall have our attention. A democratic daily paper is at present impossible.

W. PEMBERTON.—The poetry is respectfully declined.

THE LACEY FUND.—We have received a copy of the Balance-sheet of the Lacey Fund. We cannot afford room for its publication in the *Red*. We must, however, observe that the friends composing the Committee have done their work well, and have entitled themselves to public approbation and the gratitude of the Lacey Family.

J. PEACOCK.—The prospectus shall be noticed in an early number, and shall be communicated to the "Fraternals."

THOSE WHO MIGHT JOIN US.—(To the Editor of the *Red Republican*.)—My dear Sir, I have been compelled to defer till now (and it is not too late now) some remarks I feel called upon to make with reference to your leading article in No. 18 of the "Red Republican." My object is to correct some misapprehension relative to the names of Reformers, and self-called Reformers, which I had enumerated in my letter to the "Social and Democratic Conference." You say:—"Considering Mr. Linton's fear of middle-class treachery, and his experience of the Crosby Hall Conference, he surprises us when he names Walmsley and Colonel Thompson as men who should be invited to a Chartist Conference. As regards Bright and Duffy, we should as soon think of inviting Russell and Londonderry to help us to get the Charter!" You have somewhat mistaken my meaning. I said such men as Walmsley, Bright, and Duffy, rather referring to them as types of classes than intending to single them out as individuals. Of the individuals I would, however, now say something more decided. I look upon WALMSLEY as by no means a decided enemy; but as a good-natured and not very notable man, who would not object to serve us if his party would let him, but who has not sufficient character to take so bold a step upon his own account.

I think there is more good than harm in him; and I repeat (somewhat more clearly perhaps) that I would throw upon all such half-men the onus of "refusing to accept an invitation from the people." JOHN BRIGHT, a very different man from Cobden) is an able man, and so worth having; an honest man (I believe) and so better worth our having; a progressive man too (if I am not deceived in him), and so, I think, not altogether unlikely some day to come over to us from the enemies' camp, where, of course we all know he is now. All I would say of him is that if he should consent to join us, I have sufficient faith in his integrity to trust him, and to work far more cordially with him than with some of those who, in my opinion, though they may very properly call themselves "whole hog Chartists," are not so honest. DUFFY I know personally, for a high-natured, earnest man. There are wide enough differences between us: but not, I believe, upon the question of the suffrage. I am not aware that the *Nation* has ever failed us upon that point. There are few men whose co-operation I would so heartily welcome. OF COLONEL THOMPSON (whom I did specially name as one of the People's trusty friends) can it be necessary to say one word in defence? At Crosby Hall I do not know that he did anything more than make a rather laughable "No Popery" speech. Since then I have seen his name at one meeting of the Financials. Even if he is one of them, so was O'Connor. So was, and I think is, Holyoake, and so also others of your conference. If you do not know the Colonel's life, look into his "Political Exercises" and convince yourself how sound he is at the core. And if you cannot get at that evidence, then take my word, which plenty of our friends (working men too) will readily echo, that an implication of "treachery" can under no circumstances have any business in connexion with the justly honoured name of Perronet Thompson, than whom few men have done more for the cause of popular freedom. Do not think that this explanation is meant as any reflection upon yourself. But your words passing unanswered might tend to some unhappy mistakes. I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully, W. J. LINTON.

[Our estimate of most of the public characters named in the above, does not all accord with the position they hold in our friend Linton's opinion. We agree to differ.]

—ED. R. R.]

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

A Letter by the Editor on the affairs of Germany, and President Buonaparte's Message, must stand over through want of room.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

"LET Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon*.

TO THE CHARTISTS.

IF "in the multitude of councillors there is safety," you cannot fail to do well; seeing that you are just now addressed from all sides by "friends" and "leaders," anxious to set you in the straight and sure path of safe and certain progress. Pity it is that your advisers cannot themselves agree as to which is the path both straight and sure, safe and certain.

The majority of the members of the Democratic Conference have affirmed the desirability of fusing the National Charter Association, the society of Fraternal Democrats, the Social Reform League, and the National Reform League into one grand association, to be entitled the National Charter and Social Reform Union. One very objectionable point mars the programme of the proposed union; in all other respects that programme is thoroughly democratic, and worthy of the approval of all sections of the democratic party.

The point alluded to consists in the proposed constitution of the provisional committee. Providing that that committee shall be formed of three members from each of the existing societies, seems on the face of it a just and fair provision. But, in fact, a council so composed

would, as regards direct delegation, very inadequately represent the Chartist body. Who will dispute that the Chartists far outnumber every other section, and indeed all other sections combined, of the Democratic party? In providing for the constitution of the committee, the Conference should have kept in view the numbers of the Chartists, including those who are not members of the existing Association. Under the "Reform Act," the borough of Thetford, with 214 electors, returns two members to the House of Commons, while the Tower Hamlets, with 19,361 electors also, returns only two members. This is preposterous; but it would be not less so to give the Fraternal Democrats three representatives, and the Chartists also only three. Such seeming equality would be gross inequality of representation. In justice to the Fraternalists, we must add the expression of our conviction that they desire no such inequality.

Notwithstanding this objectionable feature of the programme, we would advise the Charter Association to vote in favour of the projected fusion, on condition of the objectionable rule being forthwith amended, if we entertained the hope that that vote would lead to the desired union of all sections of the democratic party. But we cannot recommend any such vote, because morally certain that the union, even if approved of by a majority of the members of the existing Charter Association, would not meet with the unanimous approval of the Chartist party. The members of the National Reform League will undoubtedly vote with their council against the union; and under these circumstances, the Fraternal Democrats and Socialists are not likely to exhibit much alacrity in dissolving their respective societies.

There are men belonging to each of the existing associations, and others who belong not to any one of them, who, no doubt, could be brought to act together as members of the proposed "National Charter and Social Reform Union." But a "National Charter and Social Reform Union" in name, but which in reality would be anything but national in numbers, funds, &c., would be worse than useless. We are weary of make-believe parties assuming to themselves the title of "national."—God save us from another "National Petition!"

Advised by some of your "friends" to reject the proposed union, you have at the same time been advised to sanction the calling of a conference to assemble in Manchester, in January next. Is there any utility in holding a conference which, if held, will certainly be no representation of the party, but only of a portion thereof? Possibly the conveners of the said conference may be satisfied with a very modest epitome of a national delegation; but the question is whether any such conference will be of utility to you—whether, from its deliberations, the Chartist movement will arise animated with renewed life and vigour. There is certainly small hope of any such result, taking into account existing circumstances, and the time and place suggested for holding the proposed conference.

At the present moment Chartism has no hold upon public opinion. A "No Popery conference," or a "Grand Exhibition conference," could be got together upon a large scale; but not a Chartist conference. Next to "Papal Aggression," and "The Great Exhibition," the public mind is occupied with the Co-operative experiments, the revival of Trades' Unions, and the warlike aspect of affairs in Germany.

Of all possible times, the present is the worst to proceed to the election of a Chartist conference. Even if the hope could be reasonably entertained that the conference would be attended by delegates from all parts of the country, it would be the height of folly to call them together previous to the next session of Parliament. Some time after the opening of Parliament, when the measures of the government, and the propositions of "independent members" are before the country, will be the fitting time to assemble the Chartist parliament. As regards the place of meeting, if the object of the conference is to give the Chartist movement a really national character, there can be but one fitting place for the sittings of that body—the metropolis. To assemble the conference in any other locality would be to *provincialise*, not *nationalise*, Chartism. The Anti-Corn Law League commenced in Manchester, but it had to make London its head quarters before it was able to seriously influence public opinion, and act with effect upon the legislature. It may suit the present position of the friends of National Education, in this early stage of their movement, to hold a conference in Manchester; but it may be very surely predicted that before they overcome their opponents in the legislature, they will have to hold conferences in the metropolis. It is assumed that the Manchester Chartists are much better, or more numerous than the London Chartists. Even if true, this is a reason for holding the conference in London in preference to Manchester, in order to bring London "up to the mark." The policy which would set Manchester and London at loggerheads, by flattering the one and insulting the other, may serve to advance the petty personal aims of an individual or a faction, but is not calculated nor intended to advance Chartism, or serve the cause of the People.

If a Chartist conference should assemble any time within the next six months, common sense declares that the place and time for holding that conference is London, in the month of May next. Then will be assembled in the metropolis tens of thousands from all parts of the United Kingdom, and thousands more from foreign countries. The assembling of something like a national representation of Chartism will, under those circumstances, be a matter not at all difficult; and with the help of that delegation, Chartism may be proclaimed not merely to the Londoners, but to the tens of thousands of visitors, British and foreign, who will then be located in the metropolis. Such a conference may be made worthy of the Chartist name. On the other hand, the Manchester conference, if persisted in, must prove an abortion. It has been repudiated by the Chartist Executive, by the West Riding delegates, and by a very considerable majority of the localities, that thus far have considered the proposition. Under these circumstances, the convening of a conference by the Manchester committee is at once both unreasonable and anti-democratic, and only calculated to work mischief instead of good.

It is not a little suspicious that "the Manchester Conference" has the warm support of the disinterested (although subsidised) camp-followers of WALMSLEY, HUME, and Co. You, the Chartists, are implored by all that is sacred not to contaminate yourselves by accepting the fraternal aid of "Socialists," "Atheists," and those who look for "the Charter and something more;" you are entreated to stand by "the Charter, and nothing but the Charter;"

at the same time you are solicited to give your aid to the party formed to carry—or, at least, to agitate for—the "little Charter." Notwithstanding a pretty thick coating of "soft sawder," the "dodge" is clear as daylight.

Chartist brothers, three modes of action are before you.

1st. You may make yourselves the humble servitors and lacqueys of the Financial and Parliamentary Reformers, to be used, used up, and flung away like vilest weeds, as the men of your order have ever been when they have served the turn of the middle classes. Those who counsel you to this course are not your friends, but your worst enemies.

2nd. You may persevere in the course of isolated self-sufficiency, shouting for "the animal, the entire animal—snout, tail, bristles, and all," preserving the attributes of a sect, opposed by all other political sects, and all classes above the ranks of labour; at the same time, lacking the sympathy and co-operation of the vast mass of your own class. This course, if persevered in, may bring you to another "Tenth of April," and consequent humiliation and suffering, but, in our opinion, will not bring the Charter.

3rd. You may act upon the policy shadowed forth in the programme agreed to by the majority of the members of the Democratic Conference: and this you may do, even although you should reject the proposed union of the societies. It is not true that that programme mixes up Communism, Atheism, or any other *ism*, with the Charter. On the contrary, the Charter is set forth as the one grand object to be won. But while organising the people to wrest their emancipation from the hands of the privileged classes, it is proposed that advantage should be taken of all favourable circumstances to obtain, or at least struggle for, such reforms as a free press, national education, laws to enable the wealth producers to associate for the protection of their labour, &c., &c. This policy has our humble support, not so much because of the worth of the reforms above-named, as because we believe such a mode of action would gradually bring over to the Chartist ranks masses of the veritable people who have never yet co-operated or sympathised with the Chartists, "pure and simple." We desire to make the rural labourers, the miners, the trades unionists, the co-operators, and the "men of thought and men of action," wherever to be found among the working classes, Chartists and something more. Whatever measure might be before the country calculated to affect and interest the working classes, whether a Poor Law, Ten Hours' Bill, Home Colonisation Bill, Miurs' Protection Bill, Education Bill, &c., we would have the Chartists to bring their organised power and influence to the support of Labour. This policy may be acted upon with or without changing the existing Association. We desire to see the great mass of the working classes indoctrinated with Chartist principles, and inspired with that holy fervour which at present guides the few rather than the many. Let the Proletarians become thoroughly Chartist, the Bourgeois reformers will no more insult the unrepresented millions with such a scheme as the "little Charter." The people enlightened and resolved to be free, time and circumstances will do the rest; the chains of the slave will be speedily and for ever divorced from the limbs of the labourer.

Brother Chartists, you will decide for yourselves. For ourselves, we shall act, with or without associations, on the policy which we are persuaded is best calculated to rally the Proletarians of all sects and sections to the great struggle for Labour's emancipation—through the attainment of the CHARTER AND SOMETHING MORE!

German Communism.

MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

CHAPTER II.

PROLETARIANS AND COMMUNISTS.

(Continued from No. 22.)

WHAT relationship subsists between the Communists and the Proletarians?—The Communists form no separate party in opposition to the other existing working-class parties. They have no interest different from that of the whole Proletariat. They lay down no particular principles according to which they wish to direct and to shape the Proletarian movement. The Communists are distinguishable among the various sections of the Proletarian party on two accounts—namely, that in the different *national* Proletarian struggles, the Communists understand, and direct attention to, the common interest of the collective Proletariat, an interest independent of all nationality; and that, throughout the various phases of development assumed by the struggle between the Bourgeoisie and the Proletariat, the Communists always represent the interest of the Whole Movement. In a word, the Communists are the most advanced, the most progressive section, among the Proletarian parties of all countries; and this section has a theoretical advantage, compared with the bulk of the Proletariat—it has obtained an insight into the historical conditions, the march, and the general results of the Proletarian Movement. The more immediate aim of the Communists is that of all other Proletarian sections. *The organisation of the Proletariat as a class, the destruction of Middle-class supremacy, and the conquest of political power by the Proletarians.*

The theoretical propositions of the Communists are not based upon Ideas, or Principles, discovered by this or that Universal Reformer. Their propositions are merely general expressions for the actual conditions, causes, &c., of an existing battle between certain classes, the conditions of an historical Movement which is going on before our very eyes.

The abolition of existing conditions of Property does not form a distinguishing characteristic of Communism. All such conditions have been subject to a continual change, to the operation of many historical Movements. The French Revolution, for example, destroyed the feudal conditions of property, and replaced them by Bourgeois ones. It is not, therefore, the *abolition of property generally* which distinguishes Communism; it is the *abolition of Bourgeois property*. But Modern Middle-class private property is the last and most perfect expression for that mode of Production and Distribution which rests on the antagonism of classes, on the using up of the many by the few. In this sense, indeed, the Communists might resume their whole Theory in that single expression—*The abolition of private property.*

It has been reproached to us, the Communists, that we wish to destroy the property which is the product of a man's own labour; self-acquired property, the basis of all personal freedom, activity, and independence. Self-acquired property! Do you mean the property of the small shopkeeper, small tradesman, small peasant, which precedes the present system of Middle-class property? We do not need to abolish that, the progress

of industrial development is daily destroying it. Or do you mean modern Middle-class property? Does labour under the Wages-system create property for the Wages-slave, for the Proletarian? No. It creates Capital, that is, a species of property which plunders Wages-labour; for Capital can only increase on condition of creating a new supply of Wages-labour; in order to use it up anew.

Property, in its present form, rests upon the antagonism of Capital and Wages-labour. Let us look at both sides of this antithesis. To be a Capitalist means to occupy not only a personal, but a social position in the system of production. Capital is a collective product, and can be used and set in motion only by the common activity of many, or, to speak exactly, only by the united exertions of all the members of society. Capital is thus not an individual, it is a social power. Therefore, when Capital is changed into property belonging in common to all the members of society, personal property is not thereby changed into social property. It *was* social property before. The social character only of property, in such a case, is changed. Property loses its class character.—Let us now turn to Wages-labour. The minimum rate of wages is the average price of Proletarian labour. And what is the minimum rate of wages? It is that quantity of produce which is necessary to conserve the working capacities of the labourer. What the Wages-slave can gain by his activity is merely what is requisite for the bare reproduction of his existence. We by no means wish to abolish this personal appropriation of the products of labour; an appropriation leaving no net profit, no surplus, to be applied to command the labour of others. We only wish to change the miserably insufficient character of this appropriation, whereby the producer lives only to increase Capital; that is, whereby he is kept alive only so far as it may be the interest of the ruling class. In Middle-class society, actual living labour is nothing but a means of increasing accumulated labour. In Communistic society, accumulated labour is only a means of enlarging, increasing, and varying the vital process of the producers. In Middle-class society, the Past reigns over the Present. In Communistic society, the Present reigns over the Past. In Middle-class society, Capital is independent and personal; while the active individual is dependent and deprived of personality. And the destruction of such a system is called by Middle-class advocates, the destruction of personality and freedom. They are so far right, that the question in hand is the destruction of *Middle-class* personality, independence, and freedom. Within the present Middle-class conditions of production, freedom means free trade, freedom of buying and selling. But if trade, altogether, is to fall, so will free trade fall with the rest. The declamations about free trade, as all the remaining Bourgeois declamations upon the subject of freedom generally, have a meaning only when opposed to fettered trade, and to the enslaved tradesman of the Middle Ages; they have no meaning whatever in reference to the Communistic destruction of profit-mongering; of the Middle-class conditions of production; and of the Middle-class itself. You are horrified that we aim at the abolition of private property. But under your present system of society, private property has no existence for nine-tenths of its members; its existence is based upon the very fact that it exists not at all for nine-tenths of the population. You reproach us, then, that we aim at the abolition of a species of property which involves, as a necessary condition, the absence of all property for the immense majority of society. In a word, you reproach us that we aim at the destruction of *YOUR* property. That is precisely what we aim at.

From the moment when Labour can no longer be changed into Capital,—into money, or rent,—into a social power capable of being monopolised; that is, from the moment when personal property

can no longer constitute itself as Middle-class property, from that moment you declare, that human personality is abolished. You acknowledge, then, that for you, personality generally means the personality of the Bourgeois, the Middle-class proprietor. It is precisely this kind of personality which is to be destroyed. Communism deprives no one of the right of appropriating social products; it only takes away from him the power of appropriating the command over the labour of others. It has been objected that activity will cease, and a universal laziness pervade society, were the abolition of private property once accomplished. According to this view of the matter, Middle-class society ought, long since, to have been ruined through idleness; for under the present system, those who do work acquire no property, and those who acquire property do no work. This objection rests upon the tautological proposition, that there will be no Wages-labour whenever there is no Capital.

All the objections made to the Communistic mode of producing and distributing physical products, have also been directed against the production and distribution of intellectual products. As, in the opinion of the Bourgeois, the destruction of class property involves the cessation of appropriation, in like manner the cessation of class-civilisation, in his opinion, is identical with the cessation of civilisation generally. The civilisation whose loss he deprecates, is the system of civilising men into machines.

But do not dispute with us, while you measure the proposed abolition of Middle-class property, by your Middle-class ideas of freedom, civilisation, jurisprudence, and the like. Your ideas are the necessary consequences of the Middle-class conditions of property and production, as your jurisprudence is the Will of your class raised to the dignity of Law, a Will whose subject is given in the economical conditions of your class. The selfish mode of viewing the question, whereby you confound your transitory conditions of production and property with the eternal laws of Reason and Nature, is common to all ruling classes. What you understand with regard to Antique and Feudal property, you cannot understand with regard to modern Middle-class property.—The destruction of domestic ties! Even the greatest Radicals are shocked at this scandalous intention of the Communists. Upon what rests the present system, the Bourgeois system, of family relationships? Upon Capital, upon private gains, on profit-mongering. In its most perfect form it exists only for the Bourgeoisie, and it finds a befitting compliment in the compulsory celibacy of the Proletarians, and in public prostitution. The Bourgeois family system naturally disappears with the disappearance of its complement, and the destruction of both is involved in the destruction of Capital. Do you reproach us that we intend abolishing the using up of children by their parents? We acknowledge this crime. Or that we will abolish the most endearing relationships, by substituting a public and social system of education for the existing private one? And is not your system of education also determined by society? By the social conditions, within the limits of which you educate? by the more or less direct influence of society, through the medium of your schools, and so forth? The Communists do not invent the influence of society upon education; they only seek to change its character, to rescue education from the influence of a ruling class. Middle-class talk about domestic ties, and education, about the endearing connection of parent and child, becomes more and more disgusting in proportion as the family ties of the Proletarians are torn asunder, and their children changed into machines, into articles of commerce, by the extension of the modern industrial system. But you intend introducing a community of women, shrieks the whole Middle-class like a tragic chorus. The Bourgeois looks upon his wife as a mere instrument of production; he is told that the instru-

ments of production are to be used up in common, and thus he naturally supposes that women will share the common fate of other machines. He does not even dream that it is intended, on the contrary, to abolish the position of woman as a mere instrument of production. For the rest, nothing can be more ludicrous than the highly moral and religious horror entertained by the Bourgeoisie towards the pretended official community of women among the Communists. We do not require to introduce community of women, it has always existed. Your Middle-class gentry are not satisfied with having the wives and daughters of their Wages-slaves at their disposal,—not to mention the innumerable public prostitutes,—but they take a particular pleasure in seducing each other's wives. Middle-class marriage is in reality a community of wives. At the most, then, we could only be reproached for wishing to substitute an open, above-board community of women, for the present mean, hypocritical, sneaking kind of community. But it is evident enough that with the disappearance of the present conditions of production, the community of women occasioned by them,—namely, official and non-official prostitution will also disappear.

The Communists are further reproached with desiring to destroy patriotism, the feeling of Nationality. The Proletarian has no Fatherland. You cannot deprive him of that which he has not got. When the Proletariat obtains political supremacy, becomes the National Class, and constitutes itself as the Nation,—it will, indeed, be national, though not in the middle-class sense of the word. The National divisions and antagonisms presented by the European Nations, already tend towards obliteration, through the development of the Bourgeoisie, through the influence of free-trade, a world-wide market, the uniformity of the modern modes of Production, and the conditions of modern life arising out of the present industrial system.

The supremacy of the Proletariat will hasten this obliteration of national peculiarities, for the united action of—at least—all civilized countries is one of the first conditions of Proletarian emancipation. In proportion to the cessation of the using up of one individual by another, will be the cessation of the using up of one nation by another. The hostile attitude assumed by nations towards each other, will cease with the antagonisms of the classes into which each nation is divided.

The accusations against communism, which have been made from the Theological, Philosophical, and Ideological, points of view, deserve no further notice. Does it require any great degree of intellect to perceive that changes occur in our ideas, conceptions, and opinions, in a word, that the consciousness of man alters with every change in the conditions of his physical existence, in his social relations and position? Does not the history of Ideas show, that intellectual production has always changed with the changes in material production? The ruling ideas of any age have always been the ideas of the then ruling class. You talk of ideas which have revolutionised society; but you merely express the fact, that within the old form of society, the elements of a new one were being formed, and that the dissolution of the old ideas was keeping pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of social life. When the antique world was in its last agony, Christianity triumphed over the antique religion. When the dogmas of Christianity were superseded by the enlightenment of the eighteenth century, feudal society was concentrating its last efforts against the then revolutionary Bourgeoisie. The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of thought were the expressions of unlimited competition in the affairs and free trade in the sphere of intellect and religion. But you say, theological, moral, philosophical, political and legal ideas, are subject to be modified by the

progress of historical development. Religion, ethics, philosophy, politics, and jurisprudence are, however, of all times. And we find, besides certain eternal ideas, for example, Freedom, Justice, and the like, which are common to all the various social phases and states. But communism destroys these eternal truths; it pretends to abolish religion and Ethics, instead of merely giving them a new form; Communism, therefore, contradicts all preceding modes of historical development. To what does this accusation amount? The history of all preceding states of society is simply the history of class antagonisms, which were fought under different conditions, and assumed different forms during the different historical epochs. Whatever form these antagonisms may have assumed, the using up of one part of society by another part, is a fact, common to the whole past. No wonder then, that the social consciousness of past ages should have a common ground, in spite of the multiplicity and diversity of social arrangements: that it should move in certain common forms of thinking, which will completely disappear with the disappearance of class antagonism. The communistic revolution is the most thorough-going rupture, with the traditional conditions of property, no wonder then, that its progress will involve the completest rupture with traditional ideas.

But we must have done with the middle-class accusations against communism. We have seen that the first step in the proletarian revolution, will be the conquest of Democracy, the elevation of the Proletariat to the state of the ruling class. The Proletarians will use their political supremacy in order to deprive the middle-class of the command of capital; to centralise all the instruments of production in the hands of the State, that is, in those of the whole proletariat organized as the ruling class, and to increase the mass of productive power with the utmost possible rapidity. It is a matter of course that this can be done, at first, only by despotic interference with the rights of property, and middle-class conditions of production. By regulations, in fact, which—economically considered—appear insufficient and untenable; which, therefore, in the course of the revolution, necessitate ulterior and more radical measures, and are unavoidable as a means towards a thorough change in the modes of production. These regulations will, of course, be different in different countries. But for the most advanced countries, the following will be pretty generally applicable:—

1. The national appropriation of the land, and the application of rent to the public revenue.
2. A heavy progressive tax.
3. Abolition of the right of inheritance.
4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels.
5. Centralization of credit in the hands of the State, by means of a national bank, with an exclusive monopoly and a state-capital.
6. Centralization of all the means of communication in the hands of the state.
7. Increase of the national manufactories; of the instruments of production; the cultivation of waste lands and the improvement of the land generally according to a common plan.
8. Labour made compulsory for all; and the organization of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.
9. The union of manufacturing and agricultural industry; with a view of gradually abolishing the antagonism between town and country.
10. The public and gratuitous education of all children; the abolition of the present system of factory labour for children; the conjunction of education and material production with other regulations of a similar nature.

When Class distinctions will have finally disappeared, and production will have been concentrated in the hands of this Association which comprises the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power in the exact sense of the word, being the organised power of one class,

which enables it to oppress another. When the proletariat has been forced to unite as a class during its struggle with the Bourgeoisie, when it has become the ruling class by a revolution, and as such has destroyed, by force, the old conditions of production, it destroys, necessarily, with these conditions of production, the conditions of existence of all class antagonism, of classes generally, and thus it destroys, also, its own supremacy as a class. The old Bourgeois Society, with its classes, and class antagonisms, will be replaced by an association, wherein the free development of each is the condition of the free development of ALL.

Institutions and Laws of Republican America.

(Continued from No. 19 of the "Red Republican.")

x.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"The Powers of Congress."—The constitution provides that the congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, but all duties, imposts, and excises must be uniform throughout the United States. To borrow money on the credit of the United States. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States. (This latter power with respect to bankruptcies is not now exercised, but it has been on two occasions.) To coin money, and regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin; and fix the standard of weights and measures. Congress provides post roads and post-offices; secures to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their production for limited terms; constitutes tribunals inferior to the supreme courts; and punishes piracies and other crimes against the laws of nations. It has the power to declare war; to raise armies and fleets; make rules for their government; to call out the militia, in order to suppress insurrections, and execute the laws of the Union; and to provide for organising, arming, and disciplining the militia. It has the exclusive control and management of all forts, arsenals, and dock-yards belonging to the United States. It may make any law necessary for carrying all these various powers into execution.

"Congress assembles at Washington, in the district of Columbia; a piece of land ten miles square, belonging not to any one of the States, but to the Union at large; and over this district, Congress until very recently exercised exclusive legislation."

"Limitations of the Powers of Congress."—Congress is not allowed to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, except in cases of rebellion or invasion. Direct taxes must be levied in proportion to the census or enumeration before directed to be taken. No direct tax is at present levied by Congress. It is declared that no tax or duty shall be laid upon articles exported from any State. No preference shall be given to the ports of one State over those of another. No title of nobility is to be granted by Congress.

"Limitations of the Powers of the States."—No State can declare war, or make a separate treaty; coin money; grant any title of nobility; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts. No State is allowed to impose duties on imports or exports.

"The Judiciary."—The judicial power of the Union is vested in a supreme court, and such inferior courts as congress may from time to time establish. The judges of the supreme court are elected for life by the president and senate. The federal courts are established for the purpose of deciding all such cases as could not properly and fairly be left to the courts of the individual States,

because of the general interests of some or all of the States or their citizens, being involved in the matter in controversy. The constitution precisely defines the jurisdiction of the federal courts. It is to extend to all cases arising under the constitution, or the laws and treaties of the United States; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States, or between citizens of different states, &c. But the jurisdiction is not to extend to suits against a State by citizens of any other State or foreigners."

"Miscellaneous Provisions."—The citizens of each State are entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. Provision is made to reclaim slaves who may escape from one State to another. Congress is empowered to dispose of and govern the territory of the United States. The United States guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government; and also undertake to protect each of them against invasion and domestic violence. No State would be permitted by the Union to establish a monarchy or aristocracy. Amendments to the constitution may be proposed by two-thirds of both houses of congress, or by a convention called for the purpose, on application of two-thirds of the States; and when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by convention in three-fourths thereof, they become a part of the corrected constitution. Certain amendments were made in 1789 to prevent misconstruction or abuse of the powers of congress. These declare that congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, &c. It is also declared that a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. These amendments also contain many valuable provisions respecting the quartering of troops, unreasonable searches and seizures, and the form of trials in the federal courts."

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1852.—Aliens who have been three years in the United States, and who did not arrive under eighteen years of age, in order to be qualified to vote at the Presidential Election in 1852, must declare their intention to become naturalised on or before the seventh day of the month of November, 1850, otherwise they will have lost the privilege of voting on that occasion.—*New York Tribune.*

STANDING ARMIES.—If soldier-playing can save France, her salvation is determined. Reviews with out number, parchment thumping, trumpet-blowing, target-firing, bayonet-practicing, sword-flourishing—and what is it all for? To save society, to protect religion, family, and property! A regiment stationed at Rouen is stated to have left 400 illegitimate children behind it; and the last year's report of Paris shows that one child out of every three is born in shame. This is chiefly owing to the army, or to the poverty which it gives rise to, preventing girls from getting husbands—luxuries not to be had without dowers in this lens of the rays of civilisation. This day is devoted to a grand review at Versailles. Shoals of great men, tricked out like great babies—political flunkies, disport themselves for the delectation of a crowd of peasantry who can neither read nor write. Talk of a woman's love for dress! Why there is not an ougion nor a general in Europe that does not glory in his red, blue, and gold, like a child. The Duke of Wellington, with all his epigrammatic blunt-headed rudeness, is not superior to exultation at the tawdry colours he puts on.—*From the letter of an American resident in Paris, published in the "New York Tribune."*

Four or five persons who are closely united and resolutely determined to impose upon a prince, can do so very easily. They never show things to him but in such a light, as they are sure will please. They conceal whatever could contribute to enlighten him; and, as they only besiege him continually, he cannot be informed of any thing but through their channel, and does nothing but what they think fit to suggest to him. Hence it is that he bestows employment on those he ought to exclude from them; and, on the other side, removes from offices such persons as are most worthy of filling them. In a word the last prince is often sold by those men, though he be ever so vigilant, and even suspicious of them.—*The Emperor's Doctor.*

Labour Record.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES ENGINE-DRIVERS AND FIREMEN.—We take the following statement of facts from the speech of Mr. Dawson, chairman of a public meeting of the men on strike, held to refute certain statements made in an article in *Bentley's Miscellany*, with respect to the skilfulness of the new drivers; 2nd, to let the shareholders know the damage daily done to their property on the line; and 3rd, to make the public aware of the unfitness of the present staff of men engaged to drive the engines on the Eastern Counties line. "The long list of accidents showed their want of skill, and the retirement of many, whose agreements were out, proved that they had been deceived when they were engaged. Several of the new men had stated that they were enticed into the service of the company by false statements and pretences, such as an increase of traffic and similar pretext. Some of them were in situations at the time, which they left to come to the Eastern Counties, but when they were informed of the facts they were anxious to return to them but found themselves prevented by their agreements." Mr. Dawson read a long catalogue of accidents of various descriptions, commencing on the 20th of August last, and ending on the 10th inst., the facts of each being specifically and circumstantially given. "A great number of engines had been disabled, the fire-boxes burnt and otherwise damaged, with a consequent enormous loss to the company. The rolling stock, which under Mr. Hunter, the former locomotive superintendent, was amply sufficient for all the purposes of the company, had, as the result of the unskilful management of Mr. Gooch and the new drivers, fallen below the daily requirement of the line. When they left, there were three new and superior engines in the Romford shed that had never been used at all, and sixteen extra engines only occasionally used. These had all been brought into work, and the directors had also hired six engines from the Newmarket Company, and were still unable to provide for much more than the passenger traffic. As a consequence, the goods traffic was neglected, and where these goods were of a perishable nature, there was an additional loss to the company." Thirty-five accidents were enumerated as having occurred during the period embraced in the list. "On the 20th of August, No. 81 engine, coming up with the fish train, had to be divided on Chesterfield Bank for want of steam; the driver took one half of the train to Wendon, leaving the other on the main line, and on his return for it, found he had no water in his tank, and very little in his boiler; he had to pull his fire out, and was three hours late, losing the market with the fish, at a serious cost to the company." A great number of cases were cited in which the trains were late, varying from three-quarters to three hours and a half and upwards. "No. 85 engine, on arriving at Cambridge, on the 29th of September, with a train of passengers, had one of its wheels turned off, and, as a consequence, was thrown off the road. If it had happened on an embankment the lives of the passengers would have been sacrificed. On the same day, the train on arriving at Yarmouth, instead of stopping at the ticket platform, ran on, and would have come in collision with the mail train, just about to start, if the points had not been plugged, which is seldom the case. The passengers in the mail train were so terrified that they got out of the train, and some of them refused to proceed by it. On the 1st of October an accident occurred at the Stratford station, by which damage was done to property, and the passengers in the up Cambridge train, due in London at 10.40 p.m., were violently knocked off their seats. This was caused by the driver of engine No. 177 running violently out of the siding, and coming in contact with the train, not having paid any attention to the signals. On the 7th, another severe accident and loss of property occurred at Brick-lane, in which four trucks were knocked off the line, and one filled with plate glass was knocked to pieces. On the 25th a driver unbooked his engine from the train on Stanaway bank. The pilot came to seek, and brought the disabled engine into Colchester, put it in the shed, and all went home to breakfast, leaving the train standing on the main line, three miles distant from the town. The irregularities of time, and consequent accidents, continued to the present time, and the facts they had collected, and were prepared to prove, were the best commentary that could be offered on *Bentley's* fabulous statement. It had evidently been published to blind the public as to the actual state of affairs on the line, for it must still be fresh in the recollection of all, that, prior to the appearance of that article, the accident at Brentwood occurred, through which nine lives were lost; and at Enfield, although no lives were lost, the passengers had a most narrow escape." The facts stated by the chairman were confirmed by others. One of the speakers stated that "he had been back again to work under Mr. Gooch, and he found that gentleman had not relaxed in his system of tyranny; for, taking into account the extra work, and the reduced wages, it made 2s. 9d. a day less than he would have earned under the old management. But that was not all. The new hands had threatened him with violence, and his engine had a serious trick played to it. On bringing it out he found the steam escaping by the fire-plates. Luckily, he had the presence of mind to open the safety valves, before opening the doors; but endeavouring to do so he found they were locked. Any one acquainted with a steam-engine knew the danger of a violent explosion with locked valves. He did not think himself safe. Gave notice to Mr. Gooch of the fact, and was not allowed to work again." Several speakers corroborated a statement made in a former number of this publication, that the list of men on strike is in the hands of the railway superintendents, not only in England but in Scotland, and is always referred to on

application for employment. In addition to the above we may state that a few days ago the mail train to Cambridge was delayed one hour and a half, and through the inefficiency of the drivers had to make the last stage of the journey with horse power instead of steam! A passenger's train from London ran into a goods train at Witlestord, in broad daylight, and extracted some of the passengers' teeth without the aid of a dentist, at the same time the engine was consigned to what the Yankees term "immortal smash." Preserve us from the Eastern Counties line while Mister Gooch reigns king and lord!

THE TYPE FOUNDERS.—Our readers will remember that the men and lads who found themselves forced by the tyranny of Caslon and Fagg to strike work, and quit the Chiswell-street Foundry, numbered ninety-six. Of this number twenty-three have obtained employment at other letter foundries. It is believed that more of the turn-outs will find work almost immediately. Caslon and Fagg have put to "the Rubbing" two little boys, each about 13 years old, to fill the places of men! The women, it appears, cannot do the work, and so—to carry out the cheap system—these Mammonites are using up the sweat and marrow of children! The poor boys are to receive three shillings a week until competent to do the work—of men! To polish type on a stone, requires a strength of arm not given to either children or women. The French female rubbers know this to their cost. One of them has found the work so injurious and unbearable that she has been compelled to give notice of her intention to leave and return to her native country. The introduction of foreign workers, and the attempt to supersede the labour of men by that of women and children, have made the names of Caslon, Fagg, and Co., infamous in the records of Industry. As regards the "Rubbing" the experiment of employing women and children must fail; and "the firm" will be forced to employ men to do the work at the regular trade price. We learn with much pleasure that the recent contributions to the Strike Fund include TEN POUNDS from the Dublin compositors. The turn-outs are determined not to flinch, and if supported as hitherto must ere long be victorious.

STRIKE OF POWER-LOOM WEAVERS.—We have received a copy of "The Twenty-ninth Report" of the Income and Expenditure of a large number of turn-outs, lately in the employ of Sir E. Armitage and son, Pendleton. Of the origin of the strike we have no information. It appears that some hundreds of adults, and some hundreds of children in addition, numbering altogether well on to a thousand individuals, are on strike to resist some kind of injustice, or obtain some kind of justice, not to be obtained by humbly petitioning the great Millocrat. Up to the 2d of November, the strike had continued seven weeks. We are glad to observe that the turn-outs appear to have public sympathy on their side, as evinced by the large amount of money collected weekly. From some remarks of the committee, prefacing the money account, we gather that Sir E. Armitage has been playing the usual game in trying to induce workers belonging to other towns, to take the places of his old "hands." He is also evicting tenants after the approved fashion of the land-robbers of Ireland. We extract the following from the aforesaid remarks:—"We sincerely pity our opponents for the unfair tricks they are resorting to in endeavouring to overcome our fair demands. What treacherous consequences there would have been to humanity in misleading the poor people of Warrington, and inducing them to unhouse and starve the poor people of Pendleton! We are happy to say that the vigilance and manliness of our Agents frustrated their abominable intentions, and prevented the selfishness and degradation that would have resulted. We hear from one of our correspondents that inquiry has been made for Power-loom Weavers in the North of England, promising them good wages, constant employment, and other such like puff, to induce them to leave their comfortable homes in exchange for submission and low wages. In this, as in the rest, they are entirely defeated. The weavers have sent word 'That they have had enough of nobsticking in Lancashire!' The good Knight is carrying out his 'well known liberality in his conduct towards his tenants, who are on strike. They must quit their houses and take to the street.' Hospitable man!—The 'good knight!' It strikes us we have heard of his Knightsip before to-day. Could not some of our readers favour us with a little information as to the 'good knight's' goodness?"

MINER'S STRIKE.—From a Report of the Income and Expenditure in connection with a strike of Miners at Cockey Moor, somewhere in Lancashire, we learn the particulars set forth in the following extract:—"Our grievance is that our master wanted to reduce our wages six shillings in the pound." A modest reduction, truly! "We return our sincere thanks for the kind support we have received from our friends and the public generally, and as we have not come to any arrangement with our employers we still solicit a continuance of your support. Thirty-eight (Men and Boys) left work on the 29th of June, 31 of whom have been out of employ ever since." The strike has, consequently, continued about twenty-one weeks. We are glad to observe that the income of the strike fund is fully equal to the expenditure. We trust this will continue until either the "masters" is brought to a sense of justice or the men find employment elsewhere.

REDUCTION OF EMPLOYMENT ON RAILWAYS.—The reduction of the number of persons employed in the construction of Railways has been very considerable, amounting to 88,361 persons, against an increase of only 3,280 employed upon lines open for traffic, showing that 81,081 persons who, in May, 1848, were actively employed in some capacity upon railways, have been removed from this employment, and

thrown upon the general labour market of the country. This, added to the reduction in the previous year, gives a total of nearly 150,000 who have been thrown out of employment, and which will, by the end of the current year, be augmented, probably, to the extent of 60,000 more, making an aggregate of upwards of 200,000 persons who may be considered as having been temporarily withdrawn from other occupations by the stimulus which railways received in 1845 and 1846, and who must now seek a livelihood on other ways.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN FRANCE.—The workmen of Lille have formed a society for procuring, at the cheapest rate for themselves and their families, food, clothing, and fuel, and for mutual assistance in case of disease, or other misfortune. The management is conducted on the most economical footing. The butcher receives a small per centage per head of cattle, and all other functions are fulfilled gratuitously by different members of the society in their leisure hours.

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION IN AMERICA.—The *New York Tribune* mentions that there exists at present a great movement among all the German Trade and Scientific Associations, as well as among the Americans. Congresses are called and have been held, particularly at Philadelphia to consider the formation of a league among all the Working Associations of the United States to constitute a Central Committee for the uniform progress and cultivation of the working classes.

Poetry for the People.

THE ENSLAVED ENGLISHMAN.

From "Republican Songs for Republican Singers."

BY JOHN ATHOL WOOD.

TUNE—"The Englishman."

There is an Isle amid the sea,
To every nation known;
Whose "Toil-worn Sons" believe they're free,
Though Freedom long hath flown.
For money-lords and titled knaves
Have crushed beneath their yoke—
Until they're worse than galley slaves—
"Our hearts of British Oak."
'Tis the land where patriot blood has ran
From the heart of many an Englishman.

There is a People groaning 'neath
A weight of tax, imposed
Upon them from their first drawn breath,
Until the grave has closed
O'er them, and their storm-rent career
Of misery and turmoil;
Entailing to their offspring dear,
A heritage of toil.
And they are slaves; the proof is when
Laws grind our labouring Englishmen.

There is a purse-proud haughty few—
A self-entitled "great";
Descended from a brigand crew—
Mid pomp and tinsel state,
Who never earned the bread they eat,
Yet arrogantly dare
To grasp the wealth, which it is meet
Should fall to Labour's share.
They're a locust pest, who cast the ban
Of serfdom o'er each Englishman.

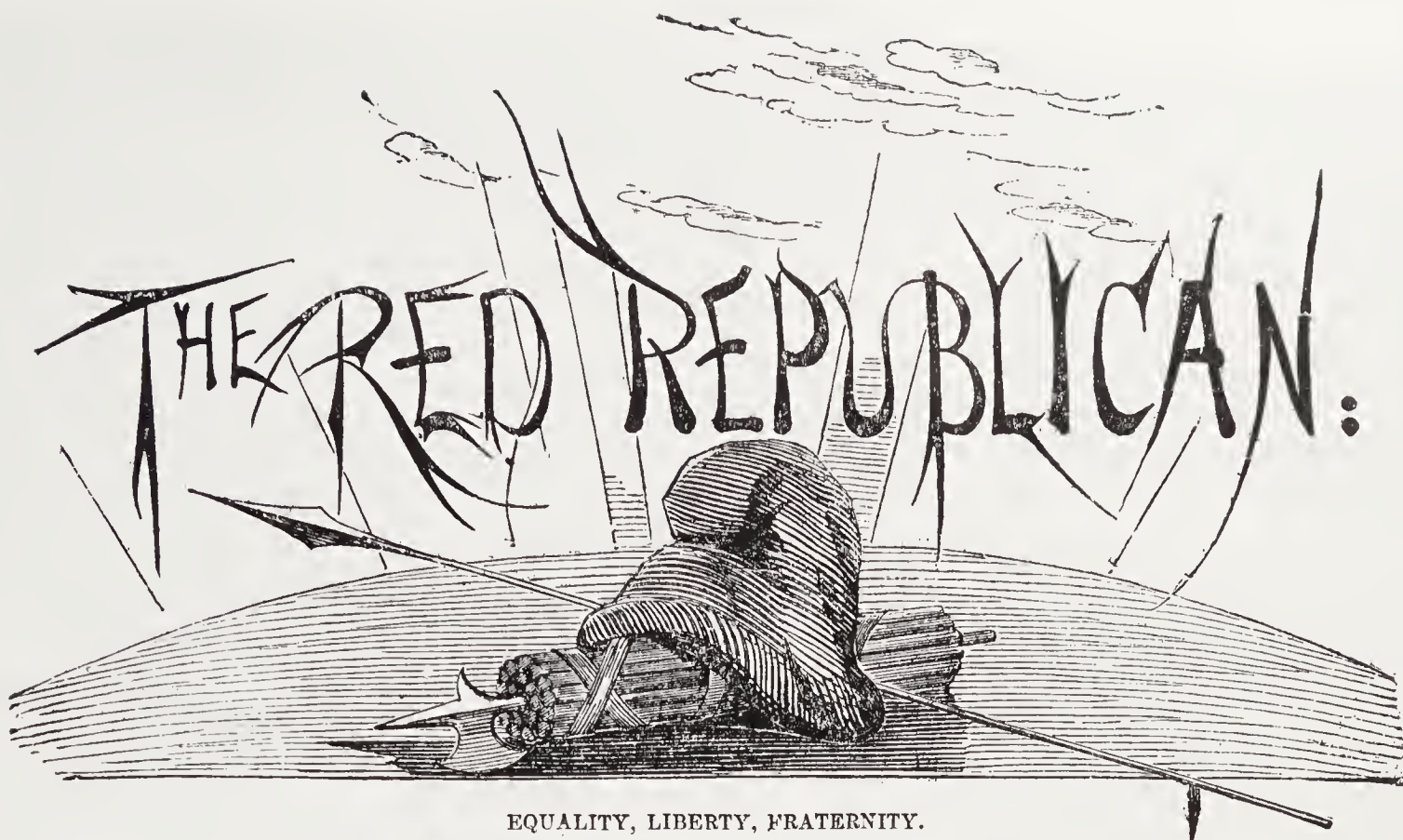
There is a staunch "Fraternal Band,"
Resolved, come weal or woe,
For Freedom, Faith, and Fatherland,
To make the tyrants bow
Before the People's mighty mind—
The might of voice and pen—
E'en life, if need, will be resigned
To prove they're ENGLISH MEN.
Redemption's work have they began,
Each high-souled patriot Englishman.

Arouse ye, then, be slaves no more!
It is the day and hour
To crush the oppressors on our shore,
And wrest from them the power
To longer sway—as they have done—
A People, bold and brave,
Who've made their boast—An English sun
Ne'er saw an English slave.
Join heart and hand, be firm, and then
Ye shall be FREE-BORN ENGLISH MEN.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage.—*Addison*.

Revolution is but another name for reform resisted too long, and yielded too late.—*Electio Review*.

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EQUALITY, LIBERTY, FRATERNITY.
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Letters of L'Ami du Peuple.

XVII.

As in a fortress, princes, priests, and peers,
Besieged by their own subjects sore oppressed,
Cry to us—'Come, be masters, end our fears;
We will be serfs so tyrants we may rest.'
I take my lance—before me, far and wide,
Sceptre and cross are bow'd like abject things;
Neigh, O my faithful courser! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings!"
Beranger's "Song of the Cossack."

COSSACK SUPREMACY.

"In fifty years Europe will be Republican or Cossack!" This famous prophecy of NAPOLEON'S cannot be too often repeated. Upwards of thirty years have passed since that prediction was uttered; and there can be but little doubt that, within the remainder of the allotted term, the prophecy will be fulfilled: Europe will be Republican or Cossack!

Which?

Looking at the present state of continental Europe, one is almost led to anticipate the fulfilment of the black, not the brilliant, side of the Corsican's prediction.

Over Northern, Eastern, and Central Europe, Muscovite barbarism dominates. Southern Europe is enervated and impotent. Western Europe—divided between France and England—is emasculated by its treacherous or cowardly governments. As regards France, there can be no doubt that the traitors who have seized upon the government of that country are in direct collusion with the imperial savage of Russia. The rulers of England are the fettered tools of those liberticidal classes whose interests, if not Cossack, are anti-Republican. Under these circumstances, the Muscovite autocrat is at liberty to pursue those infernal designs which, from the days

of PETER THE GREAT, have constituted the unchanging policy of the Russian despots. Already the lance of the Cossack is the dominant sceptre of Europe.

Taking into account the present prostration of the peoples of Europe, and the almost omnipotent brute force wielded by the ruling tyrants, one might be almost tempted to despair of the Republican cause. Hungary has shared the doom of Poland. Italy is again trampled down by the foreign brigand and the truth-and-freedom-hating monk. Germany, betrayed by her sham patriots, and victimised by her perjured princes, has receded to the régime of METTERNICH. France, so far as concerns the actualities of freedom, it worse off now than before the revolution of February. Her "republic" is an incorporated sham and blasphemy—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." To say nothing of the army of martyrs who died in battle, were massacred in cold blood, or murdered on the political scaffold, multitudes of living martyrs are suffering in the dungeons of tyranny. The groans of thousands of the best and noblest ascend daily—unceasingly—from the prison-hells of Europe. How long shall this be, O ye powers of Justice and Vengeance—how long?

The state of Germany demands a few words. Divested of diplomatic humbug and newspaper jargon, the question at issue between the Austrian and Prussian governments is simply—which of the two shall take the lead in tyrannising over the German people? Some of our sham liberals affect to regard the king of Prussia as the champion of "constitutional freedom." The fact is, that, of the entire gang of despots, his Prussian kingship is the most false, hypocritical, and infamous. NICHOLAS deceives no one. He stands the avowed, undisguised incar-

nation of despotism. The boy-emperor of Austria is known to be the mere puppet of the most villanous camarilla that ever existed. FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia, on the other hand, has tried the artful dodge of playing the absolute tyrant under the guise of "a constitutional king." So great is his love for constitutions, that he has sworn to and smashed up some half-dozen since the year 1847, when his kingship made the memorable declaration: "I and my house will serve the Lord!" If lying and bloodshedding, perjury and murder, constitute service acceptable to "the Lord," then truly the royal drunkard of Prussia merits the crown of the faithful.

The nations have not forgotten how those sneaking, cowardly ruffians, the kings and princes of Germany, with FREDERICK WILLIAM at their head, bowed, trembling, to the victorious people in March, 1848; and how they renounced their "grace of God" blasphemy, and consented to hold their crowns by the will of the people the wretches were then thankful for permission to wear their heads! They accepted constitutions of the most liberal character, acknowledged even the sovereignty of universal suffrage, and mounted the black-red-gold cockade, the emblem and pledge of German unity. The people believed, trusted, and were, of course, deceived. The king of Prussia set the example of treason to his inferior comrogués. He dispersed the representatives of the people by force; persecuted all who attempted to act upon the "constitutional right" of "withholding the supplies;" abolished universal suffrage; disarmed the proletarians; dissolved the burgher guard; crushed the popular associations; put down public meetings; abrogated the freedom of the press; and placed the capital and other "suspected" districts

under martial law. Worse still—his Prussian kingship sent his butchers into Saxony and Baden to massacre the people. Inspired by his example, the king of Saxony, the Elector of Hesse, the duke of Mecklenburgh, and many more of the royal gang, trampled upon the constitutions they had sworn to uphold, established martial law, and proclaimed a return to the barbarous state of things that existed before March, 1848. Knowing these facts, who can be fool enough to imagine that FREDERICK WILLIAM has greater love for Hessian freedom than either the Austrian or the Russian emperor. The poor Hessians are crucified between two thieves: their avowed enemy of Austria, and their faithless "friend" of Prussia.

Notwithstanding the calling-out of the Prussian landwehr (militia), and the other menacing signs of war, it is most probable that, like the order-mongers of France, the Prussian and Austrian governments will, at the last moment, patch up their quarrel, and, instead of fighting each other, mutually agree to a re-construction of the "holy alliance," defensive and offensive, against the people. The head of that alliance will be NICHOLAS; and the work thereof will be—first, the annihilation of all remnants of freedom and constitutionalism yet left in Germany, the appropriation of Hesse and other petty states by the tworival robber powers, and the forcible suppression of the Schleswig-Holstein war; second, the restoration of monarchy in France. As regards the latter, the crowned brigands will be aided—openly or secretly—by the French order-mongers. Supposing French resistance to be paralysed or overcome, the Cossack autocrat will reign king and lord over Continental Europe. The nominal rulers of Austria, Prussia, France, and the minor states, will be merely his Czarship's humble lieutenants; and then indeed the Cossack may exultingly cry to his war-steed:—

"Neigh, O my faithful courser! neigh with pride,
And trample under foot the peoples and their kings!"

But it may be that these royal brigands and sham-republican traitors will not have their own way. It may be that the Prussian people, irritated by the faithlessness of their king, and the prospect of being subjected to Russian sway, will burst the fetters that at present bind them, fling the gage of battle to Croat and Cossack, crush their own traitor government, and plant the republican banner on the towers of Berlin. If so, Hungary and Italy will rise again in insurrection, and from Cracow to Rome the flag of the Revolution will be unfurled. Even should Germany bow, for the moment, to the yoke, it may be that the Cossack invasion of France will arouse once more the omnipotent spirit of the first revolution, and then hurrah for THE HOLY WAR—the war against kings and tyrants of every description, which must result in making Europe republican, and breaking for ever the sceptre of the Cossack.

And that gore-reeking sceptre shall be broken. By the blood of those heroes and martyrs who twenty years ago, on the night of the 29th of November, raised the cry of "Poland and Liberty—War to the Muscovite!" that sceptre shall be dashed to pieces—the lance of the Cossack shall not doom our Europe to barbarism, slavery, and the knout! Those valiant sons of Poland failed and fell, but the cause for which they fought and

perished is no longer the cause of Poland only—it is the cause of all nations; and, come how it may, the hour must come when Freedom's sons will march on the Great Crusade for the overthrow of the Cossack, to the cry of "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE UNIVERSELLE, DEMOCRATIQUE ET SOCIALE!"

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

LETTER IX.

"And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth: there is but one law of truth and justice for all who people it."

"Inasmuch as we believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association for the individuals composing the State, we believe also in the Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association of Nations."

"We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be remade."

"We believe, in a word, in a general organization having God and his law at the summit, Humanity, the universality of Nations free and equal at its bases, common progress for end, alliance for means, the example of those peoples who are most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way."

We do not believe that men can righteously band together to commit wrong; nor that by any combination or assembling of numbers, they can escape from the individual responsibility of their moral being.

We believe that Wrong is wrong, whether perpetrated by individuals or by nations: that Right does not alter its character, whether its pursuer be one or a multitude.

A Nation is an assemblage and combination of individuals: each of whom is endowed with conscience, each of whom is bound by his very nature to combat evil, each of whom is impelled by the divine law of his being to seek good and to maintain the right. Their very assembling and combination as a body is that they may more effectually combat evil, seek good, and maintain and perpetuate the right.

To grow healthily, to love, to aspire, and to progress,—this is as much the destiny of Nations as of the individuals of which Nations are composed.

If equal liberty is the right of each member of the Nation in relation to his fellows not only in the Nation but throughout the whole world,—so is it the right of the collective body—the Nation, in relation to all other Nations. If one Nation may be shut out of the pale of the national liberty, what becomes of the universal equality and liberty of mankind?

If it is the duty of Man in his Nation to serve Humanity, it is equally the duty of the Nation, as an organisation of men, to serve humanity. Else the individual serves not Humanity, but some national egotism.

"Peoples" are the individuals of Humanity. As men differ one from another in character, aptitude or calling, so also do peoples. Their national organisation is the means, not only of perfecting that special character, but of applying the various aptitude and calling toward one great object—the progress of the whole of life. England, if an organization of healthy, high-thoughted men, would recognize itself as the world's servant; would toil for that, not for the wretched aggrandisement of England against the world, or without care for the world. England now stealing in every corner of the earth for the most wretched aggrandisement of Self, would then be no more hated or despised as a bullying ruffian or an unprincipled eyeless-needle-selling pedlar, but loved and honoured as the brave champion of Freedom and able civilizer of the time. But what would become then of the miserable doctrine of NON-INTERVENTION,—the refuge or pretence of Whig knaves, the shallow subterfuge of traders who

care nothing if the whole world go to wreck so they may have a percentage on the breaking up.

The duty of a nation is the same as that of an individual: to assert its own rights and to fulfil its duty toward others. That duty consists in associating with others, for the maintenance of their rights, for the sake of mutual growth, for the realization of the brotherhood of Humanity.

"How very wicked!" says some atheistical peace-monger: "And you would actually have nations go to war in defence of other nations? Yes, certainly, if Right should demand it. For we believe in God, in his law of association and progress, in the harmony of the universe: that is to say, we believe that, as an individual cannot detach himself from his kind without breaking the chain of human life, so a nation cannot as one man isolate itself from the world without causing a million-fold greater gap. I call the peace-monger atheistical, because his amiable egotism loses sight of this, forgets God and his scheme; because his theory (I do not meddle with his undeniable 'good intentions,' which so 'pleasantly' pave the hell path of the worst despotisms, but only with his theory) would make life anarchical. Every man for himself and no God for us all."

For what is "human brotherhood?" Seeing one's brother quietly murdered unless the stone-deaf assassin will listen to our eloquence? Standing out of the way to see our brother wronged? English law of all periods, and English sense of some, would call this being an accomplice in the wrong. I see a wrong being committed, I have the power of preventing it, I do not prevent it. Whatever sympathetic cant may froth my lips, my deed consents to the wrong, I am the accomplice. The wrong-doer's accomplice—is not he a wrong-doer also? If Richard Cobden had been brother to Cain, would he have stood by with folded hands, prating of peace-proprieties, while he saw the Righteous murdered? Or is only the murderer his "brother's keeper," and the accomplice no blood-relation? When History gibbets Assassin Barrot for his ruffianly outrage upon Rome, she will hang beneath him his dastardly accomplices—the "English" whigs and their "liberal" supporters.

Non-intervention between States is the same as *Laisser-faire* between individuals: the liberty of the stronger—the right of ruffianism—ANARCHY.

Republicanism is opposed to anarchy. We would organise. Let the nation, as the Individual, be the true servant, and soldier, (if need be) of God upon the earth,—serving, or fighting, as the case may be for God's children, his brethren, under the sure leadership of Justice—who does not fear lest "the heavens" should fall upon the shop while she is out on duty. O, again for a real government of England, echoing the people's heart, to hurl its armed hand in the teeth of the beast Tyranny, and by at least one manful act for "God and his Right," to redeem the national honour now ever pawned by Tyranny's infamous subvenera for any petty private object of their own. "Promise-breaker,"—"traitor,"—"coward!"—Why should a nation endure taunts which would rouse a slave? Win we our Republican government, and our name may be redeemed: then only. When a healthy nation shall take its place among the struggling peoples, as a brother among his equals, lovingly to aid them in their aspirations and in their progress; weighing peace (O, ever-desired peace) and war, not in the false scales of diplomatic intrigue or personal baseness, but in the eternal balance of Right and Wrong. Loving peace, the Republic will not, like some shabby monarchy, flinch from war when it sees a brother-nation attacked in the first of all rights—the right of an independent individuality. The escaping slave shall not be hunted back to slavery, nor even given up to the hunters, by the true Republican. Jealously as he would guard his own individuality—which even himself cannot alienate or make the slave of another, so will he defend the liberty of even the least of his brethren.

"Peoples are the individuals of Humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality and the

guarantee of their liberty: it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfil, it ought to be held sacred, in order that it may be free "to harmonise itself with the whole, and to assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of Humanity."

Apply these principles to the present partitioning of Europe and it will be clear, why the Republican believes in the necessity of remaking "the map and organization of Europe," to bring them into accordance with his faith. Poland parted among thieves—Italy—Hungary—Germany—Greece: there is no need to enumerate. Draw these upon the Republican map, and where will be the present landmarks? Where the "existing" empires? The present arrangement of Europe (with the exception of France—the non-partitioning of which the "Holy Alliance" is now regretting. They shall some day regret for England too, for all she is now, *under her oligarchy*, so pliant a tool for despotism.) The present arrangement of Europe has been made for the benefit of a few families, in violation of the most decisive marks of nationality, in order to facilitate the spoliation of the peoples. All that arrangement of Vienna shall be torn to pieces by the Republican Nations and their natural boundaries, recognised at an European Congress, be thenceforth assured.

"We believe that a pact, a congress, of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognised, having for mission to serve the holy alliance of Peoples and to formalize the common right and duty, are at the end of all our efforts."

So shall the free Nations, standing each in its own perfect dignity, be as a band of brothers, sworn to serve God and to extirpate Tyranny from the world.

W. J. LINTON.

LETTER X.

"To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action, is fatal."

"To all those who feel stirring within their hearts a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of Tyranny and Falsehood."

So, as space and time might allow, I have gone through the chief articles of our republican faith. It remains for me to resume my arguments into one whole, and to inquire what conclusion may be practicable. For I have not written these letters as the amusement of some idle hours, either my own or my readers, but seriously and in good earnest, with a view to some result.

We believe in EQUALITY, LIBERTY, and HUMANITY: in the equal ground of human right, upon which alone true freedom can be based,—the freedom which is not the unlimited sway of the stronger, but the opportunity of healthy growth to the utmost of natural capability for the weakest as well as for the mightiest, in order that the fullest perfection of each may be obtained, toward a combination of strengths for the surer and greater progress of the whole world.

We believe in the PERFECTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN RACE: that is to say in their power of continual improvement. And we believe that this improvement may be systematized and insured, and immensely accelerated by men acting in concert, in ASSOCIATION,—freely organising themselves under the government of the Wisest and Most Virtuous among them.

We believe that Government, however chosen or however worthy of rule, is not required by society to be the dictator over the lives of individuals—as a central despotism would be—but to order the combined action of the whole nation, and to protect the rights of all. We believe that the world-old circles of FAMILY, CITY, and COUNTRY, are natural arrangements, and worth preserving. That as the individual is complete in his own nature, so the family is also a perfect sphere, needing no ordering from authority, the city also sufficient to itself for all its own requirements, and the country the same—a

special workroom, built by God for a special purpose, whose walls shall not be thrown down.

We believe that the business of GOVERNMENT is to do that which neither the individual nor the city can efficiently do: to maintain throughout the nation the harmony of equal rights, which includes provision that the best means of growth at the nation's command shall be furnished to all the individuals of the nation. It is therefore the province of government to guard the LAND—which is common property—from the encroachment of individuals,—to care that none hold it without paying a fair rent for it to the state, and that it shall never be so monopolised, at whatever rent, that any shall be debarred from it; to protect the PRIVATE PROPERTY—the honest earnings and acquisitions—of individuals; to maintain the RIGHT TO LABOUR by lending the CREDIT of the state to all who need it, so insuring to every one employment at a fair remuneration; and to provide the highest possible EDUCATION for every one of the nation's children.

We believe that the only government which can safely be trusted with these powers is the elect of the nation, empowered by THE MAJORITY to act for them. We believe that the right to rule resides only in a majority.

But we believe that there are limits to the power of even the government of a majority: the limits of INDIVIDUAL RIGHT. The majority may not enslave the minority, either by disposing of their bodies or coercing their consciences, in violation of the original equality of human brotherhood. Every attempt upon the rights of individuals, by the most overwhelming majority, is an attempt against the very bond of society, which exists in virtue of the mutual sacredness of it and of each of its members. If the free growth of any is suppressed, there is a hindrance of the progress of the whole,—the progress whose seed must ever be first planted in the hearts of the few. Government is the enlightened conscience of to-day, organising and directing present means for to-day's work. But "the few" of to-day may so manifest their growth and superiority, that tomorrow the "many" shall be with them, and to-morrow's higher work need a new direction.

Nevertheless we believe in DUTY: that the individual (saving his right of conscience) ought to enrol himself dutifully in the ranks of his fellow-men, to act obediently within the appointed and ascending spheres of organization, to devote the utmost of his powers to the service of his family, his country, the world, and truth.

And we believe that, based upon a written constitution recognising these rights and duties, the nation may be so organised that the long sought problem of the HARMONIZATION OF INDIVIDUAL WELFARE WITH NATIONAL PROGRESS may be speedily solved, and the present Anarchy give place to Order, under which we shall thenceforth be enabled to fulfill God's law—the Destiny of Life: to grow healthily, to love, to aspire and to progress.

We believe, in a word, in the possibility of a social state, based upon already ascertained rights and duties, in which might be forthwith commenced the realization of the "dream" of all prophetic minds,—the beginning of the BETTER TIME, in which the wretchedness of extreme want might immediately cease, and strife and wrong gradually diminish, checked by the strong hand of enthroned justice, and fading from the ever-increasing light of education and of hope.

Such is the aim of our exertions for our own Country. And for the Nations we believe with a no less fervent hope: looking for the establishment of the universal FEDERATION OF REPUBLICS, for the proclamation of God's Law as the religion and rule of the enfranchised and organised World. May our own Nation be of the first to swear fealty to the common pact, among the worthiest of endeavourers to reach the goal,—that goal which will be but the starting-place of the Genius of Humanity, toward the indefinite perfection of the future.

Is all this Utopian? Not so. We do not un-

dermine the present nor fling away the Past. We would build upon the Present, laying sure foundations. We ignore neither tradition nor history, We would preserve, with more than "conservative" zeal, all that has already been gained for Humanity. We do not think of overthrowing all, and after a general scramble, expecting some fine day to begin the world anew. Neither are we Utopians of the "finality" school. We are practical men, who would work with means lying around us, toward an end logically deduced from ascertained premises, clear to the universal conscience. We take our stand upon the equal brotherhood of Freedom, that ground which Christian Europe from one end of it to the other has already recognized at least in words: and thereupon we would build our future. "What sane man will contest our principles?" What slave, in his heart acknowledging their truth, will remain silent? I at least—if none other will—must repeat in the ears of my countrymen the appeal of the Apostles of Democracy:—

"To all who share our faith:

"To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action, is fatal:

"To all those who feel stirring within their hearts a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of Tyranny and Falsehood:" . . .

WORKING-MEN! I appeal to you. To you first, because among you, victimized but not yet vitiated by the selfishness of Trade, I have found that clearness and integrity of soul, the simplicity of the loving nature, which enables you almost intuitively to comprehend great principles, and courageously to devote your lives to their realization. Which of you, who have read these Letters, will join me in an endeavour to spread their principles yet further, to commence the propagandism of faith, to throw wide the seed for our harvest? I do not ask you to agree with every detail, with every bearing of the argument, nor, still less, that you should adopt my phraseology. Look beyond word-faults and, it may be, cloudy reasonings, to the principles themselves; and say if you can subscribe to them. Then join me to begin the foundation of our English Republic!—

The first step, here as elsewhere, even before association, is to know whom we can have with us. How many may there be throughout this England, anxious as myself to set about this work! But we know not of each other, cannot get at each other,—stand idle, hopeless. The first step I propose then is to ascertain how many will join, to do their much or little, for the advocacy of Republican Principles. Not to weaken the Chartist movement. Not to take one helper from that: for universal suffrage is the first step of republican progress. But to form, if it be possible, with in the Chartist body a knot, however small, of further-looking men, determined to teach themselves and others what use they should make of the Suffrage when obtained, and acknowledging the Republic as the end for which they require it. If those of my readers whose hearts go with me will send me their names and addresses, it will be at least one point gained; and it will not, I trust, be long before I again appeal to them—to begin our work.

W. J. LINTON.

Miteside, near Ravensglass,
Cumberland; Nov. 15.

TO THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

BROTHERS,—You must be aware of the proceedings of the Democratic Conference, and of the resolution come to by that body in favour of the amalgamation of our society with the National Charter Association, the Social Reform League, and other political bodies. The decision on this proposition rests with the several societies. The Committee request you to communicate your votes immediately to,

Brother Democrats,

Yours Fraternally,

G. JULIAN HARNAY, Sec.

No. 4, Brunswick Row,
Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London.

THE EUROPEAN CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

TO THE GERMANS,*

GERMANS!—You have proved, by your insurrection of 1848, that you were capable of being influenced by the great principles of liberty which have illumined the world. You have proved it by the blood of your martyrs fallen in the ranks of all Peoples; and since then the heart of Germany has never ceased to beat in unison with that of Poland, of Hungary, of Italy, and of France.

You were defeated then because you did not sufficiently understand that the fall of your numerous despots could alone bring about your national unity, that a *Democracy one and indivisible*, could alone give you liberty and independence, that the German nation could not purchase its existence at the cost of other nationalities, that it could not be legitimately constituted except by the European union of other peoples, all equally independent and free.

The lesson has been cruel; for these despots, whom you have left on their thrones, have sold you to Russia.

Yes, the division of your country, the destruction of your liberty, the ruin of your independence, all that oppresses and revolts you, you owe to these despots become the vassals of the Czar.

What are the small armies of your lesser princes but so many divisions of the great Russian army which prepares to invade you? What are these Austrians, these Bavarians, these Prussians who concentrate their forces, but so many Russians in different uniforms and under different flags? And is it not from St. Petersburg that is issued the word of command?

If it were not that you are yet ready for a supreme effort of resistance, it might be said that Russia has conquered Germany, and that Europe is Cossack, from the Volga to the Rhine, from the Danube to the borders of the Baltic.

Be not deceived: this question of Schleswig, where so much generous blood has been shed—this question of Hesse, where has been offered the memorable example of an army sacrificing itself for right—are of serious and living interest for the Peoples; but for the leagued aristocracies they are nothing but a bloody game, a mere pretext by which to mask other objects, and to authorize them to convoke the van and rear guard of their janissaries to crush you.

Behold this King of Prussia, who rises despite himself, at the cry of a whole People, as if to defend the honour of a nation and the remains of a miserable constitutionalism! Do you know what he meditates? To negotiate, to manage a retreat, to appear to yield, under the menace of numbers, to the irresistible forces of Austria, Bavaria, and Russia.

And if, impelled onward by the current, he is forced to march, do you know whither it will be? To a defeat prepared and preconceived. Before long you will hear the cry of treason. In William of Prussia, Charles Albert of Savoy will reappear. What he seeks is not a victory which would produce a revolution, but a reverse which may preserve his throne.

Let there, then, be no more doubt; it is absolutism and liberty, tyranny and Democracy, which are face to face.

To be Russian or Democratic, this is the alternative; everything else is mockery and deception.

In such a crisis, what is your duty, Germans?

To free yourselves from your tyrants, who are the servants of Russia—that you may free yourselves from Russia.

They seek to make you slaves of a foreign power; then bless the day which may enable you, in a sublime and terrible impulse, to conquer at once, your independence as a nation, and your rights as citizens.

To be free, oh, Germans! remember that you were *Franks* (the free).

"Yonr fathers," in the words of Tacitus, "were invincible because of their union, all their battalions being formed, from relative to relative, of members of one great family."

Destroy, as they did, all divisions among you. Have but one family, *Democracy*; but one name, *the German Republic*. In all your valleys, from hill to hill, let but one song be heard, the song of National Independence, the old German *Bardit*, and your victory shall be assured.

LEDRU ROLLIN.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A. DARASZ, Delegate of the Polish Democratic Centralization.

ARNOLD RUGE, late Member of the Constituent Assembly of Frankfurt.

London, November 13th, 1850.

* For this translation from *La Voix du Proscrit* we are indebted to our able contemporary, the *Leader*.—[Ed. R. R.]

IMPORTANT LECTURES BY ERNEST JONES.—Our London readers will be delighted to learn that Ernest Jones intends to deliver two lectures on "Rome versus Canterbury, and Christianity in relation to both," at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, on the evenings of Monday, December 2nd, and Monday, December 9th. May he have overflowing audiences.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE RED REPUBLICAN.—

A Friend of the People, 1s.; D. Wright, Aberdeen, 1s.

FOR THE POLISH REFUGEES.—H. Davidson and Two Friends, Glasgow, 2s. 6d.; the Dundee Convivial Committee, per J. Graham, £1; Democratic Tract Society, Edinburgh, the following sums:—John Smith 6d., Donald M'Leod 6d., Charles Callan 1s. 6d., Edward Robertson 6d., Alexander Mathieson 3d., John Mathieson 3d., Mr. Gowan 6d., Mrs. Gowan 6d., Mr. Watson, Leith, 6d., Mr. M'Keechie 1s., James Alexander 6d., Mr. Elliot 6d., William Davies 6d., James Banner 1s., John Ker 6d., Laughlan M'Gregor 6d., Walter Pringle 8d., William Young 6d., J. Lawson 2d., Mrs. M'Lean 3d., John Cropper 6d., Alexander Skirving 6d., Robert Young 3d., Alex. Breckenridge 1d., Robert Guthrie 6d., Robert Haig 6d., William Mackay 1s., Mrs. M'Donald 6d., Mrs. Watson 4d., Duncan Cameron 6d., Mrs. M'Farlane 6d., Charles Bell 6d., George M'Kilape 6d., Mrs. Rattray 6d., William Clark 6d., William Bain 6d., A. Ferguson 6d., John Cameron 6d., James Ewart 6d., A. Clelland 6d., John Ewart 6d., Peter Stewart 6d., Henry Doig 2s., Richard Fiskien 6d., James Allen 6d., Robert Ilumc 2d., Thomas Hood 6d., Robert Aitchison 6d., W. G. Begg 6d., John Richardson 2d. Total of Tract Society's subscriptions, £1 6s. 8d.

THE TYPEFOUNDERS.—A few Tailors, Edinburgh, per Messrs. Edwards and Davies, 1s. 2d. Robert Yuill, Secretary to the Typefounders' Committee, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of five shillings' worth of stamps, together with a letter from Mr. E. Thompson, Leicester, through the Editor of the *Red Republican*.

E. THOMPSON, Leicester.—The three stamps have been handed to the Fraternal Democrats.

* We cannot undertake to publish subscription lists, or acknowledge subscriptions, in any other paper.

"WINLATON," "A PLAIN SPEAKER," &c., received. The Lines headed "Admonition" may be made use of; other poetical communications respectfully declined.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—*The Feethinkers' Magazine* (Nos. 1 to 6). *The Lever* (Part I). *The Grim Female*, *The Hypocrite's Holiday*, and *Minutes of Ironworkers' Delegate Meeting*. These publications shall have due notice in the new series.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE!

THE FRATERNITY OF NATIONS!

THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR!

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF OPINION!

On Monday next, December 2nd, will be published (uniform with the *Red Republican*), for the week ending Saturday Dec. 7, 1850,

No. 1 of THE

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE,

EDITED BY G. JULIAN HARNEY,
PRICE ONE PENNY.

London: Published by S. Y. COLLINS, 113, Fleet Street. To be had (on order) of all Booksellers and News-agents in Great Britain and Ireland.

THE RED REPUBLICAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

"Let Europe learn that you will no longer suffer that there be one indigent wretch, nor one oppressor."—*St. Just*.

"Men of all countries are brothers, and the people of each ought to yield one another mutual aid, according to their ability, like citizens of the same state."—*Robespierre*.

"The Golden Age, placed in the Past by blind Tradition is before us."—*St. Simon*.

TO THE READERS OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

FRIENDS—My own statement in No. 11 of the *Red Republican*, together with numerous communications from Correspondents, have made you acquainted with, at least, some of the obstacles to the success of this publication.

When news-agents have consented to give a reason for their hostility, or, at the least, their disinclination to vend the *Red Republican*, exhibit the "bills of contents," widow cards, &c., they have founded their objections on the name of the publication, alleging that it was calculated to cause them the loss of the patronage of their "respectable customers," &c., &c. Even professed Chartists have

made this excuse for not dealing fairly by the *Red Republican*.

From private information, I am aware that numerous persons who read the *Red Republican* dare not be seen having it in their possession, and dare not recommend it to others. This is the case in particular with one class of readers, of whom I must not speak more distinctly; enough that the importance of having friends amongst that class cannot be over-estimated.

Lately the *Red Republican* has been making head-way amongst the organised trades. I am assured that its progress would have been much greater but for the name. Friends amongst the trades tell me that great numbers of their fellow-workmen so far from having progressed even the length of Chartism, have hitherto never given a thought to politics; and that to all such the name of this publication is a bugbear, exciting their prejudices, and repelling instead of attracting them.

It would be of little use—so far as the victory of the good cause is concerned—that this journal should continue to be supported by those only who are already Red Republicans. It is necessary that it should circulate amongst those who have yet to be converted to the Republican faith. Anxious to establish the reign of EQUALITY, LIBERTY, and FRATERNITY, Republicans cannot be content with their present position. They must make converts—they must cause their principles to become the political religion of the masses. To effect this, all honourable means are not merely allowable, but indispensable. If need be, Republicans must "stoop to conquer."

Believing that the course I am about to take will be beneficial in every respect, and will especially tend to promote the propagation of our principles amongst those who at present are not readers of the *Red Republican*, I announce that

The present number concludes the present series of this publication.

Instead of "No. 25 of the *Red Republican*," there will be published on Monday next, No. 1 of

"THE

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."

The new series will be uniform with the present, so that the old and the new may be bound together.

This number contains the conclusion of the series of letters on "Republican Principles," by our able and patriotic friend, W. J. LINTON; also the conclusion of the "German Communist Manifesto"—the most revolutionary document ever given to the world. Only one subject commenced in the present series remains incomplete: "The Institutions and Laws of Republican America." Articles thereon will appear in the *Friend of the People*, not avowedly as a "continuation" from the old series, but nevertheless so to old readers.

It can hardly be necessary to observe that, although published under another name, the new series will be essentially Red Republican. The most ultra "Reds" will find their principles proclaimed and maintained. At the same time, an attempt will be made to furnish matter for those readers who may be supposed to be only beginners in the school of democracy.

Amongst the features of the old series

which will be retained in the New will be "THE LABOUR RECORD." I rejoice to know that my humble but very sincere advocacy of the cause of the Type-founders and Engine-drivers has been productive of some good. Let me add the gratifying intelligence that the victory of the Type-founders is now certain. Of the ninety-six who "struck," *Fifty-Six* have obtained work at other foundries, and a number more expect immediate employment. CASLON, FAGG & Co. are being punished for their rapacity and tyranny, and the men are beginning to reap the reward of their devotion to each other and to their good cause. The prospects of the Engine-drivers, &c. are also more hopeful than hitherto. So prosper all who suffer and struggle for Justice and the Right.

The members of the committee of the *Red Republican*, and a number of friends in various parts of the country, having been consulted relative to the intended change of name, have, one and all, expressed their hearty concurrence with the resolution I have taken. Thus encouraged, I count with confidence upon the readers of the *Red Republican* giving their unanimous support to

"THE
FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE."
G. JULIAN HARNEY.

German Communism.

MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

(Concluded from No. 23.)

CHAPTER III.

SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST LITERATURE.

I.—REACTIONARY SOCIALISM.

a.—FEUDAL SOCIALISM.

THE historical position of the French and English Aristocracy devolved upon them, at a certain period, the task of writing pamphlets against the social system of the modern Bourgeoisie. These Aristocracies were again beaten by a set of detestable parvenus and nobodies in the July days of 1830, and in the English Reform Bill movement. There could be no longer any question about a serious political struggle. There remained only the possibility of conducting a literary combat. But even in the territory of Literature, the old modes of speech, current during the Restoration, had become impossible. In order to excite sympathy, the Aristocracy had to assume the semblance of disinterestedness, and to draw up their accusation of the Bourgeoisie, apparently as advocates for the used-up Proletarians. The Aristocracy thus revenged themselves on their new masters,—by lampoons and fearful prophecies of coming woe. In this way feudal socialism arose—half lamentation, half libel, half echo of the Past, half prophecy of a threatening Future;—sometimes striking the very heart of the Bourgeoisie by its sarcastic, bitter judgments, but always accompanied by a certain tinge of the ludicrous, from its complete inability to comprehend the march of modern history. The Feudal Socialists waved the Proletarian alms-bag aloft, to assemble the people around them. But as often as the people came, they perceived upon the hind parts of these worthies, the old feudal arms and quarterings, and abandoned them with noisy and irreverent hilarity. A part of the French Legitimists and the party of Young England played this farce.

When the Feudalists show that their mode of exploitation (using up one class by another) was different from the Bourgeois mode, they forget that their mode was practicable only under circumstances and conditions which have passed away—never to return. When they show that the modern Proletariat never existed under their

supremacy, they simply forget, that the modern Bourgeoisie is the necessary offspring of their own social order. For the rest, they so little conceal the reactionary nature of their criticism, that their chief reproach against the Bourgeoisie is, that of having created a class which is destined to annihilate the old social forms and arrangements altogether. It is not so much that the Bourgeoisie having created a Proletariat, but that this Proletariat is revolutionary. Hence, in their political practice, they take part in all reactionary measures against the working classes; and in ordinary life, despite their grandiloquent phrases, they condescend to gather the golden apples, and to give up chivalry, true love, and honour for the traffic in wool, butcher's meat, and corn. As the parson has always gone hand-in-hand with the landlord, so has Priestly Socialism with Feudal Socialism. Nothing is easier than to give Christian asceticism a tinge of Socialism. Has not Christianity itself vociferated against private property, marriage, and the powers that be? Have not charity, and mendicity, celibacy and mortification of the flesh, monastic life, and the supremacy of the Church been held up in the place of these things? Sacred Socialism is merely the holy water, with which the priest besprinkles the impotent wrath of the Aristocracy.

b.—SHOPCRAT* SOCIALISM.

The Feudal Aristocracy are not the only class who are, or will be, destroyed by the Bourgeoisie. Not the only class, the conditions of whose existence become exhausted and disappear, under the modern middle-class system. The mediæval burghesses and yeoman were the precursors of the modern middle-class. In countries possessing a small degree of industrial and commercial development, this intermediate class still vegetates side by side with the flourishing Bourgeoisie. In countries where modern civilization has been developed, a new intermediate class has been formed; floating as it were, between the Bourgeoisie and the Proletariat; and always renewing itself as a component part of Bourgeois society. Yet, the persons belonging to this class are constantly forced by competition downwards into the Proletariat, and the development of the modern industrial system will bring about the time when this small capitalist class will entirely disappear, and be replaced by managers and stewards, in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. In countries like France, where far more than one half of the population are small freeholders, it was natural, that writers who took part with the Proletariat against the Bourgeoisie, should measure the Bourgeoisie by the small-capitalist standard; and should envisage the Proletarian question from the small-capitalist point of view. In this way arose the system of Shopocrat Socialism. Sismondi is the head of this school, in England as well as in France. This school of socialism has dissected with great acuteness the modern system of production, and exposed the fallacies contained therein. It unveiled the hypocritical evasions of the political economists. It irrefutably demonstrated the destructive effects of machinery, and the division of labour; the concentration of capital and land in a few hands; over production; commercial crisis; the necessary destruction of the small capitalist; the misery of the Proletariat; anarchy in production, and scandalous inequality in the distribution of wealth; the destructive industrial wars of one nation with another; and the disappearance of old manners and customs, of patriarchal family arrangements, and of old nationalities. But in its practical application, this Shopocrat, or Small-Capitalist Socialism, wish either to re-establish the old modes of production and traffic, and with these, the old conditions of property, and old

*The term in the original is *Kleinburger*; meaning small burghers, or citizens. A class, comprising small capitalists generally, whether small farmers, small manufacturers, or retail shopkeepers. As these last form the predominant element of this class in England. I have chosen the word *Shopocrat* to express the German term.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

society altogether—or forcibly to confine the modern means of production and traffic within the limits of these antique conditions of property, which were actually destroyed, necessarily so, by these very means. In both cases, Shopocrat Socialism is, at the same time reactionary and Utopian. Corporations and guilds in manufactures, patriarchal idyllic arrangements in agriculture, are its beau ideal. This kind of Socialism has run to seed, and exhausted itself in silly lamentations over the past.

c.—GERMAN OR "TRUE" SOCIALISM.*

The Socialist and Communist literature of France originated under the Bourgeois-régime, and was the literary expression of the struggle against middle-class supremacy. It was introduced into Germany at a time when the Bourgeoisie there had begun their battle against Feudal despotism. German Philosophers—half-philosophers, and would-be literati—eagerly seized on this literature, and forgot that with the immigration of these French writings into Germany, the advanced state of French society, and of French class-struggles, had not, as a matter of course, immigrated along with them. This French literature, when brought into contact with the German phasis of social development, lost all its immediate practical significance, and assumed a purely literary aspect. It could appear in no other way than as an idle speculation upon the best possible state of society, upon the realization of the true nature of man. In a similar manner, the German philosophers of the 18th century, considered the demands of the first French Revolution as the demands of "Practical Reason" in its general sense, and the will of the revolutionary French bourgeoisie, was for them the law of the pure will, of volition as it ought to be; the law of man's inward nature. The all-engrossing problem for the German literati was to bring the new French ideas into accordance with their old philosophic conscience; or rather, to appropriate the French ideas without leaving the philosophic point of view. This appropriation took place in the same way as one masters a foreign language; namely, by translation. It is known how the Monks of the middle-ages treated the manuscripts of the Greek and Roman classics. They wrote silly Catholic legends over the original text. The German literati did the very reverse, with respect to the profane French literature. They wrote their philosophical nonsense behind the French original. For example, behind the French critique of the modern money-system, they wrote "Estrangement of Human Nature;" behind the French critique of the bourgeois-régime, they wrote, "Destruction of the Supremacy of the Absolute," and so forth. They baptized this interpolation of their philosophic modes of speech, with the French ideas by various names; "Philosophy in Action," "True Socialism," "The German Philosophy of Socialism," "Philosophical Foundation of Socialism," and the like. The socialist and communist literature of France was completely emasculated. And when it had ceased, in German hands, to express the struggle of one class against another, the Germans imagined they had overcome French one-sidedness. They imagined they represented, not true interests and wants, but the interests and wants of abstract truth; not the proletarian interest, but the interest of human nature, as man as belonging to no class, a native of no merely terrestrial countries,—of man, belonging of the misty, remote region of philosophical imagination. This German socialism, which composed its clumsy school themes with such exemplary solemnity, and then cried them along the street, gradually lost its pedantic and primitive innocence. The battle of the German, particularly of the Prussian bourgeoisie, against feudalism and absolute monarchy, in a word, the liberal movement, became more

*It was the set of writers characterized in the following chapter, who themselves called their theory, "TRUE SOCIALISM;" if, therefore, after perusing this chapter, the reader should not agree with them as to the name, this is no fault of the authors of the Manifesto.—NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

serious. True socialism had now the desired opportunity of placing socialist demands in opposition to the actual political movement; of hurling the traditional second-hand Anathemas against liberalism, constitutional governments, bourgeois competition and free trade, bourgeois freedom of the press, bourgeois juries, bourgeois freedom and equality; the opportunity of preaching to the masses that they had nothing to gain and every thing to lose by this middle-class movement. German socialism forgot, very opportunely, that the French polemics, whose unmeaning echo it was,—presupposed the modern middle-class system of society, with the corresponding physical conditions of social existence, and a suitable political constitution presupposed, in fact, the very things which had no existence in Germany, and which were the very things to be obtained by the middle-class movement. German socialism was used by the German despots and their followers,—priests, schoolmasters, bureaucrats and bullfrog country squires,—as a scarecrow to frighten the revolutionary middle-class. It was the agreeable finish to the grape-shot, and cat o' nine tails, with which these Governments replied to the first proletarian insurrections of Germany. While "true socialism" was thus employed in assisting the Governments against the German bourgeoisie, it also directly represented a reactionary interest, that of the German small capitalists and shopocracy. In Germany the real social foundation of the existing state of things, was this class, remaining since the 16th century, and always renewing itself under slightly different forms. Its preservation was the preservation of the existing order of things in Germany. The industrial and political supremacy of the bourgeoisie involved the annihilation of this intermediate class; on the one hand, by the centralisation of capital; on the other, by the creation of a revolutionary proletariat. German, or "true" socialism, appeared to this shopocracy as a means of killing two birds with one stone. It spread like an epidemic. The robe of speculative cobwebs, adorned with rhetorical flourishes and sickly sentimentalism,—in which the German socialists wrapped the dry bones of their eternal, absolute truths, increased the demand for their commodity among this public. And the German socialists were not wanting in due appreciation of their mission, to be the grand-iloquent representatives of the German shopocrats. They proclaimed the German nation to be the archetypal nation; the German cockneys, to be archetypal men. They gave every piece of cockney rascality a hidden socialist sense, whereby it was interpreted to mean the reverse of rascality. They reached the limits of their system, when they directly opposed the destructive tendency of communism, and proclaimed their own sublime indifference towards all class-antagonism. With very few exceptions, all the so-called socialist and communist publications which circulate in Germany emanate from this school, and are enervating filthy trash.

II.—CONSERVATIVE, OR BOURGEOIS SOCIALISM.

A part of the Bourgeoisie desires to alleviate social dissonances, with a view of securing the existence of middle-class society. To this section belong economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working classes, patrons of charitable institutions, cruelty-to-animals-bill supporters, temperance advocates, in a word, hole and corner reformers of the most varied and piebald aspect. This middle-class Socialism has even been developed into complete systems. As an example, we may cite Proudhon's Philosophy of Poverty. The socialist-bourgeois wish to have the vital conditions of modern society without the accompanying struggles and dangers. They desire the existing order of things, *minus* the revolutionary and destructive element contained therein. They wish to have a bourgeoisie without a proletariat. The bourgeoisie, of course, consider the world wherein they reign, to be the best possible world. Bourgeois socialism develops this com-

fortable hypothesis into a complete system. When these socialists urge the proletariat to realise their system, to march towards the New Jerusalem, they ask in reality, that the proletariat should remain within the limits of existing society, and yet lay aside all bitter and unfavourable opinions concerning it. A second, less systematic, and more practical school of middle-class socialists, try to hinder all revolutionary movements among the producers, by teaching them that their condition cannot be improved by this or that political change,—but only by a change in the material conditions of life, in the economical arrangements of society. Yet, by a change in the modern life-conditions, these socialists do not mean the abolition of the middle-class modes of production and distribution, attainable only in a revolutionary manner; they mean administrative reforms, to be made within the limits of the old system, which, therefore, will leave the relation of capital and wages-labour untouched,—and, at most, will merely simplify the details and diminish the cost of bourgeois government. This kind of socialism finds its most fitting expression in empty rhetorical flourishes. Free Trade! for the benefit of the working classes. A tariff! for the benefit of the working classes. Isolated imprisonment and the silent system! for the benefit of the working classes. This last phrase is the only sincere and earnest one, among the whole stock in trade of the middle-class socialists. Their socialism consists in affirming, that the bourgeois is a bourgeois . . . for the benefit of the working classes!

III.—CRITICAL-UTOPIAN SOCIALISM & COMMUNISM.

We do not speak here of the literature, which, in all the great revolutions of modern times, has expressed the demands of the proletariat: as leveller pamphleteers, the writings of Babeuf and others. The first attempts of the proletariat towards directly forwarding its own class-interest, made during the general movement which overthrew feudal society, necessarily failed,—by reason of the crude, undeveloped form of the proletariat itself; as well as by the want of those material conditions for its emancipation, which are but the product of the bourgeois epoch. The revolutionary literature, which accompanied this first movement of the proletariat, had necessarily a reactionary content. It taught a universal asceticism and a rude sort of equality.

The Socialist and communist systems, properly so called, the systems of St. Simon, Owen, Fourier and others, originated in the early period of the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, which we described in Chap. I. The inventors of these systems perceived the fact of class-antagonism, and the activity of the dissolvent elements within the prevailing social system. But they did not see any spontaneous historical action, any characteristic political movement, on the part of the proletariat. And because the development of class-antagonism keeps pace with the development of the industrial system, they could not find the material conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat; they were obliged to seek for a social science, for social laws, in order to create those conditions. Their personal inventive activity took the place of social activity, imaginary conditions of proletarian emancipation were substituted for the historical ones, and a subjective, fantastic organisation of society, for the gradual and progressive organisation of the proletariat as a class. The approaching phasis of universal history resolved itself, for them, into the propagandism and practical realisation of their peculiar social plans. They had, indeed, the consciousness of advocating the interest of the producers as the most suffering class of society. The proletariat existed for them, only under this point of view of the most oppressed class. The undeveloped state of the class-struggle, and their own social position, induced these socialists to believe they were removed far above class-antagonism. They desired to improve the position of all the members of society, even of the most fa-

voured. Hence, their continual appeals to the whole of society, even to the dominant class. You have only to understand their system, in order to see it is the best possible plan for the best possible state of society. Hence too, they reject all political, and particularly all revolutionary action, they desire to attain their object in a peaceful manner, and try to prepare the way for the new social gospel, by the force of example, by small, isolated experiments, which, of course, cannot but turn out signal failures. This fantastic representation of future society expressed the feeling of a time when the proletariat was quite undeveloped, and had quite an imaginary conception of its own position,—it was the expression of an instinctive want for a universal social revolution. There are, however, critical elements contained in all these socialist and communist writings. They attack the foundation of existing society. Hence they contain a treasure of materials for the enlightenment of the Producers. Their positive propositions regarding a future state of society; e.g. abolition of the antagonism of town and country, of family institutions, of individual accumulation, of wages-labour, the proclamation of social harmony, the change of political power into a mere superintendence of production;—all these propositions expressed the abolition of class-antagonism, when this last was only commencing its evolution; and, therefore, they have, with these authors a purely Utopian sense. The importance of critical-utopian Socialism and Communism, stands in an inverted proportion to the progress of the historical movement. In proportion as the class-battle is evolved and assumes a definite form, so does this imaginary elevation over it, this fantastic resistance to it, lose all practical worth, all theoretical justification. Hence, it happens, that although the originators of these systems were revolutionary in various respects, yet their followers have invariably formed reactionary sects. They hold fast by their master's old dogmas and doctrines, in opposition to the progressive historical evolution of the Proletariat. They seek, therefore, logically enough, to deaden class opposition, to mediate between the extremes. They still dream of the experimental realization of their social Utopias through isolated efforts,—the founding of a few phalanxes, of a few home colonies, of a small Icaria,—a duodecimo edition of the New Jerusalem; and they appeal to the philanthropy of Bourgeois hearts and purses for the building expences of these air-castles and chimeras. They gradually fall back into the category of the above mentioned reactionary or conservative Socialists, and distinguish themselves from these only by their more systematic pedantry, by their fanatical faith in the miraculous powers of their Social panacea. Hence, they violently oppose all political movements in the Proletariat, which indeed, can only be occasioned by a blind and wilful disbelief in the new Gospel. In France, the Fourierists oppose the Reformists; in England, the Owenites react against the Chartists.*

The Communists invariably support every revolutionary movement against the existing order of things, social and political. But in all these movements, they endeavour to point out the property question, whatever degree of development, in every particular case, it may have obtained—as the leading question. The Communists labour for the union and association of the revolutionary parties of all countries. The Communists disdain to conceal their opinions and ends. They openly declare, that these ends can be attained only by the overthrow of all hitherto existing social arrangements. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist Revolution. The Proletarians have nothing to lose in it save their chains. They will gain a World. Let the Proletarians of all countries unite!

* It is not to be forgotten that these lines were written before the revolution of February, and that the examples have, accordingly, reference to the state of parties of that time.—Note of the Translator.

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